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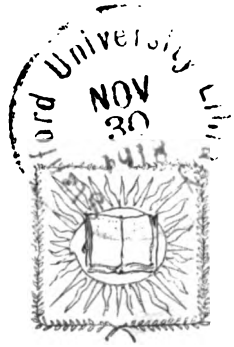

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THE CENTURY

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The Boomerang

By DAVID GRAY

Author of "Gallops," etc.

Illustrations by Norman Price.

CHAPTER I

AS the crowd streamed from the train to the Flüelen steamboat-landing, a voice shouted in the speech of the Vierwaldstätter, and, receiving no response, shouted again. Now, the speech of the four cantons is said to resemble High German of the twelfth century, but on that account it is not more intelligible.

Among those upon whose ears the station's official's remarks fell were three young men. As to Mr. Marchbanks and the Hon. Augustus Mildway, these utterances might as well have been made in Choctaw. However, they were normally curious young men.

"Jerry," said Marchbanks, appealing to the third member of the party, "what is the fellow trying to say? Is it anything to eat or drink?"

"No," replied Jerry. "Come along."

Now, this answer on the part of the third young man addressed as Jerry was a proper enough answer. It was truthful. It was to the point. There were a limited number of seats on the boat, and what seemed the entire floating population of summer Switzerland aimed to be seated in them. It was reasonable that if they did not "come along" they would have to make the voyage to Lucerne standing. Yet something either in Jerry's tone or manner stirred a suspicion in the minds of his companions.

The station official's shouting was repeated. Mildway stopped.

"I 'm going to find out about this," he said. "We may be missing something." He addressed the porter who was bearing his kit-bag.

"Somebody is sick," said the porter in English. "They want a doctor."

Jerry's face showed exasperation. Mildway grinned, and seized one of Jerry's arms.

"So that 's it!" he said.

"Of course you 've got to take the case," said Marchbanks, gravely.

"It 's his Æsculapian oath," said Mildway. "We 're morally responsible."

"Stop your nonsense!" said Jerry.

Obviously here was a potential case of "Le médecin malgré lui." There was no doubt about what Jerry intended to do. Æsculapian oath or no Æsculapian oath,

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he was going to get a seat on the boat. On the other hand, to his friends boats and seats were minor considerations. They were at the age when the serious things of life had no appeal. They had a chance at Jerry's "goat," as he would have said, and they meant to take it.

At this juncture the station official came up, still shouting.

"Hi!" called Marchbanks. He pointed at Jerry. *"Artz!* Doctor!"

"Zo!" said the station official.

"Dr. Sumner, famous American," explained Mildway, blandly. "Best shot of the season at Monte Carlo, very moderate horseman, but excellent golfer."

The station-master gazed blankly. He knew no English.

"Stop your ragging!" said Jerry, wrathfully.

The official addressed him in Vierwaldstätter German. Jerry replied in Berlinese. There seemed to be a deadlock when a middle-aged Swiss gentleman appeared.

"May I ask which of you is a physician?" he inquired in correct English.

Simultaneously Marchbanks and Mildway thrust their companion forward.

"This is Dr. Sumner of the United States of America and Paris, France," said Mildway, ceremoniously. "He would have come at once, but he assumed there were others at hand more mature in the profession."

"It is nothing serious," said the Swiss. "Any doctor will do. My wife injured her ankle in alighting from the train. If you could relieve the pain—" He paused and looked appealingly at Jerry.

Jerry blushed.

"I 've never practised," he said. "If there 's no one else, I 'll do what I can."

"Go to it," whispered Marchbanks. "They 're the people who had the girl with them. They got on two stations back. She was a peach."

Gerald cast dark looks at his friends and followed the stranger.

Making his way through the crowd that surrounded the door of the private office of the restaurant, the Swiss knocked. A dismal moan followed.

"My wife is very apprehensive of doctors," he said gloomily. "Be patient with her."

Then a girl's voice called to them in German—a delightful voice, making that guttural tongue soft and alluring.

"Is that madame?" asked Jerry.

"My niece," whispered the Swiss. "She wishes to know shall my wife take her shoe and stocking off. As I said, she is apprehensive."

Jerry addressed himself to the unseen voice.

"She 'd better leave it on," he called in German. "The best thing is to get her home or to some hotel as quickly as possible."

"That 's what I 've told her," the voice answered from the other side of the door. "Hot water is what she really needs."

The girl's voice was not only delightful, but her words indicated common sense and an inspiriting grasp of the situation. Jerry felt an instant confidence in her.

"That 's the thing," he called. "There 's no fracture?"

"No," came the answer. "I 've flexed it. Just a sprain, but very painful."

The wife moaned confirmingly. Jerry thrust his hand into his pocket and brought out a little bottle of tablets. "Here 's some caudine," he called. "They 're two-grain tablets. Give her two, and if the pain does n't stop in twenty minutes, give her two more."

The apprehensive, unseen wife moaned again. A soft *"Danke schön"* followed, the door opened slightly, and a slim, ungloved hand was thrust out. Jerry deposited the bottle in it. For an instant his fingers touched it. To the sense of touch the hand proved as smooth and delightful as the voice, also as sensible and efficient as its directing intelligence. The door closed again.

"I think that will be all right," Jerry said to the husband. "Get a doctor as soon as you can." Then he beat his retreat. On the platform beside the boat he rejoined his companions.

"Did you operate?" inquired Marchbanks.

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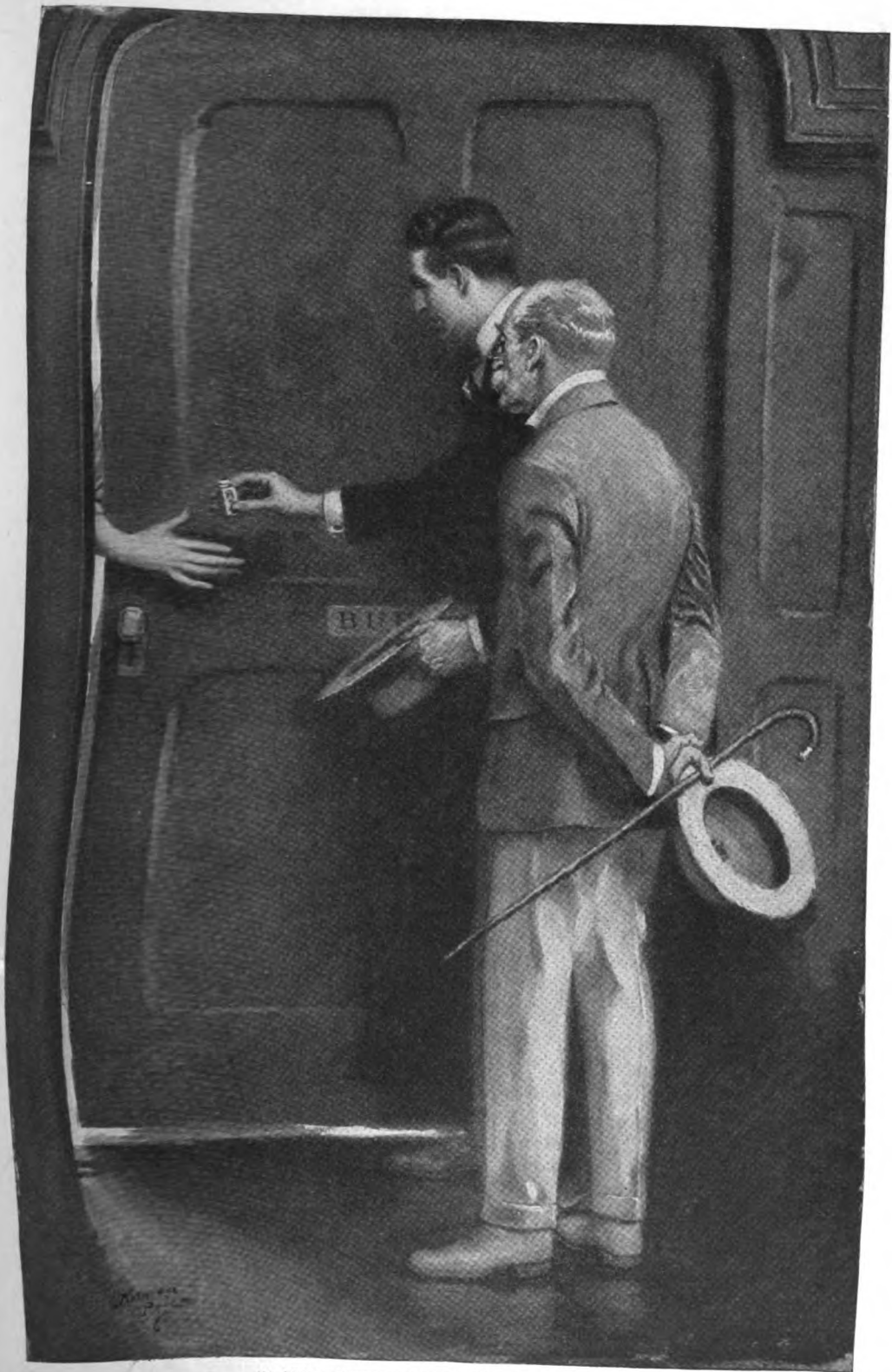

"A SLIM, UNGLOVED HAND WAS THRUST OUT"

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He answered with a dark look which suggested that he would like to operate on Marchbanks with some blunt and deadly instrument.

"I 've lost my toothache pills," he said.

"And that is human gratitude," said Mildway. "I start him upon his chosen profession and give him a chance to cultivate a most delightful-looking lady—"

"How about the lady?" Marchbanks broke in.

"I did n't see her," said Jerry, and followed the porters aboard the boat.

"Jerry," said Marchbanks, when they were settled on the deck, "you say you did n't see the girl?"

Jerry nodded.

"And you did n't notice her when she got on the train?"

"No."

"Well, all I can say is that it was n't like you. She was a good deal out of the common—a very spiritual type."

Mildway burst into a roar of laughter.

"We 'll draw Lucerne for her, Marchy. We 'll find her for him. After his service to the family it ought to be. It must be. Like you, I 'm strong for romance."

"What makes you think we 'll find her in Lucerne?" asked Jerry.

"They had Lucerne railway tickets," said Mildway. "I got that from the station officer through the bilingual porter."

As they steamed down the Lake of Uri the subject was dropped. Mildway became absorbed in sight-seeing. Toward sunset they reached Lucerne.

At a quarter of eight that evening Marchbanks knocked at Jerry's door. An absent-minded *"Herein,"* bade him enter.

"We 've found your girl," Marchbanks said excitedly. "Mildway and I were strolling about, and blessed if we did n't run into them coming up the hill in a motor-car. They live in a big house in what you 'd call the Mayfair district."

Jerry tossed the letter that he had been reading on to the table.

"Sit down," he said.

Marchbanks shot him a look.

"I say," he exclaimed, "no bad news nor anything like that?" His banter was gone.

"No," said Jerry. "No one ill or dead. It 's a letter from my governor. He wants me to come home."

Marchbanks appeared relieved.

"But if he 's all right, why go home?" he observed. "Home is a good place to have measles."

"He wants me to come home," said Jerry in a queer voice, "and start my practice of medicine."

Marchbanks gazed at him blankly.

"Your practice of medicine?" he exclaimed. "Good heavens, man, you don't expect to practice medicine!"

"Marchy," said Jerry, "I don't know what I expect to do. I 've never thought about it. Of course I came over with that as a purpose and I 've knocked about year after year with that as an excuse. I know as well as you do that it would be criminal for me to prescribe for a valuable dog, but I can't write that to the governor."

Marchbanks considered the situation thoughtfully. He failed to see why Jerry could n't write it to his governor.

"He 's never been short with you about money or anything?" he asked.

Jerry shook his head.

"That 's the trouble. He 's been too decent."

"Well," said Marchbanks, triumphantly, "he 'll be decent when you tell him the pill business is a mistake. If you don't want to write him, take a run over next winter and have a talk. Tell him you 've changed your mind about medicine and think of studying art."

Jerry gazed at him hopelessly.

"You don't get the idea," he said. "He expects me to come home and stay there."

"Oh, no; not so bad as that!" said Marchbanks, earnestly. "It can't be anything like that, or he 'd never have given you such a free hand. You don't understand parents. Now listen. What happens is this: first, a joyless reception. Then the explosion in the library, with passionate word pictures of the family plate sold and the girls going out as housemaids. Then two days of unpleasantness, after which they 're jolly glad to have you get

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away again. The thing to do is to shoot out the whole horrible truth the first thing. It gets it off your mind and makes the unpleasantness so violent that it can't last."

Jerry shook his head. Somehow he could n't picture himself telling the whole horrible truth.

"You don't understand the situation, Marchy," he said. "The governor has been so good to me that it makes me ashamed. I could n't tell him. I almost wish I 'd worked."

"But you don't have to earn your living."

Jerry shook his head.

"No," he said; "but, you see, with us every man that 's worth the powder to blow him up does something."

"Same with us," said Marchbanks. "Only we prefer huntin' and polo to pills and law. Personally, I favor shootin' and fishin'. But God knows I 'm no idler."

Jerry laughed.

"What you don't understand is that nothing is expected of you except to decorate the landscape, whereas I am expected to be useful. In Elmford, Marchy, you would be accounted a bad lot."

"What sort of place is this Elmford?" Marchbanks asked thoughtfully.

"Well," said Jerry, "first there 's the river, then the railway station, then Main Street, then Elm Street, and the square. There 's a bunch of old families, a plow factory, a button works, and the Eagle Hotel. I suppose, all told, there are about thirty thousand people in the place. The principal diversion is going to New York."

"Sounds rather awful," said Marchbanks in a subdued tone.

"My father loves it," Jerry went on. "I don't know why unless it 's because his father loved it. My sister likes it because she 's never lived anywhere else. She may marry the son of the button works or the paying teller in the bank or a bright young lawyer. Those are the eligible dancing men."

"And I suppose," suggested Marchbanks, "that you will marry the daughter of the plow works and have twelve children and grow a family physician's whiskers."

"Well, that 's the question," said Jerry. "I imagine it 's what the governor would like, only the family physician is a little out of the picture. You 've got to know some medicine to be a family physician."

"Well, there 's only one best way out of it," said Marchbanks, sagely, "and that is not to lose weight worrying. Something will turn up. You 'll see. And now get washed and clad in suitable raiment, and I 'll scout for dinner and some proper champagne." He moved toward the door, but stopped before he got there. "I say, old man," he said affectionately, "there 's no chance of your doing anything that will interfere with the grouse-shootin' next month?"

"I don't know," Jerry answered. "The governor mentions no special time for me to sail."

"Well, you know we are counting on you from August twelfth on. You can't run out. The family would never speak to me if you did."

"The Lord knows I don't want to," Jerry answered.

"Well, that 's a date, as you say," said Marchbanks, "whatever happens." He went out.

Ten minutes after he had gone Jerry was still sitting by the window with his father's letter before him. He knew that he had come to a parting of the ways. He loved his father. He could not conceive not loving him, for his father had always behaved in an altogether lovable manner toward him. Yet he was not at all ready to leave the roving, cosmopolitan life of Europe that he had drifted into. He was aware that the picture that he had drawn of Elmford for Marchbanks was far from a veracious one. There was much that was delightful about Elmford. All the tentacles of his daily life for eight years clung to Europe and ached in protest at the prospect of being torn loose and told to fasten upon the little New England city.

Emile, his valet, came softly in with hot water, arranged a tin bath-tub, and

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lighted the candles. He surveyed his work, saw that it was good, and paused before departing.

"Is there anything monsieur wishes?" he asked.

Jerry rose abruptly and squared his shoulders.

"Emile," he said, "do you want to go to America with me?"

"Mais oui," the man answered promptly. "Is it permitted that I inquire when we start?"

"To-morrow," was the answer. "The agency will still be open. Get tickets and accommodations on the first ship we can make from Cherbourg or Southampton." He took a handful of notes from his pocket-book. "And you need n't mention our leaving to Mr. Marchbanks' servant," he added.

"Bien, Monsieur," said Emile and departed.

Jerry began to take off his clothes with a mixture of emotions. In the main it was a sense of relief, almost elation, that possessed him. He had known that the break would have to be made sometime. Now he had made it. He was doing the right thing and he felt at peace, but he shrank from further argument with Marchbanks. Marchbanks in the present situation was the tempter. He must flee from him. He dined with his friends and talked shooting till midnight; then he went to his room and scribbled a note for Marchbanks:

I 'm off in the morning. I 've got to do it. If I can get back for August 12 I' ll cable. Love to Mildway. Help each other to be moderately good, and if you meet the beautiful niece, marry her and wire me about it. G. S.

His impulse had been to cable his father that he was sailing, but on second thought he decided against it. They would meet him in New York, kill the fatted calf, and generally make a fuss over him. He wanted nothing of that sort. It would be hard enough to explain that he was a failure at medicine without any elaborate welcoming home. When he arrived he would arrive, and that was all there was to it.

CHAPTER II

FORTY-EIGHT hours later Jerry boarded the *Aquitanic.* The first supporting flush of conscious virtue had died in him like drink. He felt like an extradited man going home to face life imprisonment.

The passenger-list held no name that he knew. His first inspection of his fellow-passengers deepened his gloom. Fate and the second steward had determined his place at table and apparently neither had been kind. On his left was a citizen of Chillicothe, returning from a German cure. This man talked of nothing but diabetes. On his right was a shoe salesman who talked of nothing but shoes. Opposite sat a stout lady who never spoke at all. Her enthusiasms ran to food.

"This is going to be a pleasant voyage," he said to himself, gloomily. By lunch-time on the second day the single interest he had been able to arouse in his fellow-beings was in the stout lady's system of transporting food around the promontory of her chest. It was not a large interest, but a genuine one. The system depended upon a rhythmical bending forward to meet the approaching mouthful that seemed like the measured swing of oarsmen. While watching her discreetly from the corner of his eye, he suddenly observed that when she was at full reach there was disclosed a momentary vista of the table diagonally beyond. Now, the central feature of this vista was a girl's head in profile. A mass of black hair was drawn neatly from the nape of the neck, disclosing a pleasant ear. A little nose started skyward, but stopped at exactly the right point. The corner of the mouth, which was all he could see of that feature, was entirely delightful.

His interest immediately shifted from the stout lady's transportation system, but unfortunately, as she finished the course and straightened up, she blocked the vista. While waiting for the next course Jerry considered his discovery from the point of view of a philosopher. Experience told him that the promise of such a profile was

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not likely to be fulfilled. His life had been a series of just such disappointments. He debated the advisability of suppressing his curiosity as to the frontal aspect of the face. Why not preserve it always in profile? Why take chances? A Solomon, a Socrates, would let well enough alone. Acting on the dictates of philosophy, he left the table before the stout lady had finished.

The next morning some decent-looking chaps invited him to play bridge, and he played two agreeable rubbers, with a loss of twenty-six dollars. The third rubber he cut out and was not sorry, as he was holding unimaginably bad cards. He found a seat on the transom where the sun streamed in, and retired into his own thoughts. It was approaching noon. If Marchbanks and Mildway held to their program they were at this moment on the beach at Trouville. He could see it all in his mind's eye—the color, the life, the gaiety. Presently two Jerrys seemed to be contemplating the scene. One longed to be sitting on the warm sand with the sense of reckless enjoyment that idleness and luxury bring to youth. The other was shaking his head doubtfully. Echoes of a Puritan heredity were whispering searching questions. What did that pleasant life lead to? Why did the old-looking middle-aged men who had lived it from boyhood have the faces they had? Why did they talk as if life were over at fifty? Why were the women always having nerves and jumping out of high windows? There was something wrong about it.

As these men were, so would Marchbanks be after thirty years of pleasure-hunting; so would Jerry be if he kept along with them. There must be a better way. Perhaps, after all, there was something in the old-fashioned virtues that Marchbanks smiled at. The men who got the most fun out of life were those who worked and enjoyed work. They won going and coming, for their work made their play enjoyable. Why had n't he seen so obvious a fact? Why had n't he worked with a little seriousness? What made the situation worse was the impossibility of shielding his father from the consequences already accrued. The truth would hit the governor hard. There was no dodging that. He would have to make it up to him in other ways. Various plans to this end began to shape themselves in his mind. He would learn business in order to take up the management of the family estate. He would forswear woman and devote his life to filial piety. Somehow, in some way, he would make good at something even though he had failed at medicine.

However, a man of thirty-two with abounding health and sufficient money is not able to keep his mind on repentance indefinitely. When the third officer came in and announced the run, he found himself winner of the hat pool, amounting to twenty-one pounds. The turn of his gambling luck cheered him. It also reminded him that the higher philosophy is not to cry over spilled milk or to cross bridges till one comes to them.

As the bugle blew for lunch, he stepped out upon the deck. There was a game of throwing rope rings in progress, conducted by two young men and a girl. The first glance identified the girl. It was she of the profile. The first glance also refuted those warning dictates of experience. She was all the profile had suggested, perhaps more.

Academically Jerry was an advocate of blondes. He had been born that way; yet he was open-minded. What he saw now convinced him that there are indeed two sides to the question. Elementally it was a manifestation of superabundant youth speaking through the curves of a lithe body, through color that flushed under a golden skin, through eyes that danced with the zest of the game; and the game was not putting rope rings over a stick.

As a matter of fact, the vision was bad at that. But one look at the young men indicated the direction of her talents. They were subjugated, abject, ridiculous, and all this on the third day out! She finished throwing the rings, which one of the victims of love handed her, without looking at the new-comer; yet Jerry knew

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that she had inspected him, and that the inspection was complete. As to what her verdict was she gave no intimation. When the game of rings was finished, she smiled upon each young man individually and vanished.

Now, to man generally the manifestation of youth and loveliness in the human female is not only an agreeable phenomenon, but a stimulant. Jerry had done pretty well with philosophy and health in dispelling the gloom that was logically his portion, but he now found further assistance. The problem that awaited him at his journey's end was no nearer solution, but the effect of stimulated heart action was to make it seem less important. It is thus that woman tends to maintain the life of man in hopeful perspective. It was thus that Jerry, in full possession of his faculties and, as it were, with wilful intent, became, as they say, interested in the young lady in question.

Early in the afternoon he observed signs that the established order of things as regards the young men and the object of their worship had undergone certain dislocations. First one, then the other of the love-birds wandered into the smoking-room, lighted cigarettes, and ordered whisky and soda. Obviously she had withdrawn herself. At the end of the rubber he cut out and reconnoitered the decks. After some search he found her in her chair on the port side, amidships, reading to her mother. He passed on with an inward chuckle. He knew what the business of reading to mother meant. She was through with the love-birds. As a collector she was interested in new specimens, and for the moment he happened to be the specimen. He went back and watched the card-playing, chewing the cud of his observations and making wise plans.

Ten minutes later some one put his head in the doorway and announced ice on the port bow. He went out to the deck again and made his way forward to the place where their chairs were placed. The mother was there, but the vision's chair was empty. He joined the throng of passengers gazing seaward, and suddenly discovered her against the rail just in front of him. He edged his way through the crowd till he stood beside her. He had determined to pick an acquaintance and he expected difficulty at first. The afternoon sun broke through the clouds and slanted down upon the iceberg. A gale was blowing, and the seas broke high on the desolate thing. Suddenly she turned and said casually:

"It 's wonderful, is n't it?"

He was inclined to gasp, but did n't.

"Yes," he said. "Amazing." He felt the adjective applied to the girl as much as to the iceberg.

"We saw four on the last trip over," she went on. "The captain said we just missed running into one in the fog off the Banks."

"You came over in the *Aquitanic?*" he asked.

"Yes, just for the voyage." She glanced over her shoulder at her mother in her chair against the deck-house as if to intimate that it was on her account. Then she resumed her gaze seaward.

"Lonely-looking thing," he ventured presently.

She nodded.

"It makes me think of MacDowell's 'Wandering Iceberg.' Do you know it?"

"No," he said. He was uncertain whether MacDowell was a poet, painter, musician, or iceman, but he took a chance and won. "Do you play it?"

"I play at it," she answered.

"I should like to hear it," he said.

She made no answer, but turned again toward her mother and waved her hand. Presently she said:

"I hope the captain keeps well to the south. I should hate to run into one."

"They say drowning is not unpleasant," Jerry remarked, "but I 'm against it in cold water."

She laughed, shuddered delightfully, took a last look at the drifting ice, and moved back toward her chair. Her novel slipped from under her arm and fell to the deck.

Jerry picked it up, returned it to her, and received thanks.

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"SHE NODDED. 'IT MAKES ME THINK OF MacDOWELL'S "WANDERING ICEBERG"'"

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"May I help you with your rug?" he asked.

"Oh, no," she said; "I can manage my own rug. I 'm not so helpless as that."

But he tucked her in while the mother, a sweet-faced, weary-looking woman, smiled vaguely on him. Then he bowed and took his leave. As he reëntered the smoking-room he said to himself:

"By this time to-morrow afternoon, Sumner, you will have heard 'The Wandering Iceberg' rendered on the piano in the ladies' sitting-room. You are not doing badly." His manner was jubilant. His impression of the lady was that she was "some girl."

The next morning he breakfasted late. The stout lady had finished and gone, but in the open vista there was no profile. After he had fortified the inner man he went on deck to scout. The two chairs on the port side, amidships, were vacant. He made a tour of the three passenger-decks, found nothing, and retired to the smoking-room, where the auction-players were waiting for him. As he arranged his cards he tried to account for the empty chairs. As tactics the move was new to him.

At lunch he had a mere glimpse of her. She was not in her place when the stout lady's bendings first opened the view, but appeared suddenly while the Chillicothean was holding forth on diabetic breads. Then the stout lady remained static for a long period, and when the view next opened, the profile was gone. Another inspection of the decks showed the chairs still unoccupied. Clearly something was wrong. He detected one of the lovers loafing mournfully in the neighborhood. This made him feel safe, and he went on to the smoking-room for his coffee. All afternoon he played cards, trusting to the movements of the love-birds for information. One or the other strolled out of the place from time to time, but returned shortly, and so he knew that the chairs were still empty. Dinner came, and she made no appearance. Thus the day passed, and he had not heard "The Wandering Iceberg." He was baffled. He engaged one of the love-birds in conversation, but was able to gather no information.

The next day and the next and two more passed, and the absence of the vision continued and remained unexplained. The love-birds, realizing that life is short, buried their sorrows and sought consolation, one in the deserted wife of a bridge-player, the other in drink. Jerry played cards with varying fortune, and the voyage drew to an end.

The evening of the seventh day, as he was thinking of bed, the ship's doctor strolled into the smoking-room, dropped into the seat beside him, and proposed a night-cap. Now, the doctor was a County Meath man, and discovering that Jerry had hunted a winter from Navan, his heart warmed, and it was past midnight before they killed their last fox and faced the idea of turning in.

"By the way," said Jerry,—as he rose to say good night an idea had come to him,—"do you happen to know what has become of that pleasant-looking, dark-haired girl? Did she fall overboard?"

"Are you inquirin' as a friend of the family?" asked the doctor.

"It might be that way," said Jerry.

"Then I 'll be tellin' ye in confidence that her mother is an ill woman."

"What 's the matter with her?"

"Begad, I wish I knew that. She says it 's a heart attack, but to save me soul I can't find anything wrong there. She just lies and moans and frightens the pretty daughter nigh to death. If there was a medical man among the passengers, I 'd have him in."

Jerry grinned. He was tempted.

The Irishman looked at him searchingly.

"You 're not of the profession yerself?" he demanded.

"I 've got a sheepskin."

"Then, by the powers, ye must see the woman in the morning. I 'll no longer bear the responsibility alone. At least ye can cheer up the girl."

" I 'm afraid it would n't do," Jerry answered. "I don't practise. Besides, the voyage is nearly over."

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"Of course it will do," the Irishman insisted. "I 'll come for ye at half-past ten in the morning. And now good night."

And so it came about that at twenty minutes of eleven the next morning, despite more remonstrances and certain qualms of conscience, he followed Dr. Rafferty into the sick woman's stateroom. The vision, who was sitting on the transom reading, looked up and eyed him with an air of mixed amazement and what he took to be suspicion. He felt himself blushing guiltily. He regretted that he had undertaken the adventure. He knew that she knew why he had come and believed that he was no doctor at all, which was almost the truth.

"Good morning, Mrs. Tyler," called Rafferty, heartily. "I 'm bringing Dr. Sumner to see ye, a famous heart specialist who happened to be crossin' with us, and I 'll have the pleasure of introducin' him to you, my dear young lady, though I pray the saints ye 'll have no need of his professional services."

The vision, now identified as Miss Grace Tyler, bowed stiffly. Jerry avoided her eye and addressed himself to the invalid. It was necessary that he should be as professional as possible.

"As I understand," he said, "you came for the rest and quiet of the voyage?"

She nodded weakly.

"And you were taken ill almost at once?"

"While coming down the bay," she answered wearily. "Then I got better, and was very well till this new attack. I 've always enjoyed the sea," she added. "My husband had a schooner yacht, and we went everywhere."

"Excuse me," said Jerry, "but did you ever have an attack like this on land?" A new interest in the case seemed to have come to him.

The sick woman nodded.

"Was n't it the time we went out to Santa Barbara?" she answered, appealing to her daughter.

The girl nodded.

"And you had another one coming back?" suggested Jerry.

"Yes," said the daughter. "The doctor said it was the altitude." Her manner seemed to be thawing a little.

"Well, there 's no altitude here," observed Dr. Rafferty. "Nothing but longitude and latitude."

Jerry took the sick woman's pulse, looked at her tongue, and announced that he would take the liberty of making some suggestion to Dr. Rafferty. He might look in again later in the day.

"Do you think you can cure her?" the girl demanded.

"I think it 's a possibility," Jerry answered modestly.

She looked at him gratefully and, as if wishing to make amends for her suspicions, held out her hand and smiled.

Jerry took it. It was a pleasant hand to take.

"Don't be frightened," he said cheerily. "It 's nothing serious."

When they were on deck the Irishman accosted him.

"What do you make of it?"

"My belief," said Jerry, "is that the good lady is neither more nor less than thoroughly seasick. I had an aunt that could n't get aboard a street-car without being taken the same way. It's the machinery. You see, a sailing-vessel does n't bother her. Give her the usual dope and a little champagne and cracked ice, and she 'll be right as rain. That 's the way it was with my aunt."

"Begad, I think you 're right. You 're a genius at diagnosis," cried the doctor.

"But don't tell her it is n't heart disease," added Jerry. "And you might call the champagne a French cardiac."

Rafferty looked at him and laughed.

"Spoken like a king's physician," he said. "You 'll go far, me boy, in our chosen profession."

Jerry laughed, but made no explanations. In the afternoon he called again at the Tylers' cabin. The girl met him at the door with the news that the invalid was sleeping.

"She 's decidedly better," she whispered. "She took some bouillon for lunch."

"Don't you think you 'd better get up

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on deck and have some air," he suggested.

The girl shook her head.

"Not now, but perhaps later. But don't expect me." She gave him a friendly smile, and Jerry's interest deepened.

Of course Jerry did expect her, and waited about till the first bugle blew for dinner, but it was in vain. If she came on deck, he missed her. He regretted it. She was a very attractive girl, but he had reached the philosophical age. He had found that life gives less trouble if man bows gracefully to fate, especially where the ladies are concerned.

That night they picked up Fire Island Light and were due to dock before noon the next day. Jerry was on deck early. The hot calm of a July morning was on the bay. As they passed Quarantine, he stood by the rail, gazing at the colossal Liberty and the weird sky-line of Manhattan growing out of the sunlit haze. He had heard men speak with regret and melancholy of the ending of a voyage and had never understood. Now he began to feel it himself. For a week, detached from past and future, he had put away his troubles and lived agreeably in the day. But now immediately ahead of him his problem was waiting. The pleasant life of the last eight years lay three thousand miles behind. As he gazed broodingly at his native land he heard the rustle of a woman's dress and, turning, confronted Miss Tyler. Her exuberant color had faded somewhat, but she was still radiant with that unquenchable youth which was so great a part of her beauty. Jerry raised his hat.

"I hope your mother is much better," he said.

"Very, very much," she answered. "She is so grateful to you. We both feel that if we had only had you at once you would have cured her at the beginning."

"I did n't do anything," he answered. "Rafferty is the man to thank. But I wish Mrs. Tyler had escaped all she has been through for more than one reason. The calamity of the voyage was your disappearance from society."

She flushed a little.

"Yes, I believe that," she said ironically.

"You don't have to take my word for it," he answered. "The ring game has n't been out of the box since you left us."

She laughed, and her color deepened.

"It 's the cruel fact," he went on. "And besides, I never heard 'The Wandering Iceberg,' and now I never shall."

"You must have a sister or somebody that plays," she suggested.

"No *somebody*. You can guess my chance with a sister."

"Well, you 'll hear it somehow."

He shook his head.

"No; that is one of the irrevocable might-have-beens."

"Perhaps it 's just as well," she observed. "I 'm afraid you 're not a very serious person. It would be wasted on you."

He protested at that.

"You 'll never know how wrong you are. That 's my greatest regret. Perhaps in the next world we 'll meet, and you 'll understand me and play for me."

"On a golden harp," she suggested.

"If you can play iceberg pieces on a harp."

She regarded him hesitatingly.

"I want to ask you something," she said. "I know it 's silly to ask personal questions when I shall probably never see you again."

"Ask away."

"Mother was wondering whether by any chance you were Dr. Gerald Sumner of Elmford, Connecticut?"

He masked his surprise.

"Perhaps I ought to get advice of counsel before answering," he replied. "Would it be used against me if I was?"

"I can make no promises as to that."

"Then I 'll put it another way. What do you know about Dr. Gerald Sumner of Elmford, Connecticut?"

"What every one in Elmford knows, that he 's been studying abroad for eight years and ought to know everything about medicine."

Jerry chuckled, but as the significance of her remark got to him, it seemed less humorous.

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"So you live in Elmford?" he asked her.

"I did n't say that," she answered quickly. "I said I knew what Elmford people knew about this particular Doctor Sumner." She paused and looked at him. They were at a deadlock, neither able to score.

"I 'll tell you what I 'll do," said Jerry, proposing a compromise. "I 'll tell you the truth if you 'll tell me the truth."

"All right," she answered.

With an air of mystery he said:

"You guessed it. I *am* Dr. Gerald Sumner of Elmford."

Imitating his manner, she answered:

"And I live in Elmford." She met his look and giggled. There was another *impasse*.

"I don't think I can believe you," he said doubtfully.

"I know I can't believe you," she retorted.

"But I can refer you to the passenger-list."

"You 're down as 'G. Sumner, Paris.' "

"And you 're down as 'Mrs. Tyler and daughter, U. S. A.' "

"Well, you 'll see if you come to Elmford," she said gaily.

"Then I shall certainly see, because I 'm certainly going to Elmford," he answered.

He gathered from the change in her expression that some one was approaching behind him. He glanced over his shoulder and saw one of the love-birds.

"Well," he said, "I suppose I must get some breakfast. But remember, if I don't turn up in Elmford, I 'll have your harp all tuned and waiting in heaven."

"And pick me out a becoming halo," she added. "That is, if you don't appear in Elmford."

He laughed, raised his hat, and left her.

"She 's stalling, of course, about Elmford," he thought. "But she must know people there. I 'll find out about her."

Emile accosted him at the foot of the companion-way with the information that everything was packed.

"I suppose you 'd like to see something of New York," Jerry suggested.

"I have a cousin who is chef," replied Emile, hopefully. "He lives in the Sixty-fourth Street, East. He has promised to show me the town, as he calls it."

"I 'll tell you what I 'll do," said Jerry. "I 'm going to cut for home, but I 'll leave you to get the luggage through the customs, and you can spend the night in town and come on to Elmford to-morrow. Only don't let your cousin show you too much." Emile laughed wisely.

They went down to the state-room for final directions; thence Jerry proceeded to breakfast. Miss Tyler made no further appearance. The ship docked about ten. Jerry was one of the first to get ashore. As he reached terra firma he looked back and caught a glimpse of the girl standing against the rail with a mass of purple orchids at her belt. A masculine figure was beside her, but his back was turned, and Jerry could only be sure that it was not one of the love-birds. Then he pushed on to have his handbags examined at the gate, and secured a taxi. At the Grand Central he found he had ten minutes before his train started, and he decided to telegraph to his father.

"It will be surprise enough as it is," he thought. "There 's no use overdoing it. It might bring on apoplexy."

CHAPTER III

COLONEL ADDISON SUMNER had a theory that divided mankind into what he called the centrifugal and centripetal types. The temperament of the former expanded outward, craved society, travel, and superficial experience of wide areas. His favorite example of budding centrifugalism was the child that is odious at home, but an angel of grace with strangers. The centripetal character, on the other hand, turned inward, made but few friends, was content in the environment in which it developed, and desired what are sometimes called "the real things" of life.

He himself was typically centripetal. His ambitions and activities centered in the little New England city in which he had been born, his hopes and affections in

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the idea of home. Thus constituted, fate in some ways had been singularly generous to him. He lived in the house in which he had been born—a house which his great grandfather had built, a house mellow with Sumner tradition. The old furniture had been bought new when Adam, Chippendale, and Sheraton were at work. A Sumner had planted the great elms and laid out the lawns. In the garden was box that dated from before the Revolution.

Fate, however, had left Addison Sumner a widower when his second child, the daughter, was born, and this blow at his home had been a staggering one. A man of less character and direction might have succumbed under it and drifted into dilettante habits and European wanderings, but with Addison Sumner it stimulated new efforts to save what was precious to him. His hope for the future lay now in his children. The happiness of his old age depended on the relation that he should establish with them. Whether they would go forth and leave him old and alone in his empty house, or arrange their lives about his, he believed depended entirely upon himself.

To make the house gay and attractive, to make himself their friend and companion, was relatively easy for him. He enjoyed it and did it well. But in considering their future, specially that of his boy, he realized that he must take chances. If Gerald was to be to him what he hoped, it must be because the boy wanted it. No sense of compulsion must enter in. If the boy was to make his life in the little New England city, he must do it with full knowledge of the outer world. He must do it because his sense of values made it the desirable thing to do. So with a courage no one suspected because no one knew what the sacrifice cost, he sent Gerald away, first to school and then to college.

The boy's talents at foot-ball and rowing were immediately apparent. Beyond that he seemed possessed of a quick, inquiring mind, with a bent for science rather than for academic studies. By the time he was graduated from Harvard he had decided upon medicine for a profession, but whether from boyish impulse or from some deep-seated trend of mind the father could not judge. Personally he would have preferred his son to manifest a polite interest in politics and a disposition to manage the family estate, but he faced the situation without flinching. There was only one thing to do. He must give the boy every advantage of education and training. Accordingly, after Gerald took his degree at the medical school he sent him abroad to complete his studies. Somewhat to his alarm he began to realize that the completion of Gerald's studies was like the completion of Dido's weaving. Two years at Edinburgh was followed by a request for a year in London. The year in London led to two more in Germany, and the year in Germany made Paris inevitable.

But all this time his faith both in his policy and in his son never wavered. He had sowed that later he should reap abundantly. Gerald was fitting himself to be a great man. His answers to requests for more time were always in the same key of trustful acquiescence. "I know you know what you 're doing, my son," he would write. "If you think you ought to go to Paris, go by all means. When you get ready to come back we shall be glad, but don't hurry. Your career must come first."

But at last the colonel began to fear lest Gerald's mental equipment would become too imposing for Elmford. He wrote, pointing out the mistake of becoming "too theoretical," and suggested that Jerry make his professional start as a practitioner not later than the autumn. Meanwhile he had been preparing a surprise for Jerry which he hoped would reconcile the cosmopolitan young doctor to the little town.

The morning that Jerry landed the colonel spent at his desk in the library writing checks for the monthly bills. A pile of stamped envelops addressed in his old-fashioned, copper-plate hand grew under his labors. Toward noon, as he was finishing, an automobile horn squawked a

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rhythmical series of toots, evidently constituting a private signal. The colonel smiled and glanced at the clock. A moment later a girl swept boisterously into the room and embraced him.

Marion Sumner was twenty-four, but appeared younger. Possibly the will not to grow up had physiological consequences. At this period in her life the most important thing was to get distance with her wooden clubs and do the eighteen holes under ninety-five. Modernity was exemplified in Marion even as the passing order typified her father.

"Anything in the morning mail?" she demanded.

The colonel shook his head.

"It looks to me as if our wandering boy had got lost," she observed. "We 'll have to go after him."

The colonel smiled.

"Would you mind?"

"Not if we could look for him at the Paris dressmakers. Really, Father," she added, "I 've got to get some clothes or I 'll be arrested."

"Well," he said, "why don't you go to New York and get them?"

"Too busy this week," was the answer. "I 'm just getting back on my iron shots. I came in in forty-nine this morning."

"Whom were you playing with?"

"Just Budd," she answered. Her tone implied that playing golf with Budd Woodbridge was like playing with one's maiden aunt.

The colonel looked at her with an expression intended to be roguish.

"You seem to be playing somewhat regularly with Budd."

She looked at him with utter hopelessness as at one beyond the possibility of understanding, and said:

"I suppose you know the laundry boiler is leaking."

"I telephoned the plumber this morning," he replied.

At this juncture the door-bell rang. They looked at each other in silence, listening to the footfall of the parlor maid on her way to the door. For the last three weeks they had been listening every time the muffled ringing of the bell sounded in the pantry, the expectation of a cable in the minds of each.

"It 's some things I ordered from Skinner's," Marion observed.

"I suppose so," said the colonel. He rose, gathered up the pile of envelops, and slipped a rubber band about them. Then the parlor maid entered, bearing the telegram that announced Jerry's arrival on the one-five train.

At two o'clock a measure of calm had been restored. They were still sitting around the lunch-table, the colonel radiant, but with eyes still misty, Marion, calm and sisterly in the manner of the modern sister, devouring the tale of the young Odysseus. The reason why they had not heard from him for so long was that his father's letter had lain a week at Lucerne before he got it. The very next morning he had started. He had not written because he knew he would beat the mails. He was a swift traveler. It certainly was great to be home! Bully! Nothing like it! Never wanted to set foot out of the house again. There was no one like his father. Marion had become a peach. No place like Elmford. If any part of his joy was acted, it defied detection. He ate an entire omelet and several chops. As for the green corn from the garden, the first of the season, it was worth a voyage around the world. He must congratulate old Watkins, the vegetable gardener. He must embrace Mrs. Tuttle, queen of omelet-makers. He had already wrung the hand of James Bannock, the butler, till that venerable support of the Sumner household winced. He must forthwith inspect the entire place and see everybody. Suddenly he started as a man who realizes that he had almost forgotten what he came to inquire about.

"Great Scott!" he cried, "I 've been talking so hard I 'm nutty. What on earth is that new wing that has grown out of the side of the house? No one has written about it. What does it mean?"

Marion and the colonel glanced at each other significantly.

"By Jupiter!" Jerry shouted, "

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is going to be married! It 's a dove-cote for the bride and groom!"

Marion giggled.

"You 're an idiot," she said.

"Yes, it is," he insisted. "But why did n't you write me about it? Who is he, anyway?"

"Perhaps you can guess when you see," said the colonel.

"We ought to blindfold him," said Marion. "It must burst on him."

"I 'll keep my eyes shut," he promised.

Arm in arm they led him through the new door under the stairs, down the passage, then through another door, and the word was given to look. He opened his eyes and stared about him dumfoundedly. What he saw was a great room lined with cupboards and book-shelves. A flat-topped desk stood in the center, with a revolving-chair drawn up before it, a patient's chair on the other side. On the walls hung an engraving of the first operation with ether and pictures of a similar character. The room was unquestionably a doctor's office.

"The best private medical library in New England," announced Marion, with a wave at the book-cases. "Everything from appendicitis to zymotics. All the latest wrinkles in stethoscopes and tonsil-cutters." She flung open cupboard after cupboard, disclosing shelves filled with instruments and apparatus. "Model operating-room to the left," she went on, seizing him by the arm and dragging him with her. "X-ray machine and developing-room adjoining; waiting-room to accommodate twenty patients across the hall. All magazines and comic papers on the table one year paid in advance; attendant's office through that door."

He followed dumbly while she played guide till they came upon a glittering sign with the legend:

"Gerald Sumner, M. D.
Office Hours { 10 to 12 A. M.
2 to 4 P. M."

"That will go up to-morrow," she announced. "And all of it to the dust-cloths in the housemaid's closet father did himself."

Jerry turned and faced his beaming parent.

"But, Father!" he gasped.

"Not a word!" said the colonel, beaming. "You 've deserved it, and I know you 'll use it as it deserves to be used." He paused as Bannock appeared in the doorway.

"Will you see the plumbers, sir?" said the butler.

"In a moment," the colonel answered. "And if there is anything you find wrong or lacking, Gerald," he went on, "I want you to tell me truthfully, and we 'll make it right. A good man must certainly have good tools." He then turned away and followed Bannock to the back of the house.

"Is n't it wonderful?" said Marion. "He has been at it for six months. I think he expects people to be coming up from New York to consult you."

"It 's rather taken the wind out of me," said Jerry.

"I 'll leave you to get your breath," she answered. "I 've got some telephoning to do. Do you want to play golf this afternoon?"

"I can't; my things won't get here until to-morrow," he told her in a hollow voice.

"I see," she said. She waved at him and was gone.

Jerry stood for a time gazing dumbly about him. Nothing that he had imagined or feared compared with the facts. He had read a poem once which spoke of "fetters forged by love." He understood now what they were. He saw himself a prisoner till old age came upon him, silvering his hair. He saw death at last signing his release. Finally, his best despair being inadequate to the situation, he burst out laughing.

(To be continued)

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Spring, 1918

By SARA TEASDALE

I never longed so hungrily for spring
  Before, nor in the past and peaceful years
  Saw the first robin through a rush of tears,
  And heard his throaty whistle quivering.
Bright squills the color of a bluebird's wing,
  And fruit-trees white as water round the weirs
  You hearten us more than a storm of cheers,
  Eternal beauty reawakening.
Help us to know it is for you we fight,
  O Beauty of the many guises! Be
  Incarnate for us in white deeds: the flight
Of wind-blown birds in May, and liberty,
  Still manifest no less in the grim night
  Of gallant failures like Gallipoli.

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GENERAL JOHN J. PERSHING, U. S. A.

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Message from General Pershing

This great war is teaching new things every day. War on such a scale affords unprecedented opportunity for originality. While methods change, human character remains, and other things being equal, character will decide the last battle.

This war found us a nation nakedly unprepared, but our people had the stamina, the moral sense, the instinct for the light and the right. It is a fine thing to us soldiers in the service to look toward home and see a mighty people responding to the call of idealism, turning nobly toward duty in the splendid spirit expressed in the phrase the "utmost for the highest." We may make mistakes here and there in this detail or in that, but we have the practical mind, and with each new experience we shall move to a higher level of excellence.

Of the human material that America is sending to this war I can speak with exactness. It is the best, and with enough of such material there can be no doubt of America's showing. I have always had only one opinion of American soldiers, and that opinion has been more than confirmed in France. Given the opportunity, the American army in France will fulfil the best that has been expected of it.

John J. Pershing.

This message from General Pershing was received by Mr. Charles H. Grasty to be used as a foreword to his forthcoming book entitled, "Flashes from the Front." The Editors of The Century, considering that it is the right word, said at the right time and by the right man, feel that it should be printed where it can be seen by all our readers.—The Editors.

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The Patient Parisians

By JOHN N. ANDERSON

IT is the patience of the Parisians that has surprised everybody. Reputed the most unstable, erratic, and volatile population of any city on earth, one that started a revolution on the least provocation, it has been the most tractable, the calmest, the most orderly, the most enduring and long suffering. It is now supporting the fourth winter of the war with the same stoicism that it did the first. In this respect it is only the image of the rest of France.

"We are not afraid of the Germans; it is a revolution we fear," said the wiseacres as they fled from Paris when war was declared and the Germans began to swoop through Belgium. It was a good riddance. Never had the city been more resolute than during the great invasion, nor calmer than during the battle that ended it. Every day the sound of the guns seemed to come closer, but there was no disturbance even in the poorer quarters, where everybody had remained. The full story has never yet been told how the Paris deputies met at midnight and forced the Government to change its decision to leave the city open. In some printing-shop cellar lie stacks of proclamations, asking the people to rise and defend Paris street by street. These were never put up. Instead there was posted the famous declaration of General Gallieni, saying he had been appointed military governor of Paris and assuring the people that he would defend the city to the utmost.

But it is one thing to be heroic before a ·ergency, and another to endure day, week after week, month after month, and year after year of worry, sorrow, and apprehension of disaster. At no time for over three years have the Germans been farther away from Paris than Poughkeepsie is from New York. Never has there been a night when they could not have come over the city to drop bombs. At all times Paris has the war in its front yard. There is not a season when the Germans might not begin another drive for the French capital, which still remains the most tempting bait. It is this imminence, this tangibility of the war, that could never be felt in New York. Though not obvious to the casual visitor, who never understands, the war is at all times hanging over Paris. The feeling is entirely different in Orleans or Lyons, while in Marseilles or Nice the war seems almost unreal. "You would never believe there was a war," say the recently arrived Americans as they look out on the boulevards and their traffic. They have usually come off the express that morning. The war atmosphere of Paris is too subtle to be caught offhand. It is not seen on people's clothes or movements; it is in their eyes, their expressions. The French people are very dignified in their sorrow. They do not open their hearts to the first comer. They do not wear sackcloth and ashes in public. But there is very little laughter heard in the land, and the French love to be gay. It is considered improper to play the piano in one's own home or to sing, and for three years there has been no dancing in France. The tragedy of the war lies heavily on every household.

But the real key to the French character is not merriment; it is patience. This has

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probably always been so, and if the French have at times shown themselves rebellious, it is probably because they have been subjected to great wrongs from their rulers.

During the war the Parisians have shown more than their customary willingness to wait and suffer. Having always heard the French described as a restive people, I was much impressed by their patience during the mobilization and by the calm of the Parisians when the first bombs were dropped. It was believed the city would be shelled within a few days. I then saw literally tens of thousands of them stand in line morning, noon, and night outside the railroad stations waiting to buy tickets. It was not the fact that some of them wanted to get away that surprised anybody, but the fact that such a mass of humanity could stand in line so long when there were thousands ahead and when for hours there would be no sign of advance. It must be that the French have had a special training from their bureaucratic form of government; they seem to be willing to wait forever for a man in uniform. When I saw those interminable lines filling the whole of Quai d'Orsay outside the Orleans station, I thought of the impatient crowds at Coney Island or at the Manhattan end of the Brooklyn Bridge getting home from an ordinary day's work or amusement.

This courage and willingness to wait I have seen exemplified many times since. The best illustrations have been furnished by the crowds outside the news bulletin-boards. As the Americans stand and watch for a base-ball score, so the French mass outside the newspaper offices to read the afternoon *communiqué,* which tells the terse story of victory or defeat. To be sure, it never admits defeat in so many words, but the French are clever readers between the lines. The sober official statement, which describes in a line engagements greater than Crécy or Agincourt, may at times seem unemotional to the reader three thousand miles away, to whom it has no greater interest than that of a general sentiment or of a stake in the war stocks; but to people who know those villages as the Americans know Trenton or Saratoga, and who have brothers, husbands, sons, and lovers engaged in the battle, the afternoon *communiqué* is written in letters of fire.

But non-combatants as they are, the French civilians have many things to occupy them besides the daily events on the front. The average Parisian is a much harder-working person than the superficial impressions of the chance visitor indicate. Paris is a beehive of industry as well as a pleasure resort. It is the strangers that do the loafing and the pleasure-seeking. The residents do the work behind the screens. Never has Paris been busier than during the war. There are more people about at six in the morning than there are at midnight. Every business is run short-handed. Those left behind try to make up for those at the front. The army must be supplied, the sick taken care of, the men at the front or in German prisons must have their packages, local trade must be kept up, and exports of Paris specialties cannot be allowed to cease. All that requires work, and the crowds that one sees filling theaters and cafés are either made up of visitors or hard-worked people who must have some distraction to relieve the tension. To get this distraction people come from abroad, from the front, as well as from all parts of France, just as Americans go to New York.

Besides doing double work while patiently waiting for victory, the Parisians have at times been seriously concerned with getting certain necessary supplies. The reports of sugar and coal shortages in the United States fail to excite them in the least. "There is where we were two years ago," they say. There is still a shortage, but improvements in distribution have helped a good deal.

Sugar was one of the first commodities to *faire défaut,* as the French say. When mobilization started, all sugar in sight was requisitioned for the army. There was also a shortage of salt, but that has never been seriously felt. Sugar, on the other hand, has been scarce ever since the war started. At first the grocers would sell only to their

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regular customers, then one had to buy a certain amount of tea or coffee to get some sugar. Next the Government fixed a maximum price of fifteen cents a pound, while limiting the amount each store could sell. The distribution of sugar was then fixed at certain hours, and that led to the forming of the "sugar-lines." Outside every grocery store queues formed far in advance of the set time. Only a certain amount was allowed to each person. Those last in line often had to come away empty-handed.

It was an extraordinary variety of people that formed those sugar-lines: housewives, servant-girls, *femmes de ménage,* concierges, ragged boys who had not the price of a pound of sugar in their clothes, but who hoped to sell to later arrivals their advanced positions in the line, old men with nothing else to do, crippled soldiers, fur-collared *rentiers,* and sharp-faced persons who looked capable of laying in a stock of sugar and reselling it at a profit. After standing in line several hours for each small package, they certainly earned their little rake-off.

In those days sugar was hoarded like fine gold. On the boulevard *"terasses"* the usual allowance of four lumps of sugar to a cup of coffee was cut in half, while in the cheaper café bars the keepers began to put in a teaspoonful of brownish unrefined sugar before serving. In other places the sugar was served to each customer in a little sealed envelop on which was printed a warning not to waste the precious stuff. Guests at private tea-parties were requested to bring their own sugar, and the jewelers began to sell small silver-plated boxes, large enough to hold two lumps of sugar, which a woman could put in her hand-bag with her powder-puff, "metro" tickets, and purse.

The sugar shortage still continues, but there is neither a sugar panic nor a sugar-line. The card system has done away with both. Every one is allowed a pound and a half a month, and if this allowance has to be reduced, as sometimes happens, the Government announces the fact well in advance. Saccharin is also recommended.

Another commodity for which the Parisians have had to stand in line has been butter. Ordinarily France, which is a rich agricultural country, produces enough butter for its own needs and a surplus for export. During the war there has been no expropriation of butter fats for the ammunition factories, as in Germany, where grease is scarce, but in France all kinds of creamery products have gone up in price, and an unscientific attempt by the Government to regulate prices without either limiting the consumption or assuring an adequate supply led to a crisis which caused butter-lines to form in the street markets of Paris.

"The retail price of butter," decreed the minister of food supply, "shall not exceed three francs fifty a pound."

"Very well," said the dairymen of Normandy, Brittany, and the Sarthe, "we will salt our butter and keep it till prices go up, or we will make cheese of our cream, and raise calves and pigs on the milk. Those things pay us better than sending butter in to Paris to be retailed at three francs fifty."

In this game the farmers held the highest trumps. There was no one to force them to make butter or to send it to Paris, and so any housekeeper who wanted butter had to go to market very early to stand in the butter-line for half a pound, which was all the market-women would sell to any one customer, or else she had to pay her *crémière* at the dairy store five, six, or seven francs a pound on the sly. To be sure, there was no butter displayed for sale in the milk-store, but to a *client* who could be trusted not to notify the police madame would always be ready to "cede" a quarter of a pound at twice the legal rate as a special favor.

In such circumstances the Government soon came off its high horse, and now butter is not lacking in the Paris markets or dairy-stores; but the old law of supply and demand regulates the price, which fluctuates above and below a dollar a pound, according to the season.

The worst shortage of all, the one that led to the most suffering, even death, was

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the coal shortage last winter. There was an inadequate supply of fuel from the very outset of the war, due mostly to the lack of labor to make the deliveries; but the first two winters were mercifully mild. There was hardly any frost at all. The third winter was the coldest that old people could remember, and a foolish assurance by the Government the summer before that there would be plenty of coal had caused many people to neglect laying in supplies, hoping there would be a reduction in the price of from sixty to eighty dollars a ton. When the cold weather came there was neither a reduction in price nor any supply at any cost. The rich suffered with the poor, and outside the coal-yards there were formed pitiful lines of shivering humanity. Never before had Paris been so near the point of despair. Generally speaking, Paris is still a city of the open grate. Steam heat is installed only in the modern apartments, and *chauffage central* is advertised outside the hotels as a novelty. But even those who paid rent for steam-heated flats had to go without warmth, and content themselves with a little open-grate fire, for which fuel was often completely lacking. Offices, cafés, restaurants, theaters, churches, and banks were cold, water-pipes were frozen, and the laundries stopped working. In many communities about Paris the gas supply was shut off, and even some ammunition factories had to close. The city reserves of coal were given out to the most needy, and it was officially recognized that a serious crisis was near. No one could see those lines of shivering women and ragged children outside the coal depots, or watch the lines of emaciated, half-frozen persons that followed the coal-carts through the streets, pouncing on the least morsel that was spilled as though it had been so much gold, without realizing that here was a population on the verge of rebellion.

But once more the patience of the Parisians held out. Coal was rushed to them by motor-vans and special trains. There was no lack of coal in barges at Rouen, but the Seine was frozen over, making navigation impossible. After a month the cold spell was broken, and serious measures were taken to avoid another famine. During the summer the coal reserves have been filled up, and those who had the money laid in supplies, even paying as high as four hundred francs for a ton of hard coal, and coal-cards have been instituted, allowing a certain small amount to each household. The quantity varies according to the supply. It is not enough to keep one warm all the time, but enough to prevent people from freezing to death, and, above all, from standing in line for hours and hours for a little bag.

During the fourth winter of the war another crisis has developed—a shortage of tobacco. "There are no more cigarettes, but the *'pinard'* [*red wine*] is good," wrote jocularly one Montmartre barkeeper on a sign pasted in his window. "The sale of tobacco is terminated for the day," is a common notice in the government-controlled shops. In France tobacco, like matches and playing-cards, is a publicly owned monopoly. Tobacco-stores are political sinecures, like the post-offices in the United States. Tobacco is grown or imported, and then made into "smokes" or "sniffs" under close government supervision. The import duty is very high, and to get a permit to import tobacco for private use is extremely difficult. The internal production is heavily taxed, and the quality of the common product is not very good, besides being expensive. The war has greatly increased the demand for tobacco. The soldiers must smoke to while away the time, and the smoking habit is much more common in France than it is in the United States. The Government monopoly has, however, one advantage. It keeps prices uniform and maintains certain standards of quality, bad as they are. What the real causes of the tobacco shortage are has not been made known definitely. It is supposed to be due to a hitch in the distribution caused by changes in prices. Matches have also gone up from two to three cents a box. In the meantime the smokers and the "snuffers," among whom are a surprising number of

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working-women, have to go without their stimulant or stand in line for hours and hours. The sale of tobacco is limited to certain periods of the day, and people stand in line as they did for sugar and coal.

For the common people in Paris life seems only one queue after another. The day a baby is born the father or some other close relative, accompanied by two witnesses, non-members of the family, must make a declaration at the *mairie*. The report of the midwife or physician is not sufficient. The Government sends its own doctor to inspect the child, and upon his report the birth notice, a long formal declaration, is written by hand in a large ledger. It reads like a will. Later there is more standing in line in order to get into the schools, to get examined for the army, to get a job, to get the numerous documents required to be married. If children are born to the new couple, there is the routine all over again, and when death comes, the documents to be filled out require more patient waiting in line on the part of somebody. The funeral itself is conducted by the city, and the men who drive the hearse, carry the coffin, or walk in front of the procession, are public officials in suitable uniforms.

If a Frenchman goes to the theater, he thinks nothing of standing in line a long time in order to avoid the extra charge for tickets sold in advance. Once he has reached the ticket-window, he deposits his money, gets a slip of paper, and then joins another queue before a sort of bar behind which sit three frock-coated, serious-faced gentlemen, like so many magistrates, ready to pass judgment on the pleasure-seeker. They form a sort of petty jury, whose function it is to assign the seats according to turn and the color of the receipt. The spectator then has to tip the usher who shows him to the seat, and should he find himself behind a pillar, the situation can usually be remedied by another tip.

Should the Parisian be able to save any money, he either has to hide it under his mattress or else stand in line when the Government or the banks open subscriptions for loans or bond issues. When the "Credit Foncier" opened a bond sale last winter there was a line eight deep that filled the sidewalk round the entire block. Strangers thought it meant a run on this substantial old institution of credit. Instead, it was Parisians standing in line to get rid of their money, which they brought in bills or hard cash. When the subscription closed there were still several thousand people in line hoping for a last chance. Checks are not much used, and are seldom accepted in France. There is but little attempt to identify the payee of a check, and any one who either makes out or accepts an order to pay does so at his peril. The public tax collector will have none of them, and the tax-payer has to stand in line with his bank-bills in the back yard or in the garret of the *percepteur,* or else he must go to jail for non-payment. He cannot send a check. There is no clearing-house in Paris. Banks settle their accounts with one another by sending uniformed messengers, who carry cash through the streets, and who stand in line before the cashiers' windows waiting to get their exact change.

Since the war there have been many kinds of new lines in Paris. At the outset the strangers within the gates had to stand in line, some of them ten and eleven hours at a stretch, to get the *permis de séjour,* about which there really was no hurry, but every one wanted to be *en regle* at once. As the invasion started, the refugees flocked into Paris and stood in line to be fed, stood in line to be housed, stood in line to be employed, or stood in line to be shipped out into the provinces. Those too feeble to work still stand in line to get coal, stand in line to get potatoes, stand in line to get clothes, and stand in line to get medical attention.

For the soldiers alone, as they started out to fight Germany, there was no standing in line. Everything had been arranged beforehand, and all went off smoothly. They had the first call everywhere. For the first year none of them except the wounded came back, and there

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was much talk to the effect that if they were allowed *permission* after the first winter in the trenches they would never go back. Here again the wiseacres were wrong. The *permissionaires* came to Paris, and regularly they returned to the trenches, though not without some grumbling. The French soldier has ever been a *grognard,* as he was nicknamed under Napoleon. He swears with many picturesque oaths that he will mutiny, that he will never attack again, that he will desert to the enemy; but when the bugle sounds he is there, ready for the fray, and when he sees the Germans he instinctively fights.

When he comes to Paris the *Poilu permissionaire* is the joy of everybody. It is he who brings the war close to his relatives and friends. They meet, fête, and flatter him, and he tells them stories of the front, in which, naturally, he himself has a leading part. Early in the war it was the soldiers alone who kept up the morale of the people in the rear; after the attempted offensive in April, 1917, the rôles were reversed. But now both *Poilus* and civilians are keeping a stiff upper lip and are holding out together.

It is at the Paris railroad stations that one sees the front and the *"arrière"* meet. There it is one sees the scenes of joy as the soldier comes home for his ten days. Father, mother, brother, sister, wife, aunt, cousin, mother-in-law even, and above all the children, are greeted affectionately with kisses and embraces. The French family union is closely knit.

There, at the stations, one also sees the great tragedy when the men have to return to the battle-fields. When the *trains de permissionaires* are about to start, the square in front of the station is usually roped off, so that the soldiers will not be hindered by ordinary civilian traffic. But here again the French people show an unexpected restraint. I have seen families retire behind some building or into the shaded parts of a park to say their farewells. Sometimes it is done only in the privacy of the home, and though the *Poilu,* loaded with bread, shoes, and fresh underwear, seldom arrives at the station alone, there are few demonstrations.

At the railroad stations one also sees the out-of-town soldiers who are hanging around waiting for their trains to take them to their homes in the provinces. Often the trains from the front arrive several hours late, connections with departing trains are missed, and as there are then no trolleys, no cabs, no subway trains, no cafés, no restaurants, no acquaintances to visit, these mud-stained soldiers, tired to death after long trips, and accustomed to the rudest comforts, roll up to sleep on benches, on cases, on the floor itself, or wherever there is shelter against the rain or a bit of warmth against the cold wind. In some stations there have been installed canteens for such soldiers, and at others there are places for them to sleep, managed by the "Croix Verte," the Green Cross, but the accommodations are by no means either luxurious or adequate. It is heartrending to see the decorated heroes of Verdun, the Somme, or the Aisne lying on the stone floor, sleeping like tired children. They are a hardy and patient race.

Though the Russian collapse has had its depressing effect, it is the entry of the United States into the war from which the French people now draw moral comfort. At the beginning of the war they were sure that Russia and England would assure a speedy victory. It was the belief in the invincibility of the Russian steam roller that saved France in 1914 more than Rennenkampf's raid into East Prussia. Now the American armies are expected to do wonders and to do them soon. Never has there been more joy or more flag-raising in Paris than when the United States declared war, and the day President Wilson broke off relations with Germany people stood in line for the afternoon newspapers, a thing which had not happened since the second week of the war. The French people do not themselves know what resources of strength and patience they possess within themselves. They like to have some other idol on which to pin their faith. It used to be the Russian bear. Now it is "Oncle Sam."

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SCENES FROM PARISIAN LIFE IN WAR-TIME

Seven Drawings

By Frank M. Armington

THE SUGAR-LINE

It was an extraordinary variety of people who formed these sugar-lines: housewives, servant-girls, concierges, ragged boys who had not the price of a pound of sugar in their pockets, but who hoped later to sell their positions in the line, and old men who had nothing else to do.

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THE *PERMISSIONAIRE*

When he comes to Paris the *Poilu* on leave is the joy of everybody. It is he who brings the war close to relatives and friends. They meet, fête, and flatter him, and he tells them stories of the front, in which, naturally, he himself has the leading part.

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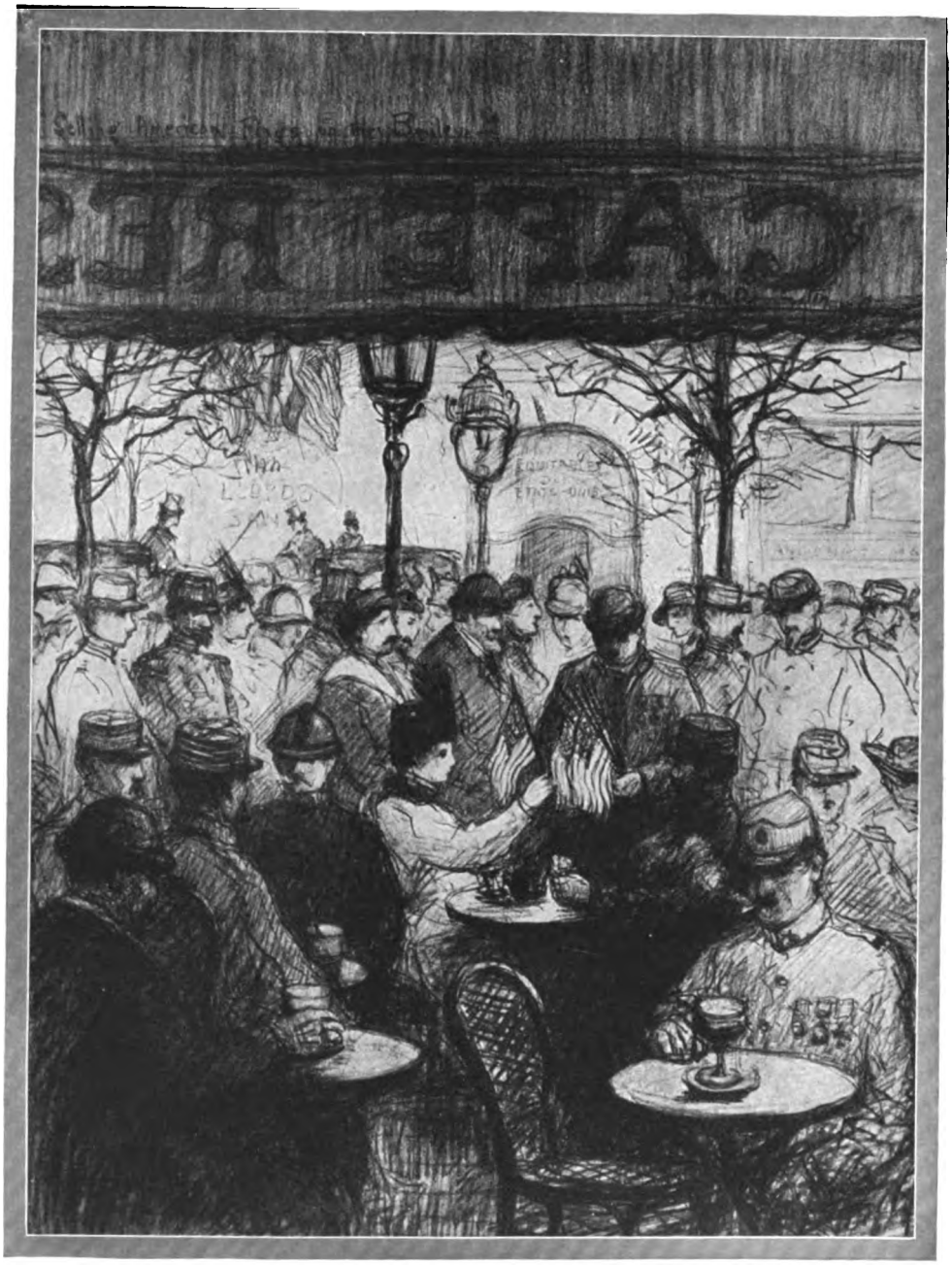

SELLING AMERICAN FLAGS ON THE BOULEVARDS

The French people now draw moral comfort because of the entry of the United States into the war. The American Army is expected to do wonders and to do them quickly. The French people, not aware of what reserves of strength and patience they possess within themselves, like to have some other idol in which to place their faith.

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THE AFTERNOON BULLETIN

The French gather in crowds outside the news bulletin-boards which tell the terse story of victory or defeat. Every word the bulletin-writer chalked up was watched as though it were a court decision in a life-and-death case. To those who have husbands, sons, or lovers at the front, each word is written in letters of fire.

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THE COAL-LINE

The coal shortage of the winter of 1916 led to the most suffering. The rich suffered with the poor, and outside the coal-yards there were formed pitiful lines of shivering humanity. Since last summer the coal reserves have been filled up; there is not enough to keep one warm all of the time, but still sufficient to prevent one freezing to death.

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THE BUTTER-LINE

Ordinarily France produces enough butter for its own needs and a surplus for export. In the early part of the war the Government attempted to regulate the price, but the farmer, holding the trump-hand, refused to be governed by this rule; and for a long time there was a shortage in the Paris markets.

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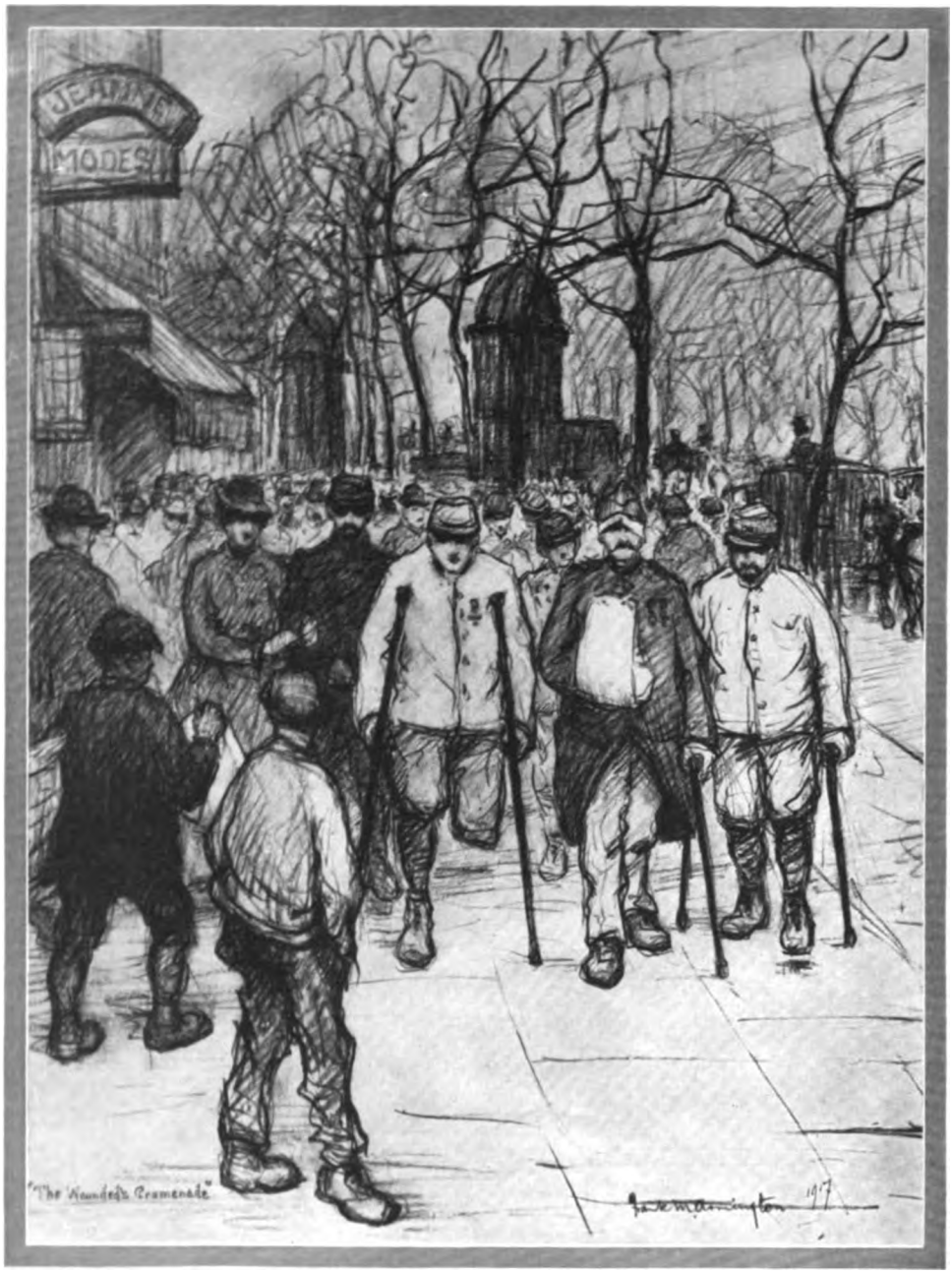

THE PROMENADE OF THE WOUNDED

On a fine afternoon great numbers of wounded soldiers take their walk on the boulevards; there is no complaining, for they consider their personal affliction simply as one of the inevitable results of war. Their medals are to them a source of great individual pride, for did they not earn them in bravery? There is no standing in line for the soldiers; they have the first call everywhere.

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The Black Key

By JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

Author of "Three Black Pennies"

Illustrations by Hamlin Gardner

JERRY ANNIS lay flat in the tender fastened to the *Gar*, gazing through a water-glass into depths no less transparent and hardly more shadowed than the air. Comfortably posted against the wheel-box of the ketch, John Woolfolk watched the other with the faintly superior patience of one to whom such spectacles were a commonplace. The *Gar* floated without a quiver on the clear flood, under the lee of the island where they had anchored for the night. The island was small, and rose in a compact grove of dark palms on a green sky; inshore, beyond the wide, faintly roseate water, the coast-line of Florida drew a minute silhouette of tropical foliage between the separate elements. An obscure change had taken place in the light, which, without being actually dusk, heralded the vanishing of the sun. A faint chill settled like impalpable dew. Halvard, the sailor, squatting forward, was filling the riding-light.

Both Jerry Annis and Woolfolk wore disreputable white flannels, stained canvas sneakers, and had unconfined throats; but there the similitude ended. Woolfolk was dark, with a lined, almost haggard, face and somber eyes; while Annis was as young as possible at twenty-seven, with a candid gaze, crisp, small mustache, and a fresh, pleasant mouth. At present he had been burned red by the sun and wind, and that gave him an aspect of ruddy health, partly contradicted by traces of weariness about his eyes.

Still, John Woolfolk decided, the younger was a different man from the Jerry Annis who had met the *Gar* at St. Augustine, in search of release from the penalty of a too protracted application to the practice of medicine. His nervous being was almost rehabilitated; he had n't taken his pulse for ten days, and he had entirely given up the other vaguely unpleasant tests of his condition. Woolfolk had made an exception for Annis, the first person to live on the *Gar* since the former, eight years before, had deserted the society of countries and cities for the solitude of waterways and the sea. He had been fond of Jerry, and although that capability had been burned out of him at the time of his paramount disaster, in this particular case an echo, like the faint memory of an obligation, had persisted, moving him, at the news of Annis's breakdown, to invite him aboard the *Gar*.

A faint wind stirred, dulling the surface of the water, and a sibilant clatter came from the island palms as dry and metallic as the rubbing of rusted tin. Halvard attached the lantern to the jib-stay; the sails were covered with orderly brown canvas, the ketch was immaculately dressed for the night. The wind died away, the water was again clear, although darker, and Woolfolk, without mechanical assistance, could see to the bottom of their anchorage. There was an endless movement of subaqueous life: purple-black plants waved vivified filaments, curving and seeking through the still water; jelly-like tendrils quivered from ledges of live coral; treacherous coils, serried with sharp spines, flung out like ropes at swimming particles; dull,

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flaccid shapes stirred; the mud was agitated like smoke, submerged in slime.

That activity, Woolfolk lazily thought, separated only ten feet from all the *Gar* held and expressed, was in reality twenty, fifty million years distant. It was the beginning. Out of the unclean ferment of the sea particles of motion had fastened, survived, on beaches, reached upward. Out of it had evolved his despair, Jerry's overstrung sensibilities. The discrepancy, he added pessimistically, between the effort and the result was ludicrous. He gazed with an increasing interest at the blindly predatory, the instinctively propagating, existence that had been the physical base of so much or so little.

Primitive fishes floated by, with grotesque, cage-like heads and attenuated bodies, repulsive in form and color, things all mouth, spasmodically opened and shut. A new distaste for the spectacle possessed John Woolfolk; it was, despite unthinkable reaches of time, too close to him. Suddenly it seemed fatally easy for one to sink, the other to rise, one possibility as potent of horror as the other. In the middle of his thought a larger stir was evident at the bottom, a cloud of mud rolled up, hung foully in the crystalline depths, and out of it shouldered a larger, more repulsive shape than any he had before seen. The fish continued to rise in a groping, sluggish manner, until it nearly scraped the keel of the *Gar*—a loathsome, leathery sack, with a bony head and dull, immobile eyes. Its filmed gaze stared directly up at John Woolfolk, and he was aware of a voluntary contraction of his scalp, a fantastic and illogical hatred that almost resembled fear. It stayed for a perceptible space, hardly below the surface, darkly livid, distended; then, with the contraction of its pouch, it sank back until it was once more indistinguishable in the ooze.

Woolfolk moved sharply to his feet.

"Come on board, Jerry," he directed; "leave all that filthy past."

The other rose reluctantly, pulled the tender in, and jumped lightly up to the deck. He was a powerful young man, with compact shoulders and narrow hips. A perpetual undergraduate, Woolfolk told himself at the other's boyish superfluity of energy; but at the same time a good man, a courageous and clean spirit.

Paul Halvard had put up the table hinged to the center-board-casing, and was ready with supper. Woolfolk and Jerry sat on the berth-ledge that followed each side of the ketch, and silently addressed themselves to a delicately white-and-pink boiled crawfish that had weighed over two pounds. They ended with the *Gar's* inevitable figs in clear syrup, drank the last drop of superlative black coffee, and emerged into the cockpit, where they subsided into long canvas chairs and the haze of rolled cigarettes.

The twilight had definitely fallen, the depth of water was obscured, and the sky had faded from green to primrose. The wind had returned, strengthened, and the clatter of the palms on the island was incessant. The latter uprose in a solid black bulk on the translucent dusk, and in the premature night of the intermingled trunks a light glimmered.

"Most of these keys have inhabitants of some sort," Woolfolk replied to Annis's surprise; "native conchs, wreckers, niggers, and fishing-camps. A mail-and-supply boat gets around every two weeks or month. They are really remarkable places of retreat or simple life for pirates, criminals, conchs, or the merely rich. I 've been tempted, too."

An expression of deep earnestness and determination came over Jerry Annis's mobile countenance. He leaned forward, speaking with grave emphasis:

"I have made up my mind to say something to you that you may resent. It 's possible you 'll stop me before I 'm half through; but I hope you won't. I am not merely meddling in a general, impotently benevolent way, and you know I 'm not vulgarly curious or impertinent. Think of what I say, if you can, as only scientific, although dictated by a real affection.

"John, I want you to drop this solitary existence and come back with me to your old, normal path." He silenced the

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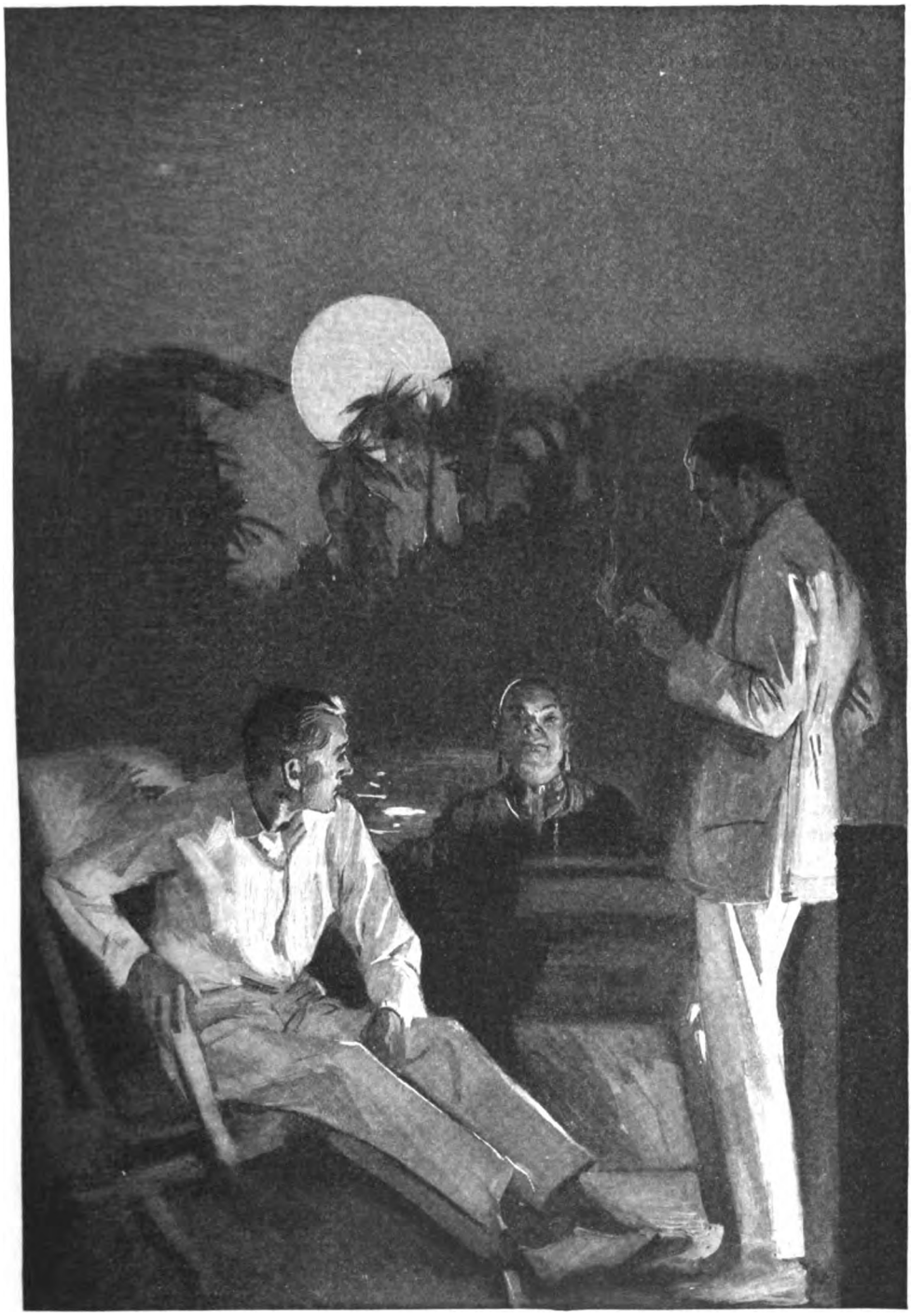

"THE FIGURE ROSE, GRASPING THE *GAR'S* MAHOGANY RAIL"

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other's instant objection with a gesture of authority. "I insist on finishing, and I am qualified to advise—no, warn—you. I know that you had a terrific shock in the death of your wife only two weeks after you were married, and it was natural for you to pull out, leave every association behind. I thought at the time that the *Gar*, with your knowledge and love of the sea, and a companion like Halvard, pure gold, was a godsend. It was then; but you have been out long enough, perhaps too long.

"Whatever the people may be on these isolated fragments of decaying coral, man is a gregarious animal; he needs the companionship, the stimulus, of his kind, and without it he is apt to get ratty. I realize what it meant in the way of personal sacrifice for you to take me on the ketch, and I don't need to tell you what it has done for me; but I am trying to show my gratitude in a way more difficult than perhaps you realize. John, there were two sick men on this boat; now there is one, and I am well.

"Not sick in the simple, physical weight of the term," he particularized; "you are as splendid an example of sheer man as I 've ever seen. I mean psychic illness, slight, but such conditions have incalculable reflexes; they determine almost every area of the human entity. They can increase until the whole brain is involved and darkened permanently. I notice that when we make a port you send Halvard or me ashore for any necessities; you shrink from even casual contact with people, and your thought is almost entirely centripetal. That 's all wrong; in fact, it is a damnable weakness. I don't shrink from telling you that it 's even cowardly."

"You had better stop, Annis," Woolfolk told him coldly. "A complete silence in regard to—to the past, my wife's death, was implied by my having you here. Any thing other is an unwarranted intrusion."

"Then," Jerry Annis replied, "I 'm willing to intrude. You may put me ashore in the morning. If you can't listen to an impersonal discussion of your mental condition, you 're worse than I thought. You simply cannot keep this up; your brain is too vivid. The good qualities in men destroy them quite as often as the bad; where a human clod will flourish and grow fat, a more sensitive organization will beat itself to death. If you don't leave this, if you don't occupy yourself with something outside the circle of your own unhappy memories, you 'll go smash. It will be different from a comparatively comfortable sickness; you will be tormented out of reason with horrors utterly beyond words, sink into a living blackness without a gleam."

John Woolfolk thought again of the repulsive life lifting toward him from the bottom of the watery pass, and of the pictured converse ease with which such humanity as his might go down. His resentment of Jerry Annis's speech perished before the eager kindliness of the other's face, his insistent honesty and affection.

"I hope you exaggerated the danger in your medical enthusiasm," he replied. "A definite quality died in me with Ellen; but the injury has not been progressive. You will remember I was always a more or less solitary lot, and in the *Gar* I have only returned to a natural inclination after a short excursion into different, happier fields. But this may interest your clinical mind: where women are concerned I have had a complete reversal of the normal feeling of attraction. They repel me almost in exact proportion to their charm for the ordinary male. Old hags and the hopeless female I do very nicely with; but if a woman is good-looking or charged with the animal magnetism politely called charm, she rouses the most violent opposition, almost disgust, in me. Then, for your comfort, Jerry, and I 'm greatly obliged, I 'll add that this is n't as strong as it was; I think I can feel it diminishing. Only the more extreme cases move me now, and you know that exceptionally beautiful or compelling women are rare."

A silence followed in which the moon, lightly detached from the obscured, watery horizon, soared up like a pale-vermilion paper lantern. As it rose it changed from

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a colored disk to the source of a flood of bright, pallid radiance. It sharply revealed every detail of the *Gar's* hull and rigging, cast an inky shadow from Halvard's stolid bulk, seated on the forward deck, and illuminated an island, grouped and towering palms, like cast-iron.

"Funny thing, the legend of the malignant moon," Annis observed; "and yet it has an inherited actuality. Ancient, primitive people were more responsive to the elemental rhythms of existence than ourselves. The lunar brightness was of tremendous importance in stirring the early nervous system—queen of the dark and all that."

A new sound vibrated faintly across the water from the island, a low, repeated splash and dripping.

"A boat is putting off," Woolfolk said. Halvard rose and leaned against a mainstay, watching the advance of a small skiff clumsily rowed by a single occupant. As the latter drew near a coil of dead-black hair was visible, a rich sheen of orange silk.

"It 's a woman!" Jerry Annis exclaimed in his facile, youthful excitement.

"No," Woolfolk corrected him, "it 's a Chinaman."

The skiff came alongside, the oars were unskilfully unshipped, and the figure rose, grasping the *Gar's* mahogany rail. A flat Oriental face confronted them like a placid mask in yellow clay.

"Lady sick," he said; "gentleman please come and look."

"Get up on deck," John Woolfolk commanded curtly. The other scrambled over the side, clutching the painter of his boat. In the flood of moonlight he was an extravagant figure of shimmering and gorgeous color. The vivid orange coat was embroidered on its flowing edges with silver and peacock green; his loose silk trousers were absolute blue, and his Oriental slippers were crimson threaded, and crusted with gold. A thin gold chain, a badge of servitude, hung about his neck, and carved black stone ornaments depended from the lobes of his ears.

"Who is sick?" Woolfolk demanded.

"Lady," the Chinaman glibly repeated. "Miss Saphron. Gentleman please come see. Give a lot of money."

"Some damned neurasthenic," Woolfolk said, turning to Jerry Annis; "look at her man. Send her word to take a bromide, and let 's go below."

"But she might really be badly off," Annis protested. "I 'll have to go—a doctor. You can see that. Extraordinary place to come on a patient. I wish I 'd brought my bag. Suppose she will be safer without it," he added humorously.

"Halvard," John Woolfolk called reluctantly, "row Doctor Annis ashore. Take the Chinaman in the tender and tow his skiff. You have a whistle, Jerry; signal when you want to come on board."

The moonlight increased in brilliancy, sinking into the water, its gay luster dulling the ceaseless sparkle of phosphorescence about the water-line of the *Gar*. Halvard sculled, standing, from the island, and left the oars in the tender against Dr. Annis's return. A deep melancholy folded John Woolfolk; the present took on the aspect of a dark frame for the bright visions of the past, of a girl smiling at him in a tennis skirt and striped girdle. His memories of Ellen, he realized, were of thrilling purity; she was an embodiment of young and gracious perfection, the fragrant spirit of a white rose. She had been killed in an instant, thrown back from a cocking-cart, and covered forever from his sight. Yet he saw her now clearly; he was aware of the elevation of his senses, the rapt feeling of a plane far above the clay, that her actual presence had always brought him. It was as strong now, in the exotic anchorage far from the green lawns and budding maples of their short joy, as if she stood again with her hand in his. A great part of his bitterness had gone; out of the tragedy of his love a faint, but perceptible, beauty was unfolding. His conceptions of life and death merged one into the other; something died, went back into the earth; the harsh lines vanished momentarily from his gaunt face; a flood of peace, like the still tide of the inlets and sea, flowed about him.

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He moved after an hour, descended the short flight to the cabin, and inspected the chronometer. Jerry should have been back before this. John Woolfolk returned to the cockpit, his chair, and his memories. But the latter were now broken by conjectures about Jerry Annis. He wondered if he, too, should go ashore, if Annis needed additional assistance. Although the latter had virtually recovered from the ill effects of overwork, he regretted any professional strain put upon the young doctor at present. Another hour passed. Halvard had not moved from a position against the windlass.

The moon swung steadily up and out, the shadows on the *Gar* moved slowly from starboard to port. Woolfolk's uneasiness increased. He vainly endeavored to relax his tension, send Halvard to his berth, and definitely postpone thoughts of Jerry until morning. He was, finally, unable to sit still, but tramped up and down the raised, narrow deck space. John Woolfolk was gazing toward the island when the sound of a whistle floated out from that black wedge in the luminous night. The signal was weak and fluttering, and broke off suddenly in the middle.

Halvard immediately came aft and dropped into the tender. A fever of impatience, a vague, inexplicable dread, seized Woolfolk. "Hurry," he called after the boat slipping away over the silver expanse.

He saw Halvard reach the island, but there the tender was lost in obscurity. Almost immediately, however, it shot back into the refulgent light, with the sailor rowing in a panic of haste. He blundered inexcusably in coming alongside the ketch, scraping away the paint, and clattered his oars inboard. John Woolfolk could see no trace of Annis, but Halvard cried out, "Give him an arm."

He bent over the side, the man raised a supine weight, and Woolfolk stepped back with Jerry Annis limp on his shoulder. The latter's face was the color of skimmed milk. John Woolfolk swore at the mischance that had apparently given the doctor an exhausting duty at such an inopportune time. He laid him in a long-chair, and without speech went down for whisky.

Annis mechanically parted his lips for the stimulant; a faint flush responded, and his eyelids fluttered open and shut with incredible rapidity over dilated pupils. John Woolfolk studied him with grim concentration. His pulse was abnormally fast and shallow; but his reflexes—one knee was crossed loosely over the other—responded.

"Well?" Woolfolk demanded sharply, facing the sailor.

"There 's nothing well to it," that person surprisingly responded. "Mr. Woolfolk, I would n't go ashore on that island again to-night for all Norway; I would n't go if you ordered me." He spoke slowly and spat into the water.

"Where did you find Doctor Annis?"

"Lying just inside the line of palms, where it was as black as charcoal. A little more and he 'd be there yet for all of me. My inwards shut up like a mate's fist."

"What nonsense is that?" Woolfolk angrily demanded. "The moon 's affected your brain."

"Sir," Halvard said, "there was something hanging over him like a bird. It stayed until the tender grounded, and then fluttered away through those damned palms. I hope God drowns me before I ever have another turn like that."

"You fool," Woolfolk savagely replied, "it was a bar of light among the trees."

"Mr. Woolfolk, sir, excuse me for being forward, but can we find another anchorage? I 'll break the ketch out as smooth as glass. It 's as easy to sail now as by day. We can make our way in by the mainland."

"Go forward," the master commanded curtly. "The superstitious ass!" he thought. Jerry Annis turned his face from the moonlight and muttered unintelligibly. A fine, glistening sweat appeared on his brow, and an expression of agonized emotion contorted his features. He lifted his arms before him, as if to repel a near presence. His arms fell heavily, his head sank forward. John Woolfolk

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thought he was dead. But after a minute he partly revived; his gaze, comparatively steady, met the other's.

"John," he breathed faintly.

"Don't talk," Woolfolk replied. He turned and went below, where he made up Jerry Annis's berth. Then he carried his companion in, undressed him, and put him under blankets. Jerry's hands and feet were deathly cold. A lamp, burning in gimbals by the hatchway, cast an unwavering glow over the contracted cabin. John Woolfolk sat on the engine-box, studying the closed eyes and white countenance against the white pillow. Jerry Annis's condition was totally unlike his former overwrought state. Then nervous excitement, strain, had predominated; now he was utterly exhausted, drained of vigor. At times a spasm of pain crossed his face. He twisted away from an imaginary presence hanging over him, and Woolfolk saw under Annis's ear, close to the base of his neck, a livid scar. He bent over the other, examining it. The mark was over an inch long, a narrow, purplish abrasion, immediately surrounded by a clotted, red area of distended pores. He touched it lightly, and Jerry Annis responded with a broken cry of such acute horror that Woolfolk fell back on the center-board. The latter brusquely sought his medicine-box, and, securing the hypodermic case, dissolved a minute tablet in a spoonful of water, drew it into his syringe, and forced the sedative into the other's shoulder. Then he extended his long body on his unmade berth and waited wakefully for the dawn and Jerry's returning consciousness.

At sunrise John Woolfolk stripped and dropped into the profound jade water. He returned from his swim with a renewed freshness of mind and body, to find Jerry awake and propped up on an elbow. The latter smiled at him affectionately, but Woolfolk strictly enforced silence until he had made a cup of coffee on the vapor-stove in the forward cuddy.

"Now," he said, when the other had finished the steaming black liquid, "what is all this damn nonsense, with you fainting like a girl and scraping your neck?"

Jerry Annis, with a quick, almost furtive movement, covered his throat.

"Did I do that?" he asked. "Perhaps I 'm not as normal yet as we had hoped." He avoided Woolfolk's keen gaze; his breathing again grew rapid, irregular, as if he was laboring under intense excitement. He was, John Woolfolk decided, for some unthinkable reason, lying. At this Woolfolk was aware of an increasing, cold anger. Annis's features were more drawn than when he had joined the ketch, almost a month before, at the height of his nervous collapse. All the accomplishment of the tranquil weeks, the hard, physical labor, John Woolfolk's efforts, had been upset. His condition now, the latter realized, was extremely precarious. He debated the attitude it would be best for him to assume, and decided on a continuation of utmost severity.

"I take it for granted," he stated, "that you bruised your throat in a fall, or on a tree-trunk in the dark. That is unimportant. What I demand is an entire account of whatever brought you to this state."

"Nothing unusual," Jerry Annis affirmed. "I simply collapsed, I suppose—got back into harness too soon. Lord above, what a pulse!"

The conviction persisted that he was adding lie to lie. But for what reason? Woolfolk changed his point of attack.

"Why were you had ashore?" he queried. "What was the matter with this Miss—Miss Saphron?"

A relieved expression possessed Annis at this turn to a familiar ground.

"An involved appendix," he replied; "really a violent attack. Not much to do, of course, but advise an early operation. I made a temporary ice-pack. Miss Saphron is leaving for Miami in a day or so." He studied Woolfolk furtively.

"When did your syncope come on?"

"Afterward; yes—when I was leaving the house. I got off the path—tried to signal. It 's good to be back here," he added in a sudden, uncontrollable emotion—"back with you safe."

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The last was a curious word in connection with the ordinary discharge of a physician's duty.

"Halvard had an idea he saw some one with you, but who left as he pulled in. Who are about the house?"

"Just Miss Saphron, a companion, enormously fat, and the Chinaman, M'gu."

Halvard appeared at the hatch with a sullen countenance, and John Woolfolk moved aside from the preparations for breakfast. He went up on deck; after a long interval Jerry Annis followed, his throat covered by shirt-collar, and wearing a worsted coat. He shivered, although the day was already ablaze with a fiery sun. Annis walked slowly, and performed the morning ablutions with movements of utter weariness; but he was palpably recovering. He laid a hand on John Woolfolk's shoulder.

"I 've been a frightful nuisance," he said regretfully.

The other repressed for the moment his questioning. After breakfast Halvard stubbornly remained aft by the jigger-mast, obviously waiting for a desired order. But Woolfolk, annoyed, ignored the sailor, and the latter finally moved away, muttering. Even in the scintillating day the island remained a place of black shadows, metallic foliage. Not a sign of life was visible except a blue drift of smoke from a hidden chimney. John Woolfolk sat somberly thinking, and Jerry rested extended on the deck. At times there were involuntary twitchings of his hands and facial muscles. He said:

"The collection of instincts and emotions huddled in the human frame is rather appalling. Bundles of inherited qualities that go back God knows where —to astonishing forests and naked savagery and further to beasts. Ignorance is a fine thing for the ordinary mortal. There is a great deal that it is better for him not to understand. There are some strange things walking about to-day in chiffon and fur, in white and scarlet ribbons and little silk slippers. Disease, John, the worst kind, is an isolation of one trait, a link in a normal chain, and its exaggeration into an entire energy of emotion."

"Halvard," John Woolfolk called, "loose the sails, break out the anchor. I must get into Miami to-day." Halvard's head and shoulders emerged from the forward hatch.

"You 'll have to see this first," he replied; "there 's a leak in the gas-tank."

Woolfolk hurriedly dropped through the opening to the storage space partitioned from the cabin. There, as the sailor had indicated, he found a widening moisture by the gasolene-container. It was, however, unimportant, and assisted by Halvard, he soldered the flaw. For the moment, cramped below, he forgot about Jerry Annis. But once more on deck, mopping his dripping face, he turned aft. Jerry, apparently had gone into the cabin. He called, but there was no answer. He hurried to the cabin, thinking to find the other again unconscious, perhaps dead; instead, he was gone.

Woolfolk hurriedly called for Halvard.

"The doctor 's not on board," he explained. He glanced over the stern. "And the tender is missing." The sailor looked out under a thick palm at the island.

"There she is," he cried, "untied, and drawing off the point."

The other followed his gesture and saw the small boat rocking slowly out from the shore toward a farther pass where the tide was sucking out to sea. Without command, Halvard drew off his shoes. He swam deliberately, but strongly, toward the drifting tender, his broad, glistening shoulders leaving a subsiding wake. Halvard finally overtook the boat, clambered in, and rowed it back to the *Gar*.

"He 's gone," he stated with a pallid finality visible under a leathery tan.

"Hold the tender," Woolfolk commanded. He went below and found a small, blue automatic pistol. Then, "Row me in," he directed, lowering himself to the sailor's side. He thought Halvard would refuse. The latter was clearly victimized by fright.

"Mr. Woolfolk," he begged, "stay off

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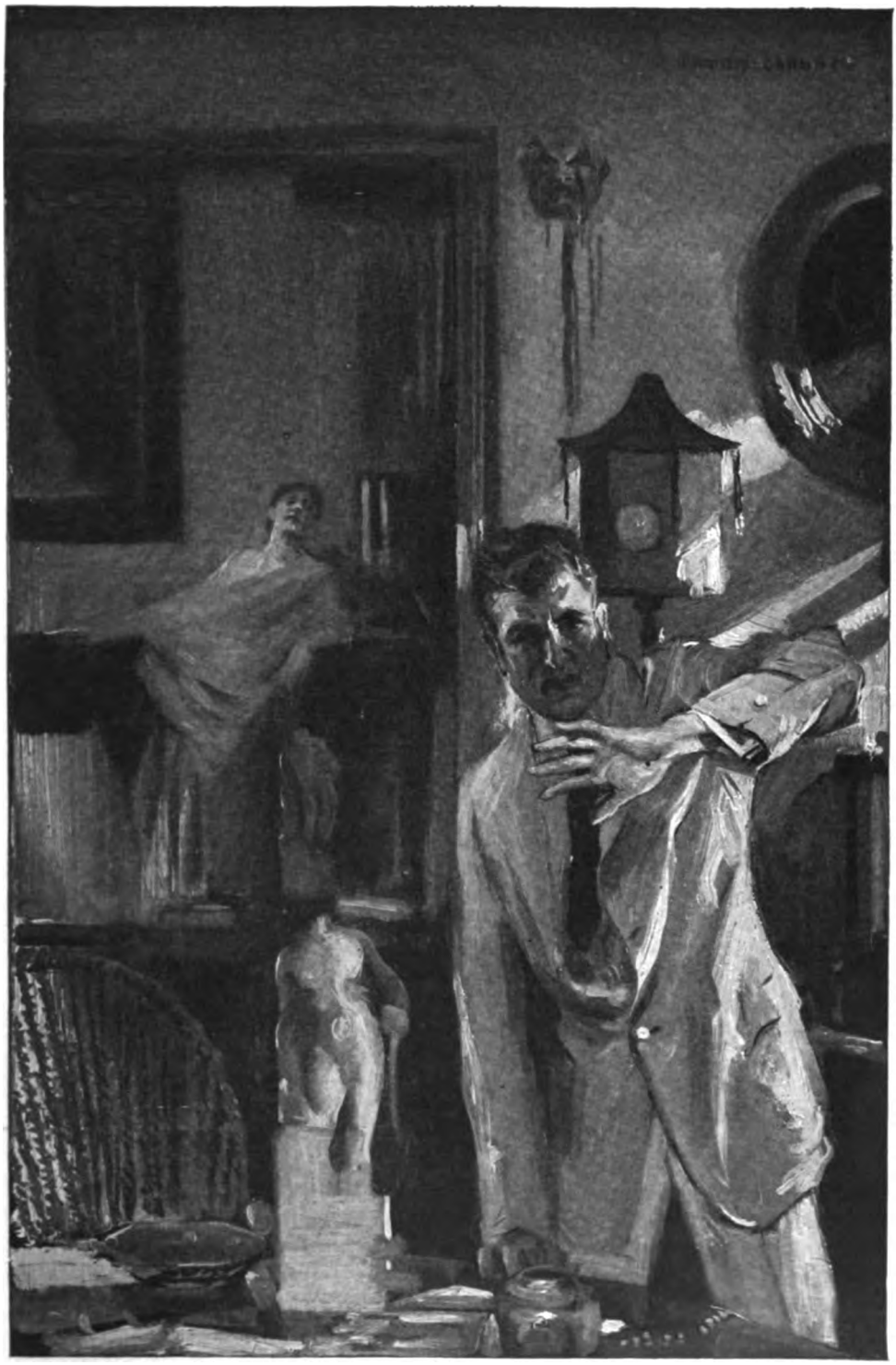

"MISS SAPHRON RETREATED TO THE PIANO"

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that black key. The doctor 's gone. I saw that in his own eyes this morning. Ordinarily I would n't leave a dog—"

"Give way!" Woolfolk interrupted harshly. The tender moved slowly forward. He felt again a vague, unpleasant tightening of his scalp, the repulsion from the reasty fish emerging out of its slime.

A widening cloud filled the brilliancy of noon, and a rising wind drew in from the Gulf Stream. A small landing had been built against a black expanse crawling with innumerable fiddler-crabs, and John Woolfolk walked sharply up the boards that led into the palms. The sear foliage clashed and ground like iron plates, and, in the morass of saw-grass on each side landcrabs, blotched with crimson and bright blue, made a scuffling that might have been a dry echo of the stir above. An odor of active decay hung heavily over iridescent mud and the smooth trunks of the palms; a cocoanut dropped with a soft *plop* into the mire; clouds of flies hovered in the minute, glistening hum of invisible wings.

He came suddenly on a broad, low house, with deep eaves and an outside gallery painted dark red. Some chairs were gathered near the entrance, a dull, black satin wrap drooped upon the floor, but there was no sign of immediate life. The gallery creaked under his vigorous stride, and a screen-door shivered in its frame before his knock. After a momentary pause a gay glimmer of silks, at the farther end of the shadowed corridor within, resolved itself into the Chinaman. Woolfolk demanded:

"Doctor Annis. Tell him that I am from the *Gar.*"

"No here," the other answered placidly. He half turned, as if to retreat. An illogical anger flooded John Woolfolk. He wrenched open the screen, dragging the hook from the wood, and caught the Chinaman by a snake-like shoulder.

"Doctor Annis came ashore to attend a woman in this house," he proceeded. "What do you mean—no here? The key is n't three hundred yards across. Get some one else, a Miss Saphron, if that 's her name." He thought he had the shoulder securely, but with no perceptible effort the other slipped from his grasp.

"Doctor no here," he said again rapidly. "Came last night, yes, but no to see since. Miss Saphron leave word not to bother. You crazy man, break down house; get fixed." The Chinaman was plainly not intimidated, but advanced his countenance with cold menace between the long, black ear-rings.

There was a further creaking from the stair at one side, and an appallingly fat woman, with a diminutive, painted mouth, descended. As soon as she saw Woolfolk in the hall a soft smile spread over her cushioned face, an elephantine, feminine affectation at once ridiculous and vaguely repulsive. She stepped, too, with a mincing air, a levitation of her grotesque bulk, an effort of grace, which should have been only laughable, but which contrived to add to a total impression of obscure power.

"Miss Saphron?" he demanded.

"She is out just at present," the companion returned. "She walks like that, and no one is to disturb her. She is here, you see, for a rest."

"I want to speak to Doctor Annis," he proceeded. "He came ashore perhaps an hour ago. Tell him Mr. Woolfolk 's here."

"But the doctor is n't," the woman assured him. "And such a nice young man, but thin. Not since last night. Oh,"—she clasped her fingers, ringed in fat—"I hope he has n't been drowned. The currents are dreadful' swift about the island."

"He is not the sort to fall out of a boat," Woolfolk replied. "Perhaps he is with Miss Saphron now. See, please." The other drew the Chinaman away, whispering.

"M'gu will ask," she stated shortly. "Come in here." She led him into a sitting-room furnished with the luxurious trifles of a hyper-civilization. A small grand piano had on the rack a tone poem by Richard Strauss; the chairs were elaborately woven of coffee-colored reeds into the semblance of peacocks and inlaid with

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polished shells; there was a purple-black Chinese rug with sprawling characters like enormous scarlet spiders; a table held an impressive gold cigarette-box; some yellow-paper romances in French; "Justine," a volume by Huysmans; the brightly colored page of Le Rue; and a somber, heavy book bound in powdery calf, the latter marked with a long cigarette-holder in green amber.

"I am Miss Gooch," the fat woman informed him, sinking into a reed chair that perceptibly sagged under her weight. She caught his gaze, and attempted to hold it with a sentimental leer. The marked volume, he saw, was Foxe's "Book of Martyrs." He absently opened it at the amber tube, disclosing a sinister, spotted copper engraving of a man undergoing the torments of the rack. In the modern interior of ease and sensuous color the picture of old, savage bigotry, of insane spleen, was strangely shocking, unnatural, inexplicable. It affected him with a small, but acute, feeling of distaste, and he irritably pushed away the musty work. His mental disturbance increased. Suddenly he realized that it no longer came from the book; it was growing upon him with the approach of something from without. At last he recognized the cause of the unpleasant sensation filling him with mingled revulsion and faint dread: it was the emotion he now experienced in the presence of women unusually compelling to the normal man, the heritage of the shock of Ellen's tragic accident. He had never before experienced it to such an overwhelming degree. Standing beyond the table from the door his muscles grew rigid, his mouth closed in a hard line, his narrowed gaze challenged the corridor without.

There was a low, sibilant stir, and a slight, white-faced woman stood before him, her shoulders wrapped in sheer folds of a finely spun, vividly scarlet scarf. It flowed like blood over bare arms like rubbed ivory, and dropped in a fringe on her lacy skirt. He saw, in addition, that she had eyes as black as pools of ink, that her hair was hardly less dark, a resplendent luxurious coil above her broad, low brow. Her mouth, a mere drawn, red thread, was elevated on a pointed and outthrust chin.

"You are—" she said in a surprisingly resonant voice, masculine in its slightly harsh vibration.

"John Woolfolk," he replied. "Where is Doctor Annis?"

She elevated her brows; faint purplish lines curved above her wide gaze.

"You have almost an air of threat," she corrected him. "We have seen no doctor lately. I am told that you broke the fastening of my door, too. Really—" she paused, advanced into the room. Two other facts about her struck him, that she had marvelously delicate, tapered hands, and that there was a dark, reddish smudge at the side of her mouth. His attention, for no perceptible reason, remained directed upon the last. "However," she added, "I shall excuse you." She studied him profoundly, intimately. "Please, a chair."

She sank into a comfortable place, drawing the rippling, sanguinary folds of the scarf through her hands; but John Woolfolk remained standing, somber and rigid. Impressions continued to join those already realized. Her narrow feet in black slippers were like wasps, wickedly sharp and graceful. There was a faint scent resembling that of overripe peaches, a constricting air of prussic acid. His distaste increased in palpable waves like flashes across his eyes. He was possessed by the conviction of a surprising need for caution; something was extremely wrong. Outside the metallic clashing of the palms increased; he could hear the scuffling of the vivid crabs under the house, which was raised on piles.

The fat woman, Miss Gooch, laughed nervously.

"What can he think we did with his doctor?" she demanded.

"What?" the other added. She drew a long, sharp breath.

"He was n't well," Woolfolk stated; "perhaps he is about the key, exhausted. He came back last night in an extraordinary state."

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"You might look," Miss Saphron said in the manner of an insolent challenge. He had an insane feeling that such a search would reveal nothing. Jerry Annis, just as Halvard had insisted, was gone.

"I shall make a thorough investigation," he stated.

"And when it 's over, come back for dinner," she told him. A small spot of color burned in her plaster-white cheeks; the odor of prussic acid grew stronger. His loathing almost broke into a violent repudiation of the invitation. She rose and moved to the table that separated them, leaning forward on her hands. "Come back," she whispered insistently. The smudge, so near, resembled— He was falling under the spell of a morbid obsession. She swayed toward him, and in that moment he had an impulse to kill her with the automatic pistol under his hand.

In the effort to combat this insidious temptation, he lowered his gaze to the bright litter on the table; the cigarette-holder had rolled from its place to the floor, Foxe's "Book of Martyrs" lay beside a questionable ultra-modern drawing. The portent of the former seemed to rise in a choking dust through its moldering leather; it appeared to materialize in a lurid and smoky horror, and envelop the tense face of Miss Saphron. She recalled the pointed countenance of medieval prints, thin and cruel. The contending palms sounded like chains and the crackling of fagots. He stood hypnotized, frigid. The other woman had disappeared. The scarf seemed to float in a scarlet blot before his gaze; it touched him, dragged across his face, his throat. There was a swift prickling of fingers.

"A thorough investigation," he repeated mechanically. He put out an arm as if to wipe away a red cobweb, fell back. Miss Saphron retreated to the piano, half turned from him, her slight body sharply drawn against the elongated, black box. He had an immediate duty to perform— oh, yes, search for Jerry Annis among the crabs. Arousing himself with an effort, John Woolfolk walked unsteadily out of the house.

He began a thorough investigation among the rusty cabbage-palmettoes and patches of saw-grass. Halvard, he saw, had taken the tender out a length from the shore and anchored. Woolfolk was suddenly adverse to the sailor's assistance. However vain his task seemed for one man, he did n't want the other to come on what might be found. He proceeded with a savage industry, a painful forcing of his way through clumps like knives; he sank in muck almost to his knees. In vain.

Finally, at the opposite side of the island, he halted. A gray edge of dead coral drew across a deep pass through which the tide was sucking, solidly blue. It was deep almost immediately; beyond was the lighter stain of shallows; and far out across the broad expanse of water he could trace the course of the funneling current.

As he stood, haggard with exhaustion, torn with spines and soiled from the sticky, black mud, a triangular fin swept in close by the island; there was a long glimmer of white belly, and a blue shark swept by. It had paused so near that he could see the small, dull eyes, the serrated teeth beneath the leathery snout. The shark turned and flashed back. There was another; three, four. He said aloud, stupidly:

"Jerry."

The knife-like fins maintained a constant agitation of the water; they came to the surface, rolled, and plunged. A feeling of sickness swept over John Woolfolk. He said to himself, in the unreasoning manner of the last few hours, that he need look for Annis no farther. He moved back, tripped, and barely saved himself from an ugly fall. But when he straightened up a smeared and dabbled object was in his hands. Jerry Annis's coat, crusted, wet, caked with blood.

He gazed at it a long while, slowly realizing what, in such a state, it indicated. Then his whirling emotions were assembled in a single, orderly purpose. He took out his pistol, held it lightly, almost lov-

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ingly, in one hand, while in the other he carried the coat. John Woolfolk steadily returned toward the house. He passed by the kitchen, with a glimpse of the orange jacket of the Chinaman, walked deliberately up on the gallery, and let himself into the corridor.

A shrill exclamation sounded from the shadow of the stairs; but he ignored it, and turned into the sitting-room. As he advanced, Miss Saphron rose to meet him. He held out the coat, with the pistol advanced, his finger hovering on the trigger.

"Why did you kill him?" he asked. "Why and how?" If he had expected any cowering on the woman's part, any terrified denial, he was completely surprised. Suddenly her face was suffused with color; she moved toward him with a low gasp; drew near with her arms outheld, with a glitter of half-closed eyes, a glimmer of immaculate teeth. Unconsciously he fell back before her advance; it shocked him so completely that he forgot the weapon in his hand, his determination. His shoulder struck against the doorframe; then he was in the corridor, with his back against the screen leading to the outer gallery. An icy, unutterable fear dominated him.

There was another movement; he saw Miss Gooch with staring eyes. He must stop that slight figure. He fired blindly. There was a lurching fall, and he was outside. A large, prostrate body half turned in the fore of the corridor; he realized that he had shot the companion. John Woolfolk had one clear vision of the other woman hovering with eager, pointed hands over the puddle of flesh and blood, and then he turned and fled down the boards that led to the water. He ran in a complete surrender to a panic of pure, thrilling dread, his footfalls mingling with the rattling foliage and dry scrambling of crabs. Above the dissolving cloud a pallid ray of moonlight fell back upon the blackness of the house.

Had I a Golden Pound

(After the Irish)

By FRANCIS LEDWIDGE

Had I a golden pound to spend,
My love should mend and sew no more,
And I would buy her a little quern,
Easy to turn on the kitchen floor.

And for her windows curtains white,
With birds in flight and flowers in bloom,
To face with pride the road to town
And mellow down her sunlit room.

And with the silver change we 'd prove
The truth of love to life's own end,
With hearts the years could but embolden,
Had I a golden pound to spend.

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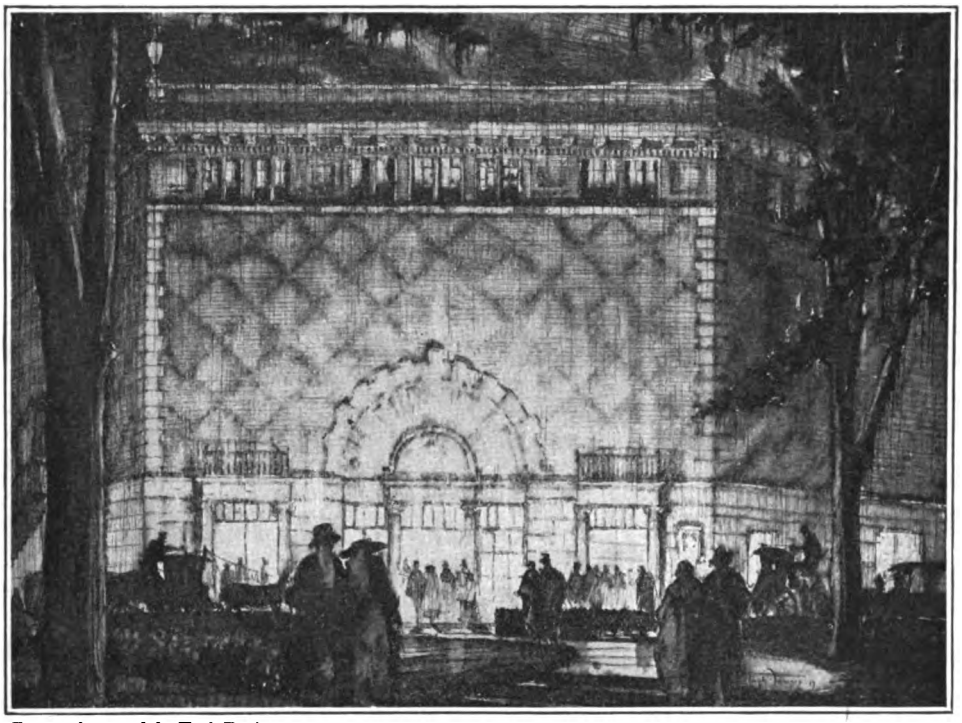

From a photograph by Hugh Ferris

THE GREENWICH VILLAGE THEATER

The New Art of the Theater

By SAMUEL A. ELIOT, JR.

IN 1911 the New Theater in New York was closed. Two years' endeavor to uplift the American theater by importing and establishing a model art theater of the highest, most tradition-hallowed Continental kind had ended, it was commonly believed, in failure. In conception a new and exotic ideal, the New Theater had no roots in public wish, taste, or liking. It tried to "uplift" the theater from the *top* by the countenance and munificence of patrons, unsupported by the understanding and appreciative minds of many people; and a splendid company, giving excellent drama and conducted in the best European traditions, could find in two years no public sufficiently large to maintain it. Thus the generosity of its founders came to naught, and art in the American theater was thought to be proved impractical.

But in 1911 several other things happened. Four people in four different cities hit upon the "Little Theater" as a solution of the artistic problem in the theater. In New York, Winthrop Ames built his Little Theater. In Philadelphia, Mrs. Jay built hers. In Chicago, Maurice Browne fitted up a little room in the Fine Arts Building to be a shrine of "rhythmic drama"; and in Boston, Mrs. Gale remodeled an old, inaccessible stable to be her Toy Theater. The basic idea among these innovators was that since the public for art in the theater was so small, art could best be cherished and served in little theaters.

In 1911, also, the Irish Players came to America. They brought a new light into the darkness of disappointment. They showed the gropers what a "Little Theater technic" might be when firmly based in original and native art aspirations.

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Their art, their theater, had been slowly built from the ground up, with reticent and prudent guidance in artistic matters by Yeats and Lady Gregory and most important pecuniary aid from Miss Horniman that was never made a pretext to meddle. The actors had at first been amateurs; their technic was still wonderfully simple and sincere, with the quietness and intimacy of long practice in a little theater. Their settings chimed with their acting; the plainness and economy of scenery added a genuine and artistic "suggestion" to their plays. And their plays were national Irish plays, grown from home soil by home efforts, and already in full bloom in the dramas of a genius, Synge. They showed what in a few years might be done through modest and gradual development of community talents and interest in the art of the theater. They stimulated much imitation throughout the United States.

In 1911, again, came the Russian ballets, presented by Gertrude Hoffmann with the novel, glaring costumes and scenes of Léon Bakst. Color in artistic patterns for its own sake, so to speak, was a new revelation to America. The successful coalescence of dance-drama, music, and color-art taught us much about synthesis and unity on the stage, started a new breed of artists toward stage-designing, and gave even the vaudeville public a new esthetic criterion.

And finally, in 1911-12, Mr. Ames imported Reinhardt's stunning pantomime "Sumurun." By good luck it was in immediate contrast with a similar sort of production, "Kismet," and the contrast was of the new and the old ideals of staging, and aroused general interest in the new principles of pictorial beauty, suggestion, and harmonious, rhythmic action on the stage. In "Sumurun" *style* reached America. The production was an artistic unit, not a hodgepodge of gorgeous scenes; color was used for definite psychologic ends, and skilled artistic design was shown both in the arrangement of the scene and in the grouping of the bright-clad characters before it; and the whole performance was pervaded by a single artistic personality, a single temperament, which imparted to it a forceful integrity, an unmistakable art quality.

The most instant effect of "Sumurun" was to generate an appetite for more tasteful, beautiful, artistic surroundings for all drama. And the scenic artists were at hand. At the Toy Theater in Boston, for instance, Livingston Platt was making the scenery. He had had experience in Belgium and he had original ideas. He knew how to obtain effects of grandeur and of distance in that little box of a stage fifteen by twenty feet, and presently he went on to larger and very influential work at the Castle Square Theater and for Margaret Anglin. On the similar tiny stage at Chicago "The Trojan Women" of Euripides was majestically set and lighted: Maurice Browne made himself a pioneer art-director.

Thus it was proved that the art of the stage needed no palace, was indeed best nurtured in a cradle where only the few, the initiated, could observe its growth.

Meanwhile Joseph Urban began to make settings for the Boston Opera-House, bringing architectural principles and new devices to the stage-artist's knowledge; and Sam Hume at Harvard began to make and collect the models of new stage-sets which, on exhibition in 1914-15, spread abroad the gospel of scenic beauty. Imperceptibly the professional theater felt the influence. The stippled discretion and massive simplicity of Urban's Germanic art; the cold balance, the light-and-shade design, of Gordon Craig, reflected through his warmer-tempered pupil Hume; and the hot, flaring Russian impulse of Bakst, gathered the current to a synthesis. Then, in 1914, Robert E. Jones was driven, a war-refugee, from his studies with Reinhardt in Berlin, and through the New York Stage Society was given a chance to show his individual genius. His famous set and costumes for "The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife" led Arthur Hopkins to make him his regular scenic artist, and thus the new art entered the commercial playhouse.

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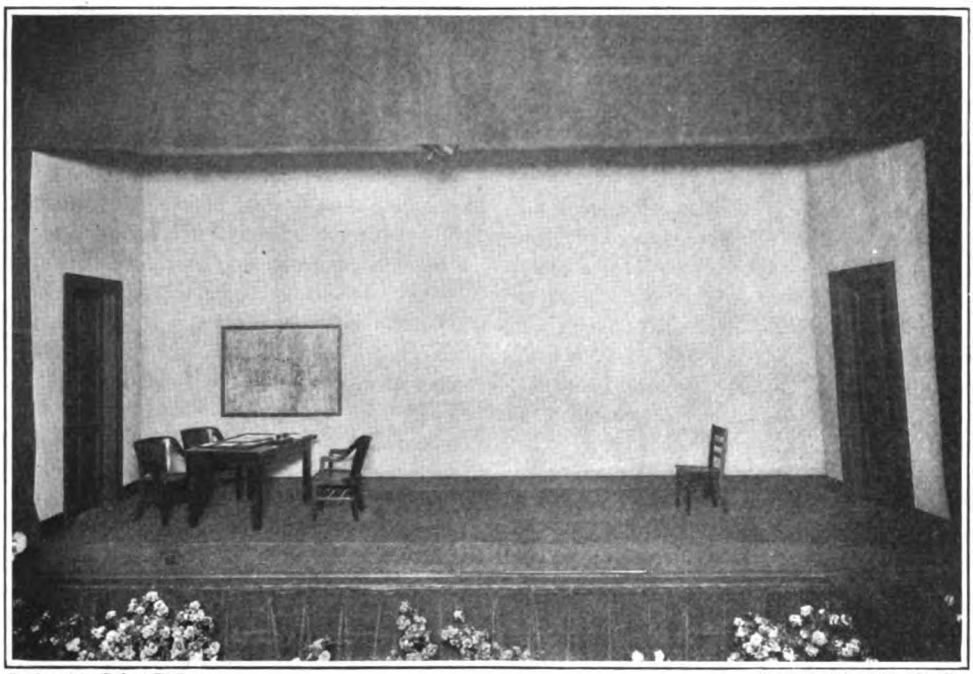
Since then it has become almost as common there as the old, conventional, pseudo-realistic ideal. Even Belasco toyed with it in "Marie-Odile." Many playgoers now expect to see as good pictures on the stage as in a modern art-gallery. They expect bright colors, original designs, new effects of light and shade, and soothing simplicity, instead of dun, dark, or faded tints, and scenes built for the purposes of the action without any consistency or beauty of their own, and hard, unfaltering glares from borderlights and footlights, and a multiplicity of "realistic" details garnishing every corner of the set. They are even growing willing to overlook the probabilities of naturalness for a pleasant whim of the artist's; and just as the easel-painter now feels free to depart from nature and mere "photography," so the new scene-designer ventures to present impossible decorations, trusting in their theatrical effectiveness to make them acceptable.



Designed by Robert E. Jones — Photograph by White Studio

"THE DEVIL'S GARDEN"

For the new art of the theater is above all things *of the theater*. Much as it owes the painters, the architects, the writers who have spurred it on, it is above all else the result of the attempts of true theater-artists to make their art independent and autonomous. Rising out of the naturalistic drama, itself a protest against the "romantic," stale conventions of the eighties, the new revolt in the theater was against literary influence and the claims of reality. "The theater is not a reflection of life," cry these artists, "but an expression and interpretation of life." So in their scenery, and through solely theatric expedients, they try to heighten and intensify the underlying meanings of the play; and in their lighting, their acting, their minutiæ of production, tempo, and "business," they seek a coherence, an artistic purpose, a style possible only by just such coöperation of contributing elements in the theater. Euripides, Shakspere, Ibsen, Tchekhoff—all are one thing when read as literature, and an utterly different thing when produced by one of the new artists of the theater for purely theatrical intents.

But here, about 1914, rose a difficulty. The public, small, but steadily swelling,

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and founding ever new Little Theaters all over the United States, was ready for this new art; and the scenic side of the art, with worthy artists to create it, was ready for the public: but suitable drama was lacking. The commercial theater had so discouraged every form of playwriting not aimed to bring a hundred thousand people to its box-office that no plays fit for stylization were available except foreign works and classics for which no capable actors could be found. The commercial cost of play-producing also made experiments with plays most hazardous. Chiefly to meet this quandary, the Washington Square Players foregathered in New York in 1914. They had the talent for simple acting, unusual stage-setting, efficient production that other groups also had, and they had besides a number of one-act plays they wanted to present. Holbrook Blinn had tried one-act plays—"shockers"—at the little Princess Theater without attracting a sufficient public to encourage him to continue in the face of professional costs. Managers believed, and had taught playwrights, that outside of vaudeville there was no market for the form. But the Washington Square Players, with a few hundred friends for subscribers and seats at fifty cents, took a little out-of-the-way theater, the Bandbox, and announced eight week-end performances. They tried three plays by their own members—a problem-play, a satire, and a pantomime—and Maeterlinck's "Interior," beautifully produced. They succeeded; they gave twelve performances instead of eight, and aroused keen interest in all the artistic circles of New York. Again they tried, with two plays by members, two by friends, and Andreef's "Love of One's Neighbor," and succeeded better, giving fourteen performances. It was not the acting, for that was amateurish enough; it was not at first the staging, which had to be cheap, though original: it was the novelty and merit of the plays presented that brought them their success. There had arisen, in and of New York, a group of original playwrights in the one-act form—largely the form, too, by the way, of the similarly indigenous Irish playwrights—who could fill that crying want of new dramatic material that was hampering all the artistic theaters.

One-act plays are, for many authors, easier to write than long plays. A one-act bill provides a more varied pleasure to the auditor, tempting a larger variety of tastes, and is safer than a long play, because one big success out of four tries will "carry" the bill at least until another can be prepared. Thus Moeller's "Helena's Husband" saved the Washington Square Players from a catastrophe in 1915. Furthermore, a one-act bill permits experiments with the least possible risk, by alternation of sure-fire, conventional plays with tentative artistic productions. This is the sanely successful policy of Sam Hume at Detroit, enabling him to do beautiful productions of Dunsany, Maeterlinck, and Molière, not to speak of a miracle-play and an original pantomime, on the strength of literary playlets from the English repertory theaters and well-tested one-acts of the Washington Square Players. One-act plays also provide far greater opportunities to try out actors and designers, which for theaters that expect to become the dramatic foci of their communities is most important; and lastly, the one-act play fits better into a small theater, seems to have more artistic unity with its environment, than the usual long play. For all these reasons the one-act play has been adopted as the proper form of drama for the Little Theaters, and the search for good plays of that type by Little Theater directors goes on unremittingly, and supplies a constant market for the playwright interested in the new art of the theater.

Consequently, the American one-act play is steadily improving in artistic quality. Vaudeville "sketches" are a different species altogether. At first many such were submitted to the Washington Square Players, for the professional playwright had been able to sell no other. It was partly because so appallingly many "thrillers" were sent them, showing abysmal ignorance of what they were trying to do,

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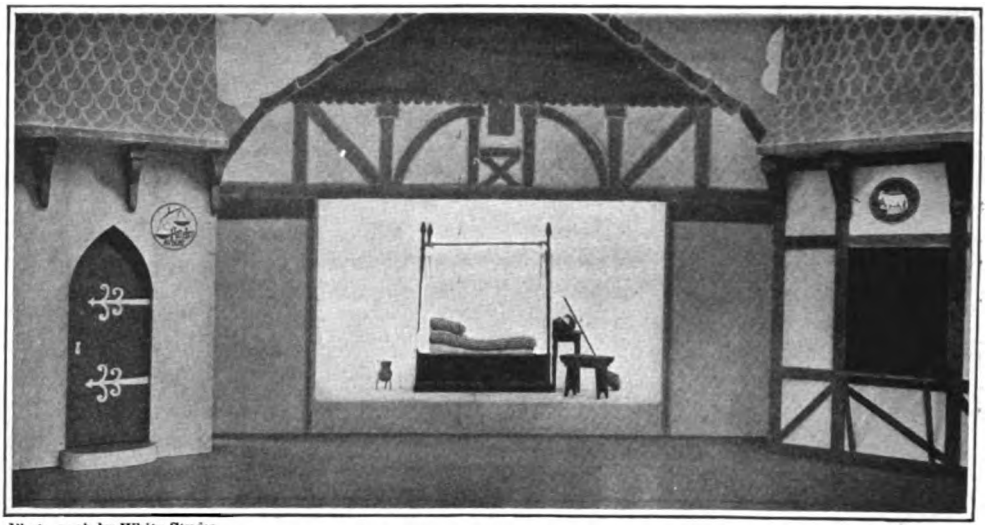

Photograph by White Studio

THE SET FOR "PIERRE PATELIN"

that the Washington Square Players relied in their beginnings so much upon themselves for plays. There are many New Yorks, and the variety-sketch-writer is as native as the Washington Square artist; but that kind of artificial, mercenary play was just what the Players were in revolt against. Though they expressly favored American drama, three eighths of their plays in their first two seasons were of foreign authorship, because, outside their own circle, few native playwrights met their artistic requirements. But now, though their dramatic standards have grown stricter since they have had to compete with Broadway standards of expense, they are receiving a larger proportion of good plays than ever, and have been able to present all-American bills for the first time.

This is a side of the new art of the theater less conspicuous than the scenic side, but is in no way less important. The individual creations of the writers will have, indeed, far longer lives than the creations of the scene-designers. Even while the mercantile American drama has been degenerating into stereotyped, technically expert, but ephemeral and hollow, forms, —melodramas, with artificial crooks and farces vapidly *risqué*,—the artistic American drama has flowered in the one-act form. Realistic studies of the highest merit—instance "The Clod" and "Trifles"—and, still more, fantastic and poetic pieces just fitted for the theatric art in its most modern form, like "Overtones" and "The Magical City," have appeared; and while no Synge or Dunsany yet is seen, the imagination of author, artist, actor, and audience is steadily ripening to receive him.

Take "The Magical City" as an example of what the new art of the theater in practice means. Here is a strange tale of New York, of beautiful slum girls raised to be Winter Garden stars and mistresses to millionaires, of lonely, wild young poets, and cold Cæsarian wealth all-powerful. It takes a few "high lights" of reality, isolates, and thereby exaggerates them, and infuses them with intense imagination and emotion. The play is neither real nor unreal, it is a theatricalization of reality. Written in "free verse," it can sound on the stage like the commonest speech or soar to the summits of poetic passion. In short, it is first-class material for the artists of the theater to mold as they choose.

First, then, it is cast by try-out of all the available players who can be imagined in the parts. Provided there is no physical disharmony between part and player, merit wins. And then the actors are coached and impressed with the producer's clear

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A JAPANESE SETTING FROM "BUSHIDO"

vision of his goal until they are all acting in the same mood, until an integral atmosphere pervades the presentation. To strengthen this atmosphere, to express the spirit of the play, and not merely to conceal the recesses of "back-stage" and provide windows, doors, and furniture as required by the action, the setting is designed. If, as usual, the designer and the producer are not the same person, they must meet and argue until they arrive at an agreement, with the final authority, if called for, on the producer's side, because he is creating through the actors the style which the setting must enhance. The setting is, let us say, to be of purple, two sides with doors, and a back with an immense window. Outside will be a peacock sky and a silhouette of the magical city's sky-line. There must, then, be much experimenting with lights before this is successfully and subtly lighted, combining apparent reality with the play's poetic mood. Inside the room, too, lighting problems must be worked out by trial and ingenuity. The old, crude fiat of the stage-manager, "Let there be light," would ruin the carefully wrought, poetic midnight atmosphere. It is found upon experiment, for instance, that muslin painted purple, the usual stuff of stage walls, looks flimsy and flat. Coarse, light-catching fabric is demanded. Burlap is tried, in purple dye, and after much effort is made right in hue and texture. Then a great pendulous lamp of yellow silk is hung here and there till it casts a golden light upon the center of the floor, the sofa, and the poet sleeping by the window. Footlights and borders are faint, and used only to reveal the facial expressions. Furniture is painstakingly selected to melt into the shadows of the purple background, and cushions to supply yellow high lights. There finally results a symphony of purple and gold, softly lit, with a luminous sky and the mystic city beyond. Into this the costumes must fit: the gentlemen's evening suits,—black and white go anywhere,—the poet's purplish brown, the gray-haired attendant's dark dress with wide, white collar, and the lovely yellow frock, knickers, and dressing-gown of the "moon-flower girl," *Petronelle*. To the eye, now, the production has style, has atmosphere, has art.

But to the ear? This is a separate problem, a query only beginning to be felt by the new artists of the theater, long absorbed in only the visual appeal. The theater is first of all a place for seeing; but as we outgrow the naturalistic plays, in which only commonplace voices were right, and through craving attain to

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THE OPENING SCENE IN "BEHIND A WATTEAU PICTURE," THE POETIC FANTASY BY ROBERT E. ROGERS

beauty and imagination, we must beware lest our ill hearing belies and mars the enjoyments of our sight. Therefore the producer works, speech by speech, upon the voices of the players, tuning them, harmonizing them, putting them in key with the mood he has carefully created for the eye. The most beautiful of fantasies, though well carried out to the eye, may be so wretchedly spoken that the poet's whim and philosophy alike are rendered unintelligible, and many auditors never realize they are hearing verse. We have all heard hoarse, harsh, heavy voices torture delicate words even in art-theaters. The rhythm of speech, as of movement, must, above all, be preserved if the art of the performance is to be modulated and rounded out aright. Not only must the voices express with conviction and nuance the sense of what they utter, but they must play one upon the other, fast and slow, soft and sudden, mounting and quickening as the suspense of the action tightens. Facial play, physical movement, vocal inflection—the three are indivisible parts of acting, and must be trained together in the purposes of the new art of the theater. In "The Magical City" the girl must sound, as well as look, sleepy, petulant, amorous, astonished, grief-stricken; the poet's tones must swell to rhapsody and choke with anguish and be at the end raptly resigned to his magical, happy fate; and *Cæsar,* the millionaire, must speak as a gentleman speaks when under great self-restraint, with consciousness of absolute power over all things but the heart, and must yet in his death-gasps be able to moan with wounded love and a proud weakness. Not for mere effectiveness, the goal of the ordinary actor, but to evoke the play's meaning and maintain its mood, must pitch, modulation, inflection be perfected by the artistic producer. These are subtler matters than dyed burlap and yellow lamps, and have lagged behind them in recognition and development, though they

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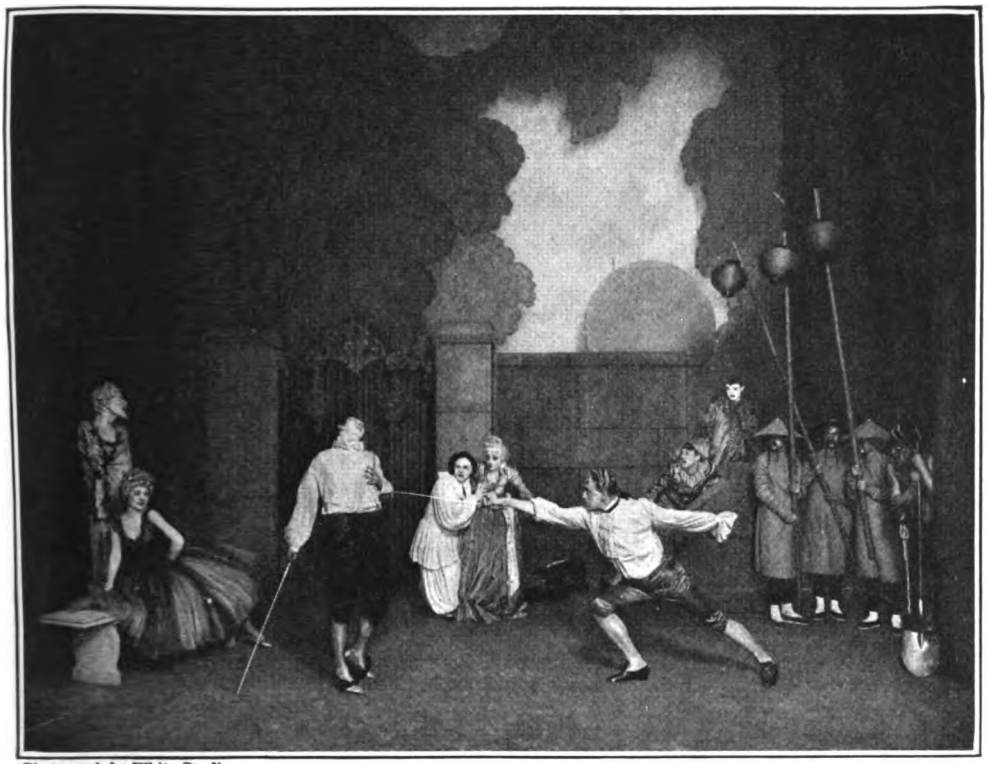

Photograph by White Studio

THE DUEL SCENE IN "BEHIND A WATTEAU PICTURE," AT THE NEW GREENWICH VILLAGE THEATER

are just as essential to the creation of true style. And it is upon the style, the atmosphere, the glamour of the production, the elementary theatric illusion thoroughly grasped and shaped for beauty contagious, that the success of such works as "The Magical City" depends.

If such success is possible with "Magical Cities," why is it not possible with all imaginative drama? Ah, so it is, as Reinhardt has well proved, provided only that actors and producers to match the drama undertake it. As the new art of the theater in the one domain of acting grows, many more plays will be discovered offering just these opportunities. The classic drama *is* classic just because it possesses purely theatric values in a supreme degree. Whether it be Greek, Roman, medieval, English, Spanish, French, Italian, or German, or Indian or Japanese, the classic drama has qualities which make it eternally effective in the theater. Often these qualities are covered up in conventions of particular time or place, which must be stripped away before the sheer drama shine through and enkindle the modern artist to recreate it on the stage and distil its modern values from it for the pleasure of a modern audience. But more and more this is being done, not as yet with Shakspere, but with Euripides, with miracle-plays and medieval farces, with Shakspere's contemporaries to some extent, and of course with Molière. This rediscovery of dramatic treasure long forgotten on the book-shelf will be one of the great achievements of the new art of the theater. As a means of culture, nothing it can do is worth more; and as opportunity for artistry, no equal material can be found in modern drama.

But the playing of these immortal plays requires great acting, and it has been in this department of the art of the theater that the new movement has been most remiss. This has been partly because the commercial basis of the American theater

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Photograph by Frank Scott Clark

SETTING FOR PANTOMIME, "THE ROMANCE OF THE ROSE"

offers such large rewards to an actor who rises at all above the mediocre that the still impecunious art-theater can develop an actor only to lose him. Not until the art-theaters have made far bigger audiences for themselves than now will they be able long to retain the services of the good players whom they may find or create. Most of them are still too poor to pay their actors anything, and an art institution that can have only the spare time of its artists cannot expect expert artistry. The discipline that develops the actors of artistic European theaters is at present an impossibility here.

By way of digression, we may here remark that Le Théâtre du Vieux Colombier, Jacques Copeau's French theater in New York, is the most artistic theater in the United States almost wholly by virtue of its acting. It has, of course, a fundamental artistic ideal; it is not an experiment. It has a genius to direct it, with originality and insight and verve. Scenic investiture there is, often noted for its novelty, but it is not meant to attract any attention, and soon fades into decorative and atmospheric background. The actors bear the brunt of the illusion-grasp, the art-creation. They are evidently most carefully disciplined: every muscle is trained and supple to command, every movement measured; every nuance of tone is ready in their voices, every grimace is studied; the acting is balanced and fluent and rhythmic with a perfection of art, yet seems to be all impromptu, as joyous as was that of the Commedia dell' Arte, as fresh and glamourous. This company can attempt anything, Shakspere's "Twelfth Night" included. How different a "Twelfth Night" from the New Theater's! But it was made possible by the munificence of the same rich men who founded the New Theater, not by the support of a large and eager artistic public. Without such a public no art-theater is founded on anything but sand. Without sufficient subscriptions from well-organized audiences, no American art-theater can develop actors.

Most little theaters are supported by a few hundred subscribers for a season of five or six productions. Their budgets vary greatly. Perhaps six thousand dollars is a fair sum to state as necessary when no one but the director is paid. But even six thousand dollars is none too easy to raise, and when raised, it is of no avail unless the community is genuinely interested and supports the theater with its brains as well as with its purse. Some

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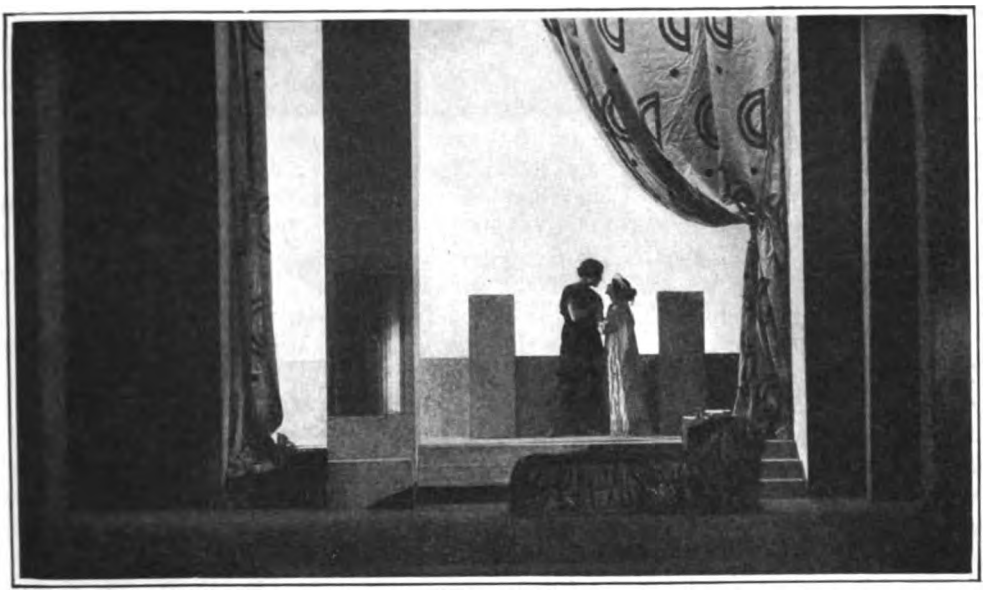

Photograph by Frank Scott Clark

"HELENA'S HUSBAND," ARTS AND CRAFTS THEATER, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

little theaters depend wholly on the vitality or character of the single artist who created them. They often repel as many people as they attract. Others are instituted by "social climbers," and dominated by inartistic and exclusive cliques; and these perish. Of late, some have been established by associations of artists, and, having such support, are likeliest to thrive. The safest organization is one with wide-spread amateur roots, one where the audience has many potential artists in it and is actively interested in artistic problems and progress. The collective taste of the community gathers around such an enterprise, and finds expression in it. Even a poor community, like the New York East Side, when given a start and guided, can make such a theater its own. The Neighborhood Playhouse, on Grand Street, is true to its title; and the Greenwich Village Theater is hoping to concentrate in itself the theatric life of its artistic community—a home for the art of the theater; to gather together a company of players and craftsmen who recognize the theater as an art medium worthy of faithful service and fine endeavor.

Happy is the theater group that can from its own ranks push forth a director able to marshal its forces and create unflagging art! Usually the director must be engaged from without and given full coöperation in his efforts to organize the group's expressive powers and produce from them, by them, for them, a new art of the theater.

This artist-director is a type of personality all too rare. There are many who can coach amateurs; there are some who can make a Little Theater financially efficient and self-supporting; there are a few with the judgment to do both, and also develop actors, playwrights, scenic artists who may be inarticulate in the community: but the full-blown director who does all this and also impels the art of the theater a step forward, makes enlightening experiments, stamps his productions with his own creative spirit, is hard to find indeed. Useful and interesting as may be the work of an undirected group, putting its own plays on, developing its own technic of acting and stage-setting, it is seldom of significance to the new movement until a supreme director is either evolved or imported to take charge of the "workshop" and unify by his own aims and methods the inchoate art now

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struggling toward clear expression in very many American localities.

This art, then, is not merely scenic, though its first flowering here was in the scene. Many a mercantile show has scenery in the new manner. Urban has decorated many musical comedies, for instance; and the business men of the theater have found that on the whole the new method is cheaper and not less liked, so they are adopting it for business purposes. Simple, suggestive, light-toned, reticent sets are coming into our most turbulent farces, making them seem more genteel and artistic than they deserve. And splashing color-contrasts, sweeping lines, *art-nouveau* decorations, are redeeming more and more "girl-shows" from their former vulgarity of investiture. Good taste in the public compels good taste in those who purvey the public's entertainment. It is probable that we shall soon see the last of the dismal brown rooms, loaded with bric-à-brac, that wearied us of problem-plays. And perhaps not much later we shall get rid of the spectacular production which flings a heap of expensive effects together, and expects lavishness to elicit admiration. Many things in these vast shows are beautiful in themselves, but through want of artistic discrimination they are buried in a superfluity of gorgeousness or spoiled by their conjunction with inharmonious and even ugly things. Standards of taste and criticism are rising, however, and art may soon rule in the Broadway theater's scenery.

Whether this art can extend to the Broadway theater's acting is another matter. It largely depends, no doubt, on the producer. Winthrop Ames and Arthur Hopkins are able to cast and coach their productions so that some unity is attained in the acting. The desertion of many stars for the moving-picture field will also help the general level of professional acting. But inevitably in the business theater the player is thinking more of his relative value to the manager and of the individual prominence of his part than of his contribution to the play as a whole. The ensemble ideal is all but dead. The New Theater Company was our last great example of it. The actor hired for an uncertain period to create a single part cannot but regard himself as an employee, not a coadjutor in the work of creation. He pulls out all his tricks of personal mannerism or rule-of-thumb histrionic effect, and obeys the producer, and lets it go at that. Often he neither seeks nor cares to know the play beyond his own share in it. Therefore it is that the amateur spirit, and the standard of work of the earnest amateur beginner in acting, are more contributive to the art of the theater than any attempt on a Little Theater's part to be professional. The amateur interested in an art theater gives it all the time he can, shares in all its efforts, aids in all its problems, and to this sincerity adds an invaluable freshness, a freedom from tricks, a modesty, and readiness that go far to make his work, technically less expert, more artistic, and more delightful than the professional's. The day when the amateur *per se* was despised is almost over. There are dilettante amateurs who don't work, and conceited amateurs who won't, and poor struggling, inarticulate amateurs who can't; but most art theaters find enough acting material to present most plays quite acceptably without the great charge of whole-time salaries; and most art-directors are glad to work with flexible material that tries, even when unable, to imitate a subtle inflection or assume a pictorial pose. For the present the new art of the theater is a matter of direction by one unifying force, the producer's, rather than of virtuoso playing by long-trained actors. Not until a new generation of actors has been reared in the tenets of the new art will the latter become possible.

The same is true of the playwright. Not until the new art of the theater is established in every other field will drama in the new artistic, beautiful, imaginative style become a profitable possibility. Spiritual beauty, its ultimate objective, is far removed indeed from the commercial drama of to-day; and the means to at-

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tain spiritual beauty are being only gradually developed in the most daring and pioneer art-theaters, with a long, slow evolution still ahead of them. Synge wrote such drama, and it was rightly produced; Masefield has written it, and it has been experimented with in England; Dunsany is writing it and having it spoiled by quite inadequate production here: but none of these great artists of the Anglo-Saxon drama is thought of as a profitable possibility. Their work is a part of the new art of the theater that can be seen and developed only in Little Theaters.

Architecturally, the theaters of the new movement are little, as has been said, because their public is small, and also because there are laws about fire-prevention and licenses, etc., which are more lenient to little theaters than to big ones, and because rents, of course, are smaller. There was also the notion, at their beginning, that intimacy, furthered by tiny auditoriums, would improve the artistic effect. Now, intimacy is a very subtle thing, a matter of production and playing, not of architecture; and Reinhardt, its great master, achieves it as well before three thousand spectators as before three hundred. It is a fact that intimacy is possible out-of-doors, with an audience of fifteen thousand people. Euripides and Aristophanes must have been intimate; many things in their plays would otherwise never have been done. Take Percy Mackaye's great community masque "Caliban," for example. As given at New York in 1916 it was remote, a spectacle hard to hear, interesting only when in such interludes as the Egyptian it revolved amid the audience and caught up the spectators' emotions in the swirl of its dance. As given in Boston in 1917, however, it was always intimate and absorbing. The stage projected, a huge wedge, into the audience's semicircle, and was backed by a towering dome that cast voices and colors instantly to the farthest sitter. The interludes, more developed, at the expense of the masque, than in 1916, took place still farther forward, and drew the surrounding crowds into their moods, if not into their very action, more magnetically than the majority of ordinary theatrical shows ever draw forth their auditors' attention. It is a matter of arrangement, of production, of practised and artistic handling. And though there are ultra-realistic plays like those that Strindberg wrote for his Intimate Theater at Stockholm which get their best effects by closeness and intense suggestion in small rooms, such is not the drama of the new art of the theater, and the American Little Theaters pay little attention to it. Their restricted size, especially in stage-space, is indeed beginning to prove irksome.

For the new art of the theater demands a flexible stage, with full modern resources in mechanism and lighting. This is a genuine part of the new art, technical though it is. A stage with such depth that the acting sometimes can give the effect, rare in America, of three, not two, dimensions; a stage with enough height to permit its scenery to be raised and lowered; a stage with a white, concave back wall and the lighting equipment to flush or flood it with the tints of the sky; a stage with dimmers for every circuit of lights, and sockets for high-power lamps at any spot—such a stage is one of the great desiderata in nearly all our Little Theaters. And in auditorium structure we have much to learn, for example, from the Repertory Theater at Birmingham, England, or, better, from the Artists' Theater at Munich, with its single slope of seats affording perfect sightliness, and converging, concentrating, on the all-important stage. There is no longer any need to make the auditoriums small. Indeed, to do so now gives the Little Theter the appearance of being a private, social affair and injures its missionary and community endeavors. The Washington Square Players can always run one of their bills, so great now is the interest in anything they do, for four or five weeks in their theater seating seven hundred; and Mrs. Jay's theater in Philadelphia tells the same story. The public in the larger cities is now awake in sufficient numbers

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Photograph by Cummings

"THE GOLDEN DOOM"

to the importance and interest of the new art of the theater to make theaters seating anywhere under a thousand people better theaters than those seating under three hundred, as so many did at first. Winthrop Ames is adding a balcony to his house; Maurice Browne is abandoning his little hall to the Players' Workshop and going forth to larger opportunities; Mrs. Gale, before the Toy Theater's failure, built a larger house for it, now the Copley, because the public had become interested, and could not, under city ordinances, be admitted to the reformed stable of the Toy's nativity. Rent is of course a heavy burden on many Little Theaters, and the soundest form of endowment for a benefactor to consider is the provision of a plant, a theater and stage, free, to the striving artist group, as Miss Horniman provided it for five years for the Irish Players. This freedom from rent underlies the high and steadily advancing achievement of the Detroit Arts and Crafts Theater, and the burden of rent just as plainly underlies the conservativeness of the Washington Square Players, which latterly has so disappointed their more radical friends.

With larger and better-equipped theaters, as often as possible free of rent, and an increasing number of inspired and experienced directors, the new art of the theater will by and by outdistance the commercial, inartistic theater, which is all America has known for the last score years. "The Road" will become a memory. Only the large Eastern cities, and possibly Chicago, will any longer see the common Broadway success as it was originally produced. For the rest of the country, the local, community, repertory art theater will meet the intelligent theater-lovers whom movies cannot satisfy, and give them not only good plays well done, like the old stock-companies, but a local organ and instrument where those who wish to act or make scenery or experiment with lighting or learn costuming can get their chance and enjoy the self-expression inherent in all true art. In the antique world every city had four pub-

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lic buildings in which its individuality took form and was preserved: temple, gymnasium, administrative and judicial hall, and theater. Our cities have their churches, have their schools, in both of which community life is centered and expressive, and have their governmental institutions more or less in tune with the popular will; but as yet few have their individual theaters, or regard their theaters as public, civic instruments for popular expression. Through the growth of the new art of the theater this transformation will be brought about; for art, true art, compels recognition, and when the theater's art is as developed as music, painting, or sculpture, it will receive like respect and protection. The commercial theater offers amusement for sale; that is the central fact about it. The moving-picture house does the same, and can underbid the theater. As long as art is a secondary consideration with either, the theater will suffer and decline; and as it is at present constituted, the theater cannot make art its first consideration. Therefore from outside the theater must come the theater's salvation—an ideal of coördinated and synthetic art, with an integrity and beauty of its own, linked with the public spirit of its community by reciprocal service and delight.

This art, devoted as all genuine art is, to beauty and the imagination, is the final goal of the art of the theater that began so few years ago and has already become a great leaven in American civic life. From being a cult cherished in little fanes and discussed by high-brow ladies at Drama League meetings, it has become a reality in many cities and an immediate prospect in many more. It has reformed the scenery of the commercial stage. It has evolved a dramatic form and the playwrights to use it. It has found leaders in half a dozen artist-directors and far-

Photograph by White Studio

SCENE FROM THE FIRST ACT OF LORD DUNSANY'S "THE GODS OF THE MOUNTAIN," AS PRESENTED IN STUART WALKER'S PORTMANTEAU THEATER

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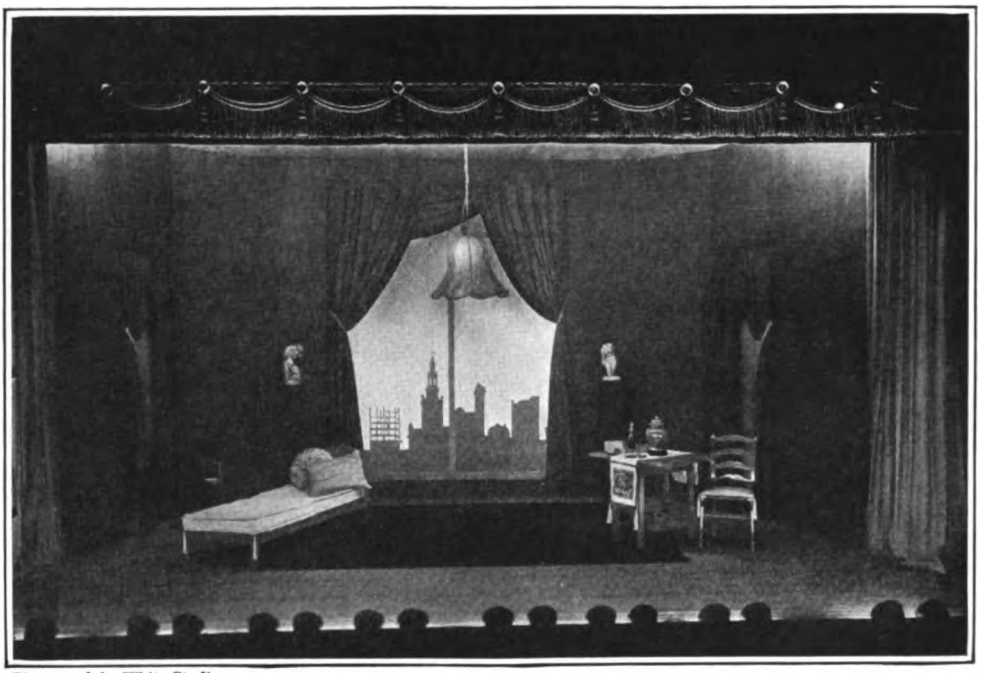
sighted, capable critics in half a dozen cities and a widening number of young actors and designers whose souls are in its triumph. And it has found a native public for a native art and made unnecessary any future experiment like the New Theater. The style of a truly modern production is recognized and sought by more and more theater-lovers, who from disgust with the mercenary stage are being lured back to harmony and unity; for the new art of the theater is ultimately an art of stirring, inspiring, uplifting, and purging men's souls, as the theater at its noblest has ever stimulated and purified them. Beauty attained by purely theatric means is a very moving beauty, and the imagination that shapes and orders it in the theater must be one consecrated to no base ideal.



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"THE MAGICAL CITY"

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"My Grief That I Married a Gipsy Man"

By RUTH COMFORT MITCHELL

My grief that I married a Gipsy man,
To follow him till I die!
To take my leave of a tidy town
And sleep by nights in a frowzy down,
Under the naked sky!
'T was truth my poor dead mother said,
" 'Lizabeth, you have made your bed,
And in it you must lie."

I 'll give him his due that he tries to root
Like the world of Christian men.
I 'll scrub and scour in a decent cot,
The grime of the greasy camp forgot,
A stingy while, and then,
Just as my musk begins to grow,
His bold, black eyes will gleam and glow.
I pack my pots and pans; I know
We 're for the road again.

Eh, well, but I *married* my Gipsy man,
And a deed that 's done is done.
If my skin be seared and my hair is wild,
Me that they called a lily child,
My stint must still be spun;
And broiling sun or thankful shade,
Blistering plain or poisonous glade,
I 'll lose him to no Gipsy jade
The while my feet can run.

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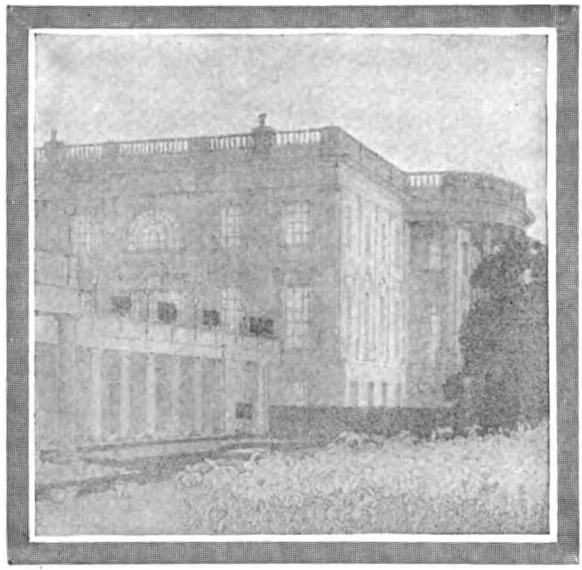

The War-Whirl in the White House

By FRANK WARD O'MALLEY

Author of "The Head of the House," etc.

NOBODY home—that is the feel in the air in and about the White House in these days of war. Gone is the hurly-burly of the Roosevelt days, of even the earlier ante-bellum days of the Wilson régime; gone the visiting brides and grooms who used to stroll along the now-deserted winding walks. Whether one wanders indoors among the semi-abandoned executive office furnishings or peers from afar through the iron fence at the graceful white façade, the feeling persists that perhaps the white walls house a crackly old parchment containing the Constitution or some such abstraction; but otherwise nobody home. To-day I saw a secretary's office and the President's office adjoining, which once upon a time were swarming with people, but now are silent, deserted, a vast gloom. The very policemen stationed on the grounds—and in these war days there are more than half a hundred of them partly concealed in and around the White House — are carefully crated in lonely-looking sentry-boxes that fit as tightly across the shoulders as a thirty-five-dollar Harlem flat.

To-night, here in the little hotel room for which the wife and I had to keep up a drum-fire for two nights and a day to get, I can't help but make a mental contrast of the things I have seen in and around the White House to-day with something else that happened on a night in recent years in the same business end of the Executive Mansion, or what was once the business end of it. The incident of a few years ago which comes to mind to-night was only one of many which once made the large secretarial office in which Mr. Tumulty now has his desk hum along happily day by day. To-day that rectangular office, and particularly the circular office adjoining which the President

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now rarely uses, especially drove home the feeling that one had sacrilegiously stepped into the sanctified cheerlessness of the horror known in New England as the "spare bedroom." On the night I have in mind —it was during the second Roosevelt administration—a group of the Washington correspondents of New York newspapers, their work finished for the night, were sitting with the then President's secretary in the rectangular office. Most of them were sitting on their spines, chairs tilted back, feet cocked ceilingward into the clouds of tobacco smoke, while in hushed tones—it was almost midnight—they talked of an editorial which that morning had appeared in New York's most brilliantly written newspaper. Dislike of the President and all things Rooseveltian had driven the editor man to the extreme of suggesting that the high-priced alienists who were looking into the sanity of a noted murderer then on trial in New York might better be giving their time and talents to inquiring into the sanity of a noted personage in Washington.

"All day we 've been busy keeping that newspaper out of the President's way," whispered the secretary. "The colonel is all run down and jumpy from too much work, and if he ever read that editorial he 'd come nearer going crazy than even that editorial writer tries to make believe he——"

A loud laugh, coming from a corridor leading to the interior of the White House, interrupted the secretary. Hurried steps approached. The door was pushed open with a rush, and into the tobacco smoke of the secretary's office burst an excited personage with a copy of the New York newspaper in his hand. It was the President of the United States. Correspondents and the secretary jumped to their feet respectfully.

"I 've got under their skins! I 've hurt 'em!" cried the colonel, grinning beatifically, exultingly, smacking his hand on the newspaper. "Look at this, boys! I 've got 'em on the mat, where the best they can do is to yell that I 'm crazy. By George! that 's bully!" And a President who had been ordered to climb under the quilts as early as possible every night during those days of overworked and frazzled nerves sat down happily amid the tobacco clouds and, himself quite one of the boys, chatted with Dick and Hank and Sam and the rest of the lads in chummy fashion. Doubtless if one of them had suggested that the President jam on his slouch-hat and walk a part of the way home with the correspondent before turning in, he would have done it.

Fancy the present occupant of the White House bursting in upon a group of reporters at midnight, or at noon, and sitting down to chat in chummy fashion! Let some one else fancy it; I can't. There was only one day — March 5, 1913 — when, so far as can be recalled, anything approaching chumminess enlivened the offices of the present President and his secretary, those rooms which in recent months have almost gone into the silences. On that March day Mr. Wilson put his feet for the first time under the Presidential desk which now he rarely sees. Also it was the first day on which Mr. Bryan attempted to be a secretary of state. Visiting delegations came and went every minute on the minute, each group headed by a beaming charter member of the Society of the First Man to Suggest Woodrow Wilson's Name for President. The office of the President and the Tumulty office connected with it were aglow with cut flowers, potted plants, and the Hon. J. Ham Lewis arrayed in the flossiest of springtime creations. In and out through the doorway that connected the two offices, pattering and chattering and beaming like a small boy with a brand-new little red wagon to play with, flitted the new secretary of state, his freshly varnished three-quart high hat tilted far back from his beaded brow, so that just a fringe of his heavy-tragedian locks stuck out abaft the overhang of the three-quart tile. As the newest secretary of state paused at times long enough to gather a fresh batch of the delegations about him, one's thoughts persisted in going back to boyhood scenes on a Saturday night in the

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old home town up-State: the old horse-drawn victoria standing close to the curb at the corner of Main and Washington streets; a smoky torch-light flaring above the driver's seat; cartons containing dollar bottles of Kickapoo Indian Sagwa Pain Exterminator and Hair Restorer piled high about the gentleman wearing long black hair and a three-quart polished hat. Step closer, men. First a little song and banjo music, good pee-pul, and then, men, I shull demunstrate the marvelous pain-killing propaties of this great remudy handed down to us, men, by the wise old medicune men of the great Kickapoo Indian tribe!

There was a human touch, back on that far-away March day in an era of now unbelievable peacefulness, in those same White House rooms, a picnicky atmosphere, a twittering of happy excitement akin to commencement day in a boys' boarding-school. There was a festiveness that made even the sartorial outbursts of the Hon. J. Ham Lewis seem as appropriate as the golds and brocades on a circus elephant. One even caught a glimpse of the new President's very coat-tails as the exuberent secretary of state darted in and out through the connecting door—a door that seemed to give even the mere onlooker a sort of intimate touch with greatness, but at the same time suggested walled seclusion which held the proletariate a million miles away from the immediate person of the pee-pul's choice.

But now! Ah, now is something else again. To-day as I approached the White House fence I remembered having been told that even the grounds were closed to all but the chosen. Had n't visiting writing-folk said in print that no one can get into government buildings in Washington during these war-days, least of all approach the White House doors, unless one owns a pass decorated with the owner's photograph? I remembered having read such articles, decorated with half-tones showing government guards holding back the potential visitors while scrutinizing the photographs on the passes. True, only the day before I had walked boldly into the north entrance of the state, war, and navy building without passes, photographs, influence, letters, or even personal acquaintanceship with a single soul inside the buildings, and merely by asking permission to see a soldier in the War Department whose name I had once heard mentioned, but who did not know that I so much as existed, I had been permitted to wander, unaccompanied, down a corridor and into an office in the innermost recesses of the War Department. And half an hour later, in quite the same care-free manner, I had penetrated to the desks of men supervising the new war inventions in a little building across the way that houses an overflow of the consulting board of the navy.

Still, the feeling was ingrained that I could n't get into the White House grounds, not to mention the executive offices of the White House. Perhaps the guards, however,—thus I mused to-day, or almost a year since our war declaration, as I walked toward the White House, — will permit me to stand near enough to the north curb of Pennsylvania Avenue to holler the news through a megaphone that years ago, when I was a Jersey City commuter, I had become well-enough acquainted with the Hon. Joseph Patrick Tumulty to walk right up to him and cry, "Well, bless us and save us, if here ain't Joe!" And maybe Joe would open a window or something and wave to me, or even go so far as to step outside for a moment and ——

Heavens! I came out of my musings with a jerk, and found myself standing inside the White House grounds. With my head bowed and dreaming, I had become so concentrated upon all these weighty matters that thoughtlessly, mechanically, I had walked through the wide-open west gate leading to the President's offices, as wide open as the gates on the north side were carefully closed; and I had pulled myself out of my state of coma only upon finding myself standing within a dozen feet of the door leading to the executive offices in the west wing of the White House. Horror of horrors! a lone,

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but brawny, Washington cop was sleepily propped on the driveway, his back to me and seemingly in the throes of gazing in fixed fashion into some large land of nothingness lying back of nowhere. I had come leagues inside the White House grounds without realizing it; unconsciously I had passed behind the broad back of the policeman and now was closer to the door than the officer was. Gosh! Suppose he should whirl about, see me, and fire before asking questions!

"Uh-uh-uh-uh officer!" I cried. Oh, I was scared all right! And hurriedly I started to address him, so that he would realize that it was only by accident that I had got so close to a White House door. "Officer!" I called again, and he turned round lazily and regarded me without showing any slight trace of absorbing interest in me or my travels. "Uh officer, I—I wish to find the President's offices. Uh—Secretary Tumulty—he——"

"Well," broke in the bluecoat in withering tones, "there 's the door in front of you," as who would say: "Yuh got yur foot on the 'Welcome' sign on the doormat. Watcha want me to do, yuh poor fish? *Carry* yuh in?"

I backed away scared, and instantly brought myself up sharply with another start. I was inside. Seated in a sort of reception-lobby was a middle-aged person who was quite as well acquainted with me as I am with the Akhoond of Swat. But, so I decided the instant he frowned upon me, he 'll know me in a minute. And never will he permit me to pass beyond him into the executive offices; for the secretary's office opens into the President's office, which opens into a corridor, which in turn leads into the living-rooms of the White House. He 'll list my pedigree for three generations back; he 'll make me unroll my folded newspaper to make sure that it does n't contain a length of gas-pipe plugged at each end; and finally he 'll hold me downward by the heels and shake me, following which he undoubtedly will kick me violently back into whatever part of the Pennsylvania asphalt he thinks I should be decorating. And I had no pass, no card of introduction to save me; nothing. If he would only begin! But he just stared silently.

"Er—I—I should like to see Secretary Tumulty, sir."

"He 's out, I believe," remarked the gentleman of the iron-gray hair. "Go through the doorway back there and ask inside."

Through a wide-arched passageway I walked, and came upon a young man standing in a small corridor. He knew me as well as I knew him, which was not at all. Again I asked to be admitted to Secretary Tumulty's office.

"Second door to your left," directed the young man, with a thumb-jerk. "I think he 's out. Wait in his office till he comes in, if you care to."

Wherefore within a few seconds I found that I had sauntered without interruption from the asphalt of outdoors into the veloured and carpeted and leather-bound elegancies, "rich, but not gaudy," of the office of the secretary to the President. There I sat alone and unguarded, beside the door which leads into the President's office, which leads into a corridor, which leads into the innermost quarters of the White House, alone and lonely. Now, on my visit to the War Department yesterday I at least was n't lonely as I sat beside the vacant desk of a major and waited for him to come back from luncheon. I had found three other strange majors seated at three of the four desks in that little office, each with a girl stenographer by his side. And after one of the majors had looked up impersonally and had told me to pull up a chair and kill time as best I could until the missing major returned, all three majors had resumed their work of dictating letters in conversational tones to the girl stenographers. How could one be lonely with three unknown gentlemen unfolding the War Department's correspondence aloud at one's elbow in a room the size of a hotel bedroom?

But to-day as I sat in Mr. Tumulty's temporarily deserted office the only entertainment I could think of was to sit there

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and debate with myself how many lashes of the knout I should give to young Dave Lawrence and the rest of the Washington writer lads who had given me the scare of my life with their articles and pictures illustrating the terrors awaiting a stranger like myself who would dare to brave the supposititious barbed-wire entanglements in front of Washington governmental entrances. One hundred lashes, Ivan; twenty-five for the little scare of yesterday in front of the jolly old state, war, and navy building, and thrice that many for the greater scare at the White House to-day. Likely as not, so I now naturally decided, foreign writers had been misleading all of us about similar conditions abroad. Likely as not, if a total stranger, visiting Berlin in war-time, wanted to get into the office immediately next to the one containing the kaiser's work-bench, all the stranger would have to do would be to walk along Main Street, Berlin, until the kaiser's street number was reached and then stroll inside without knocking, as in Washington, and wander around the works until one happened upon the butler. "Ah, Looie, you 're growing thin. Is the boss home, Looie? Oh, he 's out? Well, I 'll just meander on toward the private offices, Looie, and stick around there till the kaiser or somebody shows up. By the way, I 'm an American, Looie. You forgot to ask me, you naughty, naughty butler, just as the doorman at the White House forgot to ask me whether or not I was a German the last time I strolled into our own national executive offices at Washington. Now beat it, Looie. I want to sit here alone in the anteroom of the kaiser's quarters, because if he should chance along I want to see him alone and quick and *first!*" Yes, that 's just what would happen in Berlin. If here, why not there?

In my loneliness to-day I was tempted to turn the knob an arm's-length away and kill time by puttering round the President's desk in the office adjoining. Or perhaps I could stroll on into the corridor leading to the White House living-rooms until I came upon some good snappy book or magazine that would help me kill time till some one showed up. Before I left I did go into the adjoining office, properly escorted, and sat at the desk and gazed upon vacuity. And if the flowers and highly varnished solemnities of the secretary's office suggested the death-chamber of a Past Grand Exalted Ruler of the Elks, then the deserted room next to it surely made one feel that the late lamented Elk or Eagle recently had been removed to the dear old clubhouse for the final obsequies.

Finally I heard a human voice, two of them. I could n't see them, and they could n't see me, but I could hear their type-writers begin to click and, as they chatted across their desks or answered the frequent ringing of a telephone bell, the sound of their voices came to me from the recesses of an arched passage out in the general direction of the street door by which I had entered. They seemed to have no fear that the President would wander at any moment from the seclusion of his living-rooms into his own office end of the White House; no thought that he would burst in among them excitedly, newspaper in hand, and boom dee-lightedly, "By George! boys, here 's something bully!" The two unseen clerks just went on clicking and telephoning; and from the nature of the telephone talks it was evident that about every one in Washington and the world was trying to "get into touch" with one or another of the President's official family, chiefly with the secretary of the treasury. On a conservative guess, nine out of every ten persons who call up Secretary Tumulty's office are sure that the success of the war hangs largely upon the speed with which they are "put in touch" with Secretary McAdoo. It is a notable fact that within ten days after Mr. McAdoo had been placed in charge of the country's railways his mail contained about ten thousand "personal" letters, half of them telling him how to run his job and the other half asking permission for a consideration to share his job with him.

But if distant clicks and telephone bells were the only indications of activity

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around the White House, it always should be borne in mind that an appalling amount of work had been done there since morning, especially by the distinguished head of the house himself. Hours earlier he had taken up the systemized tasks which are the penalty of holding down so colossal a job as the Presidency of the greatest country fighting, or finally getting ready to fight, in the world's mightiest war. For with the possible exception of the Rev. Billy Sunday, not a man in Washington to-day, yesterday, every day, works harder to earn the little yellow pay-envelop than the Hon. Woodrow Wilson.

Take yesterday as an example, or go back to the night before last. After a day as busy as all the rest he had dined at seven, and then, in the seclusion of his study in the heart of the White House, he had labored until about midnight over the final draft of a momentous message wherein were stated the only possible peace terms which America would consider. In that secluded study he keeps, especially since his virtual abandonment of the office which he and his predecessors used to use, his books, papers, and other printed and written matter which he must have within arm's-length. And as he worked on and on in his secluded exclusiveness two nights ago, not even the wisest newspaper correspondent in Washington, certainly no member of Congress, had any vague inkling that the next day he would appear suddenly at the Capitol and read his epoch-making message.

Then toward midnight he had decided to call it a day and begin preparations to retire. At seven fifteen o'clock yesterday morning he arose and breakfasted. He spent a few moments over his message again, and next, before starting off on his regular morning trip to a golf-course for a bit of fresh air, he telephoned to Secretary Tumulty's house and broke the unexpected news that he would address a joint session in the House at midday. Would Mr. Tumulty kindly make arrangements at once for the joint session? Mr. Tumulty would, pulling on his helmet, rubber coat, and boots, and sliding down the brass pole to get at the job quickly. Wherefore the President got into his hat and overcoat. In the driveway was his White House car, like any other town car of elegance except for the ornate Federal shield, tea-cup-sized, on the doors. And then, with two fast-flying motorcycle policemen setting the pace and a whole barrel of Secret Service men chugging along behind, the President was off for his bit of golf out near the district-line.

Within two hours, as always, he was back in the White House, had taken his regular after-golf bath, and had put aside his golf-clothes for the well-cut, carefully pressed raiment, so far removed from the regulation baggy trousers which college professors seem to think they are sentenced to wear that the President Wilson of the knife-edge trousers probably never would recognize the Professor Wilson who used to wear mere trousers. And now, not quite like the Hon. J. Ham Lewis or the lilies of the field, but a personage of unostentatious elegance, there is a summons for a secretary, stenographer, for any one needed from an office staff which through long years of experience has attained an efficiency to be marveled at; and, still secluded in the heart of the White House living-quarters, he starts in to tackle his correspondence, an amazing part of which requires his personal attention. Letter-writing of importance often takes up his time until the luncheon hour. Yesterday, however, with a portentous message to Congress to be read at noon, he dictated somewhat earlier the last letter beginning with the formula, "May I not thank you for your recent letter and suggest that," etc. Again the two speedy motorcycle cops, the car, and the barrel of Secret Service men began to chug eastward, and within a few minutes the President was facing an expectant Congress.

"What 's he going to talk about, Senator?"

"Search me! Never heard he was here till a minute ago."

"Oh, I say, Hills, you newspaper lads know everything. What [redacted] got on his chest?"

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"How 'd I know, Congressman? I just raced down here from our news bureau when I got the flash over the telephone that the Big Chief was headed this way. You Democrats on the administration side of the House ought to know something about it. C'm'on, spill the news."

"Nope. Sure as your name is Larry Hills, not a soul of us heard he was coming till Joe Tumulty began to get busy this morning. Gollies! can you beat it!"

And that "Gollies!" which the administration representative ridded himself of yesterday noon as he and the newspaper man raced along a Capitol corridor toward the House side was not near so vehement as a lot of other exclamations which senators and representatives, from the President's political camp as well as "the opposition" sides of the House and Senate, let loose almost any time that the matter of the President's exclusive secludedness enters into congressional conversations. The innovation of a President who rarely, almost never, takes individual members of Congress into his confidences causes pathetic bleatings on the part of his congressional friends and admirers and positive brain-storms on the other side of the middle aisle. As a farthest Western representative, who loomed large in the exciting days of the war declaration, put it to me months after we had entered the war: "He is the first President in my experience who never lets his extra right hand, which is Congress, know what his private right or left hand is doing. He never talks things over, as his predecessors did, even big things, with a member before he springs them on us; never confers; never paves the way. He alone of all the Presidents brings or sends us wholly unexpected messages and measures, and then expects us to go ahead and act upon them without our having the slightest notion of how his mind is working on a given measure. Nobody under heaven but himself has any notion, so far as we know, certainly nobody under the dome of the Capitol. He has no confidants, no intimates; so there 's no one we can go to in order to get into working touch with him, not even a third party."

There were tears in the voice of that congressman. Even louder are the private and personally conducted cries of anguish daily coming from congressional lungs, the owners of which had grown accustomed, sometimes throughout a generation of Washington sessions, to seeking the White House, or being sought by it, with much frequency, to sit there intimately for half an hour, an hour, sometimes longer, in close-up conversation with the particular Great White Father that graced the Executive Mansion during a given term. But nowadays congressmen, high and low, have the feeling that if any particularly important piece of statesmanship is going to be cooked, a certain Personage will attend to the cooking unaided and then serve the whole dish himself. Hence pathetic bleats.

Not that senators or representatives never get indoors at the White House to see the President in these days. If one of them is honored with an audience, the preliminary arrangements are made quickly, even to notifying a policeman at a northern gate now closed to the general public that Senator Sidewhiskers will arrive at that gate at a given hour. But as a rule such audiences come *after* the message or measure has been all cooked and served. Yesterday, for instance, after the President had read his notable message to Congress and had lunched between one and two o'clock with his family, callers began to storm that north gate from a few minutes after two o'clock in the afternoon until, with the exception of time taken out for dinner, eleven o'clock last night. Foreign commissioners, senators, representatives, members of his official family, in and out they passed steadily in an effort to unfold to the President views and ideas that had come to them *after* the President had exploded his message in the joint session. After, always after. And he saw all whom it was physically possible to see, but they did n't sit and chin and smoke for an hour, half an hour, even for fifteen minutes, as in the good old days that were.

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The President was affability itself as he did most of the necessary talking, briefly, to the point. Then a hand-shake, one of those hand-shakes that passes you onward, with the extreme of cordiality, toward the top of the greased chute that leads to the Open Air Down and Out Club.

"We 've come down here," remarked David Belasco, proudly, to a senator friend he met on the avenue, "representing the theatrical managers. We 're to go to the White House this afternoon for five minutes."

"Five minutes!" cried the senator. "What in thunder are you going to do with the other four minutes?" It is on record that Messrs. Belasco, Marc Klaw, George Cohan, and the rest of that delegation did n't know what to do with at least a part of the four minutes. Down to Washington they had come all primed up with speeches in which they were to show the President that the great war revenue from the tax on theater-tickets and the splendid part the stage had played in raising funds for war-relief work entitled the managers at least to ask that they might be permitted to keep their show shops open on the ten coalless Garfield Mondays then contemplated. But those speeches never were delivered. The President received the managers with his usual cordiality, shook hands, said a few appropriate sentences in appreciation of the stage profession's work along war-relief lines; then another hand-shake, the greased chute, and the managers came back to earth in the great outdoors—it was round zero that day, too, in Washington, —remembering suddenly as they came out of their daze that not once had they thought to step into the spot-light and unlimber the modulated and sounding phrases carefully rehearsed during their all-night run from Manhattan to the capital.

This morning there was not even a hand-shake indoors around the White House; just the clockwork régime of rising at seven, or seven-fifteen at the latest, breakfast, then whatever golf can be jammed inside of two hours, which also must include the run to the golf-course and back, the bath, and dressing which follows. And from that time until luncheon was served there was the attack upon the correspondence that reaches to world without end. Each day on his sanctum desk, and on the desk next to Mr. Tumulty's office in case he should accidentally wander so far afield, the President will find a "reminder" of the different engagements and other work cut out for him that day. Take the list as prepared for to-day, type-written on a stiffish white card about the size of this magazine page, with the legend, "THE PRESIDENT'S ENGAGEMENTS," printed, not engraved or embossed, but in simple type printed in dark-blue ink at the top of the card thus:

THE PRESIDENT'S ENGAGEMENTS

Wednesday.

12.00 NOON THE WHITE HOUSE:
The Governor General of Canada
LUNCHEON:
The Duke and Duchess of Devonshire
3.00 P. M. THE WHITE HOUSE:
Senator Lewis
3.00 P. M. THE WHITE HOUSE:
Mr. Hoover
4.00 P. M. THE WHITE HOUSE:
The Attorney General, The Secretary of the Navy and Senator Swanson

One should not get the notion from the day's engagements as listed above that the Governor-General of Canada and his duchess, after entering the White House at noon, sat around and chatted with the President until luncheon was served at one o'clock. Not in this administration of the party of Andy Jackson and Jeffersonian simplicity! It is a social law nowadays that if one is invited to the White House for luncheon the honored big wig is first received in audience and then goes away from there for a brief while; turns around and walks right out and comes right back again half an hour or so later for the luncheon part of the ceremonial.

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Also, in running over the list of the President's engagements to-day, it should not be forgotten that the senator who did get fully half an hour of audience, from three to three-thirty o'clock, had all that time in the White House as his very own because Senator Lewis is the administration's representative in the Senate. Nor should another engagement, scribbled hastily across the bottom of one of the President's engagement-cards which lies before me as I write, be overlooked. "5:00 P. M. THE WHITE HOUSE: Delegation of Western Congressmen." They also had a few minutes in the presence, but their engagement evidently was a last-minute one, which never had arisen to the dignity of being carefully typed in advance with the other items listed.

All day every day the President manages to sandwich in between the steady run of appointments more and more dictation of correspondence. Steadily throughout the day also the secretary to the President, who in the earlier Wilson days used to dart in and out of the circular private office adjoining the secretarial desk to confer with the President verbally, now is constantly dictating numberless notes and suggestions and shooting them into the White House recesses at intervals in the hope that the President will find in the brief notes some idea of interest, perhaps of real use. "Dear Governor," so the Tumulty notes begin early in the forenoon and continue until late. And the marginal notations, in the President's handwriting, which decorate the notes when they come back to the secretary's office again show that the President finds time somehow to read and comment upon all the suggestions that come to him from Mr. Tumulty and his assistants. Here is an office staff which has reason to feel sure, unlike the bleating congressmen, that it knows "how his mind is working on a given measure." These notes from Mr. Tumulty are now the President's main bridge, his only bridge, that spans the vast expanse which in late days separates him from the public thought on a given measure. Now the secretarial office is the sieve, the chief separator, through which are sifted the thoughts or the personalities which should or should not be presented to the President. Newspaper clippings, editorials, sometimes sheaves of editorials on a given subject, are often included in the notes which the secretary sends farther indoors to his secluded chief. For even now in his unprecedented seclusion the chief presents the paradox of a President who, perhaps more than any of his predecessors, believes a leader should follow the thought of the crowd and this regardless of the fact that a big part of that crowd still holds to the old-fashioned theory that the only reason one person out of the hundred million receives at the polls their permission to enter the White House is that their choice is intellectually head and shoulders over the half-baked, scatterbrained "voice of the people"; therefore is expected to lead from the front rank, not the rear. Inasmuch as popular music is bad music, popular painting is bad painting, popular——

But to return to the "delegation of Western Congressmen." When they had been hand-shaken out of the presence this evening the President again called it a day and began to prepare for dinner. After dining he decided, as frequently happens, to "take a night off." At least once, sometimes twice, a week he goes to the theater, preferably to a vaudeville or a "musical comedy" performance; or he may devote the evening to reading until bedtime. And again and again one notes on his list of daily engagements advance notices to be ready at a given minute to touch a button in the White House and thereby illuminate the Main Building at the opening of the National Crazy Quilt Exposition in far off What Cheer, Iowa, or light up the conference-hall where the Amalgamated Pretzel Varnishers' Union or the Industrial Association of Carriage Wheel and Zebra Stripers' Union of America are in annual convention at Blueduck, Illinois. He plays golf or goes to ball-games not so much as an enthusiastic fan, but as a part of a calculated, systematized program to get fresh air into his

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lungs and cobwebs from his brain; but he goes to the theater because he likes the stage and all things pertaining to it. Even in these crowded days Raymond Hitchcock, De Wolf Hopper, Frank Tinney, any noted Thespian, can get within hand-shaking distance (they 've done so) and a two-minute chat with far greater ease than the average member of Congress can.

But the promiscuous hand-shaking in the White House now is a memory. The New Year's receptions, stupid relics of a capital and nation younger and smaller, and therefore more pliable, have been dispensed with, chiefly because they were boresome functions that kept the President standing for three hours of countless hand-shakes when his hand and mind might better be given to the stupendous tasks which confront a chief executive in a world war. He "does n't want solemnity these days, but he does want efficiency," as it was put to me to-day at the White House. Only on the cabinet days, those Tuesday and Friday afternoons each week which are now about the only times he sees what officially is still his office, is there any of the offhand greetings. On those two afternoons the President comes from his study far inside the White House about two-fifteen o'clock. Then, and only then, for fifteen minutes there is a semblance of the old-time ease of access to his desk. Almost any one with or without a reason for his greeting—usually with no better reason than a chance "to shake hands with the President"—may be escorted from Secretary Tumulty's office to the President in the adjoining room—any one, that is, who is worthy and is known to his secretary or official family. But promptly at two-thirty o'clock the little party comes to an end; the last of the hand-shakers is withdrawn to outer darkness, and the President and his cabinet get down to business, and stick to it until about five-forty-five o'clock that evening.

Saturdays are his free days, his "day out." He plays golf on Saturday mornings, often motors on Saturday afternoons, and rests on Saturday night. His Sundays are devoted to attending religious services and then to a vast amount of reading, the reading being often a matter of work in a way, inasmuch as a great deal of the Sunday reading these days is devoted to pouring over despatches, cable messages, and other papers of an official or semi-official nature. Thus it goes until late at night. By midnight, or shortly before, the White House is a ghost of a mansion, dark and silent, save for the measured tread of soldier guards who in war-time take the place of the policemen guards at nightfall, and with loaded rifles on shoulders slowly pace back and forth until the dawn of a new day.

To-day was not one of the cabinet days; if it had been, I might have seen the President's office in something of its old mood of human activity. I did not want to wander into that circular office and so on into the White House without first waiting until somebody or other came along who would give me permission. Had I done so, who knows but in the corridors I might have bumped into one of Major Raymond Pullman's fifty-eight varieties of White House cops, some of whom stroll indoors all harnessed up in swagger and statesmanlike morning-coats and creased trousers, camouflaged sartorially and quite as free from that air of having been suddenly all dressed up as one of those vaudeville acrobats who "opens the bill" by coming upon the stage in evening clothes, his hair nicely oiled, before he pulls off everything and stands revealed in pink tights and spangles. One never, never would mistake any of the major's ornate indoor cops for cops; one might fancy, on the spur of the moment, that one had stumbled upon an Italian barber from the South Side of Chicago all garbed up on his bridal day, but otherwise Major Pullman's gorgeous guardians would have an intruder completely fooled.

Fortunately, I did n't have to spend all my afternoon in solitude. By bits strange folk wandered into Secretary Tumulty's office, perhaps half a dozen in all, and stood waiting near the open fireplace or sat round the room expectantly. Then the secretary to the President waded

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through whatever business had been keeping him outdoors and entered. For many minutes thereafter it was a joy to sit on the side lines and watch the deftness, the easy certainty, with which young Mr. Tumulty handled the sieve and did the sifting. A clear-brained, alert, and very efficient little diplomatic embassy is the Hon. Joseph Patrick Tumulty all by himself.

And then came a greatest moment, never to be forgotten, which showed conclusively that the inner corridor which led from the secretary's office into the innermost private sanctum sanctorum of the President also led from that far study out to the very room in which I was sitting. Steps were heard approaching from those inner recesses, footfalls of a dignity and a strength of tread befitting a President of these United States of America. Conversation in the secretary's office came to an abrupt halt. One almost *heard* the instant silence which fell upon an awestruck room as the steps came near and nearer. And then the door leading back to the President's quarters opened portentously, and every one stood up as the door formed a frame for the graceful physique standing there in the well-made morning-coat, trousers pressed to knife-edge nicety. And there he stood, the Magnificent, the Honorable J. Ham Lewis, fresh from his whole half-hour in the presence. Mauve were his spats, mauve of the evening sky was his cravat, pearl and mauve the kerchief that drooped with care-free care from an upper pocket of a coat as misty gray as a rare Whistler picture, as free from seams or wrinkles as the silken cheek of a sleeping babe. And the one-time Pink Aurora Borealis, the Pride of the Mississippi Valley, was the Pink Aurora Borealis no more: side-whiskers which were a nation's red badge of glory and pride back in the days when they glowed as ardently as a dawning day in farthest Ind, now had darkened to a rich khaki shade in keeping with the soldierly spirit of these martial days.

"Gentlemen," he said graciously, bowed, and passed his homeward way perhaps forever from our sight. Tears of emotion sprang to my eyes, and the beautiful figure which a great poet had used to express his own emotions at the passing onward of the lovely *Evangeline* involuntarily came to my lips:

Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction upon her.
When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music.

My day had not been in vain.

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Venizelos

By JULES BOIS

Author of "France and America, Partners."

ELEUTHERIOS VENIZELOS can be justly called the savior of Greece. This Cretan is the Cavour of Hellenism. Cavour unified Italy and gave back Rome to the world. Venizelos is in process of unifying Greece, whose *disjecta membra* have suffered and still suffer under the yoke of the Ottoman Empire. He has reunited Crete to the mother country, and the continental territory of the kingdom has been doubled through two successful wars during his administration. He has done more. He has regenerated his people twice and under memorable conditions: in 1910, when the populace was the prey of factions; in 1917, when it was the victim of a traitorous monarchy.

Lately Greece once again risked losing forever the new prestige that Venizelos had secured for her. Deprived of this pilot, she was foundering on the rocks of German intrigue. Venizelos put an end to a slavery more humiliating than any other—a slavery which would have made of Athens and of the Peloponnesus, that soil and that city which are the sacred mothers of our civilization, a dependency of the cruelest barbarian — a barbarian both military and autocratic.

For the part that he played before this war and for that which he plays to-day Venizelos ranks as a great European statesman. In truth, Hellenism is the outpost of European civilization in the Levant, and Venizelos is one of the noblest figures of the Entente, to which he has attached himself from the very beginning. In him democracy has found an apostle, a defender, an organizer.

Epimenides, the Cretan, maintained that all Cretans were liars. Venizelos, who is a Cretan and does not lie, has refuted this proverb. The frankness of Venizelos is part of his strength; it is the frankness of a fine spirit placed at the service of patriotism. Venizelos has never flattered the passions of the populace or the vanity of princes. When necessary, he has preferred to resign rather than to give up his program or gloss over the truth. When occasion has demanded, he has known how to hold out against the excesses of his partizans as well as against the snares of his enemies. He has never swerved from his path. His method has justified itself, and after many vicissitudes it is he who in his country has proved the victor over reprobates, cheats, and traitors. Outside it, he has triumphed also, for, in harmony with the program of America and the Allies, he defends the cause of oppressed nationalities.

IT seems as if every man has to be long tested before he receives the inspiration that reanimates others, the force that liberates them. Suffering is the price with which triumph is bought. The same is true of nationalities: they create their redeemer only if they have deserved him.

After centuries of oppression, modern Greece produced those heroes of its independence, Canaris, Bozzaris, Maurocordatos. Crete has undergone an even longer martyrdom, but she has been rewarded by the birth of Venizelos. Through him she has saved herself, through him she will save the whole of Hellenism.

This lofty intelligence, this candid and loyal figure which does honor to all humanity, seems to possess so much energy and strength only because it is deeply rooted in a small country, marvelous, it

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is true, and full of character, but of modest dimensions. Crete serves to explain this Cretan who has surpassed her. Like the little land of his birth, he possesses the refinement and delicacy of a very ancient civilization; like her, he masks it under a healthy simplicity, concentration of mind, loyalty, and indomitable valor.

It is impossible to understand Venizelos unless we have gained a correct idea of Crete. There is something mysterious, predestined about the history of Crete. We feel this when we visit the island and experience its strange atmosphere; it has a charm which at first seems inexplicable and which derives both from past ages and from modern times.

Crete was always, if I may say so, a forerunner, an initiator for the other neighboring peoples. This little country had and has a great mission.

Before the Trojan War it was the center of the civilization of the Mediterranean. Of this there is no longer any doubt to-day. Recent archæological discoveries have proved that the ancient historians and even the primitive legends have not deceived us in affirming that there, even before the age of Pericles, flourished a pre-Hellenic art, culture, and religion, of which the few remnants still fill us with astonishment. And this strangely fertile country is not yet exhausted. Its ruins, its tombs, its treasures of art that the dust of centuries has preserved for us in the depths of the soil, are still lessons, models, subjects for reflection, and a foundation of hope for the future.

Christianity was the only power which conquered Crete without a struggle. Here, too, Crete appears as a forerunner. She had the honor of being evangelized by St. Paul, who was the first bishop of Gortyna. It would be tedious to follow the vicissitudes of her history, so brilliant and unfortunate; for though Crete was Greek in essence and fiercely patriotic, she was not part of it long. She fell the prey, successively, of the Phenicians, of the Egyptians, of the Romans, of the Venetians, and finally of the Turks. To the glory of her ancient history there succeeded, after a period of tranquillity, a long and tragic eclipse, the dawn of which appeared with Venizelos.

The last ordeal was the most terrible. Not only was this famous island, where the grape, the olive, and the orange abound, stripped bare and deserted, but the Cretans as a race were on the point of being annihilated. The Turk had fallen ferociously upon his prey.

We know that not only through a spirit of conquest, but also because of his ethnical character, the Turk, wherever he passes, destroys and never rebuilds. It is in a way his function to reëstablish wherever he sojourns those primitive deserts out of which his nomadic ancestors came. In Crete, along the highways which have been neglected since the domination of Venice, he has constructed here and there, at great distances, a few pretty and poetic fountains and charming cemeteries. But as regards everything else! Everywhere are crumbling buildings, deserted villages, swamps, and masses of scattered ruins, the scenes of periodic massacres, which have ceased only in the last ten years. Homer spoke of the hundred cities of Crete. How many remain? Only two, *Candia,* reduced to twenty thousand inhabitants, ceaselessly bled and pillaged, and Canea, the seat of the consuls and the government. For all that, this island has perhaps the most beautiful harbors of the Mediterranean; among others, Suda Bay, which is without parallel; and the harbor of Candia, which is unfortunately choked with sand. Despite its large families, despite its rustic and healthy way of living, this robust population, composed for the most part of farmers and herdsmen, has shrunk in a hundred years from a million to three hundred thousand, because, although ceaselessly persecuted, it never yielded, but has clung desperately to its independence, its religion, the ideal of its race.

I FIRST met Venizelos in his native island at the end of 1909; but before seeing him, I must say that I had felt his

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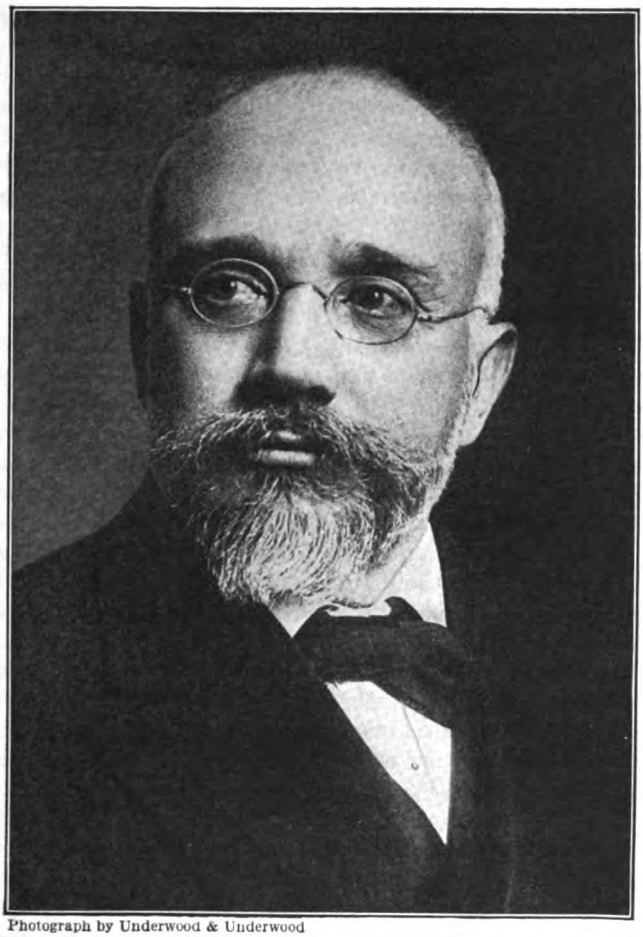

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

ELEUTHERIOS VENIZELOS

Premier of Greece

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influence everywhere, especially in Greece. Everything was waiting for him, everything clamored for him. I had just spent several weeks in the Peloponnesus and in Thessaly. At Athens I was the guest of Count Czernowitz, master of the horse to King George. Greece was in a state of revolution—a revolution that was to have good results; but the moment was grave.

Was this disorder the fault of Greece? Was it not rather a crisis normal to growth? At present, with the perspective of the past, I am more than ever of this latter opinion.

I upheld this optimistic view at the time in the Odeon of Athens, at a meeting where the representatives of all parties were present. It was also the opinion of the king, although he was the first to suffer from this military revolt.

"To think," King George said to me, "that in sixty years a people should be reborn! When I arrived here, almost a child, Athens was only a small village. Now it is a charming city, with large avenues, shaded by pepper-trees and bordered by new palaces in the ancient style. And Athens has been extended to the sea through the luxurious town of Phalerum and the commercial port of Piræus. Around Piræus alone are grouped more factories than are contained in the whole of Turkey."

Perhaps King George was not a great king, but he was a keen and honest spirit whose wisdom had grown directly out of the experience of his life. A Dane, he loved Greece as if he had been born there, as if she were really his own country. He was fond of his people, understanding their good qualities and their faults, and he desired the good of the state. But, in contrast to his son Constantine, who was later to betray the Constitution, he himself was scrupulously faithful. The Constitution did not allow him to intervene directly in public affairs.

But he lacked the necessary prime minister. One after another he tried the ability of the best members of his political following to hold the reins of government. Most of them were hack minds and belonged to the old order. They were dilettantes, capable enough in ordinary times, especially clever in expedients, but out of date. Their prestige, character, and stability were insufficient to cope with the occasion.

A storm was threatening the royal palace itself. A Military League had been formed which had grasped the command by force. Officers and soldiers, armed, assembled on August 8, 1909, in the camp of Goudi, a short distance from Athens. It was necessary not only to grant an amnesty to the rebels, but even to submit to their conditions. The Military League, under the direction of Colonel Zerbas, obliged the heir apparent and the other sons of the king to resign their commands and quit the army. I must mention that Constantine, who was then heir apparent, had already established a régime of nepotism, in which rank and favors came first to those officers who were his courtiers. The league, although illegal, had this much good in it: it responded sincerely to the aspirations of the country, which was suffering an epidemic of anarchy, corruption, and inefficiency.

I have already said that it was rather a crisis of growth than any national breakdown, as was feared. In truth, a very similar agitation was troubling the other Balkan States, too cramped within their frontiers. Greece, especially, was at that time too small. The limits which treaties had imposed on her deprived her population of their most legitimate territories. There were too few Greeks in Greece and too many elsewhere, not to mention that the richest and most enterprising were expatriating themselves to live in London, Paris, Marseilles, or New York. The powers gave scant attention to the demands of the little kingdom. King George, through his connection by marriage with the European courts and his sympathetic relations with the French Republic, obtained advantages which resembled favors. But a people should not receive favors; they should have justice.

Before 1909 Greece, driven to the end of her patience by Turkey, had already

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waged two wars against her under King George. These wars had ended unfortunately. Nevertheless, Greece had gained somewhat from them, for the powers had soon put a stop to them. But this attenuated responsibility, this difficulty in becoming an entity, made of Athens a sort of child capital, always restless, neurotic, and spoiled.

Idle talk had taken the place of activity in parliament. Party spirit, forgetful of the public welfare, stirred up quarrels, which were not even those of parties, but of ambitious persons who had rallied about them a greedy clique. Finance was in such a state of disorder that any verification or control had become impossible. As for the army, we have seen it was no longer under control. Nevertheless, it contained the healthiest elements in the nation. At the point of the sword it tried to cut short the empty discussions of the deputies and to bring about an immediate vote on urgent reforms. But a man of the hour was needed.

DIVINING dimly that the solution of the crisis would be found in Crete, and curious about some new archæological excavations, I landed at Candia with letters from the president of the council, M. Mavegmichalis. An escort of soldiers was given me, so that I might cross the mountains and penetrate as far as the ruins of Phœstos, which face the African continent. In the same fashion I returned later to Candia, going from there to Canea by way of Retimo.

IT was at one of our halting-places that the Cretan poet, M. X——, an insurgent himself, who later perished fighting the Turks as an aviator, told me the story of the fiery youth of Venizelos.

"Eleutherios Venizelos appeared in our political life when he was barely twenty years old," began the soldier-poet. "The liberal, or democratic, party had made him their leader—the party of the poor, of the 'barefooted,' as we familiarly called it. This group had at the moment the majority in the assembly. Venizelos belonged to a well-to-do family, and his father had already rendered great services to the cause. For his début he played a master-stroke, which marked a red-letter day in our parliamentary annals. Have you any idea of one of our Cretan assemblies? They are composed of veterans who cannot count their wounds, but these heroes have hot heads, and perpetual persecution and the fever of patriotism render them slightly fanatical. The minority of the opposition were simply eliminated. The young lawyer set his face against this. He spoke the first truly liberal and democratic words that we had heard in our country.

"'A party,' he cried, 'should not be founded merely on numbers, but on those moral principles without which it can neither accomplish useful work nor inspire confidence.'

"The older men, though they grumbled, submitted. A new era was begun. Before that we had been heroic hordes; now once more we became a people."

"And Venizelos did not long delay following his words with actions. We have just lived through [from 1887-1909] the most decisive period of our terrible history. Think, Monsieur, a few thousand men on this rock, without diplomacy, without an army, without wealth, resisted not only the last, perhaps the most violent, assaults of Turkey, but even of the whole of Europe combined, which with its war-vessels, with the expeditionary forces which it disembarked, with the declarations of its consuls, forbade us to fulfil our vow to unite with Greece, and maintained over us the Turkish yoke."

"The protecting powers have always been with you in heart and as much as they could in fact," I interrupted. "I am speaking of England, France, and Russia."

"It is true; but the German ogre had put forward as a dogma the integrity of the Ottoman Empire, and it was unwise to give this monster the occasion to show its claws. The powers acted wisely in order to maintain peace in Europe. We understood that; for although we are Cre-

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tans, that is to say, peasants in perpetual warfare, we are none the less Greeks, that is to say, citizens of the subtlest of nations. We have not ceased loving England and France, but we have proved to them that we are ready to die for our cause. Wait; here is another anecdote characteristic of Venizelos and Crete. You will admit that this time the words he used had an immediate effect, and the smell of gunpowder lends them something sacred and inspiring.

"It was in February, 1897," resumed the narrator. "At the head of the insurgents Venizelos had established his principal camp at Akrotiri, a short distance from the capital. I was there. On the rock the flag of the insurrection was raised; it was the Greek flag. We were within range of the cannon of the international fleet, which had received from their governments orders to suppress pitilessly any movement, any act of rebellion, against Turkey."

"'Lower your flag!' ordered the chief admiral.

"'Never!' replied Venizelos.

"'We shall bombard you.'

"'Do so.'

"At this reply Admiral Canevaro arranged his ships in order of battle and gave the command to fire.

"An Austrian vessel fired first. The symbol of the fatherland wavered and fell. There was a general stampede to see who could be the first to raise it again. The sailors, seeing this outburst of courage, cheered; but the cannon thundered again. The two-colored cloth was no longer anything but a fragment scattered in the wind; it drifted down on the indomitable brows of that little band, which alone, rather than abandon its ideal, had defied Europe.

"Later, when Colonel Egerton called on Venizelos to surrender, he replied, 'We have acquired this position at the price of our blood; death alone will force us to abandon it.' The colonel, who was a gallant man, had tears of admiration in his eyes," but could do nothing. He was obeying orders.

"Was it not madness to oppose the inevitable?" one of us asked.

"Perhaps," replied the soldier-poet; "but it was a useful madness—a madness that produced results. The world knew that we wished to be Greek. We are Greek, whatever happens, whatever comes. Public opinion declared itself for us in all the liberal countries. Moreover, our obstinacy gave our friends, especially in France and England, new reasons, new strength in our favor. In vain Germany took the part of Turkey. England, which with France upholds the principle of nationality, overbore Germany. A few months later, as you know, events justified our attitude, and with a violence that was the salvation of us. In September, 1897, the Ottoman soldiers were no longer content to murder and pillage the native Christians. They began to lay the blame on the consuls, and in a surprise attack massacred English soldiers and officers. The indignant powers sent an ultimatum to Turkey which forced her to withdraw her whole army and all her officials from the island."

"Had you then reached the long-desired goal?" I asked.

"No. Autonomy is not the goal; it is a step toward the goal. Isolated both from Turkey and Greece, without sufficient means of communication with the other nations, we could only perish. So we were obliged to go on protesting. I must admit, nevertheless, that after such struggles, such suffering, the idea of resignation was very tempting.

"The revolutionary assembly, which was being held at Arhanes, a village near Candia, had chosen Venizelos as its president. The province of Candia, weary of shedding its blood and spending its treasure to uphold the revolution, had decided to accept autonomy, which would procure it a momentary respite. Venizelos himself remained unshakable, but only sixteen delegates followed him; the majority came out for this semblance of doubtful independence.

"The discussion, already very violent, degenerated into a riot. The president

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was in danger of assassination. But he was no more willing to submit to his own men than he had been to foreigners. They separated enemies. During the night heads became heated; the house in which Venizelos was sleeping was surrounded and set on fire.

"Another man would have tried to escape or to parley. This Cretan hero,—I mean hero,—far from entreating his enemies, filled them with shame; he called these incendiaries to their faces, cowards, and renegades. He walked straight up to them. 'You shall not force me to fail in my duty,' he cried. 'History shall not accuse me of being a traitor. For our sake our fatherland, Greece, has shed its blood in a disastrous war. I shall be faithful to it until the end.' And without heeding either the fire or the armed men he passed through the rioters; then, with a faithful companion, insurgent forever, he went back to the mountains."

YES, stagnation was certainly the new danger, more perfidious because less apparent than the others. Against this temptation to give up which was assailing his fellow-countrymen, Venizelos spent ten more years alternately in patient diplomacy or in daring insurrections.

One of the sons of the King of Greece had been chosen as High Commissioner of Crete in December, 1889. It was a great step toward liberation, but it was not yet liberty.

Princes have a tendency to believe that they have been blessed with infallibility from heaven. Prince George did not keep Venizelos long as his chief counselor. This tutelage, although necessary, weighed too heavily upon him. He preferred courtiers who flattered even while they deceived him. From that time forth the high commissioner began to make blunders, of which the two gravest were extremes in quite contrary directions. In a sort of juvenile fatuity he first promised the Cretans, those spoiled children, an impossible thing, immediate annexation. As for the second error, it resulted from the first. The powers having replied a categorical refusal, the prince ardently embraced autonomy and wished to make a stable little kingdom out of a temporary post. That meant to halt half-way to the goal. Venizelos could not permit it.

Once again his partizans proclaimed at Therisso, in 1905, "the political union of Crete with the Kingdom of Greece in a single state, free and constitutional." The Cretan deputies joined the insurgents. The island was agitated. The powers landed troops to maintain order.

The situation of the prince became untenable. He was made to understand that his dignity demanded that he resign. Irritated and embittered, he returned to his father.

He was replaced by M. Zaimis, a former president of the council and a deputy of the Hellenic parliament. This gentleman assumed his duties; then, in order to suggest to Europe a more radical solution than autonomy, he left the island on a plausible pretext and, being a discreet man, did not return.

Venizelos made use of this situation to obtain new concessions. He installed a government in the name of the King of Greece. Greek officers were placed at the head of the police and the militia. A new Minos, but uniting to wisdom the gift of improvisation, Venizelos created in twenty-one days a complete system of Cretan jurisprudence in all its branches. As if by enchantment all troubles had ceased. The consuls did not return. As it was necessary at any price to maintain the hypothetical suzerainty of the sultan, it was understood that a Turkish flag of cast-iron should be set up on a little island in Suda Bay, but Greek flags floated over the entire island. The great drama was ended by a conjurer's trick. Annexation existed as a fact while awaiting an occasion which would permit it to be proclaimed officially.

IT was during this interval, on December 2, 1909, that I was introduced to Venizelos.

The Cretan statesman was then living at Halepa, on a height dominating Canea.

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His one-story house was of a patriarchal simplicity. In order to show me in, an island servant interrupted his work of raking. The insurgent's study was modest and rustic, with a large table encumbered with magazines, books, and notes, and with arms hanging on the wall.

He received me with a cordiality that went to my heart. He knew my love for his country. Venizelos is a lettered man. He treated me at once as a friend. Later, when we met again, he always greeted me with the same simple and warm-hearted manner. Venizelos was very simply dressed; one would have taken him for a university professor or a pastor if, under the large spectacles, his eyes had not shone so keenly, so clearly that one felt reflected in them the glitter of bayonets as much as the wisdom of books. His brow was powerful, his mouth full of will, and framed in a mustache and a beard which already in 1909 was a little gray. His passionate nostrils quivered. Something indescribably sage and authoritative, vital and grave, emanated from his whole person; he seemed a new type of the Mediterranean, in which were combined the diverse qualities of the Oriental and the European.

One felt that he was holding his ardor in check; his speech was ready, but discreet. His gestures were restrained. How different he seemed to me from the other Cretan chiefs, so naïve and *exaltés,* and from the politicians of continental Greece, blustering and loquacious, who sought him out and rebuffed him at the same time, recognizing in him a master who would soon stop them from indefinitely dividing an egotistical power.

Rarely have I seen incarnated so completely in one person the man of action and the student. While he was in the very midst of those guerrilla combats he had found the time to familiarize himself, quite alone with a dictionary, with foreign languages, particularly English and French, which he speaks and reads with elegance.

I listened to Venizelos; already he had ceased to be the leader of an island in revolt or even the chief of a party; he was the inspired representative of all Hellenism. There was nothing aggressive about him. Statesmen like him do not resign themselves to war until they have used all possible means of conciliation. But, once decided, they go through to the end. Venizelos is a pacific mind, a born negotiator, whom destiny and duty have made an indefatigable fighter.

The exact notes taken at the moment I was talking with him I have now before my eyes. His conversation was truly prophetic. It was three years before the two Balkan wars and five years before the Great War. The Young Turks were the favorites of Europe, whose divisions they exploited; but Venizelos already lived in the future, and the approaching cataclysms were to find him ready.

"Will Turkey be able to regenerate itself?" he asked. "I do not know. But, far from being jealous, we hope she will. Consider that in Turkey in Europe and in Turkey in Asia, for every eight million Turks there are five million Greeks. We have, therefore, the right to obtain a large place in a constitutional and liberal Ottoman Empire. Did not the Roman Empire of the East become naturally, without effort, a Greek empire? Constantinople is, on the whole, a Greek city. The majority of the population are Hellenic, and our language is spoken there more than Turkish. The most civilized ethnic element ought in time to win the preponderance of power. But the Young Turks have already forgotten their promises of a joyous future. They have redoubled their fanaticism. They persecute us. They wish to exterminate us. An entente has therefore become necessary between the Hellenes and the Slavic peoples who are our neighbors. For my part, I am ready to hold out a loyal hand to the Serbs and to the Bulgars to prepare together for the common danger."

Venizelos had already in mind the precise plan of this Balkan alliance, of which the realization three years later enabled him to extend the frontiers of Greece beyond Saloniki, even beyond Kavala.

We discussed the destinies of Hellenism. Already Venizelos saw that they

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were bound up in a special way with those of England and France. The same culture unites us. The present Greek type approaches very closely that of meridional France. Against the barbarism which always comes from the lands of the Cimbri and the Teutons, and, on the other hand, against the savage hordes of Asia, it is necessary for the civilized peoples to mass themselves if they wish to live. In the Orient the Greek is the advanced sentinel of our culture, which from Athens and Rome has communicated itself to Paris and London and which has emigrated thence across the Atlantic. We must never let that ancestral torch be extinguished, which the Huns, who think themselves eternal, are always menacing, whencesoever they come.

To the boat which was going to take me back to Athens, still in turmoil, Venizelos sent one of his ministers to bid me good-by and present me with an inscribed photograph. My heart had been touched by the sufferings of the martyr island; my brain vibrated with the noble conceptions of Venizelos. The Parnassus of Athens having urged me on my return to communicate my impressions to its learned members, I expressed the hope that the hero might come, and I stated my opinion that for Greece he would come from Crete, that is to say, from the new Sparta. Was not Venizelos the man for the situation, he whose young maturity had already given its proofs, who had not been corrupted by evil ambitions and who, having experienced it, knew how to dare, as the saying is, to live dangerously?

Some months later, in fact, he was named by an immense majority first deputy of Athens. At Piræus they received him as the longed-for regenerator with an enthusiasm that had no precedent. A whole flotilla of ships and yachts went out to meet him. A delegation of his colleagues boarded his boat to offer him welcome. At Athens the corporations marched in procession to salute him with the flag at their head. From the balcony of his hotel Venizelos addressed the crowd.

He would only have had to say a word to be named dictator, or, rather, he would not have had to say anything; he would only have had to let things carry him.

What did he do? He undertook the defense of the monarchy. Under his windows the crowds shouted, "A Constituent Assembly!" meaning by this an assembly which would alter the fundamental articles of the Constitution and abolish the royal privileges, perhaps even the monarchy itself. The Cretan liberator wished to be truly the liberator of Greece. From his balcony he replied:

"No, my friends, not a Constituent Assembly; only a revision."

But the intoxicated crowd kept on shouting, "A Constituent Assembly!" But Venizelos staked everything on a single throw, prepared to risk his popularity. With increased energy he replied, "Revision!"

Was he not accustomed to oppose his partizans as much as his adversaries? This time he carried all before him. His firm attitude won the day with the changeable populace of Athens. A respectful silence fell. The judgment of wisdom was accepted.

That night for the first time in many months the king slept in peace.

He did not, of course, love this newcomer, who had given him his security at a stroke. Grave enough misunderstandings divided them. Had not the partizans of Venizelos obliged the king's son to abdicate in the most pitiful manner in Crete? No matter; the safety of the country was at stake. From two sides there was danger of violence. The monarch acted in a way that was worthy of him. He summoned to the palace the man whom the people had elected. The latter drew up his program, and promised that if he were given a free hand in *five years* a new Greece, strong and respected, would be ready for all eventualities. In point of fact, *two years* sufficed for the announced transformation to be effected.

First of all, the Military League, which had ceased to be useful, was dissolved. The soldiers again became silent and obedient. Venizelos himself proposed and

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signed the decree reëstablishing the princes in the army.

I pass over the difficulties and the snares, even the criminal attempts, instigated against the new prime minister by the ancient holders of power. The people, the king, and Venizelos quickly formed a single block. Between them they established a reasonable pact, which ought never to have been broken.

The new elections gave an almost unanimous vote for the reformer. The speech which he then delivered to the chamber deserves to be quoted in its entirety. Here at least are a few of the essential phrases:

"I do not promise that the golden age will be inaugurated in a day. The disease has been serious. The treatment will be long. But what I do promise is that the treatment will be severe and radical. The first duty of a public man is to sacrifice his personal interest and that of his party to the general interest of the country. It is also his duty to speak the truth to great and small equally, without fearing the displeasure which his loyalty may provoke. The men at the head ought to set the example of an absolute submission to the law; otherwise how can they win their fellow-citizens to follow them? That is my fundamental principle. The statesman ought to seek power not as an end in itself, but as a means of realizing a program that has sprung from patriotism. He should not hesitate to resign if to remain at the head of the Government means that he has to renounce his ideal."

This declaration is beautiful; but more beautiful and more extraordinary still is the conduct of one who, having a program, never ceases to conform to it. It would take too long, though it would be interesting, to describe in detail the work of the reformer. Let us content ourselves with mentioning certain of the more important matters.

Venizelos created a new ministry especially concerned with commerce, industry, and agriculture, previously disdained to the point of being completely ignored. There was no more favoritism. Equity reigned at last. Public instruction, justice, the police, and finance were reorganized with rapidity and success. As for the army, it was the object of particular care. Thanks to Venizelos, a military mission came from France, with General Eydoux at its head. These instructors brought men and material to the state of perfection of which the victories of 1912 and 1913 were a splendid demonstration. On the other hand, Venizelos asked England for a naval mission. Greece became a force, because she had returned to silence, order, and work.

This transformation of the Greek Army was the true instrument of that Balkan alliance of which Venizelos was the initiator, as we have already said, though it is not without value to recall it. Bulgars and Serbs hesitated to unite with Greece, which the Turks had easily vanquished in two previous wars; but a few days after the great manœuvers of 1912, under the direction of General Eydoux, the military attachés of Bulgaria and Serbia themselves begged to sign the treaty.

More indolent than the Serbs and the Bulgars, Turkey closed her eyes to the military and political progress of Greece. Ill informed, she did not take this rapid regeneration seriously. Up to the last moment she refused to admit it, and remained at once disdainful and provocative. It took the irresistible victories of the Polykares and the capture of Saloniki to make her realize her mistake, but too late.

I shall say nothing more about these glorious events, which are too recent and too well known and belong to history.

It was a memorable day when the Cretan delegates entered the Hellenic parliament. The injustice of old was righted forever. The war abruptly crowned the work of patience and courage pursued by Venizelos. Since 1912 Crete and Greece have been inseparable.

THIS work he continued with success at the conference of London, where the delegates of the Balkan peoples and the representatives of the vanquished Turks met face to face. Despite the valor of the plenipotentiaries assembled at Saint

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James's Palace, Venizelos dominated them by his energy and his lucidity, and charmed them with his graciousness.

I shall not recount the treachery of the Bulgars, breaking the pact which bound them to the Serbs and the Greeks. The latter, with the aid of the Rumanians, having reduced to powerlessness their dishonorable allies of old, the peace transactions took place, this time at Bukharest.

There things went even better, although the situation was exceedingly delicate for the great Cretan. Rumania and Greece had formerly been involved in a diplomatic misunderstanding. The *amour propre* of the two nations had come into conflict over the question of the Koutzo-Valaques of Macedonia, whom both claimed as their citizens. But, since the conference of London, Venizelos had placed the cornerstone of Greco-Rumanian accord, which was realized at Bukharest. To resolve the difference, the great Cretan employed his customary weapons, frankness and loyalty. He immediately recognized the rights of the Rumanians, because they were just. After that, during the difficult discussions at Bukharest where the Bulgars, vanquished, but still insatiable, sought to gain the greatest possible amount of territory, King Charles and his ministers, instead of opposing the Greek claims or being indifferent to them, supported them. Thus not only Saloniki, but Kavala, after bitter negotiations, remained with Greece. It was a new victory and a very great one.

If the situation of Greece as regards Rumania was delicate, the problem of Epirus still more unfortunately divided Greece and Italy. His enemies in the interior have reproached Venizelos with not having sufficiently insisted upon the extension of that frontier. The friendship of Italy was well worth some sacrifice. Constantine, at that time crown prince, with the obstinacy which later led him to his downfall, desired in this case to confront the powers with an accomplished fact; he would have drawn down upon himself the ill will of Italy and even perhaps an immediate war. Venizelos stopped him with an imperative despatch. In exchange for concessions on the side of Albania, he was able to acquire Scio and Mitylene. We can foresee in the future, if Venizelos remains in power, as everything indicates he will, a Greco-Italian understanding which, after the Great War, will be an element of durable peace in the Mediterranean.

We enter now the most difficult period of this magnificent and stormy career. We are approaching the most redoubtable crisis which Greece has undergone since the proclamation of her independence. Through the fault of a treacherous king she was on the point of falling into an abyss, and would have done so had not Venizelos, with the aid of the Entente, known how to extricate her by the force of his skill and vigor.

We know that the pretext which served Constantine as a screen for his dubious tactics was neutrality.

Well, if the policy of Venizelos, as we have tried all too briefly to explain it, has been well understood, the true enemy of Greece is Germany even more than Turkey. Under the pretext of neutrality Constantine dragged Greece into the wake of the Central empires, inflicting upon her at the same time both moral degradation and the neglect of her destiny and hopes.

Even after two recent and successful wars, which had doubled her territory, Greece could not exist and defend herself except in our orbit; otherwise she would have become the sport of the kaiser, the vassal of Austria, the victim of Bulgaria, which have together ambitions in regard to Saloniki and are inevitably the accomplices of Turkey. More, both occasion and honor demanded that Greece, united to Serbia by treaty, should not allow her to be crushed. Honor and, if I dare say so, self-interest, demanded this; for Serbia is her rampart against the Central empires.

Is it necessary also to mention the gratitude which Greece owes to those protecting powers which permitted and helped her birth, England, France, Russia? These three countries have a right of surveillance, and the Constitution is their guaranty. Finally, because of its shape

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as a peninsula, Greece depends, in order to live, to breathe, to secure a food supply, on the combined fleets of France and England. Thus honor, moral obligation, and geographical necessity, traditions of culture, present and future self-interest, treaties, everything binds Greece to the Entente.

No one could have failed to understand this except a king short-sighted in his personal point of view, influenced by a German wife, hypnotized by the lying promises of the kaiser, infatuated with a little military success which was mostly due to the excellent preparation of the Hellenic army by the French General Eydoux, to whom he had hastened to show his ingratitude in a toast famous at Berlin.

Venizelos himself, in his Greek patriotism, and with that uprightness of an honest man which shines through all his actions, has never ceased being the friend of England and France. He would prefer first to give up his power, then once more become a rebel rather than be, through resignation or silence, the direct or indirect accomplice of a suicidal policy. But before adopting these extreme measures and accepting as his own this principal formula of the "Declaration of the rights of man and of the citizen," "When the Government violates the rights of the people, insurrection becomes for the people and for each portion of the people the most sacred of rights and the most indispensable of duties," Venizelos did everything to make the king see reason.

At the moment of the expedition to the Dardanelles he judged it an opportune hour to enter the war. Once more the reconstruction of a Balkan league was his immediate aim. At this period especially such a military coalition of Bulgaria, Rumania, Serbia, Greece, thrown together into the balance, could have annihilated Turkey and isolated and encircled Germany. Bulgaria, it is true, demanded concessions. Venizelos, who knows how to pay where a thing is worth the price, was ready to grant them. We have never had a more intelligent or loyal friend. Greece at this moment, through his initiative and self-denial, was to become the chief factor of our success in the East.

The two memoranda which he addressed in January, 1915, to King Constantine should remain in history as the proofs of an inspired intuition, of a superior political morality, and of an incomparable devotion to his country and to humanity. Venizelos acted in agreement with England. In this war, where German diplomacy has made every imaginable effort to separate the Allies, to follow the policy of England has always been the sign of a true understanding of the interest of the Allies and particularly of the interests of civilization and of France. Here again England was logical with its doctrine and its historical acts of liberation for great or small peoples. The United Kingdom had made it understood that important compensations would be granted Greece in return for its immediate intervention—compensations according to rules that would be arranged after the war. These compensations were in complete accord with the rights of nationalities.

I shall quote Venizelos here literally, condensing his wise and patriotic previsions.

"I believe," he wrote to King Constantine, "that the extension of territory which we could demand in Asia Minor would surpass 125,000 square kilometers; that is to say, the same extent as that of Greece at present, doubled as it has been by two wars. It is true we should have to make some concessions to Bulgaria in order to obtain its friendly neutrality or its alliance—that is the districts of Sali-Chaban, Kavala, and Drama. But this is a matter of only two hundred square kilometers, a territory that is rich in tobacco plantations, but does not compare in richness with this portion of Asia Minor, which, moreover, would bring back to the mother country more than 800,000 Greeks, while the cession of Kavala would lose us only 30,000. The victory of the Entente is a victory for us, whereas the triumph of Teutonism means the absorption of the whole of Asia Minor by the

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Central empires, to our detriment. Not to take part in this war at once, side by side with the Entente, is to destroy, perhaps forever, our Hellenic aspirations concerning the other side of the Ægean Sea.

"Yes, we should go to the help of Serbia unless we are to dishonor ourselves by breaking our treaties of alliance. Moreover, if, indifferent to our moral obligation, we remain passive, we shall acquiesce in the overturning of the Balkan equilibrium in favor of Bulgaria, and she, having grown stronger, could attack us later when we should be stripped of allies and friends.

"Therefore, not to help Serbia at present would be only to defer an intervention which would certainly take place later and in far less favorable circumstances. Serbia would indeed be already crushed, and our arms would have become insufficient before the coalition of the enemy. On the other hand, having refused to-day the overtures of the great powers, we would not be able even in case of victory to count on definite compensations for the aid which we should have to give all the same."

The king shuffled at first, then he reconsidered and refused. What had occurred in the interval? The secret of the mystery lies in the German propaganda in the court and throughout the country.

Venizelos resigned. Nevertheless, the election in June having given to his party an enormous majority, and the president of the chamber being one of his followers, he was once more summoned by the king and took oath in August, 1915.

Events followed rapidly. The allied troops disembarked at Saloniki. Then the Bulgars entered the war. Venizelos persuaded the king not to oppose the landing of the Allies at Saloniki, in order to have something to depend upon in resisting the real invaders. This was the last issue in which the king and his minister were more or less in accord. The rupture was not long in coming. The sinister influences from outside united with the old parties against the great man. More and more the queen dominated the king. The king, accustomed from his youth to admire the kaiser, drew closer and closer to him, receiving instructions and even money from him. (The forthcoming Greek White Book will prove this.) Constantine transgressed the Constitution, abrogated it. Venizelos retired, this time with finality; for the king had firmly decided no longer to leave his legitimate right of initiative to the minister, despite the chamber and the people's having repeatedly designated him. The king wished to impose his criminal caprice upon the representatives of the nation. He dismissed them arbitrarily and repeatedly; finally he obtained by equivocal means a parliament which was in his own hands, but no longer represented Greece, two classes of electors having abstained from voting because they were Venizelists.

Little by little the situation of the friends and followers of the great Cretan became intolerable. They were suspects who presently came to be regarded as conspirators. In the streets of Athens and even in their own homes they were hunted down, imprisoned, and even murdered. The king had acquired a certain military prestige during the reign of his father, and with the aid of the counsel of Venizelos he profited by this to fill the army with fanaticism. The city folk, venal or timid, deliberately and by order traduced the great patriot. German money served to win over the populace. To those Bulgars whom, as crown prince, he had flattered himself with having vanquished, and to whom he had been unwilling to yield, as he said, even a thimbleful of Hellenic territory, despite the magnificent compensations of Asia Minor, to these same Bulgars Constantine now handed over for nothing the forts of Rupel and the port of Kavala. He gave orders to his troops not to resist the invaders. He also abandoned Macedonia to the Germans and to the Bulgars, who possessed themselves of Greek material, munitions, guns, heavy artillery. He was an accomplice of those *Boche* submarines which sank our war-vessels and our hospital-ships. Pretending to bow before each new ultimatum of the Entente, he

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freely gave information to his imperial brother-in-law about everything that concerned the camp at Saloniki. He solicited an offensive of Mackensen against General Sarrail, and promised to attack from the rear our soldiers, who would thus be caught between two fires. Finally, he crowned his treason by the massacre of our marines and our troops at Athens.

Venizelos, who saw the sanguinary clouds of the storm gathering, said to himself that Hellenism was lost if he did not sacrifice himself by a spectacular protest. Inasmuch as the King of Greece was nothing more than a vassal of Germany, the world should know that the healthy elements of the country would revolt rather than accept such shame before history.

Having succeeded in escaping from the Peloponnesus in time, Venizelos returned to his native isle, and there raised anew the flag of the sacred insurrection. Crete, the isles, the "new Greece," with Saloniki as in some sort its capital, responded to his appeal. The honor of the country was saved. Directly there were enough Greeks about Venizelos, so that during the darkest hours of this eclipse it could not have been said that a people so intelligent, so civilized, so valiant, the race of Canaris, of Bozzaris, of Maurocordatos, the great ancestors of the Independence, had belied their work and, after having been able gloriously to throw off the yoke of the sultan, had submitted without protest to the yoke of the kaiser. In that instant Venizelos saved the soul of Greece in expectation of saving the whole of her, her territory as well as her honor, which he is to-day attempting to do, and will succeed in doing.

THESE were tragic hours. When Venizelos began his work of justice and purification, the "old Greece" was under the militaristic hand of Constantine through the populace that he armed, the legions which he deceived, the general staff which he filled with his own illusions of German invincibility, his reptile Germanic press, which corrupted and misled public opinion. For their part, France and England were chivalrous; they refused to violate the king's will even if it was treacherous and crafty. Constantine profited by our scruples and abused them; to him they seemed weaknesses.

Venizelos carefully noted all this; his patience merely set itself more firmly to the imperious task. His provisional government, installed at Saloniki, was nothing without an army. He would give it one, and this army would be truly the national army of Greece, raised up against Germany, the Bulgarians, and the Turks. But an army cannot be made on the spur of the moment. Very well; all the same, Venizelos would improvise his. The Entente put off advancing the indispensable millions. The inspired Cretan would overlook this; he would not wait. He issued an internal loan; this loan was a success, and with the money raised he mobilized his men. What was the astonishment of General Sarrail when he received an invitation from Venizelos to review the first legions of Hellenism reborn! "It is a juggler's trick!" he exclaimed. But surprise turned to admiration when the statesman, who was also the great rebel, showed the commander of the French army of the East that all was ready and organized: command, instruction camps, orders, schedules, everything. Sixty thousand men could take their place immediately on the firing-line.

From that time on the protecting powers hesitated no longer; they gave Venizelos all the collaboration necessary.

There remained, however, the task of disembarrassing Greece of this king who, though not even a foreigner, was an enemy.

The spirit of Venizelos had not entirely deserted the Peloponnesus, where the souls of true patriots were suffering, hoping for the triumph of the liberator. We already know about the brilliant success of the mission of M. Jonnart, which resulted without striking a blow, in the abdication of Constantine. M. Jonnart and M. Venizelos were made to understand each other, being both of them men of wisdom, energy, and a sense of duty. Venizelos assured M. Jonnart that our soldiers

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would receive in Thessaly an enthusiastic welcome. He approved the plan of the French high commissioner — a plan the success of which was as rapid as it was complete. In argument with the Allies, Venizelos thought that the treachery of the king was only an accident and that a king was still necessary to his country, but a king respectful of the rights of the people, a "crowned republic." He himself advised the choice of Prince Alexander. When he had barely returned to power he did not lose a moment. The diplomatic agents of the Central powers received their passports. Traitors were punished. This time all Greece was free, and in this way became a new ally for us.

This ally is more important than one would think, for, as we said at the beginning of this article, Hellenism is spread through the entire world. These Greek colonies, perhaps for the very reason that they escape party influence, have guarded jealously the sacred flame of patriotism. Especially at London, Paris, Marseilles, and New York, the Greeks, from the very first, have been for Venizelos; they have rejected the policy of the brother-in-law of the kaiser. Friends of order and yet democrats, manufacturers, merchants, farmers, bankers, simple working-men as well as powerful capitalists, honoring the country which has shown them hospitality, these colonists have preserved for the most part a spark of the genius of their ancestor, Ulysses. Ulysses himself had also this instinct for travel, which his distant great-grandsons have inherited. But, once more like Ulysses, they have their eyes always turned toward their immortal fatherland, where the first European civilization was born, whence it illuminated the world, and where after this war it will shine with a greater and more secure brilliance.

How far will his star lead Venizelos? Who can say? This star is also that of Hellenism; for, as we have seen, since 1887, when at twenty-three years of age he was elected liberal deputy of Crete, all his actions have been linked with the regeneration of his country. We may be certain that he will continue to guide Greece not only toward national grandeur, but toward a superior moral ideal. The era of Machiavelli and Bismarck is ended. We have arbitrarily tolerated in statesmen customs and methods which in an ordinary citizen of average honesty would be judged dishonorable. No, political success does not go necessarily with intrigue. On the contrary, we believe that if it is to be durable, it must be impregnated with morality. Flattery, lies, tricks, abuse of power, that which is criticized and condemned in private life, should not serve as a spring-board for a public man.

For the new order which is to arise from it new men will be needed. Venizelos is one of them. Only yesterday the art of leading, or rather of fascinating, other men had devolved upon fine orators, clever men of affairs.

But character should once more take the first place, for it is the source of noble and useful action. In speaking of Venizelos, it would be well to evoke also the great shade of Garibaldi, the insurgent patriot, the soldier of humanity. The man who has known how to risk his life for his country, for humanity, has the right to demand from others great sacrifices.

Having fashioned himself, Venizelos is in process of refashioning his people after that ideal which America has formulated and for which she herself is fighting. For its dramatic and symbolic significance the life of Venizelos could from now on be inserted among the "Lives" of Plutarch or the "Representative Men" of Emerson.

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A WOUNDED *BOCHE* PRISONER BEING CARRIED BY FOUR SOUTH AFRICAN SCOTS

War and the Physician

By FREDERICK PETERSON

Yen Hui, the physician, went to take leave of Confucius.

"Whither are you bound?" asked the master.

"I am going to the State of Wei," was the reply.

"And what do you propose to do there?"

"I hear that the Prince of Wei is of mature age, but of an unmanageable disposition. He behaves as if the State were of no account, and will not see his own faults. Consequently, the people perish; and their corpses lie about like so much undergrowth in a marsh. . . . The science of medicine embraces many and various diseases. I would test my knowledge in this sense, that perchance I may do some good to that State."—Chuang Tzu.

IT has taken us a long time to learn that the body politic is subject to disease much as individual men are. Evil germs in the state beget poverty, crime, debility, paralysis, megalomania, lust of power, and that form of madness which is called war. Amnesias sometimes result from too much accumulated wealth, whereby nations forget the hard-won wisdom of the ages. Insane kings, mad, irresponsible mobs, whole masses of the people affected with religious manias or dancing manias, as in the Middle Ages, recur in history. The flagellants were an instance. The crusades were a kind of madness. Twenty thousand children followed the boy Nicolas of Cologne down that long trail of bones and human dust. Not one lived to reach Jerusalem.

Though the fact is beginning to be recognized that nations, like persons, may require treatment for disease, physicians are rarely called upon to take part in government and they have never sought political distinction. It is an accidental circumstance to find a doctor in Congress; two, as now, in the House of Commons; and a physician, Clemenceau, as premier of France. Yet it may come to be otherwise in the future. There is much in the knowledge of medicine to fit a man for

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the high calling of lawgiver and leader of the people.

"The health of the people is the foundation on which repose the power and happiness of a country. The care of public health is the first duty of the statesman," said Disraeli.

The science of medicine runs in the very stream of life, growing ever wider and deeper, a true example of creative evolution, free, and not fixed and bound by archaic precedents. Its ideal is for every citizen a sound mind in a sound body. While his daily practice is still to seek to cure the ills of mankind, the physician is now fully awake to the immensely greater importance of preventive medicine. His far-reaching hope is to banish evil heredity, in order that human children may be born normal and healthy, with a chance to continue so throughout life. This goal need not be regarded as an impossible dream. To-day everywhere our only task is the impossible. We have no choice. We *must* achieve it.

To reach this goal of national health, then, the physician's accumulated knowledge and experience must be brought to bear upon the laws which relate to fit marriages, to housing and the food supply, to education, occupations, recreations, hygiene, and sanitation, to contagious diseases, alcoholism, poverty, and crime; in short, upon every law which relates directly or indirectly to the health and well being of the people. His interest reaches into the deeps of sociology, biology, and philosophy, to the relations between persons and groups, between nations and races. The interests of medicine are fixed only by the boundaries of life itself. When the great state, with its great free municipalities, is at length established, when war and poverty and disease and unemployment, as we know them, have been banished to the vast rubbish-heap of man's out-grown ignorance and folly, it may be that the physicians of that nobler time will be expected to frame wise laws not only to insure individual health, but to prevent the diseases to which the organism of the state, the body politic, has in all earlier social stages been subject. It is certain that the doctor is coming to be more and more regarded as a public servant, with increasing responsibility for the general weal or woe.

To him "All men are brothers between the four seas." On the battle-field he is a neutral. The Geneva Convention, adopted by most civilized nations, defines him as such. His patriotism must be large

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THE VISIT OF KING GEORGE TO A BASE HOSPITAL—NOTICE THE WAY THE BEDS ARE COCKED UP TO MAKE THE MEN MORE COMFORTABLE

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DIGGING OUT THE WOUNDED FROM A FIRST-AID STATION THAT HAD BEEN BLOWN IN BY A SHELL

enough to include the sick and wounded enemy.

At the opening of the Pasteur Institute in 1888, the great founder Pasteur closed his address by saying:

Two opposing laws seem to me now in contest: the one, a law of blood and death, opening out each day new modes of destruction, forces nations to be always ready for battle; the other, a law of peace, work, and health, whose only aim is to deliver man from the calamities that beset him. The one seeks violent conquests, the other the relief of mankind. The one places a single life above all victories, the other sacrifices hundreds of thousands of lives to the ambition of a single person. The law of which we are the instruments strives even through the carnage to cure the wounds due to the law of war. Science, obeying the law of humanity, will always labor to enlarge the frontiers of life.

So when "havoc and the dogs of war" are loosed, when all the hellish machinery of destruction is set in motion, the physician with his staff of stretcher-bearers and nurses must be on the field to succor the wounded. In the midst of the horrors of devastation, his task is still to guard as best he may those "frontiers of life" which to him are sacred. The excitement of combat, driving out fear, is not for him; not for him the primitive, elemental struggle of foe with foe, the fierce joy of the conqueror, the intoxication of triumph.

Under the rain of shot and shell and shrapnel, death falling in the air, unarmed, composed, he must use deft, steady hands, with all the delicate technic of his art to stanch the flow of blood, to cleanse and bind up wounds, and even, perhaps, to perform surgery, if need be, to save the life of some invader of his country. He treats friend and foe alike. To him there must be no difference. His business is with endangered life where political distinctions are swallowed up. While unarmed, as neutrals should be, physicians have been known to seize sword or rifle to defend their patients or a hospital from an implacable enemy.

Just as he ministers to suffering on the battle-field without distinction of belligerents, so the doctor treats the enemy back of his lines in hospitals and prisons and prison camps with the same solicitude, the same humane spirit rising above the rage of war. The courage and philosophy which he and his staff of aides and nurses must share with the soldiers on the battle-

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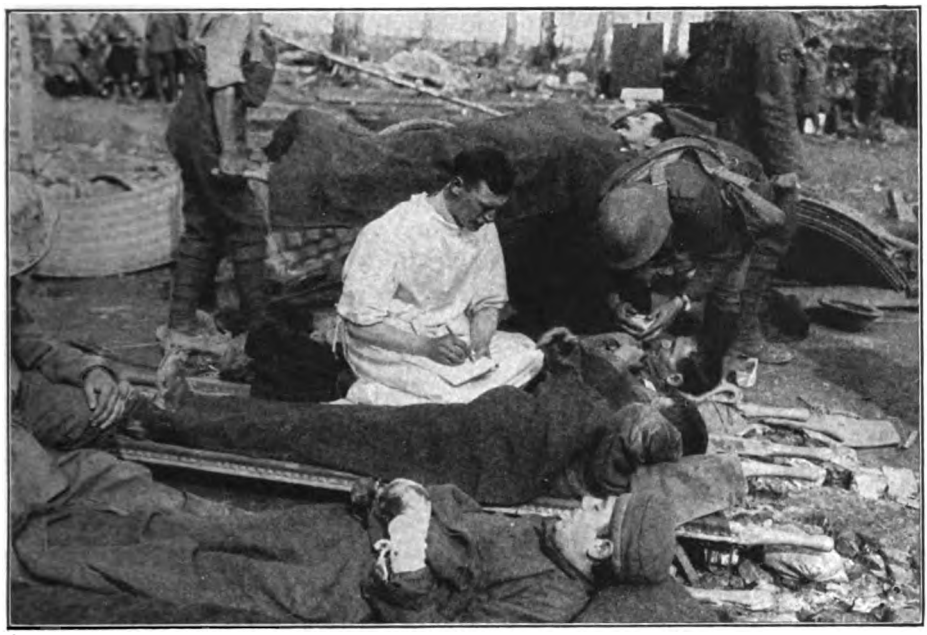

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WITHOUT DISTINCTION OF FRIEND OR FOE THE WOUNDED ARE LYING SIDE BY SIDE, CAREFULLY TENDED BY THE BRITISH A. M. C. A DOCTOR IS WRITING A LETTER HOME FOR A WOUNDED MAN

field are also needed to carry on medical work in the camps of enemy prisoners where dreadful diseases like cholera and typhus may abound. But such are the standards in all civilized countries of what medical conduct should be during war that it is very difficult to believe that any group of medical men anywhere could be brought to desert their own code of honor. Yet some terribly disconcerting stories have come to us in the reports of investigating commissions and government reports of the Allies in respect to the behavior of German medical men. These sworn statements by trustworthy witnesses seem incredible.

At the German prison camp Wittenberg there were from 15,000 to 17,000 prisoners confined in a space of ten acres, surrounded by wire entanglements. At the end of 1914 typhus broke out among them, and the entire staff of German medical and military officers, nurses and guards, fled from the camp. From December, 1914, to August, 1915, a period of eight months, there was no direct communication between the prisoners and their guards. Food and coffins were pushed over the wire fences through chutes. Six English medical officers, prisoners from other camps, — prisoners in violation of the international code of war which makes physicians neutral,—were put into this place to do the duty of the Germans, which they nobly did. Three of them died in this work. The three surviving English doctors make this shocking report. No appliances of any kind, no mattresses, dressings, bandages, stimulants, or soap, were furnished them. A German doctor named Aschenbach, whose name will doubtless go down in history, is said to have been sent by the kaiser to investigate. Hooded, masked, and clothed to avoid danger, he stood at the wire gate of the inclosure for an hour to ask questions, for which courageous act he is reported to have received an iron cross.

At the massacre of four hundred civilians at Tamines, after about half had been killed or wounded by rifle-fire, the rest, with the wounded, were finished off by the Germans with bayonet-thrusts. "By the light of lanterns they carried on the slaughter far into the night. Many of the slaughterers wore Red Cross badges

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on their arms." During their burial a German doctor ordered a man who was still alive to be buried with the rest.

In the sack of Proyart "Six or seven deaconesses in black clothes, with white coifs and Red Cross armlets, went into houses with the soldiers and took anything that pleased them."

At the burning and massacres of Charleroi, assisting in the work, "were two German doctors wearing Red Cross badges on their arms."

At the pillaging of Etoges "women attached to the German Red Cross participated in the thefts committed at the general shop, château, and private houses."

At the burning and pillaging of Raon-l'Etape the sick and wounded French were turned out of the civil hospital, and the German doctors who occupied it as a field-hospital "behaved scandalously in the place, getting drunk every night and rifling the quarters of the wounded or dead French officers. About a dozen mattresses, many blankets, and more than a hundred sheets were stolen. The doctor in command distinguished himself by his extraordinary brutality and coarseness."

"At Choisy-au-Bac two German army doctors, wearing their brassards, personally sacked the house of a family named Binder. At Château-Thierry some German doctors were made prisoners; their mess-tins were opened and found to be full of stolen articles. After Morhange a French doctor of the 20th Corps remained in the German lines to be near his wounded. He was accosted by one of his German confrères, who with his own hands stole his watch and pocketbook."

At Raon-sur-Plaine, after the retreat of the French troops, a French doctor remained behind with thirty wounded. The next day there came a German ambulance with a medical professor [name given] from the University of Heidelberg who intimated to his French fellow-doctors that he was "going to begin with a small customary formality." The formality was a simple one: his colleagues were to hand over to him "all the money they had on them." A French doctor makes affidavit: "I strongly protested, but we were compelled to hand over our purses and all their contents. Having relieved us in this way, he turned to our poor wounded, who were all searched and stripped of their money. There was nothing to be done. We were in the hands not of a doctor, but of a regular brute."

An almost unbelievable story has been current among American medical men that German surgeons were doing more amputations of legs among their prisoners than were necessary, such as amputations at the thigh for insignificant wounds of the foot or leg. The deposition of Dr. Bender in one of the reports reads as follows:

"A French soldier at Stenay was under my treatment. He had a wound of the foot, not very severe, which did not need an operation at all. What was my astonishment to find that a German army surgeon had amputated his thigh. I could not help expressing my indignation, and the surgeon's reply was, 'He will be a man the less against us in the next war.'"

In a foot-note to the above item it is related that a German doctor had made the following statement:

"Your doctors in France perform amputations as they please on our wounded. The order has therefore been given to amputate without hesitation, as reprisals, every damaged limb."

This would lend color to our surmise that if these attested statements are true, the German doctors may have been under orders from superior officers whom they dared not disobey. In the past their army doctors have been flogged on order from a colonel, and we may readily believe that in war-time they might pay with their lives for disobedience. These stories are inconceivable to the rest of the medical world, in which orders of the kind would be disobeyed and the consequences, whatever they might be, accepted. There should be some day, for the sake of the German medical profession, an international medical investigation of these alleged atrocities of physicians.

It is not to be doubted that later on

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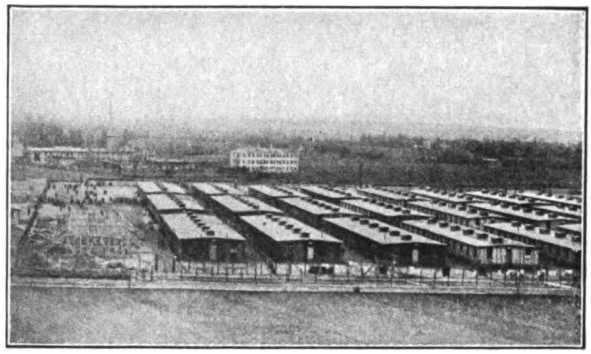
we shall hear true stories of courage, tenderness, mercy, and self-sacrifice among the German doctors as among our own. Surely they have died bravely in their own cause and for their own people. In a German periodical of February 29, 1916, it is stated that the German loss of physicians to that date had been eleven hundred and sixty-four killed and wounded. This statement and the following figures reveal the actual dangers to which physicians are exposed in the present war. The statistics are yet meager and difficult to find; but Lord Derby stated in the House of Lords in April, 1917, that four hundred doctors had been killed and wounded in the Battle of the Somme alone. It is estimated that since the beginning of the war more than three thousand British physicians have been killed and wounded. The casualties among doctors are believed to be proportionately greater in this than in former wars because every effort has been made to carry on emergency surgical work as close to the front as possible.



THE WITTENBERG CAMP FOR PRISONERS IN SAXONY

The organization at and behind the front for the treatment of the wounded in the present war is elaborate and efficient. The arrangements will be understood from the following brief outline:

1.—Each soldier himself carries simple emergency dressings and iodine to apply to a wound.

2.—The regimental aid post, virtually on the firing-line, is presided over by the regimental physicians and their stretcher-bearers in the trenches and generally without cover. The stretcher-bearers come from no-man's-land with their burdens to this point for swift diagnosis, hurried antiseptic dressing, and identification label, and then carry them to the next point.

3.—The advanced dressing station is a little farther back, but also in the zone of fire, is frequently underground, where by candle-light the staff of mercy gives urgent aid and even serious operative service, if necessary.

4.—The walking wounded collecting station is a series of tents still farther back, to which the walking wounded, who make up the larger proportion of casualties, go, and to which the more seriously injured come by stretcher and ambulance. From here they all go, always properly labeled, by motor-ambulance to the next station.

5.—The corps collecting station, where wounds are reëxamined and redressed, where there is a field operating-marquee, in which necessitous cases can be promptly attended to. From this establishment the long line of ambulances makes it way to the next.

6.—The casualty clearing station, where one meets with the first real hospital, with its clean beds, women nurses, baths, good food, flowers, music, gardens, complete surgical operating-theaters, where German and British wounded are treated alike. From these hospital trains and hospital barges go to the great base hospitals.

7.—The base hospitals are scattered throughout France, especially on the channel coast, where every specialty is represented, or by hospital ship overseas to England and Canada. In the Etaples district alone the base hospitals aggregate 35,000 beds.

This elaborate and thorough system is the one now in vogue on the British front, and was thought out and arranged to a great extent before the war. An effort is

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being made to simplify the method somewhat, if possible, for the American Expeditionary Force.

In a country where an army is to be raised and trained, virtually the only elements ready at once for service are the medical men. Their responsibilities and duties begin with the levying of the soldiers, who must all be examined to eliminate the unfit. Unfortunately, only the flower of the race is to be immolated on the unholy altar of war. Those mentally and physically most perfect pass the examinations, while the mentally or physically stunted are rejected as unsuitable for cannon-fodder. As they are gathered together in training camps and barracks, physicians must aid in the selection of sites and in the sanitary arrangements for the disposition of troops and their protection from infectious and contagious diseases. They organize and manage the camp hospitals for those who become ill or are injured in the course of training. The medical side of military organization has never been so thoroughly carried out in any previous war. All the specialties have been called in to assist. To mention only one instance, every young man entering our new army has been subjected to an examination for mental and nervous diseases by specialists in these subjects, and vast preparations are being made not only in this country, but in France, for the reception of nervous and mental cases in special hospitals as they come back from the front broken by the nervous strain and shock of war. This has been done because this war more than any other in history has shattered the nervous systems of the soldiers. We have never had a war in which the machinery of butchery was so highly and scientifically developed, with long-range rapid-fire guns, high explosives, poisonous gases, hand-grenades, flame-spouting cylinders, mines like volcanoes, tanks, bomb-dropping aëroplanes, and Zeppelins. It has been estimated that with an expeditionary force of one million men in France we shall receive two hundred and fifty insane men every month at the port of New York, and preparations have already been made for their reception, care, treatment, and distribution. But the war neuroses, or "shell-shock," cases are about four times as frequent as the cases of actual insanity. The British War Office employs the term "shell shock" to cover all cases of functional nervous disorder arising among its armies, though the term "war neuroses" would seem to be a better designation, since the shock of high-explosive shells is not the sole cause of these disorders, other factors being fear, fatigue, the noise, and the horrors seen.

War neuroses may be defined as nervous disorders, without apparent physical disease or injury, produced by the conditions of warfare. Among the types of war neuroses are such conditions as hysteria, temporary deafness, temporary blindness, loss of speech, stupor, confusion, amnesia, tremors, "jumpiness," functional paralysis of one or several limbs, anxiety states, nightmares, and hallucinations. No doubt modern warfare, so much more terrible and terrifying than earlier wars, has enormously increased the number of victims suffering from these functional nervous diseases. In our late Civil War such cases were classified as actual organic disorders, due to what was then called wind concussion or the "windage" of the shell. It was thought that the passing shell, though it did not touch the body, could simply by the impact of the air induce internal disruption of the spinal cord or brain or abdominal viscera. The war neuroses of that day, before we had a clear understanding of the difference between functional and organic diseases, and before nervous diseases had any real classification, were called actual paralysis, chorea, paralysis agitans, and the like, and indeed a great many were placed under the curious general heading of "nostalgia" (homesickness). There were as many as fifty-two hundred cases of nostalgia reported in the medical history of the Civil War, the great majority of them undoubtedly cases which would now be designated as war neuroses. The first good descriptions of these types of disease in warfare came after the war between Japan and Russia,

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CARRYING THE WOUNDED ACROSS THE YSER CANAL

though the present war has magnified their importance tenfold.

So great has been the number of war neuroses that all the embattled nations have established special hospitals for their treatment. Over a hundred books and pamphlets have recently been written upon the subject. These disorders being rather quickly curable, especially in the early stages, the attempt is made to treat them as near the front as possible. The farther removed they are from the site of origin and the longer they remain in the hospital, the more they tend to become chronic and incurable.

Incidentally, the great war has brought about a number of new conditions in relation to medical practice. The thousands of physicians required at camps and on all fronts has diminished the number available for the civil population and for the routine hospital work in our cities, and this shortage at home will grow worse unless it is made certain that medical students are exempted and allowed to go on with their work till graduation. In Great Britain many medical students at first went to the war and are in captivity now. Arrangements have been made to send books to them at the German prisons and a curriculum of study, so that in a foreign prison they may actually continue their progress toward graduation. Physicians have been handicapped by the scarcity and high price of many drugs, some having been quite unattainable. One of the most important, salvarsan, a German patent, is fortunately now being made in this country. In Great Britain it has become necessary to forbid the use by pharmacists of glycerin and sugar, hitherto employed largely in medicinal preparations.

On the other hand, the war has brought out important contributions to the progress of medicine and surgery in the way of improved antiseptics, valuable studies of various diseases, such as gas gangrene, trench fever, shock, and war neuroses, and new technic in the treatment of fractures and in all sorts of operative procedures.

Though the physician in war remains neutral as far as his work is concerned, his thoughts are free, and his knowledge of the effects of body upon mind is such as to throw side-lights at times upon the origins of even such a world disaster as the present war. In certain persons a curious reaction from physical infirmities has been observed. Napoleon's inordinate ambition and enormous egoism were probably exaggerated by the fact that he was

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physically small and insignificant. Tamerlane, who made himself master of nearly the whole of Asia, was lame, and, according to one of his biographers, "deformed and impious of feature." Pope, with his deformed body, became "The Wicked Wasp of Twickenham." Byron, doubtless spurred by his clubfoot, swam the Hellespont. The kaiser, with his arm withered from birth, Treitschke, stone-deaf from childhood, and Nietzsche, with years of brain disorder leading to paresis, were the unholy trinity of the new Teuton religion which has driven a whole nation into irresponsible fanaticism and almost wrecked the planet. King Richard III exclaimed:

"Then, since the heavens have shap'd my body so,
Let hell make crooked my mind to answer it."

Scheherazade

(A Dedication)

By MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

With words
You built a wall
To hold back Death.

Trembling with fear,
You went on building
Steadily, steadily.

Your ringed hands
Felt among words
For the ones that would sting,
That would wake,
That would cut and hew,
That would break,
That would heal,
That would kill,
That would raise,
That would still,
That would soothe,
That would light.

Night after night
Your wise, black eyes
Looked into the world
For words
To your use.

With words
You built a ladder
From one day to another;
With words
You made a chariot
To take you into safety.

One word means life;
Another death.
You, who know,
Guide my hand,
Scheherazade!

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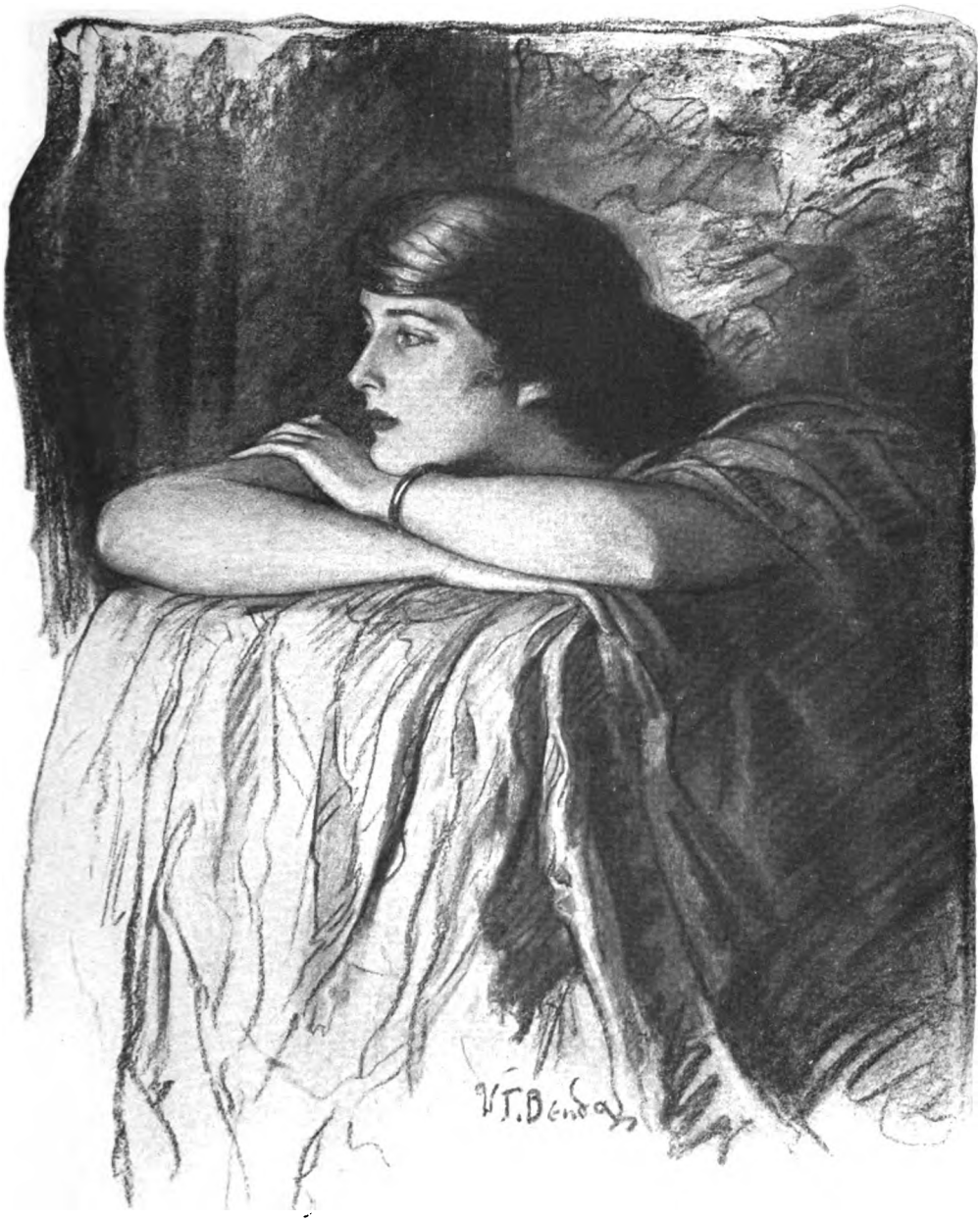

REVERIE
A Study made by Wladyslaw T. Benda

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ROSAMOND
A Study made by Wladyslaw T. Benda

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New Ideals for Peace

By FREDERIC C. HOWE

Author of "The High Cost of Living," etc.

THE formulæ of peace urged by President Wilson, the simple idealism of the Russian Revolutionists, the program of the Socialist Congress at Stockholm and of the working-men of Great Britain and Italy, are alike in demanding that the peace which is to come must be a people's peace. It must not be a dynastic peace. It must not be a diplomats' peace or a secret peace. The seeds of too many wars have been sown in settlements negotiated by diplomats in secret about the "green cloth of diplomacy." Such a peace is a class peace. It is a dishonest peace. It represents not peoples or nations, but dynasties, junkers, tories, imperialists, and privileged classes interested in a peace with power or profit to themselves. We have had one settlement after another during the last fifty years that was merely the prelude of another war. An imperialistic peace is not a peace. It is a continuation of the war. At most it is a truce. The world should rise in protest against a peace negotiated in secret or a peace arranged by those who brought on the war. The aim of democracy is not to end this war alone, but to end war.

The peace council which follows this war should be a gathering of representatives of all nations, small as well as great, rather than a gathering of diplomats and dynastic representatives. It should be a peace congress, not a diplomats' séance, and negotiations should be in public rather than behind closed doors. To this conference the small and subject nationalities should be freely admitted. They should speak for themselves, not through some greater power acting as a self-constituted attorney. And their rights of nationality should be recognized as of as high an order as the rights of any of the greater powers.

The peace congress should be a congress of civilization, a congress for the advancement of the world. It should recognize that the old nationalistic order has gone. It was destroyed by steam and electricity. The knell of narrow nationalism as well as of dynastic rule should be sounded by this war, and a new internationalism should seek to encourage in every possible way the culture and civilization and well-being of the world.

If history teaches anything, it is that only an idealistic peace will survive. Only a settlement based on principles so just that they will appeal to all mankind should be accepted. The world has paid too awful a price to be cheated of the only victory that will qualify the sacrifices made at the instance of the ruling classes. Moreover, an idealistic peace is the only practicable peace. And idealism between nations, as between individual men, means liberty, freedom, and equality of opportunity. Freedom is the alternative to imperialism. And imperialism, the lust for the lands of other peoples, is the cause of this war.

First, a people's peace must go back of 1914. The cause of war will not be found in the diplomatic notes of the summer of 1914. It will not be found alone in Belgium, Alsace-Lorraine, Serbia, or Mesopotamia. If we would have a durable peace, we must seek out the origins of war, which are to be found in the long competition for territories, for "spheres of influence," for the "closed door," for strategic harbors and waterways and land routes, for privileges of all kinds, a struggle which began about the middle of the last century and continued without interruption down

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to 1914. Unless this background of the war is known, unless the irritations and suspicions of forty years are allayed, unless justice is done in a big-visioned way, there cannot be that sense of equal-handed justice that is the surest guaranty of permanent peace. Imperialism has not only desolated Europe; it has desolated a great part of the world and made hundreds of millions of people subject to the greater powers. Imperialism should be the first casualty of the peace conference.

Second, the peace must be a negotiated peace. It must not be dictated. A humiliating defeat means another war, just as the crushing of Germany by Napoleon at Jena in 1807 meant the rise of Prussia, the German war of liberation, and preparation for the wars of Bismarck against Denmark, Austria, and France. The defeat of France by Prussia in 1871 left a desire for *revanche* in the mind of every Frenchman. So long as narrow nationalism and pride of victory remain the mainsprings of international relations, so long as there are ruling classes that find it to their profit to prey upon patriotism, so long will a humiliating defeat mean another war, competition for armaments, dreadnoughts, submarines, and destroyers. Only a negotiated peace can be a lasting peace. And only a peace that saves the self-respect of peoples will offer hope of disarmament, the birth of a new internationalism, and the substitution of some other means than war for the adjustment of disputes.

A punitive peace may be justified by the acts of Germany if the punishment could be exacted of the persons responsible for the war. But a punitive peace exacted of a nation is a dangerous foundation upon which to erect security for the world. It has not succeeded in the past. It created the problem of Poland, of Alsace-Lorraine, of Italia Irridenta, of the Balkan Peninsula. It has taken sixty years for the United States to live down Reconstruction and the carpet-bagger régime.

Third, economic freedom must be assured to the interdependent nations of the world. If the billion odd people under the dominion or quasi-dominion of one or the other of the powers were free to trade where they willed, no nation could complain if it was worsted in the contest. If the people of Egypt, Tunis, Morocco, Turkey, Asia Minor, Mesopotamia, Asia, and the continent of Africa were released from trade preference, then all the world would be put on its mettle in the competition for their favor. Rulers could not call their peoples to arms where no issue existed. And if to economic freedom we add the rights of all nations, great and small, to self-determination, to freedom from outside influence, to autonomy, subject only to such supervision as may be necessary to prevent interference by another power, we shall create conditions which make for peace rather than for war —conditions that make for easy understandings, conditions that will so stimulate trade and commerce that any losses due to the relinquishment of special privileges will be more than offset by the gains which follow. Such a peace involves equality of economic opportunity. It involves equal tariff arrangements. It means the denial of spheres of influence and the "closed door." It means that no power can dictate directly or indirectly the political or economic life of another.

Fourth, all nations and all peoples should be guaranteed the right to use the seas, the passageways to the seas, the land routes like the Bagdad railway, free from any actual or potential menace from any power. For the waterways and roadways of the interdependent world belong to the world. They unite peoples and empires. Upon them the life of the modern industrial state depends. And a potential menace to a trade route is almost as real a cause of conflict as is its exercise. With the whole world interdependent, with an annual overseas trade of $35,000,000,000, with distant states in closer relations than were adjoining ones a hundred years ago, the right to free and unimpeded contact with the outside world has become a natural right of all peoples.

These are elemental rights. They can be assured only by the concurrent agree-

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ment of all peoples. They are rights which cannot be exclusively enjoyed by any power. They must be enjoyed by the world at large. They are just as vital as were the territorial questions of an earlier age.

The chief trade routes of the world are those of the Mediterranean basin from the Pillars of Hercules to Persia, along with the projected Bagdad Railway from Austria-Hungary to the Persian Gulf. Other waterways are the Adriatic, the Kiel Canal, and the Baltic Sea. The Panama Canal gives the United States power over the trade of the world. Its exclusive possession is a potential menace to the shipping of other nations. All of these waterways and land routes should be placed under international control, as are the Great Lakes between the United States and Canada, which have been free from armed ships or fortresses for over a century.

Fifth, an idealistic peace should provide for the fullest possible development of all peoples. It should welcome the contributions of all states to the civilization of the world.

The world wants variety, not uniformity. Nations should be encouraged to be different. The world is enriched by the racial and institutional characteristics of many peoples. An idealistic peace will conserve the contribution of all peoples, be they great or small.

Sixth, there are age-long wrongs of subject peoples to be corrected at the peace conference. There are racial and nationalistic aspirations to be recognized and safeguarded. There are a dozen divergent races within the confines of Austria-Hungary. The peoples of the Balkan Peninsula are surging with nationalism. In Russia and Germany there are groups whose racial detachment has been preserved for centuries, and whose autonomous ambitions have been awakened by this war.

Autonomy will undoubtedly be conferred upon some European peoples now subject to one or the other of the greater powers. That should be assured to Poland, Bohemia, Finland, the Balkan States, and the countries of Asia Minor. Alsace-Lorraine should be freed from unwilling subjection. But the dismemberment of states is not probable, and autonomy can be secured in another way. Ancient Greece gave the idea of the federated state to the world, of independent communities joined for mutual advantage into a federated state. Within the little republic of Switzerland French, Italians, and Germans live in cordial relationship in different cantons, each canton enjoying the largest degree of autonomy consistent with the unity of the republic. There are no nationalistic conflicts in this little country, although great mountain-ranges and difference of speech separate one section from another and create natural obstacles to unity. The United States of America is the world's greatest example of the federated state in which each commonwealth retains to itself the control of its internal domestic affairs.

The federated state offers a solution for these nationalistic cravings that cannot be satisfied by complete autonomy. It can be applied to Austria-Hungary and Russia. It can be offered as a solvent to the Balkans. It suggests a form of organization long discussed for the British Empire. Such a federated state could even take cognizance of the many races inside of the different nations. It could satisfy the animosities of the Teuton and the Slav. It could insure to Bohemia, Finland, and Ukrainia an opportunity for the fullest possible cultural development and the cultivation of their language, their literature, and their nationalistic ideals.

Permanent peace must also insure the economic rights of the smaller states, one of which is the right of access to the outside world. Society has no right to shut off any people from access to the seas. It is necessary to the development of the Balkan States and of Poland that they have egress to a free harbor; that they be safeguarded against tariffs or preferential harbor dues. The same is true of Switzerland. The states upon the Mediterranean have a right to unimpeded access to the

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Atlantic and Indian oceans, while the Scandinavian countries, Holland, and Belgium have a right to their free, uncensored economic expansion.

Seventh, these are problems which involve a more disinterested diplomacy than has ever gathered at a peace conference. For previous conferences have treated the smaller nations as only pawns. They possessed no rights. They were guaranteed no protection. Such considerations as they obtained were secured by siding with one nation or another, by intriguing with this group or that. Even then the recognition scarcely outlasted the conference. The Congress of Vienna in 1814 was loud in its assurances of "a lasting peace," "a reconstruction of the social order"; but the only aim of the diplomats was a division of the spoils. The partition of Poland was made permanent. Venice was given to Austria. Prussia was permitted to divide Saxony. Holland was joined to Belgium against the wishes of the people of both countries. Genoa was turned over to Piedmont. It was a peace conference of wolves, and the peace was no more durable than it deserved to be.

The Congress of Berlin in 1878 followed the old tradition that the world belonged only to the strong. It was secret. It represented only rulers. The small states had no voice in the council. They were disposed of as they had been for centuries. Little countries were swapped as though they were horses. It was a "peace with honor," as Disraeli said, but it laid the mines of future wars. These are the mines which underlie Europe.

Who can doubt but that the small states have as much to contribute to civilization as the greater ones? Will any one dare contend that the *Kultur* of present-day Germany is a greater contribution to the world than the culture of a hundred years ago, when a score of capital cities, like Munich, Dresden, Frankfort, Cologne, and Weimar, competed with one another in education, in art, in the refinements and amenities of civilization? Will any one familiar with the history of Holland, Belgium, Denmark, and Switzerland contend that their contributions to the world would be greater if they were passed under the hegemony of Germany, as the Pan-Germans suggest? A study of any one of these states will show that they have contributed as many men of distinction in proportion to their population as have any of the greater states. They have given great capital cities, like Brussels, Copenhagen, and the cities of southern Germany. They have contributed political ideas. They point the pathway to other powers in many lines of endeavor. Belgium, close packed with people, was, before the German invasion, the home of internationalism. She had developed a wonderful transportation system. She had the highest export trade per capita of any country in Europe. Even though a free-trade country, none of the greater powers had been able to outsell her at home or abroad. Holland, too, has a splendid history. She has been the cradle of religious liberty. Her cities have charm, and her people enjoy a standard of living higher than any of the surrounding powers. Switzerland has given political democracy a new significance. In her mountain fastnesses she has safeguarded the right of local self-government and of individual and personal liberty, and to-day is one of the most contented and prosperous countries of Europe. Denmark is the world's agricultural experiment station. She has democratized her government. She has put an end to the old feudal régime. She has distributed the land among the peasants, and reduced ignorance to the vanishing-point. She feeds England and exports cattle to Germany. In some respects her educational system is the most remarkable in the world. No country in Europe enjoys a higher standard of comfort or more general education, or possesses a greater sense of personal dignity than does this neglected northwest corner of Europe.

If we could free our mind from the imperialistic conception of the state which has sprung very largely from present dynastic ambitions, we would see that there is little justification in the assumption of the superiority of the great state.

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The world has lost far more than it has gained from the suppression of the hundred odd states, principalities, and free cities that have been merged into the German Empire. The world is certainly poorer from the substitution of so-called Prussian *Kultur* for that brilliant life which once centered about the score of beautiful cities which have since been made subject to Berlin. Would not civilization be enriched if Bohemia, Poland, Hungary, Finland, Ukrainia, and each of the Balkan States were encouraged to develop its life and make its contribution to the world? Have we not exacted a senseless tribute not only from subject peoples, but from the world as well by the assumption that civilization is promoted only by bigness and power?

This seems to be the underlying idea of the Russian Revolutionists, who have permitted long-divergent racial groups, the Finns, Ukrainians, Poles, and Letts, to organize independent states and to divorce themselves without protest from the Russian Empire. A program of imperial devolution by which Ireland, India, Egypt, and other insurgent elements of the British Empire would be encouraged to develop their racial and cultural contributions of the world would end the centuries-long controversies within the British Empire. And assurances have already issued from the Government that some such autonomy would be granted when the war is over. The gains from such a world-wide program are not the gains to peace alone, but to the cultural wealth and happiness of the world. The small states and weaker peoples should be released from unwilling bondage and be guaranteed protection by the united action of the world.

Eighth, the greater powers owe an obligation to the weak, dependent, and exploited peoples of the earth. There are hundreds of millions of people that need only the aid of the greater powers to help them to a higher stage of development. This is true of Mesopotamia, of Syria, of Palestine. In the delta between the Tigris and the Euphrates rivers a great civilization once flourished for thousands of years. This portion of the earth was so rich that it excited the cupidity of surrounding nations. The land was cultivated as a garden. Canals and irrigation works are still in use which were constructed thousands of years ago. The remains of great cities suggest the splendor of this territory, which has been devastated for hundreds of years by Ottoman misrule.

Egypt, Morocco, Algiers, and southern and central Africa are susceptible of development. Here are opportunities for millions of people. Africa has prodigal resources. The ending of exclusive spheres of influence would open this continent to the crowded populations of Europe. India and China have an old civilization. Encouraged by the European powers and permitted to develop their institutions in their own way, they, too, would contribute to the world's civilization.

A peace conference inspired by such ideals would usher in a new era. It would end the cause of wars. It would make disarmament possible. It would end the hates that this war has engendered. It would save the dignity of nations. It would raise the level of international relations to a new level.

Ninth, such a peace would open the way to universal free trade. It would make possible the razing of customs barriers, which have been such a fruitful cause of war. With protective tariffs abolished, people would trade with one another on natural terms. They would produce the things they were best fitted to produce, the things for which they have the greatest aptitude. Under existing conditions and the ever-present menace of war, each nation must encourage its iron and steel industry, the building of ships, the development of mineral resources, the making of all kinds of equipment, the cultivation of many raw materials, in order that it may be ready for war. The military state *must* be self-contained. It must have iron, coal, oil, copper, and all of the things that enter into the mechanism of military and naval power.

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Free trade will weaken boundary-lines. Warring states will tend to be toward one another as are the States of the American nation, as are the states of Germany. Arizona, Kansas, and Mississippi do not chafe because they are not great magazines of industry. They are content to produce the things with which nature endowed them. The instincts of France are for agriculture, for the refinements, and the beautiful things of the world. The people of Italy are natural artists. They care little for industry. Industry is forced upon them by the necessity for self-preservation born of the dynastic and nationalistic idea. A permanent peace with free trade will end these hothouse growths found in every nation. It will create a national life responsive to the gifts, the resources, and wants of the people.

Tenth, there must be an end of the new imperialistic doctrine that "the flag follows the investor"; that Asia, Africa, South and Central America, are happy hunting-grounds for the adventurers of the greater powers, and that no matter what the practices of these adventurers may be, they will be defended by the foreign office, and, if need be, by the army or the navy in the promotion of their claims. There is no place for financial imperialism, for dollar diplomacy, for the doctrine that the sovereignty of a strong power follows the loans, investments, and concessions of its subjects into the territory of another state, or that a weak country will be compelled by force to recognize the agreements of its rulers, no matter how questionable their origin may be. A just peace should enunciate the doctrine that a man may go where he pleases with his capital, but that he may not take the foreign office of his country with him. In other words, the investor must assume his own risks, he must take his own chances, he must agree to abide by the laws of the country into which he goes. He may not make use of his country's diplomacy to force loans upon weak countries or to drag concessions from them, and he may not call upon his home country to protect him in his questionable transactions. Least of all should he be permitted to demand armed intervention on behalf of his claims.

Provision should be made for international control rather than for private exploitation of weak countries. An international tribunal should be created with advisory supervision over such territories as Africa, Asia, Persia, and Central America, to which tribunal the weak and undeveloped countries should present their requests for loans. Such loans as well as concessions should be examined, and, when approved, opened up to the investing world on equal terms. There should be no exclusive right of exploitation, such as England and Russia possess in Persia; as France enjoys in Algiers and Morocco; as Germany has in Turkey and Asia Minor; as all the powers, by division of territory, acquired in Africa and sought to acquire in China. Rather, when a state seeks to negotiate a loan or to permit a railroad, a canal, or mining concession to be developed, the project should be laid before the tribunal which should investigate the hazards and the conditions of the grant and publish the opportunity to the world. In other words, the tribunal should be an underwriting syndicate similar to the banking syndicates which underwrite railroads, mines, and other corporate undertakings. The public loans of such countries should be thrown open to competition. The opportunity should be offered to the governments of the creditor states or to the investors within the states on some *pro rata* basis. This was the plan employed in Morocco. It was the method of the six-power syndicate in China, of England and Russia in Persia, as well as of the concession-seekers in certain of the controversial portions of South Africa. Under such an arrangement the scrambling of individual nations for territory and of individual bankers and concession-seekers for monopolies would be ended. The freedom of small states could be protected, while the danger of conflicts between the greater powers seeking to protect their citizens would be minimized. The last thirty years have shown the hazards of financial

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imperialism. It was the conflicts of high finance that brought on the Morocco crisis. Russia went to war with Japan over the exploitation of Manchuria. And the controversies of all of the powers in the Balkans, Mesopotamia, China, and Mexico had their origin largely in the struggles for exclusive privileges in these countries.

Eleventh, it will be said that such a peace will be only a scrap of paper. Germany will observe it till Germany finds it to her profit to disavow it. She will await another opportunity for a spring, and then the whole world will be prostrate before her power. How can we trust a nation that frankly avows *Machtpolitik;* that officially approves of the violation of every rule of international law and humanity; that is ruled by an irresponsible caste out of line with the democratic movements of the rest of the world?

There is reason for this apprehension. But what is the alternative? And what are the relative probabilities of a just peace and an imperialistic peace enduring? The world has tried the imperialistic peace over and over again, and wars have followed wars. We have suspicions, irritations, and conflicts which ripen into war. And each nation claims that it is acting in defense of its existence. The old kind of peace that divides the world between conquerors cannot last. It ought not to last. No victory and no accessions of territory can compensate for the insecurity, wastage, the destruction of oppressed peoples that will follow such a peace. It is not peace. It is a continuous war. It may be temporarily suspended, but it will ripen into armed conflict.

A just peace, like a just contract, is observed because of its justice. It will have the support of all but the privileged classes. It will be a people's peace. No one can doubt that democracy and socialism are to be powerful factors in the world when this war is over. Every conference of the workers of the world has been alike in this—it has declared against annexations and conquest; it has insisted that might gave no right; it has specifically declared for the integrity of small nations, for the right to the free use of the seas, for an end of exclusive dominion over weak and defenseless peoples. Democracy everywhere has demanded disarmament and the adjustment of future controversies by judicial proceedings. Democracy has given its terms to the world. And the *only hope* of permanent security from Germany is the democracy of that country.

And what gives most promise of support from the democracy of Germany? A crushing defeat, with a dictated peace, or a peace so just that the liberal-minded people of Germany will say, "We will defend this peace against junker and Kaiser; we will defend it against the great industrials; we will join with the democracy of the rest of the world in preventing a repetition of the holocaust that has cost us the best manhood of the fatherland and destroyed that internationalism which for fifty years we had been preaching to the world."

Twelfth, we have only two alternatives. There are no others. One is force, the other is justice. One exclusive privilege, the other equality of opportunity. One the power of arms, the other the power of public opinion. Even a court of nations cannot maintain an unjust peace. Its foundations would be too insecure. It cannot maintain a dictated peace. But a court of nations could maintain a just peace the terms of which were so generally accepted that they commanded the support of democratic public opinion even of the most dynastic of nations.

Thirteenth, during the middle of the last century two British statesmen, Cobden and Bright, shaped the destinies of the British Empire. They challenged the old colonial policies. They assailed the protective tariff. They opposed the "closed door" or any artificial aid to trade and commerce. They championed free trade and equal opportunity for all nations. They ridiculed the idea that the poverty of one country could increase the well-being of another. They opposed trade monopolies. They believed in free competition in every field of endeavor. They

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urged that British legislation should aim at the prosperity of all countries. And Great Britain grew in wealth and power. She was at peace with the world. There was no demand for a great navy or military establishment. This was the most generous period in the history of England.

Richard Cobden believed that all wars were either dynastic or economic. He believed that economic wars could be ended by the philosophy of freedom, of equality of opportunity. Cobden was an idealist who believed that the well-being of England was dependent upon the well-being of the world at large. And he urged freedom of trade as a great agent, possibly the greatest of all agencies, for permanent peace. He said:

I have been accused of looking too much to material interests. Nevertheless, I can say that I have taken as large and great a view of the effects of this mighty principle as ever did any man who dreamt over it in his study. I believe that the physical gain will be the smallest gain to humanity, from the success of this principle. I look further; I see in the free trade principle that which shall act on the moral world as the principle of gravitation in the universe—drawing men together, thrusting aside the antagonism of race and creed and language, and uniting us in the bond of eternal peace. I have looked even farther. I have speculated and probably dreamt in the dim future—ay, a thousand years hence—I have speculated on what the effect of the triumph of this principle may be. I believe that the effect will be to change the face of the world, so as to introduce a system of government entirely distinct from that which now prevails. I believe that the desire and motive for large and mighty empires, for gigantic armies and great navies—for those materials which are used for the destruction of life and the desolation of the rewards of labor—will die away. I believe that such things will cease to be necessary, or to be used, when man becomes of one family and freely exchanges the fruits of his labor with his brother man. I believe that, if we could be allowed to reappear on this sublunary scene, we should see at a far distant period the governing system of this world revert to something like the municipal system; and I believe that the speculative philosopher of a thousand years hence will date the greatest revolution in the world's history from the triumph of the principle which we have met here to advance.[1]

Never before did a war-weary world stand in need of such men as Cobden and Bright to inspire idealism and guide the conferees of the peace negotiations along lines of freedom—freedom of trade, freedom of the seas, freedom from imperialism, freedom of people, freedom from privilege and monopoly in every form. The world waits on such philosophy. It waits on such a generous-handed freedom. And a peace inspired by such motives would live by its own righteousness. It would stand by its own justice. It would defy rulers or imperialists. On the other hand, a peace with exclusive possessions, with the "closed door," with privilege written in every line, cannot survive. Nor can a peace enforced by *Macht,* by military power, or by captains of industry.

There are only two alternatives before us: one, a just peace based on freedom and equality of opportunity to all; and, two, an imperialistic peace followed by another struggle like that of the last generation, which may end in another war for the settlements of disputes which the present generation was unable or unwilling to settle for itself. And the part the United States will play in the coming negotiations will depend upon the principles upon which we insist at the council table. If our representatives should acquiesce in the demands of the privileged classes, our influence will be thrown on the side of an inconclusive, imperialistic peace. If they reflect the people of America, if they follow the principles laid down by President Wilson, they will seek a peace supported by the covenants of peoples, a peace without conquest or imperialism, a peace without humiliation of peoples, a peace with equal opportunity for all and special privileges for none. And the world will never be safe on any other terms.

[1] Speech of January 15, 1846. See Hirst, "Free Trade and the Manchester School," p. 229.

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Ardessa

By WILLA SIBERT CATHER

Author of "The Bookkeeper's Wife," etc.

Illustrations by Reginald Birch

THE grand-mannered old man who sat at a desk in the reception-room of "The Outcry" offices to receive visitors and incidentally to keep the time-book of the employees, looked up as Miss Devine entered at ten minutes past ten and condescendingly wished him good morning. He bowed profoundly as she minced past his desk, and with an indifferent air took her course down the corridor that led to the editorial offices. Mechanically he opened the flat, black book at his elbow and placed his finger on D, running his eye along the line of figures after the name Devine. "It 's banker's hours she keeps, indeed," he muttered. What was the use of entering so capricious a record? Nevertheless, with his usual preliminary flourish he wrote 10:10 under this, the fourth day of May.

The employee who kept banker's hours rustled on down the corridor to her private room, hung up her lavender jacket and her trim spring hat, and readjusted her side combs by the mirror inside her closet door. Glancing at her desk, she rang for an office boy, and reproved him because he had not dusted more carefully and because there were lumps in her paste. When he disappeared with the paste-jar, she sat down to decide which of her employer's letters he should see and which he should not.

Ardessa was not young and she was certainly not handsome. The coquettish angle at which she carried her head was a mannerism surviving from a time when it was more becoming. She shuddered at the cold candor of the new business woman, and was insinuatingly feminine.

Ardessa's employer, like young Lochinvar, had come out of the West, and he had done a great many contradictory things before he became proprietor and editor of "The Outcry." Before he decided to go to New York and make the East take notice of him, O'Mally had acquired a punctual, reliable silver-mine in South Dakota. This silent friend in the background made his journalistic success comparatively easy. He had figured out, when he was a rich nobody in Nevada, that the quickest way to cut into the known world was through the printing-press. He arrived in New York, bought a highly respectable publication, and turned it into a red-hot magazine of protest, which he called "The Outcry." He knew what the West wanted, and it proved to be what everybody secretly wanted. In six years he had done the thing that had hitherto seemed impossible: built up a national weekly, out on the news-stands the same day in New York and San Francisco; a magazine the people howled for, a moving-picture film of their real tastes and interests.

O'Mally bought "The Outcry" to make a stir, not to make a career, but he had got built into the thing more than he ever intended. It had made him a public man and put him into politics. He found the publicity game diverting, and it held

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him longer than any other game had ever done. He had built up about him an organization of which he was somewhat afraid and with which he was vastly bored. On his staff there were five famous men, and he had made every one of them. At first it amused him to manufacture celebrities. He found he could take an average reporter from the daily press, give him a "line" to follow, a trust to fight, a vice to expose,—this was all in that good time when people were eager to read about their own wickedness, —and in two years the reporter would be recognized as an authority. Other people —Napoleon, Disraeli, Sarah Bernhardt— had discovered that advertising would go a long way; but Marcus O'Mally discovered that in America it would go all the way—as far as you wished to pay its passage. Any human countenance, plastered in three-sheet posters from sea to sea, would be revered by the American people. The strangest thing was that the owners of these grave countenances, staring at their own faces on newsstands and billboards, fell to venerating themselves; and even he, O'Mally, was more or less constrained by these reputations that he had created out of cheap paper and cheap ink.

"IMPLORED ARDESSA TO FIND SOME OFFICE POSITION FOR HIS DAUGHTER."

Constraint was the last thing O'Mally liked. The most engaging and unusual thing about the man was that he could n't be fooled by the success of his own methods, and no amount of "recognition" could make a stuffed shirt of him. No matter how much he was advertised as a great medicine-man in the councils of the nation, he knew that he was a born gambler and a soldier of fortune. He left his dignified office to take care of itself for a good many months of the year while he played about on the outskirts of social order. He liked being a great man from the East in rough-and-tumble Western cities where he had once been merely an unconsidered spender.

O'Mally's long absences constituted one of the supreme advantages of Ardessa Devine's position. When he was at his post her duties were not heavy, but when he was giving balls in Goldfield, Nevada, she lived an ideal life. She came to the office every day, indeed, to forward such of O'Mally's letters as she thought best, to attend to his club notices and tradesmen's bills, and to taste the sense of her

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high connections. The great men of the staff were all about her, as contemplative as Buddhas in their private offices, each meditating upon the particular trust or form of vice confided to his care. Thus surrounded, Ardessa had a pleasant sense of being at the heart of things. It was like a mental message, exercise without exertion. She read and she embroidered. Her room was pleasant, and she liked to be seen at ladylike tasks and to feel herself a graceful contrast to the crude girls in the advertising and circulation departments across the hall. The younger stenographers, who had to get through with the enormous office correspondence, and who rushed about from one editor to another with wire baskets full of letters, made faces as they passed Ardessa's door and saw her cool and cloistered, daintily plying her needle. But no matter how hard the other stenographers were driven, no one, not even one of the five oracles of the staff, dared dictate so much as a letter to Ardessa. Like a sultan's bride, she was inviolate in her lord's absence; she had to be kept for him.

Naturally the other young women employed in "The Outcry" offices disliked Miss Devine. They were all competent girls, trained in the exacting methods of modern business, and they had to make good every day in the week, had to get through with a great deal of work or lose their position. O'Mally's private secretary was a mystery to them. Her exemptions and privileges, her patronizing remarks, formed an exhaustless subject of conversation at the lunch-hour. Ardessa had, indeed, as they knew she must have, a kind of "purchase" on her employer.

When O'Mally first came to New York to break into publicity, he engaged Miss Devine upon the recommendation of the editor whose ailing publication he bought and rechristened. That editor was a conservative, scholarly gentleman of the old school, who was retiring because he felt out of place in the world of brighter, breezier magazines that had been flowering since the new century came in. He believed that in this vehement world young O'Mally would make himself heard and that Miss Devine's training in an editorial office would be of use to him.

When O'Mally first sat down at a desk to be an editor, all the cards that were brought in looked pretty much alike to him. Ardessa was at his elbow. She had long been steeped in literary distinctions and in the social distinctions which used to count for much more than they do now. She knew all the great men, all the nephews and clients of great men. She knew which must be seen, which must be made welcome, and which could safely be sent away. She could give O'Mally on the instant the former rating in magazine offices of nearly every name that was brought in to him. She could give him an idea of the man's connections, of the price his work commanded, and insinuate whether he ought to be met with the old punctiliousness or with the new joviality. She was useful in explaining to her employer the significance of various invitations, and the standing of clubs and associations. At first she was virtually the social mentor of the bullet-headed young Westerner who wanted to break into everything, the solitary person about the office of the humming new magazine who knew anything about the editorial traditions of the eighties and nineties which, antiquated as they now were, gave an editor, as O'Mally said, a background.

Despite her indolence, Ardessa was useful to O'Mally as a social reminder. She was the card catalogue of his ever-changing personal relations. O'Mally went in for everything and got tired of everything; that was why he made a good editor. After he was through with people, Ardessa was very skilful in covering his retreat. She read and answered the letters of admirers who had begun to bore him. When great authors, who had been dined and fêted the month before, were suddenly left to cool their heels in the reception-room, thrown upon the suave hospitality of the grand old man at the desk, it was Ardessa who went out and made soothing and plausible explanations as to why the editor could not see them. She was the brake

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that checked the too-eager neophyte, the emollient that eased the severing of relationships, the gentle extinguisher of the lights that failed. When there were no longer messages of hope and cheer to be sent to ardent young writers and reformers, Ardessa delivered, as sweetly as possible, whatever messages were left.

WHEN BECKY FIRST CAME SHE WAS AS IGNORANT AS A YOUNG SAVAGE

In handling these people with whom O'Mally was quite through, Ardessa had gradually developed an industry which was immensely gratifying to her own vanity. Not only did she not crush them; she even fostered them a little. She continued to advise them in the reception-room and "personally" received their manuscripts long after O'Mally had declared that he would never read another line they wrote. She let them outline their plans for stories and articles to her, promising to bring these suggestions to the editor's attention. She denied herself to nobody, was gracious even to the Shakspere-Bacon man, the perpetual-motion man, the travel-article man, the ghosts which haunt every magazine office. The writers who had had their happy hour of O'Mally's favor kept feeling that Ardessa might reinstate them. She answered their letters of inquiry in her most polished and elegant style, and even gave them hints as to the subjects in which the restless editor was or was not interested at the moment: she feared it would be useless to send him an article on "How to Trap Lions," because he had just bought an article on "Elephant-Shooting in Majuba Land," etc.

So when O'Mally plunged into his office at 11:30 on this, the fourth day of May, having just got back from three-days' fishing, he found Ardessa in the reception-room, surrounded by a little court of discards. This was annoying, for he always wanted his stenographer at once. Telling the office boy to give her a hint that she was needed, he threw off his hat and top-coat and began to race through the pile of letters Ardessa had put on his desk. When she entered, he did not wait for her polite inquiries about his trip, but broke in at once.

"What is that fellow who writes about phossy jaw still hanging round here for? I don't want any articles on phossy jaw, and if I did, I would n't want his."

"He has just sold an article on the

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match industry to 'The New Age,' Mr. O'Mally," Ardessa replied as she took her seat at the editor's right.

"Why does he have to come and tell us about it? We 've nothing to do with 'The New Age.' And that prison-reform guy, what 's he loafing about for?"

Ardessa bridled.

"You remember, Mr. O'Mally, he brought letters of introduction from Governor Harper, the reform Governor of Mississippi."

O'Mally jumped up, kicking over his waste-basket in his impatience.

"That was months ago. I went through his letters and went through him, too. He has n't got anything we want. I 've been through with Governor Harper a long while. We 're asleep at the switch in here. And let me tell you, if I catch sight of that causes-of-blindness-in-babies woman around here again, I 'll do something violent. Clear them out, Miss Devine! Clear them out! We need a traffic policeman in this office. Have you got that article on 'Stealing Our National Water Power' ready for me?"

"Mr. Gerrard took it back to make modifications. He gave it to me at noon on Saturday, just before the office closed. I will have it ready for you to-morrow morning, Mr. O'Mally, if you have not too many letters for me this afternoon," Ardessa replied pointedly.

"Holy Mike!" muttered O'Mally, "we need a traffic policeman for the staff, too. Gerrard's modified that thing half a dozen times already. Why don't they get accurate information in the first place?"

He began to dictate his morning mail, walking briskly up and down the floor by way of giving his stenographer an energetic example. Her indolence and her ladylike deportment weighed on him. He wanted to take her by the elbows and run her around the block. He did n't mind that she loafed when he was away, but it was becoming harder and harder to speed her up when he was on the spot. He knew his correspondence was not enough to keep her busy, so when he was in town he made her type his own breezy editorials and various articles by members of his staff.

Transcribing editorial copy is always laborious, and the only way to make it easy is to farm it out. This Ardessa was usually clever enough to do. When she returned to her own room after O'Mally had gone out to lunch, Ardessa rang for an office boy and said languidly, "James, call Becky, please."

In a moment a thin, tense-faced Hebrew girl of eighteen or nineteen came rushing in, carrying a wire basket full of typewritten sheets. She was as gaunt as a plucked spring chicken, and her cheap, gaudy clothes might have been thrown on her. She looked as if she were running to catch a train and in mortal dread of missing it. While Miss Devine examined the pages in the basket, Becky stood with her shoulders drawn up and her elbows drawn in, apparently trying to hide herself in her insufficient open-work waist. Her wild, black eyes followed Miss Devine's hands desperately. Ardessa sighed.

"This seems to be very smeary copy again, Becky. You don't keep your mind on your work, and so you have to erase continually."

Becky spoke up in wailing self-vindication.

"It ain't that, Miss Devine. It 's so many hard words he uses that I have to be at the dictionary all the time. Look! Look!" She produced a bunch of manuscript faintly scrawled in pencil, and thrust it under Ardessa's eyes. "He don't write out the words at all. He just begins a word, and then makes waves for you to guess."

"I see you have n't always guessed correctly, Becky," said Ardessa, with a weary smile. "There are a great many words here that would surprise Mr. Gerrard, I am afraid."

"And the inserts," Becky persisted. "How is anybody to tell where they go, Miss Devine? It 's mostly inserts; see, all over the top and sides and back."

Ardessa turned her head away.

"Don't claw the pages like that, Becky.

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You make me nervous. Mr. Gerrard has not time to dot his i's and cross his t's. That is what we keep copyists for. I will correct these sheets for you,—it would be terrible if Mr. O'Mally saw them,—and then you can copy them over again. It must be done by to-morrow morning, so you may have to work late. See that your hands are clean and dry, and then you will not smear it."

"Yes, ma'am. Thank you, Miss Devine. Will you tell the janitor, please, it 's all right if I have to stay? He was cross because I was here Saturday afternoon doing this. He said it was a holiday, and when everybody else was gone I ought to—"

"That will do, Becky. Yes, I will speak to the janitor for you. You may go to lunch now."

Becky turned on one heel and then swung back.

"Miss Devine," she said anxiously, "will it be all right if I get white shoes for now?"

Ardessa gave her kind consideration.

"For office wear, you mean? No, Becky. With only one pair, you could not keep them properly clean; and black shoes are much less conspicuous. Tan, if you prefer."

Becky looked down at her feet. They were too large, and her skirt was as much too short as her legs were too long.

"Nearly all the girls I know wear white shoes to business," she pleaded.

"They are probably little girls who work in factories or department stores, and that is quite another matter. Since you raise the question, Becky, I ought to speak to you about your new waist. Don't wear it to the office again, please. Those cheap open-work waists are not appropriate in an office like this. They are all very well for little chorus girls."

"But Miss Kalski wears expensive waists to business more open than this, and jewelry—"

Ardessa interrupted. Her face grew hard.

"Miss Kalski," she said coldly, "works for the business department. You are employed in the editorial offices. There is a great difference. You see, Becky, I might have to call you in here at any time when a scientist or a great writer or the president of a university is here talking over editorial matters, and such clothes as you have on to-day would make a bad impression. Nearly all our connections are with important people of that kind, and we ought to be well, but quietly, dressed."

"Yes, Miss Devine. Thank you," Becky gasped and disappeared. Heaven knew she had no need to be further impressed with the greatness of "The Outcry" office. During the year and a half she had been there she had never ceased to tremble. She knew the prices all the authors got as well as Miss Devine did, and everything seemed to her to be done on a magnificent scale. She had n't a good memory for long technical words, but she never forgot dates or prices or initials or telephone numbers.

Becky felt that her job depended on Miss Devine, and she was so glad to have it that she scarcely realized she was being bullied. Besides, she was grateful for all that she had learned from Ardessa; Ardessa had taught her to do most of the things that she was supposed to do herself. Becky wanted to learn, she had to learn; that was the train she was always running for. Her father, Isaac Tietelbaum, the tailor, who pressed Miss Devine's skirts and kept her ladylike suits in order, had come to his client two years ago and told her he had a bright girl just out of a commercial high school. He implored Ardessa to find some office position for his daughter. Ardessa told an appealing story to O'Mally, and brought Becky into the office, at a salary of six dollars a week, to help with the copying and to learn business routine. When Becky first came she was as ignorant as a young savage. She was rapid at her shorthand and typing, but a Kafir girl would have known as much about the English language. Nobody ever wanted to learn more than Becky. She fairly wore the dictionary out. She dug up her old school grammar and worked over it at night. She faithfully

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mastered Miss Devine's fussy system of punctuation.

There were eight children at home, younger than Becky, and they were all eager to learn. They wanted to get their mother out of the three dark rooms behind the tailor shop and to move into a flat upstairs, where they could, as Becky said, "live private." The young Tietelbaums doubted their father's ability to bring this change about, for the more things he declared himself ready to do in his window placards, the fewer were brought to him to be done. "Dyeing, Cleaning, Ladies' Furs Remodeled"—it did no good.

Rebecca was out to "improve herself," as her father had told her she must. Ardessa had easy way with her. It was one of those rare relationships from which both persons profit. The more Becky could learn from Ardessa, the happier she was; and the more Ardessa could unload on Becky, the greater was her contentment. She easily broke Becky of the gum-chewing habit, taught her to walk quietly, to efface herself at the proper moment, and to hold her tongue. Becky had been raised to eight dollars a week; but she did n't care half so much about that as she did about her own increasing efficiency. The more work Miss Devine handed over to her the happier she was, and the faster she was able to eat it up. She tested and tried herself in every possible way. She now had full confidence that she would surely one day be a high-priced stenographer, a real "business woman."

"'WILL IT BE ALL RIGHT IF I GET WHITE SHOES FOR NOW?'"

Becky would have corrupted a really industrious person, but a bilious temperament like Ardessa's could n't make even a feeble stand against such willingness. Ardessa had grown soft and had lost the knack of turning out work. Sometimes, in her importance and serenity, she shivered. What if O'Mally should die, and she were thrust out into the world to work in competition with the brazen, competent young women she saw about her everywhere? She believed herself indispensable, but she knew that in such a mischanceful world as this the very powers of darkness might rise to separate her from this pearl among jobs.

When Becky came in from lunch she went down the long hall to the wash-room, where all the little girls who worked in the advertising and circulation departments kept their hats and jackets. There were shelves and shelves of bright spring hats, piled on top of one another, all as stiff as sheet-iron and trimmed with gay

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flowers. At the marble wash-stand stood Rena Kalski, the right bower of the business manager, polishing her diamond rings with a nail-brush.

"Hullo, kid," she called over her shoulder to Becky. "I 've got a ticket for you for Thursday afternoon."

Becky's black eyes glowed, but the strained look on her face drew tighter than ever.

"I 'll never ask her, Miss Kalski," she said rapidly. "I don't dare. I have to stay late to-night again; and I know she 'd be hard to please after, if I was to try to get off on a week-day. I thank you, Miss Kalski, but I 'd better not."

Miss Kalski laughed. She was a slender young Hebrew, handsome in an impudent, Tenderloin sort of way, with a small head, reddish-brown almond eyes, a trifle tilted, a rapacious mouth, and a beautiful chin.

"Ain't you under that woman's thumb, though! Call her bluff. She is n't half the prima donna she thinks she is. On my side of the hall we know who 's who about this place."

The business and editorial departments of "The Outcry" were separated by a long corridor and a great contempt. Miss Kalski dried her rings with tissue-paper and studied them with an appraising eye.

"Well, since you 're such a 'fraidy-calf,' " she went on, "maybe I can get a rise out of her myself. Now I 've got you a ticket out of that shirt-front, I want you to go. I 'll drop in on Devine this afternoon."

When Miss Kalski went back to her desk in the business manager's private office, she turned to him familiarly, but not impertinently.

"Mr. Henderson, I want to send a kid over in the editorial stenographers' to the Palace Thursday afternoon. She 's a nice kid, only she 's scared out of her skin all the time. Miss Devine 's her boss, and she 'll be just mean enough not to let the young one off. Would you say a word to her?"

The business manager lit a cigar.

"I 'm not saying words to any of the high-brows over there. Try it out with Devine yourself. You 're not bashful."

Miss Kalski shrugged her shoulders and smiled.

"Oh, very well." She serpentined out of the room and crossed the Rubicon into the editorial offices. She found Ardessa typing O'Mally's letters and wearing a pained expression.

"Good afternoon, Miss Devine," she said carelessly. "Can we borrow Becky over there for Thursday afternoon? We 're short."

Miss Devine looked piqued and tilted her head.

"I don't think it 's customary, Miss Kalski, for the business department to use our people. We never have girls enough here to do the work. Of course if Mr. Henderson feels justified—"

"Thanks awfully, Miss Devine,"—Miss Kalski interrupted her with the perfectly smooth, good-natured tone which never betrayed a hint of the scorn every line of her sinuous figure expressed,—"I will tell Mr. Henderson. Perhaps we can do something for you some day." Whether this was a threat, a kind wish, or an insinuation, no mortal could have told. Miss Kalski's face was always suggesting insolence without being quite insolent. As she returned to her own domain she met the cashier's head clerk in the hall. "That Devine woman 's a crime," she murmured. The head clerk laughed tolerantly.

That afternoon as Miss Kalski was leaving the office at 5:15, on her way down the corridor she heard a typewriter clicking away in the empty, echoing editorial offices. She looked in, and found Becky bending forward over the machine as if she were about to swallow it.

"Hello, kid. Do you sleep with that?" she called. She walked up to Becky and glanced at her copy. "What do you let 'em keep you up nights over that stuff for?" she asked contemptuously. "The world would n't suffer if that stuff never got printed."

Rebecca looked up wildly. Not even Miss Kalski's French pansy hat or her

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ear-rings and landscape veil could loosen Becky's tenacious mind from Mr. Gerrard's article on water power. She scarcely knew what Miss Kalski had said to her, certainly not what she meant.

"But I must make progress already, Miss Kalski," she panted.

Miss Kalski gave her low, siren laugh.

"I should say you must!" she ejaculated.

Ardessa decided to take her vacation in June, and she arranged that Miss Milligan should do O'Mally's work while she was away. Miss Milligan was blunt and noisy, rapid and inaccurate. It would be just as well for O'Mally to work with a coarse instrument for a time; he would be more appreciative, perhaps, of certain qualities to which he had seemed insensible of late. Ardessa was to leave for East Hampton on Sunday, and she spent Saturday morning instructing her substitute as to the state of the correspondence. At noon O'Mally burst into her room. All the morning he had been closeted with a new writer of mystery-stories just over from England.

"Can you stay and take my letters this afternoon, Miss Devine? You 're not leaving until to-morrow."

Ardessa pouted, and tilted her head at the angle he was tired of.

"I 'm sorry, Mr. O'Mally, but I 've left all my shopping for this afternoon. I think Becky Tietelbaum could do them for you. I will tell her to be careful."

"Oh, all right." O'Mally bounced out with a reflection of Ardessa's disdainful expression on his face. Saturday afternoon was always a half-holiday, to be sure, but since she had weeks of freedom when he was away—However—

At two o'clock Becky Tietelbaum appeared at his door, clad in the sober office suit which Miss Devine insisted she should wear, her note-book in her hand, and so frightened that her fingers were cold and her lips were pale. She had never taken dictation from the editor before. It was a great and terrifying occasion.

"Sit down," he said encouragingly. He began dictating while he shook from his bag the manuscripts he had snatched away from the amazed English author that morning. Presently he looked up.

"Do I go too fast?"

"No, sir," Becky found strength to say.

"O'MALLY TAPPED HER SHOULDER"

At the end of an hour he told her to go and type as many of the letters as she could while he went over the bunch of stuff he had torn from the Englishman. He was with the Hindu detective in an opium den in Shanghai when Becky returned and placed a pile of papers on his desk.

"How many?" he asked, without looking up.

"All you gave me, sir."

"All, so soon? Wait a minute and let me see how many mistakes." He went over the letters rapidly, signing them as he read. "They seem to be all right. I thought you were the girl that made so many mistakes."

Rebecca was never too frightened to vindicate herself.

"Mr. O'Mally, sir, I don't make mistakes with letters. It 's only copying the

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articles that have so many long words, and when the writing is n't plain, like Mr. Gerrard's. I never make many mistakes with Mr. Johnson's articles, or with yours I don't."

O'Mally wheeled round in his chair, looked with curiosity at her long, tense face, her black eyes, and straight brows.

"Oh, so you sometimes copy articles, do you? How does that happen?"

"Yes, sir. Always Miss Devine gives me the articles to do. It 's good practice for me."

"I see." O'Mally shrugged his shoulders. He was thinking that he could get a rise out of the whole American public any day easier than he could get a rise out of Ardessa. "What editorials of mine have you copied lately, for instance?"

Rebecca blazed out at him, reciting rapidly:

"Oh, 'A Word about the Rosenbaums,' 'Useless Navy-Yards,' 'Who Killed Cock Robin'—"

"Wait a minute." O'Mally checked her flow. "What was that one about—Cock Robin?"

"It was all about why the secretary of the interior dismissed—"

"All right, all right. Copy those letters, and put them down the chute as you go out. Come in here for a minute on Monday morning."

Becky hurried home to tell her father that she had taken the editor's letters and had made no mistakes. On Monday she learned that she was to do O'Mally's work for a few days. He disliked Miss Milligan, and he was annoyed with Ardessa for trying to put her over on him when there was better material at hand. With Rebecca he got on very well; she was impersonal, unreproachful, and she fairly panted for work. Everything was done almost before he told her what he wanted. She raced ahead with him; it was like riding a good modern bicycle after pumping along on an old hard tire.

On the day before Miss Devine's return O'Mally strolled over for a chat with the business office.

"Henderson, your people are taking vacations now, I suppose? Could you use an extra girl?"

"If it 's that thin black one, I can."

O'Mally gave him a wise smile.

"It is n't. To be honest, I want to put one over on you. I want you to take Miss Devine over here for a while and speed her up. I can't do anything. She 's got the upper hand of me. I don't want to fire her, you understand, but she makes my life too difficult. It 's my fault, of course. I 've pampered her. Give her a chance over here; maybe she 'll come back. You can be firm with 'em, can't you?"

Henderson glanced toward the desk where Miss Kalski's lightning eye was skimming over the printing-house bills that he was supposed to verify himself.

"Well, if I can't, I know who can," he replied, with a chuckle.

"Exactly," O'Mally agreed. "I 'm counting on the force of Miss Kalski's example. Miss Devine 's all right, Miss Kalski, but she needs regular exercise. She owes it to her complexion. I can't discipline people."

Miss Kalski's only reply was a low, indulgent laugh.

O'Mally braced himself on the morning of Ardessa's return. He told the waiter at his club to bring him a second pot of coffee and to bring it hot. He was really afraid of her. When she presented herself at his office at 10:30 he complimented her upon her tan and asked about her vacation. Then he broke the news to her.

"We want to make a few temporary changes about here, Miss Devine, for the summer months. The business department is short of help. Henderson is going to put Miss Kalski on the books for a while to figure out some economies for him, and he is going to take you over. Meantime I 'll get Becky broken in so that she could take your work if you were sick or anything."

Ardessa drew herself up.

"I 've not been accustomed to commercial work, Mr. O'Mally. I 've no interest in it, and I don't care to brush up in it."

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"Brushing up is just what we need, Miss Devine." O'Mally began tramping about his room expansively. "I 'm going to brush everybody up. I 'm going to brush a few people out; but I want you to stay with us, of course. You belong here. Don't be hasty now. Go to your room and think it over."

Ardessa was beginning to cry, and O'Mally was afraid he would lose his nerve. He looked out of the window at a new sky-scraper that was building, while she retired without a word.

At her own desk Ardessa sat down breathless and trembling. The one thing she had never doubted was her unique value to O'Mally. She had, as she told herself, taught him everything. She would say a few things to Becky Tietelbaum, and to that pigeon-breasted tailor, her father, too! The worst of it was that Ardessa had herself brought it all about; she could see that clearly now. She had carefully trained and qualified her successor. Why had she ever civilized Becky? Why had she taught her manners and deportment, broken her of the gum-chewing habit, and made her presentable? In her original state O'Mally would never have put up with her, no matter what her ability.

Ardessa told herself that O'Mally was notoriously fickle; Becky amused him, but he would soon find out her limitations. The wise thing, she knew, was to humor him; but it seemed to her that she could not swallow her pride. Ardessa grew yellower within the hour. Over and over in her mind she bade O'Mally a cold adieu and minced out past the grand old man at the desk for the last time. But each exit she rehearsed made her feel sorrier for herself. She thought over all the offices she knew, but she realized that she could never meet their inexorable standards of efficiency.

While she was bitterly deliberating, O'Mally himself wandered in, rattling his keys nervously in his pocket. He shut the door behind him.

"Now, you 're going to come through with this all right, are n't you, Miss Devine? I want Henderson to get over the notion that my people over here are stuck up and think the business department are old shoes. That 's where we get our money from, as he often reminds me. You 'll be the best-paid girl over there; no reduction, of course. You don't want to go wandering off to some new office where personality does n't count for anything." He sat down confidentially on the edge of her desk. "Do you, now, Miss Devine?"

"'I 'M NO INDIAN GIVER'"

Ardessa simpered tearfully as she replied.

"Mr. O'Mally," she brought out, "you 'll soon find that Becky is not the sort of girl to meet people for you when you are away. I don't see how you can think of letting her."

"That 's one thing I want to change, Miss Devine. You 're too soft-handed with the has-beens and the never-was-ers. You 're too much of a lady for this rough game. Nearly everybody who comes in here wants to sell us a gold-brick, and you treat them as if they were bringing in wedding presents. Becky is as rough as sandpaper, and she 'll clear out a lot of dead wood." O'Mally rose, and tapped Ardessa's shrinking shoulder. "Now, be a sport and go through with it, Miss Devine. I 'll see that you don't lose. Hen-

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derson thinks you 'll refuse to do his work, so I want you to get moved in there before he comes back from lunch. I 've had a desk put in his office for you. Miss Kalski is in the bookkeeper's room half the time now."

Rena Kalski was amazed that afternoon when a line of office boys entered, carrying Miss Devine's effects, and when Ardessa herself coldly followed them. After Ardessa had arranged her desk, Miss Kalski went over to her and told her about some matters of routine very good-naturedly. Ardessa looked pretty badly shaken up, and Rena bore no grudges.

"When you want the dope on the correspondence with the paper men, don't bother to look it up. I 've got it all in my head, and I can save time for you. If he wants you to go over the printing bills every week, you 'd better let me help you with that for a while. I can stay almost any afternoon. It 's quite a trick to figure out the plates and over-time charges till you get used to it. I 've worked out a quick method that saves trouble."

When Henderson came in at three he found Ardessa, chilly, but civil, awaiting his instructions. He knew she disapproved of his tastes and his manners, but he did n't mind. What interested and amused him was that Rena Kalski, whom he had always thought as cold-blooded as an adding-machine, seemed to be making a hair-mattress of herself to break Ardessa's fall.

At five o'clock, when Ardessa rose to go, the business manager said breezily:

"See you at nine in the morning, Miss Devine. We begin on the stroke."

Ardessa faded out of the door, and Miss Kalski's slender back squirmed with amusement.

"I never thought to hear such words spoken," she admitted; "but I guess she 'll limber up all right. The atmosphere is bad over there. They get moldy."

After the next monthly luncheon of the heads of departments, O'Mally said to Henderson, as he feed the coat-boy:

"By the way, how are you making it with the bartered bride?"

Henderson smashed on his Panama as he said:

"Any time you want her back, don't be delicate."

But O'Mally shook his red head and laughed.

"Oh, I 'm no Indian giver!"

The Blurred Twig

By M. C. D.

SPRING has come into the park and into me.
I look as high as the roofs reach, and I see
That the branches are blurred. They are not sharp-cut and clear,
As they were a day ago. I am sorry it is here,—
Spring,—for it means I have lived another year,
And so must die a whole year sooner. You
Will have to die a whole year sooner, too.

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Government by Impression

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Author of "The President and His Day's Work," etc.

ELEMENTALLY speaking, there are two ways of expressing a thought: by oral and by represented speech, the spoken, pictured, or written word. Obviously, if all the people of the United States could be gathered together on a single occasion and every fact of governmental policy revealed to them, public opinion would apply an unfailing corrective to things manifestly wrong, and utter an approval of persons and policies that sustain the national interest.

But government by mass meeting is impracticable, and representative government is the next best substitute. Even representative government, however, depends for its maximum efficiency on means of communication between the representatives of the people and the people themselves. Intermittently, in our political campaigns or on election day, have heretofore been issued the mandates of the people on vital policies; but in the circumstances of to-day, when the United States is caught in a whirlpool of world-wide currents that must be stemmed or swelled as the interest of our own life demands, the will of the people between election days must be ascertained as scrupulously and followed as religiously as if the electorate as a whole were every day registering its thought at the polls.

How can this be done? How does the Government ascertain public opinion, and how is public opinion in America formed? How far must it be guided by the Government, as in war-time, and how often does a misguided or mistaken impression of a public policy swerve the Government from an otherwise direct line of action in response to what seems to be a wide-spread clamor of protest?

Clearly these questions involve an analysis of our media of expression. We have speakers, but government officials have not the time to go constantly about the country explaining their acts, and the people are not as a rule interested in delegated spokesmen. They want to hear only those who speak with authority. We have the photographic discourse—the "movies" or the pictorial supplements; but chiefly we rely on the written word in newspapers and magazines, and recently the Government has communicated its thought to the people of America not merely through the reading columns, but through the advertising pages. Conversely, many organizations and institutions which have had things to lay before the Government have not been content with letters or petitioning articles, but have undertaken to express themselves by straightforward, clean-from-the-shoulder advertising.

Since the lobby was effectively expelled from Washington by President Wilson, those legitimate organizations which have thought the activity of their agents or representatives might be misconstrued have not failed to take full pages in the newspapers or magazines that are read in the national capital and thus frankly state their case to the legislative or executive branches of the Government. And since the outbreak of the war the Government itself has found that while the newspapers might properly give space to the first of a series of announcements, the points had to be driven home by the iteration of bill-board, newspaper, and magazine advertising, often given a popular appeal by illustrated posters or pictured argument.

All this is fundamentally an effort on

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the part of the Government to give the people a correct impression of its own activities, in order that public support may be whole-hearted and continuous, just as it is an effort on the part of business institutions or people's organizations, in sight of all and with the knowledge of everybody, to bespeak an equitable treatment of their interests.

For equity and justice are in legislation as in private transaction difficult to discover and as difficult to apply. And precisely because we are a people of diversified interests and intricate economic structure, the extent to which the President and Congress understand the people, and the people understand the Government, depends entirely on the way the one reveals itself to the other.

When you stop to consider the number of misunderstandings and quarrels and disagreements that occur every day in the normal contacts of life because of a hastily written or ill-considered letter, because of a jestful mood at one end of the telephone and a testy tone at the other, when you realize that a spoken word is often not as harsh as a written word, you can readily see how much we depend upon what we read for an impression of the ideas or commodities we acquire or the policies we wish to reject or accept.

How do we get our impressions to-day of what the Government, including its military and naval establishment, is doing? Daily-newspaper reports are of two kinds, the authorized announcement and the reporter's version. Of the first there are unfortunately too few, and such as are made are not stated in the simplest form, but often in the stiff verbiage of officialdom, which makes little appeal to the plain people. That is why the reporter's or correspondent's interpretation or description, mindful of the public appetite, has become a powerful source of impression.

The American people are to-day more vitally interested in their Government at Washington than they have been in half a century. It is always so when the edict of the Government takes away the lives of our citizens for the defense of the nation and when the fiat of the Government regulates the elements of our economic existence. War reëstablishes the original community of interest and thought in the social state between the sovereign people and the government to whom they have temporarily delegated power.

What happens in Washington with respect to the incoming and outgoing impression is characteristic of what happens in the city and state governments on a smaller scale.

We have, first of all, three large news associations: The Associated Press, which supplies several hundred morning and evening newspapers; the United Press, which supplies several hundred afternoon papers only; and the International News Service, which serves many afternoon and morning papers. The Associated Press is the largest, but many newspapers subscribe to all three services and offer their readers a variety of news. The majority can afford only one service.

These three associations carry the news of Washington to the far corners of the United States. Weekly newspapers frequently reproduce or rewrite or condense a number of these despatches. Therefore it is proper to say that the American people get most of their news about the Government from these press associations, whose leased telegraph wires link up all the principal cities and towns of the country. All of the press associations maintain bureaus, each varying in size from ten to twenty-five men, who are spread throughout the capital, some at the Senate, some at the House, some at the State, War, and Navy buildings, some at the White House, some at the Council of Nation Defense, the Food Administration, the Shipping Board, the Fuel Administration, and so on. And besides the representatives of the press associations who are busy gathering the news, the Government itself has created bureaus of information to issue bulletins and announcements of government action or policy, a mass of material. Yet it is no exaggeration to say that half of what the reporters write from the several departments which they "cov-

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er" and half of what the Government offers every day for publication must be rejected because the capacity of the wires is limited, because there are other points on the map which have news that must be chronicled in the same twenty-four hours, because London and Paris and Petrograd, Bern and Copenhagen and Amsterdam and other capitals have their budget of news which alert correspondents are gathering for the breakfast reading of the American citizen or the fireside study of the family at eventide.

Condensation is, therefore, not merely a physical necessity at the point of origin, due to the limits of time and wire space, but it is compelled by the size of the newspaper itself. So many columns must be devoted every day to the advertising from which the revenue of a newspaper chiefly accrues, and so many columns can be set aside for reading matter. Paucity of advertising means a smaller newspaper, less money wherewith to buy white paper and telegraphic news, and therefore in the end less news for the public of the community affected. For in the process of abbreviation the greatest power for good or evil lies. More injury has been done to the Government through that circumstance in the past than through any other single factor of expression. Reputations have been damaged by the meager report, often an error, the correction of which is not given the same publicity as the original. Many newspapers will honestly strive to undo a wrong, but a great many, through a pride of opinion or a mistaken notion that it is weakness to confess a wrong, will conceal and subordinate a retraction.

Brevity in handling the news often makes for misunderstanding. It tends toward over-emphasis of a phase rather than to a complete and fair impression. But the men who write, especially the large number of men who condense for the American people the news of Washington, strive honestly to give a right impression, to present a correct picture within the limits proscribed. Yet the result is not always in accord with their purpose or desire, and this for other reasons. Partizanship still poisons the editorial councils of newspapers, and the head-line writers frequently seek to make the captions on the news conform to the expressed editorial policies of their newspapers. How often have you noticed a sarcastic or caustic head-line and found that you had been given a prejudice or bias before you read the first line of the news paragraph below? With an impartial head-line, the dispassionately phrased article would have produced on your mind an entirely different impression from that suggested by the cynicism of a caption.

Many newspapers still strain for effect, still believe that the American people will not buy a newspaper unless a sensational front page catches the eye every day. Little do they realize how much of a relief it is in these days of all too numerous sensations to meet a day or series of days on which a big disaster or casualty list has not depressed our spirits. Little do they care often what impression the straining for effect creates on the mind of the reader, the American citizen, whose confidence in his Government can be undermined and shaken by a series of exaggerated statements at a time when the support of all the people is necessary to the success of our greatest enterprise, the war.

Dealing with impression is a business of psychology. It imposes a tremendous responsibility upon the men who condense the news in Washington, for on their fragmentary reports do the American people make up their minds. And should the disgruntled or dissatisfied or the personally piqued or the politically ambitious senators or representatives seek to capitalize the embarrassments or comparatively unimportant mistakes of government officials, it is easy to see how upon a single impression may be built wide-spread bias and prejudice. For instance, it was "revealed" not long ago that the brother of the secretary of war had an interest in an aëroplane company. Yet when his firm obtained a contract from the war department, Secretary Baker promptly canceled it. He thought it might prove embarrassing, that it might be misunder-

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stood. Several months later a Republican senator "brings it out." The newspapers carry the bare testimony; they even carry an explanatory statement by the secretary of war. But the result may well be to discredit the secretary of war, and the impression created is an unfavorable one. This is a case in which a knowledge of how easily the public can be prejudiced by mere mention of a connection between a contract and a relative in the Government becomes the basis for a use of the newspapers to create that prejudice. Now, the press associations which limit themselves to a brief statement of fact—they do not express opinions of their own—could not explain of their own accord that not a trace of dishonesty or corruption attended the original happening. They were powerless to add their own disinterested opinion, which would have completely refuted that inference of dishonesty which the senatorial revelation tended to give.

Besides the press associations which are depended upon to convey to the newspapers texts of official statements or speeches and a résumé of the most important happenings, hundreds of newspapers maintain their own correspondents in the national capital. But these men are occupied for the most part in reporting the activity of their local congressmen or senators, whose views of public policy are often based upon the relation of the Democratic administration's good or bad points and the elections of the succeeding November. To men in Congress there is usually a Democratic and a Republican side to everything; rarely a right and a wrong side *per se*. And if a Republican privately approves of what a Democratic administration does, or if a Democrat personally indorses the act of a Republican administration, it seems to be the height of political indiscretion for either to say so publicly. Always there must be an impression that the opposite political party is either incompetent, bourbon, or corrupt and that utopian performance can come only from the domination of one's own friends and political associates. How few men in Congress realize that the spirit and temper of the American people are such that truth and independence of judgment are much more eagerly sought from their public servants than personal prejudice and party fealty!

And the obsession of the partizan legislator is shared to no small extent by the party newspaper, the Republican paper that editorially sees nothing good in a Democratic official even if he is Woodrow Wilson, and the Democratic paper that traces all the incompetence of war-time administration to the unwholesome acquisition of Republicans in the various governmental bureaus created for the war.

So while the press associations do not convey opinions of their own, the correspondents of partizan newspapers supply it. But, cognizant of the editorial policies of their newspapers, they write the "slant" desired. There are few instances indeed of correspondents who dare to disagree with the editorial policies of the newspapers for which they write, to give in their despatches an impression or a judgment opposite to that expressed the day before or likely to be expressed the day after by one's own newspaper. Only when the small minority of newspapers which permit a tolerance of expression, the publication of another view besides their own editorial view, becomes a majority in this country will it be possible to say that freedom of expression and correctness of impression are making of America a democracy in practice as well as in theory. Only when editorial correspondence written not always in distant offices, but more often on the spot, in full consideration of the facts, comes into vogue, and opinion written no more conscientiously, perhaps, but more judicially, is given to the American people, will it be possible to say that our processes of impression are nearing perfection.

For, after all, editorial opinion is the most striking and dramatic manifestation that we have of the public will. And if the prejudice of a correspondent, dovetailed with the prejudice of a partizan newspaper, breeds still further prejudices on the part of the millions who read prejudiced newspapers, the Government is

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face to face with an impression that it may know is wrong, but which it is powerless to correct except by an extreme statement in the opposite direction, which more often leads to confusion than to clarity of national thought. So the majority of misstatements are left uncorrected, and the Government seeks through subsequent acts to guard itself against mistaken impression. This sometimes leads to a timidity and caution that would otherwise be unnecessary, to a destruction of initiative on the part of subordinate officials who fear the consequences to their superiors of a departure from policy, even though it may be absolutely imperative so to depart. Government nowadays is therefore a constant battle of the wits, a struggle for free and honest expression of purpose and action.

And the man with the best publicity sense wins. Ex-President Roosevelt was not always right in his controversies, but his knowledge of publicity enabled him to smooth over an obvious error of his own or to repress the attack of another by a skilful use of the processes of impression. President Wilson has lost many good opportunities to defend acts of his administration that have been severely criticized. Much of the impression of vacillation which still lingers in recollection of the Wilson foreign policy before our entrance into the war was due to an unwillingness of the President to use the normal publicity methods. That the President was waiting for the Germans themselves to take the step which would reveal to all factions and parties in America the responsibility of Germany for our entrance into the war became apparent only after Germany took the initiative. But it was always in the background of Mr. Wilson's policy. Yet the people of this country and the people of Germany never got the impression that Mr. Wilson meant to go to war if the provocation was extreme. He had said he would "omit no word or act" to secure reparation for wrongs done the United States. Mr. Wilson himself thought this was sufficient. He meant it, but the press might have helped to drive the point home to make the impression as strong as the intent had he permitted it to be known that he would go to war if Germany failed to abide by her pledges.

This not only illustrates the importance of international impression and the responsibility of those who write about our Government for the psychological effect produced abroad, but it emphasizes the value of the iterated thought. The Government is frequently content with a bare announcement, but it does not run the nail through the board by repetition not of the same announcement, necessarily, but of an argument to amplify, supplement, and elucidate its thought. This is not altogether the fault of the Government. Newspapers consider a single announcement sufficient. Repetition is "old news." Editors do not like to be used, so to speak, for propaganda purposes. It is n't that they would n't offer their columns in times such as these for patriotic purposes, but they realize instinctively how tiresome it would be and, indeed, how ineffective to print day after day dry expositions of governmental policy the main facts of which had been announced on previous days.

That is where advertising will save the day. It is only now beginning to be appreciated at Washington. Unquestionably it was the use of advertising pages by organizations which had legislation pending in Washington that first attracted the attention of the government officials to the new utility of the large printed or even illustrated word. The National American Woman Suffrage Association took full pages of advertising in the Washington newspapers just before the Federal amendment was voted upon in the House. They took space in the street-cars, and their posters were everywhere. The Farmers' Non-Partizan organization had something to say to Mr. Hoover one day. They took half a page and printed an open letter to him. Of course he would have attended to the matter had the letter been written to him, but somehow a subordinate official had prevented the interview. Besides, the farmers were not unwilling to let every-

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body else know exactly what they were seeking. Indeed, they might have had a congressman make a speech. It would have been reported in abbreviated form, depending upon how much was of general news interest to the country and upon news developments that day in other parts of the world. By taking a certain space in a newspaper, no news development could crowd them out, and the argument appeared in exactly the length and form desired. It has been so with many organizations that have come to Washington to put their case before the Government—the Brewers' Association, the Prohibitionists, the Anti-suffragists, the Pro-suffrage workers, and so on. Congressmen are human. They can be sold products of the mind as easily as products of the machine.

The Government itself has n't funds for advertising, but a committee of advertising men has been formed to write "copy" for such newspapers and magazines as give space gratuitously to the various departments of the Government. Even before this committee was formed the Food Administration, which depended for its success on an appeal to the home, discovered the value of poster and newspaper and magazine advertising. Sometimes there 's a sketch of our troops in the trenches, with the enemy's barbed-wire entanglements in the distance. Sometimes there 's a picture of the sick and wounded, a glimpse of the hospitals abroad. Sometimes there 's a photograph which brings home to us the sacrifices of our allies. The sketch or photograph touches our hearts, and as we read the plea for conservation; it makes an impression on our minds, and we go home and eat the substitutes with a degree of relish that we otherwise would not enjoy. We are made to feel that we are helping in the war. We are given an *impression* of patriotic service. The advertisement which combines the picture and the written word does the trick.

But just as it is the reputation of a business house that gives the concern a standing in the community, which causes its advertisements to be read and believed, so must the Government retain the confidence of the people in order that its spoken or written words may carry conviction and produce the psychological effect desired.

And should it happen that the persons in an administration lose the confidence of the electorate, they can trace the resultant change on election day to the fact that the people were not moved by exhortation or oratory, but by a rigid assessment of cold fact. If the American people always had all the facts, and were enabled to draw the correct inference therefrom as a result of correct newspaper impression, we should quickly rid ourselves of incompetent elective officers and send to Congress and our state legislatures better men than we do to-day. Because if the Senate and the House are composed of narrow-visioned men, whether they are Republicans or Democrats, the fault, to be sure, is with ourselves. This war is really a challenge to the people of a democracy to select for organized action their most efficient servants. And in proportion, even after peace, as the people understand the connection between the acts of their Government and their pocket-books or bank-accounts, their wages, their food, and their health, and all the factors involved in the perennial struggle for individual existence, just so much will they be inclined to pay attention to the real merits and character of the respective candidates on election day.

It is the impression of efficiency or inefficiency which a congressman or senator, a governor or a mayor, has made throughout the years that counts on judgment day in November. So the business of those who must render daily impressions of public officials and public policies is of the essence of honesty and patriotism. And similarly it is the duty, if not the obligation, of the Government to reveal itself always frankly, candidly, and explicitly.

This is only another way of saying that by producing the right impression on the mind of one's fellow-beings, whether it is industry or politics, all things are possible. Indeed, the causes of the present world-wide war may be reduced to the fundamental misunderstandings between

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neighboring peoples whose press, instead of seeking constructively to put the populace in the mood to consider remedial measures, often conceives the highest duty of patriotism to be a blanket defense of governmental action, a course which sometimes means the fanning of the flames of discord and controversy. It is mutual distrust that makes difficult the preservation of peace, however, even under the most favorable conditions, even with a press that is sincerely trying to avoid a useless conflict. Governments must take their respective peoples into their confidences. Had it been permitted the people of Germany to have always a correct impression of what the people of England were doing and planning, had the people of some of the belligerent countries been less influenced by government-made opinion, served to them often through a controlled press, Europe would not have been in combustible mood when the events of 1914 brought war. Germany still claims that she would not have gone to war had she really known England's intentions, had she really believed the czar was not mobilizing for offensive purpose. Whatever the merit of the contention, the fact was that imperfect media of expression existed. The word of the respective governments meant little because manifestations by the people were not possible. Nations could not talk to one another in bulk. They could not see into one another's minds.

And what is true internationally applies to a national situation. We are in the midst of a war that depends for its success on the fullest coöperation of the people. They must be kept constantly informed, constantly in tune with the purpose and effort of their Government. Only by playing the game in the open, in full view of the public who know the available supply of men and materials and the existing means of translating them into armies, who can thus keep abreast of every step in the enterprise, will it be possible to retain the support of the people. Yet that is nothing more or less than giving them a true impression of what is being done by a Government which beseeches the people to make extraordinary sacrifices in this serious crisis.

Unfortunately, opinion varies among our own officials and publicity experts as to what constitutes a true impression. Artificial effects are often produced by efforts to color or to suppress the news. To urge a people to sacrifice by mere exhortation without reciting the precise necessity therefor is a labor in vain. To arouse public interest by skilful use of pessimism, by intimations of oncoming disaster that are palpably fanciful, is to weaken the credulity of the people. Football teams are not best encouraged between the halves by wild statements from coaches that the game is lost, that the other team is going to win. Usually the effort is to instil self-reliance, steadiness, and sureness of attack, not panic or the futile tactics of desperation. Facts speak sufficient pessimism, and facts also speak sufficient optimism. The thrill of performance and the cheer of visible achievement are much better stimuli to national effectiveness than mere prophecy or empty prediction or theoretical plans. Success will come to a government in exactly the way that it comes to a commercial enterprise, by being frank and open with those on whom the ultimate support depends, by a readiness to confess mistakes and shortcomings, and to apply the quickest remedy thereto, by a correct statement of values. For whatever the interest, commercial, political, national, or international, truth and fact alone inspire confidence. And particularly will truth win a victory for democracy if it is ever the premise of government by impression.

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"'LEON, . . . I HAVE GIVEN UP EVERYTHING ELSE THAT YOU MIGHT TRIUMPH . . . NOW I ASK YOU TO GIVE UP EVERYTHING'"

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The Second-Rater

By JAMES OPPENHEIM

Illustrations by Thomas Fogarty

HE was much calmer than I had any right to expect. He should, of course, have been broken; but he sat there, in the early evening shadows, his fine hands clasped in his lap, his face quiet and absorbed. Then he started, glanced up.

"What is it?" I asked.

He smiled.

"A ship's bell on the river. It came so plainly, though we 're ten stories high." He shuddered. "It 's horribly still tonight."

I thought: "After all, he 's been posing. Underneath, there 's a cancer eating him." I spoke aloud:

"A ship's bell?"

"Ugh!" he muttered. "It brought back my trip over. We ran muffled and blind among the submarines, with a shipload of drunks. Drank because they were so afraid."

"Were n't you afraid?" I asked.

"Yes," he said simply, "I was."

We were silent, for the thought struck me that he would have been lucky if he had gone down, submarined, his name with a faint golden fame about it instead of those fatal words, "second-rater," written after it.

Just then a shadow appeared without noise among the shadows of the rich furniture—his father, the little old, backbent ex-peddler. He sank into a heavily upholstered arm-chair near his son; but I saw, in the glisten of the early darkness, that he sat forward, at the edge of the chair, uncomfortable, as he well might be. It was amazing that he should be here at all, in this sub-let apartment on the Drive, a Ghetto Jew lifted on a piano-string into middle-class softness. It could not matter to him, of course, whether his son was a second-rater or not: the boy had been a ladder to the upper world, and what other miracle could abject poverty ask?

Neither of us noticed the father. He was simply, as always, his son's loyal shadow; always there, always silent, always self-effacing.

"I suppose," I went on, remembering what we had been saying, "that it 's only human to be afraid."

"But," said Leon, softly, "I had a special reason, did n't I? I could n't die until I made my first appearance in my own country; that 's what all those years of struggle were for. I prepared for ten years, suffered everything, for one great event. If I had gone down dumb, it would have been too——" he searched for a word, then muttered with a bitter laugh —"ironic. You see, I had n't only myself to think for."

"But whom else?" I questioned.

"Well, my backer and my friends, and the East Side had sort of banked on me—and some one else, too."

He said these last words with a shy tenderness, and I at once concluded that some girl had been waiting for him. I wondered if she had been at the concert. Yes, surely, I imagined; in a box, where he could look up and play to her. How had she taken his great public defeat? Was it disillusioning, or was she the mother kind who put out protecting wings over disaster?

I now heard the ship's bell myself, very clear, very mournful over the still North

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River. The room was very dark, except the ceiling near the windows, reflecting in watery daubs the distant light of the arc-lamps ten stories below on the Drive. I felt weary and oppressed and drew out a cigar from my pocket and suddenly struck a match.

"Shall I light up?" asked Leon.

"Not for me," I said, glancing forward. In my match-blaze I saw the oily, shag-bearded little father gazing at me pathetically and searchingly, and made out Leon's handsome, smooth face, with its dark-blue eyes and its cope of black, curly hair. Again I was amazed at his calm, his ease, his aplomb. My match died out, and only my cigar-end glowed red in the room. Thereafter Leon and I were two interchanging voices in a vast, boundless place, deep and still.

My heaviness became overburdening. It was as if both of us knew what the other knew and had to speak of it, yet could not. The darkness seemed to bulge with this secret, bulge to bursting, and yet contained itself. We spoke around the edge of it, and yet perhaps drawing nearer.

"What are you going to do next, Leon?" I murmured.

"Well," he said, "there 's my next concert, Thursday night."

"Oh," I interrupted, "that 's coming off, is it?"

"Why not?" he asked quietly.

I bit my lip. My amazement had escaped me, and now he surely knew what I was feeling and thinking about him. In my haste I went from one thoughtless remark straight into another.

"When does Sharder play next?"

"Friday."

I went on inescapably:

"Why does he follow on your heels like that?"

Leon laughed softly.

"*He* asks why I follow on his heels like that."

I moved about uncomfortably, and pulled at my cigar. The silence was fast becoming unbearable. Then Leon's voice came quite penetrating and quite clear:

"It 's very strange, is n't it?"

"It 's too bad," I muttered.

"No," he said firmly; "it *is* strange, but it *is n't* bad." I thought his voice trembled now and that he sat forward, to speak at last, to lift the curtain on his burning mystery, to disclose finally the terrible nakedness of his soul. I sat tense, motionless, and in that pain we must feel when the final intimacy of another is revealed to us.

"You remember," he whispered, and every word seemed to carry a tremulous dewdrop of painful emotion—"you remember what a queer child I was, and how I sold newspapers and saved up every penny to hire a cheap piano, and how I went around playing in the cafés, and what a fuss they all made of me. I was going to be famous; yes, greater than any of them, the boy-pianist; and then, miracle after miracle, the dream came true."

"*Ya! ya!*" broke in his father. I was startled; the old man had not been there, in my mind.

Leon went on slowly, painfully:

"Every bit of it came true: the orchestra leader who happened to hear me; my private playing up in Mrs. Barnes's house; the donation to go abroad; the supper we all had together; and what I said. But, after all," he added, with a pathetic note of self-pity, "I was a poor kid, ignorant, selfish, a mere child."

I pulled on my cigar.

"I don't remember your saying anything so out of the way, Leon," I said. "Something about 'Art shall come out of the American desert; it shall come out of me.' It was rather charming, that 's all."

"No," he said soberly. "You see, I really meant it. I really meant that I was a heaven-born genius. I always believed that. And that was n't so bad; but I not only thought I was a genius, I thought I was the *greatest genius,* the—the Alexander, Shakspere, Beethoven—the Michelangelo of the keys. There, now you know me; I thought I was God." He was silent a moment. "The unpardonable sin," he whispered, "the unpardonable sin."

I could say nothing. As he presented it, it did indeed seem monstrous.

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"You see," he went on darkly, "I was burning with this, I was fierce with it. And let me tell you, I was a jealous God. 'There shall be none other beside me.' 'Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth? Declare, if thou hast understanding.' "

There was a storm of power in his voice; it seemed to me almost a touch of madness. I shrank back a little.

"Now you see," he went on, "what the little East Side Jew boy really was." He lowered his voice: "And there was my father, my first idolatrous worshiper; and there was my benefactor; and even when I got to Poland, there was Tisla, the great Tisla, patting me on the back, weeping, whispering in my ears, 'Genius! genius!' And though he had a dozen pupils, and some twice my age, I silenced them all. Yes, every one of them. Ha! how I played!" He paused, then went on musingly: "Of course you must n't think for a moment that we had an easy time of it. The money came in driblets, and he" —I knew he meant his father—"had to go on peddling, and we lived in squalor. But old Tisla bruited about what a treasure he had, and the whisper of my fame came here, and the East Side knew what to expect of its darling. Yes, they knew," he added sadly; "they knew."

The ship's bell sounded again mournfully, as if a fog were rolling in from sea. Out of the blackness now the voice of Leon floated like a spirit in torment, invisible, piercing.

"Everything went well until *he* came."

I leaned forward breathless.

"He?"

"Until Sharder came, until that Russian boy came, and revealed his power—Sharder, my Nemesis."

"You mean?"

"I mean that God was jealous. I hope you have never been jealous; I hope you have never madly loved a woman, and then watched her turn to another man, until you flung yourself on your bed, tore at your hair, shrieked into your pillow—yes, until you knew you were one with the assassin and the murderer and the fiend." I heard him clap his hand against his breast. "Oh, if there is any hell, it is right here, flame and ice, demons and fiends—black, black!"

I felt ashamed, listening, as if I were eavesdropping. He was too naked in his abandon. At the same time I was caught in the toils of his passion. I sat rigid, waiting.

His voice suddenly became familiar, domestic.

"You must n't mind me," he said; "but it 's good to tell this out loud. Let me tell it."

I relaxed a little.

"Tell it, Leon; I 'm listening."

"Curious, is n't it," he went on, "that another boy even younger than I should have appeared just then? One could be superstitious about it; one could think that the great God was truly jealous, and had decided to destroy the little god by sending another little god against him. You know, as soon as Nietzsche thought he was God, he went insane; and as soon as I thought it, I found myself dogged and overshadowed by another God. If it was punishment, then I have been punished."

With startling abruptness again the old father spoke.

"Nonsense, Leon! nonsense!"

"Oh, no," said Leon, "not nonsense: but three years of torment, three years of steady damnation. Old Tisla tried to quiet me. He said neither the one nor the other was greatest. We were twin stars. There was not one sun in the sky; there were two. But I knew in my own soul there is only one sun in the sky. The other sun was a fake, a moon, a dead thing beating down a reflected light. Then came the grapple. We went on tour, and wherever Sharder went, I went. No matter how great his triumph was, I tore it down. I played like a demon; my horrible passion went into my hands and slashed across the keys. I set the people mad. Ha! I remember in Denmark, out at that place—where was it, Papa?"

The old man spoke softly:

"Twelve miles from Copenhagen. *Tsch!* I forget the name."

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"They carried me out of the hall on their shoulders and flung flowers at me and stayed up all night in front of the hotel, shouting for me. It was all poison to me. Even at that moment Sharder was being lauded in Stockholm. When I murdered him in one place, he came to life in another."

"And Sharder," I asked, "did he feel this way, too?"

There was deep shame in his voice.

"No, I think not; he was always generous and sweet about it. It was as if he did n't have to care. He played as he was ordained to play, and that was all. Yes, it was as if he had nothing to do with it himself. The music came; that was all. But I think I know now why he was so calm. He knew his greatness, but I doubted mine. It was because I doubted myself that I was so fierce and terrible. I was trying to stop my doubting by divine triumphs, and whenever I put him down, I put myself up. Oh, now you know me; you know me now, don't you?"

I searched distressingly for adequate words.

"It 's human enough," I murmured.

"Beastly!" he exclaimed. "But, no; beasts are not fiends like men, never." He paused, then continued, "And I had only one comfort, only one."

"And that was?"

"America. I would come back; I would have America all to myself. He could shine on Europe: I would shine on the New World. Ha! what a fool's dream! One morning I heard that he had set sail; he had stolen a march on me; he would be in America, and before me. I canceled every engagement; we got our passports; we took the first ship, and then we were held up by the submarines. When I landed, Sharder was already in the full blaze of his glory." His voice broke; he murmured softly, "You know the rest."

"I know the rest," I said hesitatingly, "but I do not understand it. You say that you broke down his triumphs in Europe; why could n't you do the same here?"

He laughed strangely and asked:

"Do you know the New Testament?"

"Yes," I answered.

"Do you remember when Jesus visited His native village and then had to leave it because He found He could n't perform miracles there?"

"Yes."

"Well," he went on, "when I came back to the place of my childhood, it seemed as if my childhood came back to me. It happened right on the corner of Essex and Grand streets. As I stood there after these years, I was suddenly a little boy again, selling papers, and there swept over me the terrible feeling that I was a fool to be so ambitious, that I really had no gift. Doubt came, dissolving doubt. And all the old people I met were half afraid and half familiar; tried to be friends again by changing me back into a boy. It made me afraid. How could I prove to the thousands, to the musical critics, to the hard experts, when the great moment came, that I was a greater than Sharder? After all, I was only an East Side boy, and a Jew at that!"

"But," I objected, "even if Sharder had n't existed, you would have felt like that."

"No," he said; "these things are not so simple. It was n't only that I had to overcome my doubt and do my best; it was that I had to do better than Sharder. He had come and captured the one great glory I had suffered for; he had conquered my own land, he had come and set up a high hurdle of fame, and I had to set it higher and leap over it. And at the very moment when I had to be superhuman my doubt made a child of me. Can't you see? I could have shrieked with the torment of it. In fact, I raged through the rehearsals as if I were demented. Really,—I know how this sounds, but I must say it,—if I had met Sharder, I should have sprung at his throat and strangled him to death."

He was silent then. I shifted uneasily, and saw through the windows that a mist had engulfed the world. Deep down in it now there were various bells and the rolling strangeness of a siren and the hoarse blasts of whistles. I turned back to the room, an abyss without light, a

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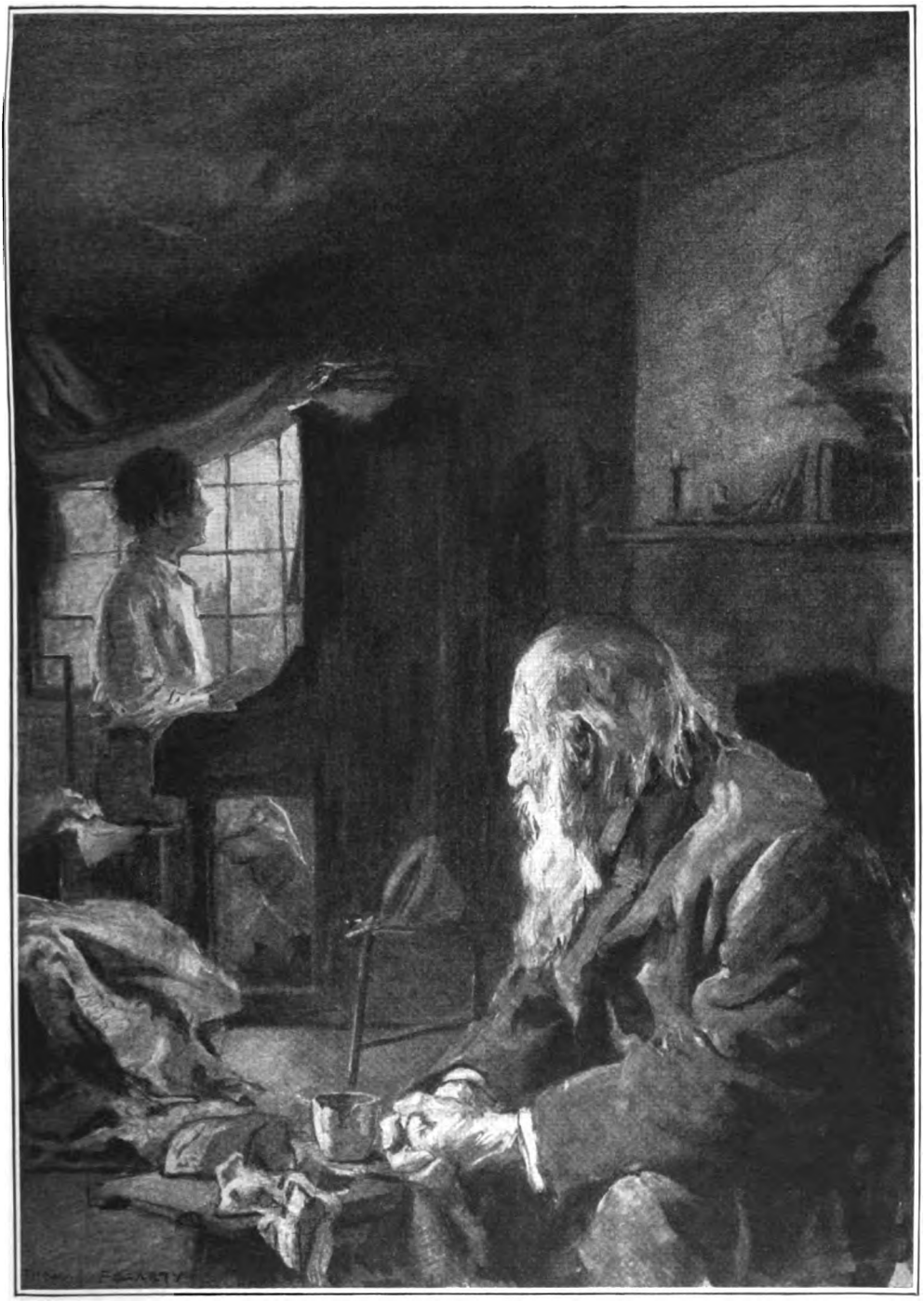

" 'THERE WAS MY FATHER, MY FIRST IDOLATROUS WORSHIPER' "

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blackness pierced again by Leon's voice as he relived his great defeat. His words came simply, with inexorable finality:

"So, then it came—all my years for nothing — total ruin. They expected so much of me! As I looked out from the platform I saw the people crowded to the roof, eager, asking for miracles. I trembled; I was flame from head to foot; I was as fierce as, or fiercer than, I had ever been when I beat down Sharder abroad. Only now it was too much; I overdid it. But I did n't know until the orchestra paused for me, and I drew fingers over the keys. I could have cried out for horror. Think of it, not even keep in time, I!"

He stopped, overwhelmed. Then he spoke in a low voice:

"So here, at home, America, I go down as a second-rater! A second-rater, I that would be God!"

I felt free at last. He had told me what I knew he knew, what he knew that I knew; the ground was cleared. A rush of pity came to me.

"Leon," I said, "I wonder that you did n't die."

"I almost did," he said, with a new tone of intimacy. "And I would have if it had n't been for father here."

"Nonsense, Leon!" said his father. "Nonsense!"

"Not nonsense," said Leon, and now I listened, amazed. "In fact, I 'd never gotten anywhere if it had n't been for father. If I doubted, he did n't. And he does n't even doubt to-day."

So it was his father, and no young girl, he had been playing to!

"And what 's more," Leon went on in a strange voice, "I don't doubt any more either."

"What do you mean?" I asked, startled.

"I mean that the torment is over."

"How over?" I began.

"Shall I tell him, Papa?"

"Ya," said his father; "tell him."

He went on rather shyly, I thought:

It seems that he had shut himself in his room, and sat there staring vacantly like a maniac, utterly and forever ruined. He could think only of suicide. Then the door had opened gently, and his father had come in. But it was not the father he had hitherto known, not the self-effacing servant, but a man come to save his son, rising at this terrible moment to a height of superb courage and strength. He sat close to his son and took one of his hands.

"Leon," he said, "I am going to tell you something: you must love your enemy."

Leon thought his father, too, was insane.

"I wish he were dead before me," he breathed.

His father went right on:

"Leon, you are my son, and I am going to speak to you. I have given up everything else that you might triumph. I have given up everything; now I ask you to give up everything."

Leon bowed before this. It was only his father, after all, that he cared for.

"What shall I give up?" he asked.

"Your hatred, your jealousy."

"Is *that* everything?" asked Leon, trembling.

"Our strongest passion," said his father, "is the thing we treasure most, even when it is vile and loathsome."

"What good," asked Leon, "would it do to give it up?"

"It would stop destroying you," said his father. "You see what it does to you. It does not hurt your enemy; it *ruins* you."

"But how can I give it up?" asked Leon. "I am only human. This thing has come to me. I have nothing to do with it."

Then his father startled him.

"Leon," he said, "you know I ceased being orthodox; but, nevertheless, to learn English I bought a Bible. I found later it was a Gentile Bible, and I read the New Testament out of curiosity. So I learned some strange things that explain much. In the Old Testament it says, 'An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth,' but in the New Testament it is written, 'Forgive thine enemies . . . do good to them that use thee despitefully.' There is a great secret in that, and a still greater in the prayer, 'Forgive me my

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trespasses, as I forgive them who trespass against me.' "

"Would you have me pray?" asked Leon. "I do not believe in God."

"It does not matter about that," said his father; "but prayer, what is it? It is to wrestle with yourself in quiet until you change hatred into love, and murderousness into forgiveness. Leon," his father went on, "go into your own soul and forgive Sharder. True, he has not wronged you, but it is all the same. You *feel* he has wronged you. So forgive him, embrace him in your heart, accept him."

Leon paused at this point; then he went on in a low voice:

"It is hard to tell you—these things are so intangible! I obeyed my father, but I felt as if I were killing myself. It was the one thing that it seemed I could not give up—this jealous rage, this egoism, this delicious and agonizing storm of feeling. But as I kept thinking over my life and my past in the light of my father's words, an unutterable feeling of guilt came over me, a sort of remorse. I grew blacker and blacker, until at last I flung myself against my couch, crying, 'Forgive me!' And then I thought of Sharder. I could see his calm face plainly. What could I do but hate it? I writhed and struggled; it was as if I were wrestling with a great rock, trying to heave it up over my chest. 'Forgive! forgive!' I kept murmuring. And slowly, with terrible anguish, in fantasy, I put my arms around Sharder, I drew him close. I loved him. It seems unbelievable, but it is true; it is a human thing, born of passion. I embraced him in my heart, and loved him."

I spoke softly.

"What came next?"

His voice was musical.

"Peace," he said.

We were silent. The darkness held us now without menace.

"You see," Leon went on, "I had been wasting my power in two ways, in trying to be God because I doubted, and in trying to kill Sharder. When I gave these up, when I accepted myself and accepted Sharder, the struggle ceased, the waste stopped. I was free."

"But how could you give up your doubt?"

He laughed melodiously.

"Very simply. I decided I was n't God. I have power, yes; but it does n't matter whether it is first rate or second rate. Whatever it is, it is mine. 'A poor thing,' " he quoted, laughing, " 'but mine own.' "

As he turned on the light I gazed at the old man, sitting there stiffly at the edge of his chair, but his eyes fiercely proud. They proclaimed that he knew; he knew what Leon was, critics to the contrary.

As for Leon, he played for me. But then he has played for you, too, and you know what it is like.

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Labor and Capital in Russia

By EDWARD ALSWORTH ROSS

Author of "South of Panama," etc.

IT was late in a December evening in Petrograd, and I wanted to talk with my friend Symonds of the Associated Press about the raids of the Bolshevik soldiers on private wine cellars. Only a few minutes before I had met strong vinous fumes pouring from the broken windows under a shop, and peering down, I beheld soldiers moving about with lighted matches. The racks for the bottles were empty, while the floor was ankle deep in wine and broken glass. In another place a fire-hose led from a cellar window, and the soldiers were siphoning the wine from the cellar into the manhole of the sewer, while all around the snow was ruby. "Number 136," said the room clerk of the hotel when I inquired for Symonds. I rapped on the door of the room, but there appeared not my friend, but a brisk elderly gentleman whose name was Simmons.

"Come in, anyhow," he said when I had explained the mistake. "My daughter and I have just opened a bottle of wine, and I was wishing some one would happen in."

It came out that he is an American of Kentucky origin who has lived in Petrograd for a quarter of a century. He is a metallurgist and has a smelter employing fifty men where slag and old metal are worked up into new forms. Between sips he ran on just like an old English squire.

"No, sir, I don't know what we are coming to, with these damned Bolsheviks on top. In the end they 'll want to cut the throat of every man that wears a white collar. But, then, pshaw! they won't last. Two months? I won't give them two weeks. What will turn them out, you ask? Why, sir, the aroused intelligence of the country. You can't keep matter above mind for long.

"Yes, I have a *fabrik,* and my men love me. I pay nearly all twelve rubles a day, and there 's not a man jack of the lot who gets less than two hundred and ten rubles a month. I keep track of how the prices of things go up, and there 's hardly a fortnight I don't add something to their wages. I provide my work people with lodging, food, everything. Their interests are perfectly safe in my hands. Strike? I won't allow such a thing. If a man does n't like my pay, why, let him look for another job, say I. Here 's the way I handle the kickers. Five weeks ago there was a fellow by the name of Ivan who got some of these Bolshevist ideas into his head. When at a quarter to five I said, 'Now, boys, pour the lead,' he looked at his watch and said, 'We pour at five o'clock.' So I grabbed him by the collar, —just like this,—ran him into the office, and told my daughter here—she 's my cashier—to pay him what was coming to him and for two weeks besides. But that fellow would n't sign the pay-roll,—receipt in full, you know,—so I rushed him down the passageway, and at the door gave him a kick that landed him in the gutter. He picked himself up and searched for a weapon; but I whipped out my Browning, and he scooted.

"Next day Mitron—that 's one of my men—told me he had it from Stephan that Ivan was swearing he 'd get level with me some night when I came out of the factory door. 'All right,' I said to Mitron, 'you tell Stephan to pass it on to Ivan that if I see him hanging around when I come out of my door I 'll know he does n't intend any good to me, and I 'll shoot at

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once.' Do you want to know, sir, what that fellow did? Four days later, in the forenoon,—he knew I 'm never about in the forenoon,—he came into the office and humbly begged my daughter to give him his pay and asked my forgiveness for having treated me so unjustly. He said he was going back to his village now, but when the war is over he 'd like to take service with me again.

"Yes, I know how to handle 'em, and if other employers were n't so damned chicken-hearted, they would n't have so much trouble with their men. I won't have a strike in my factory. If any one talks Bolshevist sentiments, I sack him at once, and my men understand I 'm their best friend. Owe my fortune to my men? Not a bit of it. My fortune came all out of my brains, sir. It may not sound well for me to say it, but in fact I am one of the best metallurgists in Russia. No man here is in it with me for telling whether a slag is worth melting up. Without me to judge the materials, get the orders, and find the markets, where d' ye suppose my men would come out?

"But what *is* this bally country coming to? They came to my place the other day—I 've got a little palace of my own, you know; I keep these rooms only for convenience,—and the blackguards—they call themselves 'Red Guards,' but blackguards is *my* name for them—took my best blanket, pretending it was needed to keep some soldier warm. I 've got it back now, but it cost me nearly five hundred rubles to trace it, though I bought it in the end for three rubles in the thieves' market. My servants tell me I 'll get killed if I go about in the streets with these on [indicating very handsome rings on each of his little fingers]. They 're worth five or six thousand rubles apiece, but I 'll never take them off. Not while *this* show is on. Let them kill me if they like. I 'm a gentleman, and I am going to live like one till the end."

It was like listening to a French count in 1790. Same patronizing feudal attitude toward "his" people, same inability to imagine the disappearance of the old order, same fatuous courage, raising an umbrella in the face of a tornado. Pathetic.

Unlike the old Ruric dynasty of princes of Muscovy, the upstart Romanoffs never sided with the people, but stood with the powerful. It was under them that the peasants became serfs, and in the end slaves. When factories began to spring up in Russia, the Romanoffs, of course, became accomplices of the capitalists in holding workmen down with a ruthlessness long since abandoned in western Europe. Unions of wage-earners to promote their economic interests were stamped out. Even when some employers wanted the workmen to be given the right to organize, in order that there should be authorized representatives of the men with whom they could make a stable agreement, the Government refused lest such organizations become centers of political movements. The Government at times patronized mutual-benefit societies among wage-earners, but would tolerate no association that might lessen profits. Nor would it allow the workmen to quit work in concert. Forced in 1905 to recognize their right to strike, it nullified this concession when, a year or two later, it felt itself firm again in the saddle. A strike was treated as a seditious outbreak calling for stern measures. Through his spies among the men the employer would learn in advance the day and hour of the walk-out and, when the strikers marched out of the works, they would be met by gendarmes or Cossacks who would disperse them with clubs and whips and throw their leaders into jail, if they did not send them to the front.

The orthodox political economists used to insist that supply and demand determine wages, so that unions and strikes can have nothing to do with it. If this were so, Russian working-men lost nothing by being denied these means. As a matter of fact, many hundreds of millions of rubles went yearly to the employer just because he kept out of their hands such weapons as union and strike. In 1912, when raw immigrant labor commanded $1.65 a day

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in the industrial centers of the United States, this class of labor was paid about thirty cents a day in the industrial centers of southern Russia. I met a machinist who had worked all over southern Russia and never received more than eighty-five cents a day. In the United States he started at $2.75 a day and in five years never received less. After allowing for a slightly higher cost of living in the United States, and bearing in mind that employers reckon Russian skilled labor as twenty-five or thirty per cent. less efficient than American labor, it seems safe to say that before the Revolution the share of his product that fell to the Russian workingman was less than a third of that received by the American wage-earner.

Of course the employer's share was swelled by just so much as he kept from his working-men; therefore it is not surprising that the Russian capitalists netted a far higher profit than is customary in America. I talked with no man of affairs who did not judge that twenty per cent. per annum was as common a rate of profit for the Russian manufacturer as is ten per cent for the American manufacturer. The hundred-ruble shares of industrial companies were quoted at 300, 400, and even up to 1000 rubles, indicating an expected annual earning of eighteen, twenty-four, and, in cases, up to sixty per cent. While such high profits are partly due to a comparative scarcity of capital in Russia in relation to opportunities for profitable investment, there can be no doubt that the American wage-earners, armed with the legal rights to organize and to strike, and equipped with the intelligence to use them, have drawn to themselves a much larger fraction of their product than the Russian employer yielded to his ignorant and cowed wage-slaves. Such is the effect of democracy upon the distribution of wealth.

One of the immediate results of the Revolution was the birth in these working-people of a new sense of self-respect. This registered itself in a striking way in the overthrow of the tipping system. In nearly all restaurants and hotels the servants struck for and attained the addition of a percentage, usually fifteen per cent., to the patron's bill, this to be divided among them in an agreed proportion. Then No-Tip signs were hung up, and the waiters and chambermaids firmly declined all gratuities. It was predicted that the quality of their service would fall off, now that the patron's contribution was fixed, but no such result appeared. In six months of hotels and restaurants I noted no loss of zeal or promptitude in the servants.

The new spirit made war on the extortion of petty graft, which like a fungus had spread itself through Russian life in consequence of the wretched pay of servants. As long as he earned only three dollars a month, the *dvornik,* or house janitor, *had* to levy tribute on the shopkeepers supplying his house as well as exact a fee from every family in it. The policeman, allowed only $6.75 a month, was obliged to bleed all he could intimidate. The railway servants were paid so little that they *had* to squeeze gratuities out of the public they were bound to serve. No tip, no service; while a big tip brought unfair preference. Now, since the revision of wage-schedules that came in the wake of the Revolution, these blackmailing practices have been given up. It has even become bad form to attempt to grease the wheels with a bank-note. The money is returned with the remark, "Things cannot be arranged that way any more."

When the autocratic machine broke down, the masters suddenly found themselves without any means of coercing their men. Since last March there has been no civil authority in Russia competent to overawe bodies of workmen or peasants. Bold, indeed, was the chief of police who would act in defiance of the will of the local Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Deputies. Said a representative employer bitterly:

"The *kommissar* who stands for the Central Government here is a schoolteacher and often calls upon us to yield this or that point 'in the interest of public order' or 'to avert grave disturbances.' So nowadays we don't consider what are

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our rights; we consider only how to avoid trouble."

Facing bodies of united workmen, sometimes with, but often without, the support of their office force, the managers of Russian establishments had to dispense with their familiar means of exploitation and content themselves with what they could get by tact, argument, and personal influence. If, after all, capital fared not so badly, it was only owing to the amazing reasonableness of the Russian masses when they are not under the spell of the crowd.

Wages were pushed up, but far less than we were led to believe. American periodicals long put the demands of the Russian working-men in a false light by figuring the ruble at its old value of half a dollar. Even last spring, when the advances began, the prices of necessaries had already doubled or trebled, and since then, lifted by a constantly increasing volume of irredeemable paper money, the cost of living has risen so fast that it is doubtful if the workmen's pay has even kept pace. Many employers admit that wages have not gone up as fast as prices. A big employer conceded that, although the wages of the seventy thousand laborers in the Baku oil industry have gone up 460 per cent. since the beginning of the war, the rise in the cost of living has been still greater. I met, indeed, one monumental case of wage extortion which resounded all over Russia. At an important grain-shipping point on the lower Volga the men carrying sacks between wharf and vessel, by striking on every occasion that presented itself, had screwed their earnings up to thirty-three rubles (say six dollars) for a six-hour day of work. When I was there they were demanding a new pay schedule which would yield them seventy-five rubles a day!

Whether or not the laboring-class as a whole got a better living in 1917, there is no doubt that it gave far less for what it received. Within four months after the Revolution the eight-hour day was installed nearly everywhere, and in the larger cities office-workers generally got their working-day down to six hours. Even the servant girls caught the infection, and demanded an eight-hour day and certain days off. One man had humor enough to say when the maid asked for an eight-hour day, "like the factory girls":

"All right. Quit at four in the afternoon if you like. But where are you going to sleep and eat? If you are to have the same hours as the factory girls, you will of course 'find yourself,' as they do."

The subject was dropped.

Not only was the working-day shorter, but often it was broken in on by tea-drinking, smoking, chatting, and political discussion. When they felt like it, the men held a meeting. After an experience of being rolled out of the works in a wheelbarrow, the foremen were pretty limp and said nothing. The men would leave their machines to talk politics, but would scatter hurriedly to their places if the boss entered the shop. The men usually required a time-wage to be substituted for a piece-wage, and soon there was a marked fall in productivity. In July the output per man in the munition factories of Petrograd was only a quarter of normal. In August General Korniloff told the Moscow Political Conference that the output of the gun and shell plants had declined sixty per cent. as compared with the last three months under the old régime, and that of the aëroplane factories eighty per cent. In Tsaritzin the output of the cannon factory had fallen seventy-five per cent.

In Petrograd, Moscow, and Nijni-Novgorod the most frequent estimate of the loss of productivity was fifty per cent. In Saratoff a labor leader estimated it at sixty or seventy per cent. in September and still declining. The best showing was that of an American company which by December had gotten production back to seventy per cent. of the old figure.

The labor men I interviewed frankly admitted the great slump in productivity, but would not lay it all to labor. Part of it was due to the gradual deterioration of the machinery and to the growing difficulty of obtaining a steady supply of raw materials. So far as the men were responsible, it was only a natural reaction from the forced pace formerly exacted of them.

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In some cases the leaking out of how the manufacturers filling government contracts on liberal terms had secretly received subsidies from the old régime killed the laborer's disposition to exert himself. He saw his employer as simply an arch-grafter.

All the labor and socialist spokesmen agreed that productivity was scandalously low and were doing their utmost to raise it. In some factories the workers created a committee to quicken the lazy. The slacker was twice warned, and then, if he continued on low gear, they let the employer sack him. In a big government arsenal where the men had substituted their own managers for the harsh and grafting generals who formerly tyrannized over them, the difference in activity between the repair-shop on time-work and the machine-shops on piece-work was marked. In the repair-shop the pace was easy, and at a given moment a third of the men would be passing a remark, lighting a cigarette, or staring at us.

The employer himself could do little to speed up his men, for he no longer possessed the power, so dear to the heart of the American manufacturer, to "hire and fire." The working-men had soon perceived the necessity of protecting their spokesmen and leaders from the resentment of the boss, and by the end of 1917 his right to discharge was generally subjected to the veto of a factory committee. Whether or not this restriction protected the shirker or bungler in his job depended largely on the tact of the manager. Two Moscow manufacturers were comparing their experience. The cotton-mill man threw up his hands. No getting on with the factory commitee; they would n't let him fire the good-for-nothing fellows. Production was away down. The machine-shop man, on the other hand, had no trouble. When the committee saw him about to discharge a certain fellow, he stated his case to them in language they could understand, got them to put themselves in his place. He always found them reasonable.

There is no doubt that the Russian, even the illiterate working-man, is one of the most reasonable beings on earth if some one he trusts approaches him the right way and has patience. But the ease of recalling one factory committee and setting up another puts reason at a constant disadvantage. I heard of a committee which authorized the discharge of a workman proved to have stolen from his employer. The workman promptly elected a more sympathetic committee, which stood firmly by the rascal. Said a Volga boat-builder: "When the committee begins to share my views about efficiency and will let me get rid of this or that lazy 'comrade,' the workmen get together, 'fire' that committee, and give me a new and a more radical one to deal with; so that the process of educating them to appreciate productivity has to begin all over again."

In some works, if the elected committee fails to reach a decision as to a man the boss wants to discharge, the question is referred to the workmen in his department. Obviously the grounds on which his fellows will determine his fate will have little to do with his real worth to the firm. It is safe to predict that any board which is to prevent arbitrary discharge, yet not block justifiable discharge, will have to have some permanency and will include members from outside the establishment.

It takes only half an eye to see that with limitation upon his power to "fire," the employer loses many opportunities to snatch an advantage from the labor situation outside his factory. If hungry unemployed are walking the icy pavement, he cannot turn off good men in order to take them on at a starvation wage, nor can he intimidate his men into accepting a needless cut in wages by hinting at such replacement. No more can he throw competent workmen into the street in order to supplant them with younger or quicker men, nor speed up his force by threatening to give their places to the job-seekers clamoring at the factory gate. In a word, while competition between the insiders and outsiders persists, it is mercifully dulled for them, as it already is for most of us

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who are fortunate enough to be something else than factory-workers.

The workmen covet a voice in deciding who shall be placed on the pay-roll. They want not only to protect their union by controlling "fire," but also to extend and strengthen it by controlling "hire." Limit the employer to men listed by the trade-union or by the factory committee, and every seeker of work will have to join the organization. What capitalists may be called upon to concede came out in the draft of a collective agreement presented on behalf of the organized men to the representatives of the hundred large employing oil firms at Baku. Said the spokesman of the employers:

> They ask that we grant leave on pay for a certain period to a sick employee. Most of us are doing that already. They stipulate that on dismissal an employee shall receive a month's pay for every year he has been in our service. Agreed. They demand that no workman be dismissed without the consent of a committee representing the men. That 's all right. They require that we take on new men from a list submitted by them. That 's reasonable enough. They know far better than we can whether or not a fellow is safe to work alongside of. But when they demand control over the hiring and firing of *all* our employees,—bookkeepers, foremen, superintendents, and managers as well as workmen,—we balk. We don't see how we can yield that point without losing the control essential to discipline and efficiency. Yet if we don't sign to-night, they threaten to strike.

They did strike, and they won the point at issue.

The property-less wage-earner who without warning has been thrown out of his job runs great risk. In immediate need of something to support his family the skilled worker is likely to drop into the ranks of common labor, from which it may take years to regain his old standing. The unskilled man may be permanently lowered in standing or morale by being forced to tramp or beg before he has found another job. For some time the Russian employer has been legally bound under certain circumstances to pay his dismissed employee wages for two weeks beyond the term of employment. Since the Revolution there has been an endeavor to make this practice general and to give the dismissed workman a legal right to a month's wages instead of a fortnight's. In a number of industries the month of leeway has already been established by joint agreement. In the typographic industry masters and men have agreed to a three months' minimum term of employment. Some groups of workers call for a much broader margin of security. As we have seen, the oil-men demanded and secured a month's dismissal pay for every year of service. A large American manufacturing concern was asked by its men to pay three months' dismissal wages for every year of service. On the break-up of the office force of a certain American life insurance company, the men put in a claim for six months' pay all around.

The by-effects of the obligation to pay a reasonable dismissal wage are altogether admirable. The employer picks his man more carefully, and as soon as possible determines whether or not he will do. Before letting him go with a present of a month's wages, the employer will try him out in different positions or departments in the hope of finding the right place for him. It may even prove worth while to put the raw, but promising, man under the instruction of a good workman until he becomes valuable to his employer. None of the recent Russian innovations is so worthy of prompt adoption by us as the legal dismissal wage. Nothing, indeed, sheds such a light on the negligibleness of the wage-earner in American society as the complacent acquiescence of the public in the barbarous "hire and fire" policy characteristics of our industries.

To most of us it seems reasonable that the legal dismissal wage should be proportional, in a degree at least, to the length of service. If the worker became entitled to a day's dismissal wage for every twenty days he had held the job, he would have

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a fortnight to look around in if he lost his job at the end of the year, a month after two years of service, three months after six years of service, and so on. The longer he had made good in his place the more secure he would feel, for the more it would cost his employer to turn him off without fault on his part. After a few years a man would be quite free from that dread of finding a blue slip in his pay-envelop, which now embitters life for a myriad of American wage-earners. How whole-heartedly a man will toil if he realizes he is building about his job a wall of protection which will survive change of foremen or managers or ownership!

The Russian socialists, however, will have nothing to do with the proportional dismissal wage for fear it will weaken the solidarity of the working-class. After a man had held his job a few years, they contend, he would arrive at such a sense of security that he would lose his feeling of identity of interest with the rest of his class. Many of the best workers would thus acquire the bourgeois outlook and cease to struggle to wipe out the wage system entirely. To allow sections of the working-class élite thus to become easy in their minds and detached in lot from the mass of wage-earners would delay or make doubtful the political triumph of the proletariate.

Other benefits some groups of Russian working-people have sought to gain by means of their new power are a fixed annual vacation of two or four weeks with pay, taken at a time convenient to the employee; free medical and hospital treatment not only for injuries and maladies arising out of the work, but for all illnesses of the employee or of his family; and the continuance of wages for an invalid employee even if his incapacitation in no way arises out of the industry. The latter two demands testify to the survival of the autocratic idea that the employer should be a "father" to his people. Many of the Russian working-men have yet to learn that the citizens of the democracy should look to their own associations or to their community for help in certain crises rather than to their employer. They might as logically call upon their employer to school their children or build their churches as to ask him to doctor their families or insure them against accidents not incurred in the course of duty.

Naïve indeed are some of the demands made upon the employer. The force of one company struck and afterward asked wages for the time they were out on strike. Another employer was called upon to provide his men with revolvers and rifles, "so that they might be ready for the counter-revolution." There is a story that in a certain rubber-factory the workmen figured out that there should be coming to them three million rubles of back pay. The women stayed up all night making canvas sacks, and next day the men appeared in force at the office with sacks and wheel-barrows demanding their three million rubles. In consternation the office referred them to the directors. The men went after the directors, and these fled to Kerensky's apartments in the Winter Palace, and, when he came in at two o'clock A. M., implored him to insure their safety. He let them stay, and sent out to the waiting delegation of workmen a signed statement that he had placed the directors under arrest. They went away satisfied. In three days the capitalists ventured home, and the works went on as if nothing had happened.

Considering what they recently had escaped from, one should not marvel that wisdom and folly are strangely mingled in the conduct of Russian wage-earners since the Revolution. Some of the remedies they forced to a trial appear to be successful and will spread everywhere. Others work so badly that even their sponsers are coming to doubt them. For months the less-thoughtful workers have lived in a state of intoxication. I use the word advisedly, for again and again educated Russians, in accounting for their queer behavior, have used the phrase "drunk with liberty." An old lady, long the skilful manager of a huge national foundling asylum in Moscow, thus described the state of mind of the servants:

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Among our hundreds of helpers here no one wants to do anything. Formerly one cook sufficed, now we must have five other cooks. There are four people to look after the lift, yet rarely is there anybody to operate it when you want it. Never has the house been so dirty and ill cared for. Never has it been so hard to save the children from actual neglect. They are all mad, drunk with liberty, and they think liberty is not doing anything you don't like.

This is why the two hours of leisure gained by the victory of the eight-hour day has rarely been put to any cultural use. The men still find sweetness in doing nothing during the hours from four to six, when they used to be at the machines. They lie about on the grass, play cards, listen to speeches, and indulge in horse-play. The impulse to start gardens, "fix up" about the home, or engage in serious reading or study will hardly appear until the first deliciousness of idling has worn off.

Nor is it surprising that old mental habits break through the new mood and cause workmen to oscillate in bearing between truculence and servility. The young fellows, of course, quickly turn into freemen, but the older are like cave-dwellers brought into sunlight. In a large factory the bakers who made bread for the company stores became very obstreperous, and their leader came up to the manager, threatening him with his fists. A few days later he slunk into the office crying, and on his knees besought the manager for money. The manager called in the bakers to see the behavior of their whilom bullying leader, and they renounced him in disgust. The old servile cunning will betray itself in a great outburst of malingering, the men on time-work claiming some ache and daily crowding the hospital in order to enjoy a rest while waiting to be examined; yet these men have the hardihood to threaten the doctor with personal violence in case he reports there is nothing the matter with them.

Taking too literally "the right of labor to the whole produce," workers have ridden their manager out of the works in a wheel-barrow, only to implore him a few weeks later to come back because they knew not where to buy raw material or what kinds to order. One manager held out till he was let back with complete control of hiring and firing. There have been managers who walked out leaving the men to run the plant till they realized their need of the managers and would have them on their own terms. In southern Russia there was an owner who quit the plant, and the men joyfully took it over to run it for their own benefit. When they had used up the scanty supply of raw material on hand they began to sell machines out of the works to get the means for buying more, and when they had the raw material they lacked certain machines necessary for working it up.

While there are plenty of syndicalists urging the workmen of each factory to organize, cast out the owner and his agents, and run it as their own, the Bolsheviki are guilty of no such folly. They see clearly that such methods would end in anarchy. What they aim at is workers' control of industry. The capitalist, Mr. Trotzky assured me, will be allowed five per cent. or six per cent. on the value of his property, the rest of the pure profit to be divided between the local community and the state. In some matters he will be free, in others bound by the factory committee, in still others bound by rules laid down by local workers' councils or the central authorities. If the capitalist will not play the game, but tries to shut up his plant in order to starve the workers into submission, he will be regarded as having abandoned it, and a board of directors chosen by the men will be put in charge. After the Bolshevik Revolution not a few plants in Moscow came under workers' management. Observers say that they run along from day to day, but make no plans for the future. They resent as interference all advice from intelligent outsiders and receive with suspicion warnings of the hidden rocks in the course of business management. Nor do they appreciate the importance to them of the technical man

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Unless such concerns are soon lit up by modern accounting and regulated by central boards, not enough of their earnings will be laid aside for repairs and depreciation, so that when the factory wears out, there will be no money to replace it. Russian economists agree that, while the principles upon which state-managed industry may succeed are known, one cannot expect such principles to be followed by a Government resting immediately on the Russian proletariate. The "control of workers over factories" will therefore result simply in their eating up the capital.

The secret of the unexampled conquest of power in Russia by the working-class lies in its early organization. By organizing first, it gained a broad running start over the propertied class, and now there is no likelihood of the bourgeoisie overtaking it. Anything it attempts in the way of open and comprehensive organization will be put down by force. Following Petrograd's example, and led by repatriated exiles and refugees, the working-people in every important center formed a council (*sovyet*) of delegates chosen by groups of workers. For instance, to the *sovyet* of Nijni-Novgorod a delegate may be sent by every factory with fifty or more workmen. The big concerns—there is one with twenty-five thousand employees—are allowed representation for every five hundred workmen or workwomen. Any fifty persons in the same craft or calling may come together and pick their delegate. Any class of employees—even reporters, bookkeepers, and bank clerks — have a right to representation. On the other hand, doctors, lawyers, clergymen, engineers, merchants, capitalists, and landed proprietors are not considered as belonging to the proletariate. About one sixth of the *sovyet* is composed of deputies named by the various proletarian parties, Social Revolutionists, Social Democrats (Bolsheviki and Mensheviki), Populists, etc.

The soldiers of the local garrison by companies named deputies to the soldiers' *sovyet*. These two *sovyets* in Nijni-Novgorod maintain a joint executive committee composed of thirty workmen and twenty soldiers, which meets perhaps twice a week. Of the thirty working-class members perhaps twenty give their entire time, and are paid the equivalent of their ordinary wages. They form subcommittees looking after conditions of work, disagreements between employer and employees, strike adjustment, employment bureaus, etc.

Once in about three months there meets in Petrograd a congress composed of one delegate for every ten thousand workingmen, and this congress, in coöperation with a like body representing the soldiers, names a central executive committee of 250 members, which sits almost continuously in Petrograd. Since the incorporation into this committee of an equal number of deputies chosen by the Peasants' Congress, it speaks for the masses as no other agency in Russia. It is this body which now constitutes the supreme governing authority of nearly a hundred million people.

While the proletariate was thus being welded into a powerful political instrument, the bourgeoisie was strangely inert. It did little to agitate its ideas before the public, and it formed no comprehensive organization. As the working-class became more masterful, it did nothing but sit behind locked doors, wring its hands, and disseminate malicious lies about the Bolsheviki. It is true the bourgeoisie is numerically weak in Russia, but one cannot imagine the employing and propertied class in the United States thus lying down in the face of a similar crisis. With us the successful include many persons of farm or working-class origin who have fought their way up and have unusual force of character. In Russia, on the other hand, the able, aggressive son of a peasant or mill hand had to stay with his class, because there has been no public school to open to him the doors of opportunity. On the whole, the bourgeoisie have shown themselves timid and ineffective, and it is not surprising that the robust peasants and workmen have no fear lest the bourgeoisie wrest power from them.

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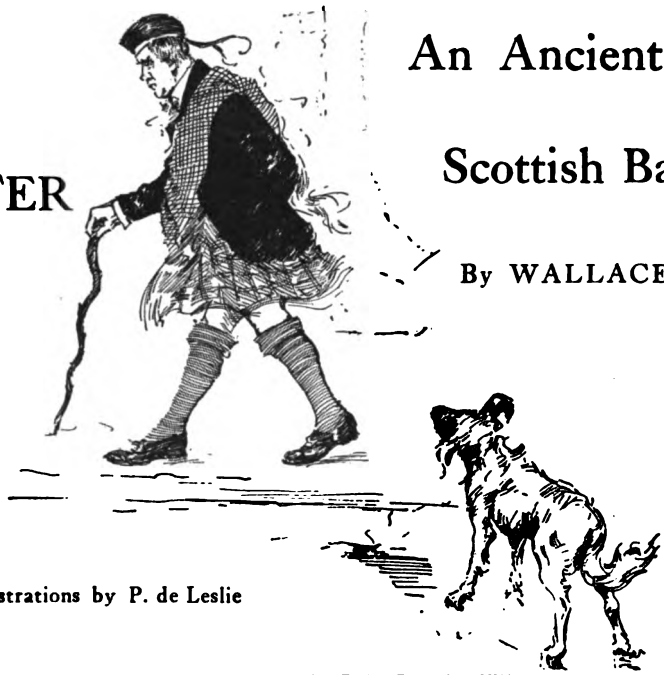
IN LIGHTER VEIN

An Ancient Scottish Ballad

By WALLACE IRWIN



Illustrations by P. de Leslie

"SO FORTH UPON HIS BRA', BRA' SHANKS
HE WALKED WI' MAIN AND MICHT"

In order to save the reader from confusion, it may be stated that this ballad is founded upon an incident which happened somewhat later than the reign of Fergus the Gude. Some historians place the incident as late as the winter of 1917, when the laird, who bears a famous Highland title, came to New Y—— There, we almost told everything!—with an important commission relating to the European War.—Author.

'T was a ver-r-ry michtie Scottish chief
To the bra' big town came he.
It maun been worse, for in his purse
He keppit saxpence three.

He keppit saxpence three, and, hoot!
He went one Monday bra'
To lecture at a culture club
Fu' saxty blocks awa'.

"By Fergus!" swore this noble laird,
"The price o' cabs is sair;
Though many bonnie blocks it be,
I 'll walk and save the fare."

So forth upon his bra', bra' shanks
He walked wi' main and micht;
And thirty blocks and forty blocks
He covered ere the nicht.

But when the sonsie sun went doon
He looked fair fashed and spent
And twirled the saxpence in his kilt
As a taxicab he kent.

"I canna ride! I canna ride!"
He whirtled in despair,
"Dour gillies be the taxi-lads,
They charge sic muckle fair."

But 'crost the street his bonnie een
Obsairved a sicht to bless—
A daft auld laddie sat upon
A wagon marked "Express."

"Ah, laddie, I hae tramped Broadwa'
Till I am sick and sair.
So weery, weery are my limbs
I micht come hame nae mair.

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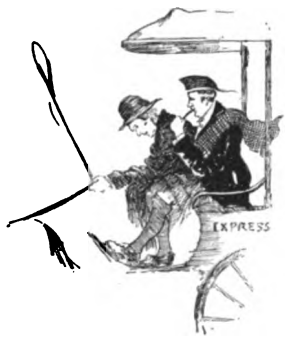
"BUT 'CROST THE STREET HIS BONNIE EEN OBSAIRVED A SICHT TO BLESS"

"Ah, laddie, laddie, do ye ken
Whar the culture club may be?"
"Jump in, jump in, me michtie mon;
I 'll tak' ye there," quoth he.

So in the wagon called "Express"
The nobleman up-lept.
"Git up, Napoleon!" cried the lad,
And the beastie forward crept.



"'GIT UP, NAPOLEON'"

But by and by that dour express
Befoor a door stopt slow,
And at the michtie culture club
The ancient lad cried, "Whoa!"

The Scottish chief has got him doon.
"I thank ke, lad," quoth he
(Grasping the siller in his kilt),
"I thank ye three times three."

But when upon the club front door
That chieftan did apply,
The bonnie doorman lookt him o'er;
"Be off, auld coof!" did cry.

"Who in a wagon marked 'Express'
To this here club doth ca'
Must gang the tradesman's entrance door
Ere evil things befa'."

"'I AM THE LAIRD O' THISTLEDOWN AND THE EARL O' KILLYCRANK'"

So at the tradesman's entrance gate
His lairdship did beseech.
"What wouldst deliver?" asked a voice.
The laird replied, "A speech."

"Who come with speeches to this club,"
The voice it did suggest,
"Must ring upon the big front door
And be the honored guest."

Again upon the big front door
The laird rang three times three;
Up cried the doorman, hopping fashed,
"Go lang and bide a wee!"

"'COME IN AND DON'T BE SAIR. A KING MAY RIDE UPON A TRUCK FOR A' AND A' I CARE'"

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"But Doorman, Doorman, hae a heart!
Canna ye see my rank?
I am the Laird o' Thistledown
And the Earl o' Killycrank."

"Ye canna come sic stories here,"
The doorman up did cluck.
"No laird goes skirling through the toon
Upon a drayman's truck."

"AS LANG AND LANG HE SPOKE HIS SPEECH ABOOT HIS ANE COUNTREE"

So inward walked the michtie chief
And a' stood up to see
As lang and lang he spoke his speech
Aboot his ane countree.

"'AND KEEP THE CHANGE, MY GUDE AULD CHEEL;
FOR ON THIS DAY OF GRACE
I COULD NA SEE A SCOTTISH LAIRD
BANG SAXPENCE ROOND THE PLACE'"

"Aye, mon, I am indeed a laird!"
Loud cried the chief. And soon
Displayed his tarleton and his crest
Upon his overshoon.

"Ah, weel!" the doorman loud did greet,
"Come in and don't be sair.
A king may ride upon a truck
For a' and a' I care."

But at the door the truckman stood.
"I ask ane quarter fare."
"Losh, mon!"—the doorman paid the bill,—
"I 'm glad it is nae mair.

"And keep the change, my gude auld cheel;
For on this day of grace
I could na see a Scottish laird
Bang saxpence roond the place."

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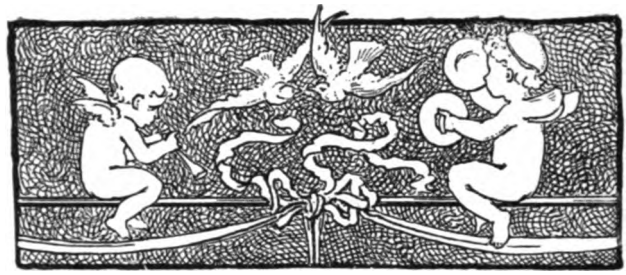

Afterward

By CHANNING POLLOCK

Dear eyes, twin limpid glories,
  Dear tender, honest eyes,
That told such wondrous stories—
  And most of them were lies.

Dear lips, that promised blisses,
  That used to pout and quiz,
Lips made for love and kisses,
  That kissed my lips—and his.

Dear voice, like summer weather,
  That spoke of love and youth
And spring, and years together—
  And never spoke the truth.

Dear heart, so close to my heart,
  That answered to its call,
That made of love a high art—
  And never loved at all.

Dear mem'ries, ash and ember,
  Dead things that pain and grieve,
And yet I still remember,
  And—sometimes still believe.

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ANTWERP

From an etching in color by J. Alphege Brewer

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THE CENTURY

Vol. 96 JUNE, 1918 No. 2

On Hearing the Carillon of Antwerp Cathedral

By PERCEVAL M. BARKER

Illustrations by P. de Leslie

The great bell of the carillon, or chimes, of the Antwerp Cathedral is named "Gabriel." It was cast in the year 1459, and the inscription on it contains the words, "It rings for fire and tolls for combat." The evening of July 30, 1914, Gustave Brees, the bellmaster of Antwerp, gave a concert on the chimes; the following evening "Gabriel" was tolling for the mobilization of the Belgian Army.

July 30, 1914

ALL Antwerp 's still;
The night is clear, the sky is bright with stars,
Each one seems like God's eye looking down,
Lighted with pleasure at the deeds
And strength of sturdy Belgium.
The carillon rings forth; its music grips
Our hearts and makes us feel
The beauty of this world.
From out the heavens this sweet harmony
Strikes deep within our souls,
Makes strong our love for all beneath the sky.
Each bell gives out its clear, pure note
That ages past had planned and made.
To-night is Gabriel only one of these
Great wondrous bells, the one we know
By name, and which has brought to us
Rich memories of nigh four hundred years ago.
All Antwerp 's still;

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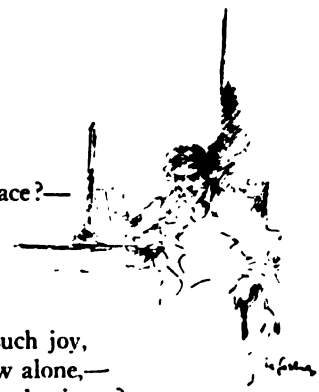
And we, our evening spent in peace and joy,
With those sweet chimes still ringing in our ears,
Care-free, lie down to rest,
And thank God for His love and watchfulness.

July 31

Toll!—What note is that?
What message brings it forth?
What fearful thing is this?—
Toll!—These words that we had read
On Gabriel,
"For fire it rings, for combat tolls."
Toll!—And yet the sky is dark.
Can it be true? O dear God, no;
It can't be Gabriel!—
Toll!—Has all the world gone mad?
Is this the quiet Antwerp town
In which last night we found such peace?—
Toll!—No stars see we to-night.
God's eye is closed, the sky is black,
No music in our ears; but,—
Toll!—Gabriel, thou who last night
Was one of those that filled us with such joy,
Is 't thou, thy same voice, speaking now alone,—
Toll!—that fills us with such dread and misery?
O dear God, pray bring not Thy punishment
Upon these homes! Fill not our hearts—
Toll!—with only fear of Thee! Help us to see
That even in Thy wrath there still is love.
Help us to be brave men and women true,—
Toll!—just such as these, when we are called upon!
Thus Gabriel throughout the night doth toll,
And we, the fear of God within our hearts,
Pray in our misery.



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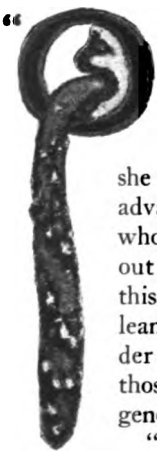
The Emerald of Tamerlane

By H. G. DWIGHT
and
JOHN TAYLOR

Illustrations by Wilfred Jones



"YOU cynical man!" cried the lady from Pittsburgh. She had wattles, and a jeweled lorgnette through which she made me aware of the disadvantage under which we who go about the world without shoulder-straps suffer in this day and generation. She leaned forward a little in order to obtain a better view of those worn by Mrs. Maturin's general.

"Heavens!" I protested, "do you think me as young as that? A cynic is a doggish person who snarls. Now, I may be a dog, but at bottom I am as sentimental as a school-girl. At the same time I can't help noticing that people are very seldom of one piece, and I understand them better if I put together or take apart the different pieces. Besides, what people do is not often important. What may be important are their reasons for doing it. Don't you think?"

She did n't. A waiter, bearing away her oyster-shells, widened the breach between us. Across it the lady from Pittsburgh confided to me that her husband, also without shoulder-straps, who sat at the left of our hostess, was in his quiet way working for Uncle Sam. I asked myself if her phrase did not perhaps contain an unnecessary preposition, for although half an hour before I had never heard of her, I had heard of him. He was one of those gentlemen who are so plentiful in Washington just now, full of good advice for the Government, and a little uneasy lest their particular good thing be looked into by some inquisitive commission. What his particular thing was I am too discreet to mention, but it was good enough to keep his wife's wattles in the pink, not to say the purple, of condition, and to set them off by a quite

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rococo display of diamonds. They confirmed me in an old persuasion of mine that a diamond is a stone for a chambermaid, and not for those rare members of that oppressed profession who are as good as gold.

I should say for the lady from Pittsburgh that this reflection probably came to me because fate, generally readier with a surprise than with a piece of good fortune, had put at my other side the famous Miss Sanderson, or the famous Mrs. Maturin, as she is now. She had in her hair some of those perfect emeralds which are the only jewels she ever wears. She explains that she has to, because she was born in May and because a romantic parent took it into his head to name her Esmeralda. Her explanation would be less convincing if the same person had not bequeathed her a *dot* as romantic as her name. Who bequeathed her that aureole of smoldering bronze hair—of the kind you read about in the short-story magazines, but never see—it is not for me to say. In such cases one usually suspects the beauty doctor. But no beauty doctor could achieve that ivory skin or those gray-green eyes which— Well, they were so much more lyric than I remembered that I myself could almost break out in the most approved magazine manner about moonlit pools in mountain forests, etc. So if the lady from Pittsburgh considered me an ill-natured dog, I counted myself a lucky one, after all. Not that Mrs. Maturin is witty or rich in recondite stores of gossip; but, then, she needs no such adventitious attractions. She has only to enter a room to have all eyes rest upon her with the pleasure that is given, say, by an orchid in an old silver-gilt vase.

In furtively giving myself that pleasure, amid the chatter about food conservation which went on above a delicious terrapin soup, it amused me to recall the last time I had seen Mrs. Maturin, there on the other side of the world—Miss Sanderson as she was then. Whereupon she suddenly paid me the compliment of turning away from her general long enough to say in a low voice:

"I 've got it, you know. I 'll tell you about it when I get a chance. I have n't forgotten that I really owe it to you. And it gave me Peter."

At the moment I was dull enough to wonder what she meant, for I had imagined that her fortune had given her Peter. But as she turned back from the general to Peter, across the table, she bent forward a little, and I saw his eyes light up as they looked for hers. It was pretty to see at that table where diamonds lit up double chins and pouched eyes from which all fire had long since faded. And no fortune could have bought that. It simply is not in the market.

Even as I told myself so, however, Peter's expression changed so abruptly, as he caught me looking at him, with so little of pride and triumph in his eye, that I could not help asking myself if I had misread his radio message. Was it conceivable that any dramatic complication of the human comedy could lie in wait among the lights and flowers of so polite a dinner-party? At any rate, nothing but an S. O. S. could have the passion of Peter's look, if it were not such a look as I first fancied. Yet why on earth should Peter be going down with all on board now, at our comfortable hotel, in our safe Washington, before the lovely eyes of his well-dowered Esmeralda? And if by any chance he was, what could she do to save him?

I paid for these untimely and fantastic ruminations by finding that the lorgnette of the lady from Pittsburgh was no longer turned in my direction. It now glittered upon young Rodman of the Intelligence Department, at her right, who had been the means of her making that ever delightful discovery with regard to the smallness of the world. At my left Beauty and Valor were already deep in the war. As for myself, whom fate has seen fit to withhold from the paths of glory, and upon whom two great ladies now turned a sufficiently unflattering pair of backs, I was not too piqued to be grateful for a mo-

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ment in which to turn over the case of Peter and Mrs. Peter.

Yes, Mrs. Maturin was right. I suppose I had, after all, given her Peter. At any rate, I had accidentally set in motion the series of events that ended in so eugenic a marriage. I have lived long enough, however, to learn that it is never safe to say where a series of events has ended. And knowing Peter far better than I knew his wife, I could not help wondering whether the condition of equilibrium which had been arrived at was a stable one. Still, there had been that look across the table, and larger fortunes than Mrs. Maturin's have been spent on objects less worthy than Peter. He was young; I fancy a little younger than his Esmeralda. He was tall and well made; he was very nearly as good-looking in his way as she was in hers. He was no fool, either. He could ride, he could shoot, he could play every imaginable game, though somehow he could never carry off the stakes. And he was enough of an engineer or a mineralogist, or whatever an oil-man needs to be for an English company to send him out to Persia, of all places, to tap rocks and drill holes for their dark operations. The only thing was— Well, I wondered whether he would prove completely satisfactory as a husband. But, then, perhaps it is not the truly good young man who is most adored.

Peter, when I met him in Teheran, seemed by no means one of the truly good. I do not say it in disparagement, for I have noticed, in this ironic world, that the truly good seem as capable of making a botch of their own and other people's lives as the rest of us, while the prodigal son appears to enjoy an undue share of immortality. Be that as it may, the sight of Peter across the table, chatting with the Honorable Miss Windham, brought it incongruously back to me that the first time I ever saw him was much later in the evening, between the shafts of a prehistoric victoria that he, together with a young Russian attaché and a couple of youths whom I took to be in the telegraph, was trundling down the Lalazar, as it were, the Massachusetts Avenue of Teheran, with every sign of enjoyment. Who was in the victoria I don't know. Certainly not Mrs. Maturin then.

I afterward heard—in those places, you know, one hears everything about everybody—that although theoretically prospecting for oil among the mountains of Kurdistan, he was for the moment *persona non grata* in that temperamental land, where his investigations had included the wearers of veils. However, he was distinctly *persona grata* with Mr. Godet, the French hotelkeeper, who does much for the local color of Teheran. While there are a good many young men there, what with the legations, the two banks, the telegraph, and what not, and while between one estate and another are there great gulfs fixed, in the most approved metropolitan manner, the young men vastly outnumber the young women of their own sort, or of any other sort, for that matter. And there are fewer things for them to do than in larger and less

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IT IS HARD TO DENY BEAUTIFUL LADIES

exotic capitals. They therefore give themselves with the more zest to such simple distractions as may be found in any mining-camp. And one of their favorite distractions is to sack M. Godet's hotel. M. Godet takes these periodical devastations very philosophically. I suspect, in fact, that he rather counts on them in a country where travelers are rare and of the less pecunious, if of the more adventurous, sort, such as military men, rug-buyers, missionaries, and music-hall artists. As for the young men, certain among them are mortgaged to M. Godet for life. It is quite a recognized institution of Teheran. The legation or the bank or the telegraph goes bond for its particular young man, and he goes without everything but pilau enough to keep him at his desk until he is square with M. Godet. Peter, being an outsider, might have fared more hardly if I had not been foolish enough, as a fellow-countryman, to sign my name to a certain scrap of paper drawn up between him and M. Godet. True, the wisdom of my folly had very soon been proved by the tearing up of that scrap of paper, not long after Peter's departure, by M. Godet himself. But the transaction enlightened me not a little on such topics as the budget of the Hôtel de Paris, the price of glass in Persia, etc. For Peter, they said, when he became a little exalted, cried out for air, and he never could wait to open the windows. He preferred to pitch the furniture at them. It never killed any one who happened to be passing below.

For all that, I liked Peter. There was something honest and human about him. We all have impulses to throw furniture, but not many of us have the courage of our convictions. Still, I had never dreamed that Peter would turn out so much the hero of fairy-tale as to marry the miraculous Miss Sanderson. She turned up in Teheran, too, a year or two after the war broke out, with a French maid and a mongrel Caucasian courier. The war had caught her in Kisliavodsk, one of those watering-places in the Caucasus. She had stayed in Russia, waiting for the war to stop, till she made up her mind that the longest way around was the shortest way home; and she sailed into the legation one day, with a letter from the embassy at Petrograd, desiring to be presented at court and to be shown the peacock throne.

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It is hard to deny the requests of beautiful ladies. The requests of Miss Sanderson were peculiarly impossible, because, in the first place, ladies are not presented at court in Persia, as they are in more modern monarchies, and because, in the second place, there happens to be no peacock throne. There was one once, with a history as wonderful as its canopy of jeweled peacocks, of which there remains nothing but a doubtful modern fragment. And there is now another, whose name refers not to its decoration, but to a certain Mme. Peacock who adorned the harem of Fat'h Ali Shah. The facts were set forth at considerable length some thirty years ago, in his important work on Persia, by Lord Curzon of Kedleston. But if every other traveler always demanded a sight of the peacock throne, and always went away doubting our account of the matter, how could eyes so romantic as those of Miss Sanderson be expected to waste themselves on the closely printed and none too thrilling pages of an ex-Viceroy of India? So I contented myself by pointing out to Miss Sanderson that the peacock throne had not been visible since the coronation of young Ahmed Shah, and that Teheran was full of dark rumors as to its having been sold, together with many other magnificent things belonging to the Persian crown. In the third place, however, the requests of the lovely Esmeralda were in particular impossible because of the moment which she chose for making them. It was the moment when the rivers of German gold poured out in Persia had begun to produce their effect. The holy war had been preached, the banks in the south had been looted, the gendarmes had gone over to the enemy after their Swedish officers, the battle of Kengaver had been fought, and Kermanshah and Hamadan had been taken by the Turks. Even in Teheran things were beginning to look very funny. I therefore urged Miss Sanderson to return to Russia while she could, and get home via Sweden or Siberia. As for going to India by way of the gulf, it was out of the question.

"THE ADORNER OF THE MONARCHY"

All the same, she did it! Impossible, I suppose, is a word not to be found in the dictionaries of lovely ladies who all their lives have seen the most obdurate doors fly open before them. And this lovely lady evidently had her share of the resolution, or of a certain indifference to the

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realities of life, for which her sex is noted. Not that she took anybody into her confidence except Peter. Him she also took with her, to the vast amusement of Teheran, for whom the fantasies of the American virgin upon her travels are still more or less a novelty. The gossip was that she had discharged her courier and taken Peter on instead. Everybody knew that poor Peter was hard up. At any rate, I happened to know that he and Miss Sanderson had never heard of each other until I introduced them shortly before they disappeared. And that introduction was merely an accident. On such careless threads do hang the destinies of men.

As I considered it, eyeing the correct and opulent Peter, who now looked secure against the accidents of life, I had to think to remember just how we had turned so successful a trick, Providence and I. Oh, yes; an emerald, of course. Miss Sanderson had not taken me very seriously at first, and had gone over my head to the chief and then to the Russians. She had letters to them, too. But a few days later, when I ran across her at the French legation, she said she had about made up her mind to take my advice. Persia was too disappointing, what with the dirt and the ugliness and the discomfort and the obstacles everybody put in the way of her seeing the sights, if there really were any. She had even been unable to find anything in the bazaar.

I explained to her that in Persia nobody goes shopping in bazaars, if antiques were what she was after. The only thing was to get hold of a go-between, a sort of broker who has ways of getting into Persian houses and of getting out the treasures some of them contain.

"Then find me one," she promptly recommended.

It appeared that she did n't want rugs or tiles or miniatures or any of the other things that most people take home from Persia. She wanted an emerald, and a much better one than she had seen in the shops. It was then that I first heard of her fancy for emeralds. She had one that belonged to Marie Antoinette. She had another that came from the magnificent collection of Abdul-Hamid. Why should n't she have a third out of the treasury in Teheran if the shah's jewels were really being sold? If I would n't show her the peacock throne, I might at least get her a go-between. The notion seemed to tickle her enormously, and she refused to be frightened by my warnings that she would have to keep her eyes very wide open and pay any number of commissions without knowing it, including a good fat one for me.

So it was that I handed her over to Peter. Not that Peter was the go-between. The go-between was a picturesque character known in Teheran as the adorner of the monarchy. The adorner of the monarchy, otherwise one Eprem Kahn, is really an Armenian, I believe. Just how he came to merit his flowery Persian title I cannot say, unless by virtue of his decorative beard, which he dyes scarlet with henna. Or perhaps it is because out of his back shop in Tiflis, which is his true headquarters, come most of the Rhages jars which adorn the collections of Europe and America. At any rate, the adorner of the monarchy is one of the greatest artists and most unmitigated rascals in Asia. There is very little in the way of Saracenic antiquities which the old scarecrow cannot turn out of that mysterious back shop of his in Tiflis, though he specializes in pre-Sefeyian pottery. The only trouble with it is that some of it is genuine. For in that sort of thing the adorner of the monarchy has the scent of a bloodhound. And he sticks that sanguine beard of his into every corner of western Asia where there may be battle, revolution, and sudden death, seeking what he may devour. Wherefore, I suppose, did he happen to be there in Teheran when we wanted him.

Of course, if it had been something really nice Miss Sanderson was after, like an eleventh-century bowl or a miniature by Behad, she would have been a lost woman. As it was, she knew a good deal more about emeralds than the ad-

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orner of the monarchy. I could as easily have conceived him taking an interest in mission furniture. The point was that those clairvoyant eyes of his, as black and deep as Avernus, yet humorously three-cornered, could find anything for anybody. They even say he was the one who found that French countess for Prince Salar-ed-Deuleh. However, for extra precaution I called in Peter. There were half a dozen obvious enough reasons why he was a better man for Miss Sanderson's affair than I, the most important being that I had something else to think about just then than trinkets for beautiful ladies. Things had already been looking rather funny behind the scenes in Teheran. They got funnier until that day when the fat little shah was stopped in the nick of time from running away to Ispahan and the Germans. His valuables had gone, his bodyguard had gone, he himself was on the point of going, when the British and Russian ministers demanded even more insistently than Miss Sanderson an audience with him. Precisely what they said to him has yet to be published, though we got a fairly reliable version of it before night. But the shah did not go to Ispahan.

Peter and Miss Sanderson did, however. The first definite news we had of them was from there, in a note of Peter's that came through as soon as the Russians had cleared the road. Not that the note brought any real news. It merely contained an inclosure for M. Godet and laconic thanks for my own part in that affair. Nor did we hear anything more about our enterprising pair before I had to leave Teheran myself. And here I had run into them again, alive and married in Washington! It was a common enough whirligig of life, but I was simple enough to be amused by it. I wished that blessed general would hurry up with his National Army. In the meantime I speculated as to which of Mrs. Maturin's emeralds was the Persian one. That, of course, must have been what she meant she owed me. What interested me more, though, was how they had managed to get through the Turkish lines, and how long it had taken them to get married. They must have had adventures, those two.

If life were like stories, Esmeralda would at this point have turned back to me and have taken up her part in these reminiscences, or I would have prepared for it by shouting across the table at Peter. But both these young people were otherwise occupied, while the lady from Pittsburgh continued to be engrossed in Rodman and his aunts. I therefore plied my fork in undistinguished silence, outwardly trying to look intelligent and inwardly comparing the Shoreham (Washington hotel) with the Hôtel de Paris. If one was rather better appointed and the other a little livelier, it would be hard to say which of the two could collect queerer fish out of the seven seas. Washington and Teheran, for that matter, are a good deal alike. Neither looks quite like its part, and in both there is a great deal more news than ever comes out in any paper. I would not swear, either, that it is more reliable or less fantastic in one capital than in the other. What I found most fantastic, though, was that I, whose own affairs are far from glittering, should turn out to be a sort of Harun-al-Rashid, carelessly presenting a capricious lady with the jewel of her heart's desire and an unfortunate gentleman with a fortune and a wife. As I considered I began to feel the pride of the creator in his handiwork. After all, Providence needs a poke now and then. Even Mr. Belasco: would he do as well for us in that new play to which we were going after dinner? Which for some obscure reason reminded me of my newly married cousin Millicent, who did n't want her cook to make friends with the cook next door because the people in that house were Presbyterians. And so on, and so on.

DESSERT was in sight before the general finished what he had to say about the equipment of the National Army, whose deficiencies I hope he overstated. He then pronounced highly enlightening and

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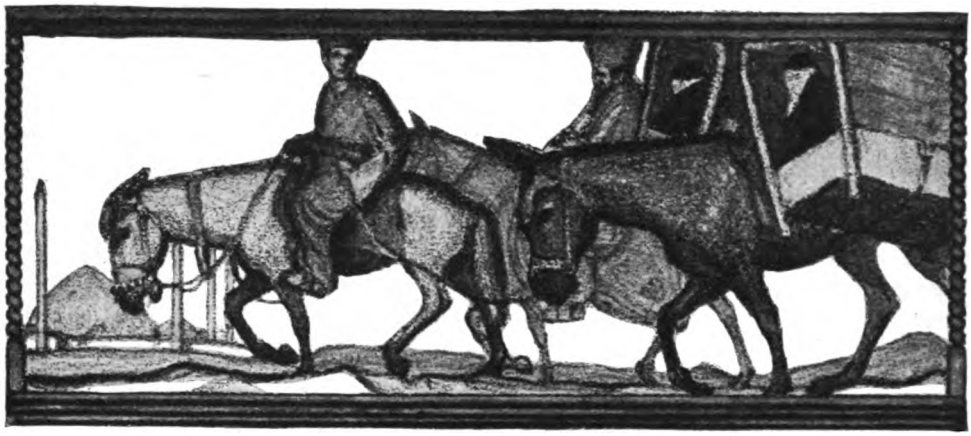

"'WE HAD TO GO IN DISGUISE, YOU KNOW. I WAS SUPPOSED TO BE THE WIFE OF

worthy of being brought to the attention of the general staff Mrs. Maturin's report of the military preparations of India and Japan as observed from the port-holes of ocean greyhounds, the windows of first-class compartments, and the lobbies of the best hotels. And at last Mrs. Maturin turned to me.

"But where is it?" I demanded, beginning with what interested me least. "Which one is it?"

It was her turn to be mystified, having been occupied with affairs of state while I was mooning about her and Peter. But, noticing that my eyes were on the points of green light in her bronze hair, she came around quickly enough.

"Oh, it is n't there. It 's—it 's quite a story." She broke off. I was ready to believe her. But dessert was already on, and I had n't waited all that time to hear the threadbare old yarn of bargaining in Asia. "The funny part of it," Mrs. Maturin went on, "is that I saw the peacock throne after all—thanks to you." She leaned toward me as if to confide the most delightful of secrets. "That 's where I got my emerald."

If jaws could drop, mine would have crashed into my plate. My partnership with Providence had gone rather further than I foresaw if it had been the means of providing the lovely Esmeralda not only with a historic precious stone, but one from a piece of furniture which does not exist. I began to feel vaguely uneasy. I remembered what in my pride of a Harun-al-Rashid I had almost forgotten, that look of Peter's across the table. And so many questions suddenly surged up into the back of my head that I again asked the one which interested me least.

"How soon did you young people make up your minds to get married? In Teheran?"

"Oh, dear, no! It was n't till we got to Bombay, and then we were driven into it. People kept making the most stupid mistakes—insisting on giving us the same room, and all that sort of thing. Of course it was a mad thing to do, to trail off like that with a man I had never seen or heard of the week before; but I was just wild to get that emerald. And Peter was such a sport, not like the rest of you old fogies in Teheran. And then out there in Persia, in sight of the war, things did n't look just as they would here. We had no end of a time, you know. I wondered afterward that I ever had the courage to go through with it. But," she added irrelevantly, "if it had n't been for that, I would have gone straight to Paris and cut Pierre Loti's throat!"

"Oh, dear!" I cried out in alarm, "why his? There are so many other throats that need cutting first. The kaiser's, for instance."

"Well, I doubt if even he is such an awful liar. I don't know why it is that people who write books give you such false impressions. They always lead you to ex-

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THE ADORNER OF THE MONARCHY, AND PETER AND CLAUDINE WERE OUR SERVANTS' "

pect so much color and magnificence in the East, when it is mostly dirt and fleas or worse."

It was curious that a lady capable of discovering Kisliavodsk and of running away with a strange man into the jaws of the Germans should be incapable of seeing Persia through her own eyes. I might have pointed out to her that if the readers of books have made up their minds what a country ought to be like, the most candid writers of books have small chance against them, and that a Pierre Loti will make admirable prose out of the most unpromising material. But what I wanted to point out to her was that books at least get on with their stories faster than she was doing. Instead of which I remarked:

"The adorner of the monarchy is quite a character, is n't he? He must have worked the oracle very quickly for you to have scuttled off from Teheran as soon as you did."

She smiled.

"He did n't work it in Teheran. He worked it in Kum. That, really, was how Peter happened to go with us. My courier refused to when he heard about that little rumpus the Turks were stirring up."

"Kum!" I cried. "Why Kum, of all earthly places? I never heard of anybody going to Kum except on a pilgrimage to that shrine."

"Well, that 's what we did."

I stared at her, for that shrine is one of the most sacred spots in Persia. It is the last resting-place of Fatima the Immaculate, granddaughter I don't remember how many times great of the prophet, and sister of the Imam Riza, who flies over once a week from his own more famous tomb in Meshed to visit her. And few there are, of Christian birth, that is, who have seen it.

"You look as if you did n't believe me," said Mrs. Maturin. "But it was simple enough. Don't you remember how the shah tried to run away to Ispahan, and how he sent his things on ahead of him? Well, when he did n't turn up, they put the things into the shrine at Kum for safe keeping. The adorner of the monarchy happened to know about it. And you were quite right about the shah's being willing to sell some of his jewels. That was how we happened to go to Kum. Have you been there?"

I had to tell her that having spent three years within walking distance, so to speak, of it, I had never visited it.

"I had never even heard of it," she was frank enough to confess; "but it was more like Persia than anything else I saw. We had to go in disguise, you know. I was supposed to be the wife of the adorner of the monarchy, and Peter and Claudine were our servants! It was immense fun. But that costume is horribly stuffy, I assure you, and I could n't half see anything through that little strip of openwork in front of my eyes."

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She almost left me speechless.

"Perhaps," I allowed myself to suggest, "that was why you liked it so much."

"I should n't wonder," she was again human enough to admit. "But there is really a lot of color there, besides those usual horrid mud houses and flat roofs. Miles before we got there we could see the dome of Fatima's tomb glittering like a great gold bubble above the plain, with iridescent mountains behind it. And as we got nearer we made out the big turquoise minarets around it, and smaller domes of peacock tiles and little blue-and-green tiled pinnacles above cream-colored walls. You have no idea how attractive it was."

That, I must confess, would ordinarily have been enough to quench my interest. When beautiful ladies call a place attractive, the game, so far as I am concerned, is up. But this was a different game.

"Did you really go into the shrine itself?" I asked.

"Of course we did. We had to, to carry out the comedy. And I don't know what it did n't cost us. They were dreadfully afraid we would betray ourselves and get them into trouble. They whisked us out in no time. I got only the vaguest impression through my strip of openwork of a dim-lighted octagon, and a catafalque covered with cloth of gold behind a tall silver grille. But it was worth it."

I was grateful to them, whoever they were, for delaying me no longer than necessary. It came to me a little enviously, though, that beauty and gold are indeed magic keys; also that dessert was disappearing all too rapidly; also that the lady from Pittsburgh was eyeing Mrs. Maturin through her lorgnette.

"Then they took us," the latter went on, "through a porcelain gateway into the loveliest little cloister I ever saw, all blue and green tiles, with a toy river running through it in a channel of mossy marble that widened in the center into a big oblong pool. Some enormous cypress-trees were reflected in it."

I thought it must have been very becoming to her, but I was too afraid of wasting time to tell her so.

"I hoped they would empty the pool and let us into a secret passage at the bottom of it or something like that; but they took us through a high-tiled porch at one end of the court into a sort of apartment where the shah stays when he makes pilgrimages to the shrine, all plaster arabesques stuck over in the quaintest way with bits of mirror glass."

"Was it there?" I asked desperately, perceiving signs of coffee.

"Not in the room where we sat down. There was nothing but rugs and couches. They served us tea and candies and ices, and they talked about the weather and asked how many children Peter and I had. They were frightfully embarrassing. And at last, one at a time, they began showing us things that the shah had sent there and wanted to sell."

"Fancy!" I heard from my right.

"Some of them were quite nice," said Mrs. Maturin. "There were one or two big carpets, and a few of those funny old books full of gaudy little pictures that look like nothing on earth, touched up with gold. Pottery, too; the usual bazaar kind of thing, only better of its kind than usual. Then they showed us jewels—bowls of them! They were nothing very extraordinary, though, mostly rubies and pearls. I did n't have my veil down, either," she added. "They let me put it off in there. But I would n't let them put me off, even when they brought out two or three good enough emeralds. The adorner of monarchy—is n't he killing!—had got us permission to see the peacock throne, and I insisted that they must let us see it. So at last, very unwillingly, they took us into an inner room. It was full of boxes and bundles, piled helter-skelter on top of one another. They cleared off some of them till they came to an enormous case, which they opened with the most ridiculous little adzes you ever saw. And out of it they pulled a mountain of paper and old silks; but under them all was the throne."

Her voice had gradually been lifting,

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and by this time the rest of the table was silent. What came to me that time was that a story is never quite the same for the different people who listen to it, and that no one there could possibly be listening quite so intensely as I, unless it was Peter. But if he was going down with all on board, he had evidently made up his mind to it. I caught that out of the corner of my eye."

"Did you sit on it?" asked the general, jovially.

"Of course I did," answered Mrs. Maturin. "And it was as uncomfortable as thrones are said to be. It was n't a chair at all, but a kind of longish platform set on seven curved legs, with two or three steps at one end. There was a balustrade around the platform, with enameled inscriptions in cartouches outside of it, and a high back. It ended in a jeweled peacock, with an outspread tail of turquoises, sapphires, and emeralds. But the most prodigious emerald of all was set in his breast."

"No diamonds?" demanded Pittsburgh.

"None that I remember," answered Esmeralda, "except in the peacock's crest. He was a wonderful peacock, but somehow he did n't look to me quite in keeping with the rest of the throne. And sure enough, the adorner of the monarchy said I was right. So many things have happened to that throne in all the centuries it has gone knocking around Asia, and the peacock is a modern restoration. But there is n't a particle of doubt about the rest of it. Whatever happens, I can say I have sat on the throne of Tamerlane! He began it, you know. And Jehan Shah, that Indian Mogul who built the Taj Mahal, finished it. And afterward it was looted from Agra by—who was it?" she asked, turning to me.

"Nadir Shah, in 1739, from Delhi," I replied with more particularity than perhaps was necessary. What could I do? I could n't, before all those people, point out that her history and her throne did n't go together. Besides, the liqueurs were being passed. Yet each was well enough in its way except for the peacock. That I had never seen or heard of. But she had not been taken in by it. After all, I breathed more freely.

"Oh, yes; Nadir Shah." Mrs. Maturin took green chartreuse. "And after his death the Kurds got hold of it. But I never dreamed of anything so magnificent. The gold and enamel of the throne were crusted with precious stones, as if a swarm of gorgeous tropical beetles had descended on it. Never in my life have I seen so many emeralds. There was one splendid one on the right arm, uncut and very deep in color, where the hands of the shahs and the Moguls and Tamerlane and who knows how many other kings before him must have rested when they were granting life and death to the slaves at their feet."

"How interesting!" burst out the lady from Pittsburgh. "But what a pity you did n't see it in the palace, in its own setting, the way we saw the throne of the sultans in Constantinople! The ambassador happened to be a friend of my husband's, and as a very special favor he got us permission to see the old seraglio."

The infamous woman had the floor, and she did n't propose to relinquish it until she had told every last detail of that common experience, which was shared by hundreds of tourists every year before the war. I could have cut her throat much more easily than Mrs. Maturin could have cut Pierre Loti's. She had spoiled Mrs. Maturin's story, how utterly nobody knew better than I. And Peter's impassive countenance told me nothing. I shamelessly edged over to Mrs. Peter.

"Which one was it?" I whispered. "The one in the peacock's breast?"

She shook her head. "Too incredible!" She looked around the table, where every one but the lady from Pittsburgh was aware that it was time to go to the theater. The general, drumming a little on the cloth, favored me with a wink. Mrs. Maturin decided to whisper back. "The one on the arm. We had a terrific time about it. They nearly ruined me for life. Your commission must have been pretty

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plump. And they made us swear the most awful oaths that we would never breathe a word as long as we lived. Then they sent us packing that night, out of a little side door, where our carriage was waiting, straight to Ispahan. I carried it in my hand all the way."

"But where is it?" I demanded. "Why on earth did n't you wear it tonight for me to see? Is it too precious?"

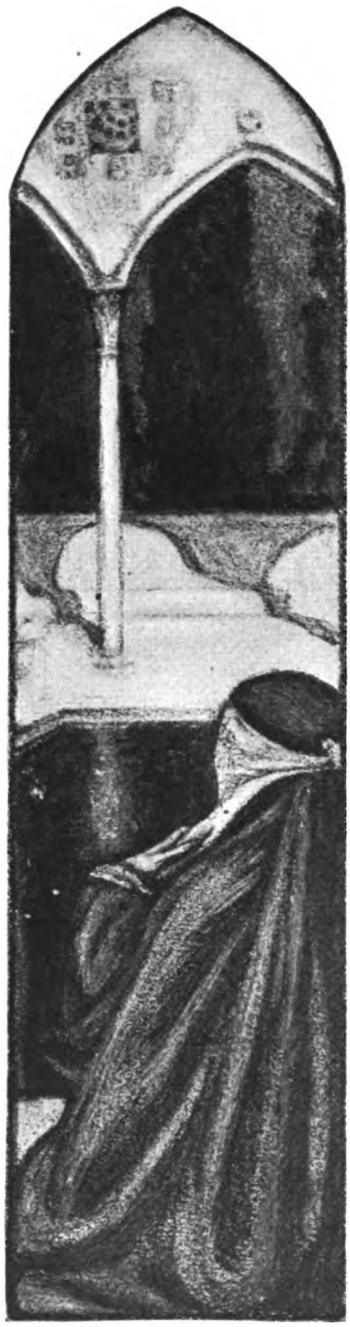
She hesitated so queerly that my dormant uneasiness stirred anew.

"Of course, if we had only been buying an emerald, we could have found one quite as good and for far less in New York, though Peter insists we could not. But, then, this was not an ordinary stone. After all, what jewel is, if you know its history? Peter had it beautifully mounted for me—in Agra, in sight of the Taj Mahal. As a matter of fact, though, it does n't look worth the fortune we paid for it."

"Nothing does," I said as much to myself as to her. "Life is like that. It is the pursuit we value, not the acquisition."

"What I mean," she explained, "is that it does n't show for what it really is. Those uncut stones never do, you know. And they don't go with modern clothes. So I want to have it cut. It 's the only thing on which we differ, Peter and I. You would never guess how sentimental he is."

I somewhat perfunctorily began to assure her that sentiment is coming into fashion again when our hostess at last gave her signal, and we all stood up.



"THE LOVELIEST LITTLE CLOISTER I EVER SAW"

In the moment of confusion that followed I saw Peter join his wife. I also saw, as I pulled away the chair of the lady from Pittsburgh, that she, she of the wattles and the diamonds, and not the lovely Esmeralda, had been the one to save Peter this time. In fact, I saw that you never can tell when life will turn dramatic in your hands, even at so polite a dinner-party as ours. I saw it the more distinctly because it was so invisible. The thing was "a drama of small, smothered, intensely private things," as Henry James says. Nevertheless, it made me impatient for the play, for which we were already late. Mr. Belasco, of course, would arrange everything very much better, with tears and smiles in their proper order. Here everything had been too long drawn out in the beginning and too much jammed at the end. The end, indeed, was just what was lacking, now that Mrs. Maturin had given it so disquieting a twist, and what I stood small chance of getting hold of in that confounded box at the Belasco.

So I followed the others out of the dining-room much less concerned about my hat than about the whimsicalities of playing Harun-al-Rashid. Not that I minded my own fix, now that I took in what it might mean to have a beautiful lady beholden to

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one for an emerald of Tamerlane. The worst was that they might think I really had taken a commission from that old terror in Teheran. Nor could I feel too sorry for Mrs. Maturin. I had done my best for her and I had given her due warning. If she had been taken in, if she had paid a shah's ransom for a bit of green paste out of the back shop of the adorner of the monarchy, it was her own fault. What a magnificent hoax, though, pulled off in how artistic a manner! Mr. Belasco himself could n't have staged it better, or have her so unaware of having been taken in. And, after all, she could afford her little caprices. Besides which, she had Peter to show for it. He was more of a jewel than perhaps she knew. If she did n't, she still had her famous eyes and her famous hair. Those were genuine enough and rare enough, in all conscience, and nothing could rob her of them except time.

But Peter, poor old Peter, who could always play a game, but who could never carry off the stakes, what would time do for him? Peter disturbed me more than anything. Had he been taken in, too? Or—I must confess I was black enough to put that question to myself—had he helped to take Esmeralda in? He would almost have been justified in doing it, hard up as he was at the time. In any case, he must have come in for a very tidy little commission. Otherwise how could he possibly have squared M. Godet so soon? And I wondered if he was capable of the sentiment with which his wife credited him when she confided to me that he did n't want the emerald cut. But if it was cut,—there could be no doubt it would be if Mrs. Maturin had so made up her mind,—and if the historic jewel did turn out to be a sham, what then? Of course I did not know for sure; I generally do jump at wrong conclusions. Still, it was a very pretty little predicament even if the stone was genuine. For—

At the cloak-room door I suddenly felt a hand in my arm. It was Peter's. He showed no trace of my self-consciousness.

"Let 's walk around to the theater," he proposed. "A breath of air will be nice after all that cackle. I have told Esmeralda. She 's going to take the general in our car. Do you mind?"

I did n't. As for Peter, he at once begin to talk quite naturally about Teheran. It amused me, on H Street, to go back to the Lalazar. My news was a little later than Peter's, and I was able to tell him details of the Turco-German invasion, the recapture of Hamadan, the adventures of several of our friends. Half a dozen of the young men he had known in the Hôtel de Paris had already met their fates in France, in Macedonia, in Mesopotamia, in Poland. They had, at any rate,—one or two of them,—been released in the most unexpected of ways from their obligations to M. Godet. M. Godet himself, for that matter, had not let his collection of I. O. U.'s stand in the way of going home and taking his own part in Armageddon.

These matters kept us from turning down to the Belasco when we reached the corner of Lafayette Square. We compromised by striking into it, and presently Peter announced:

"I have enlisted, too—in the aviation. They took me this afternoon. I'm on the ragged edge of being too old for it, but I 'm as fit as a fiddle, and I passed all those whirligig things they put you through better than any of the youngsters."

No one, of course, is any longer surprised by anything. I heard myself make the usual remarks, with a wave of my hand toward Lafayette and Rochambeau, standing on their pedestals among the Washington trees. Peter smiled a little.

"I don't know very much about right and wrong and our debt to France and all the rest of it; but I 'm not used to being a quiet family man, you know, and you feel like a fool rolling around here in a limousine while over there—"

He broke off abruptly, drawing me in the direction of our theater. He might be fit as a fiddle, but it struck me as I glanced at him under an electric light that he looked worn, as if, perhaps, he had been required to produce itemized accounts and

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" 'HE WAS A WONDERFUL PEACOCK, BUT SOMEHOW HE DID N'T LOOK TO ME QUITE IN KEEPING WITH THE REST OF THE THRONE' "

had found it difficult. He had nothing of his own, not even the oil company now, and with the best possible intentions there seemed no likelihood of his obtaining anything commensurate with his position as the husband of Mrs. Maturin. Charming as his wife was, I should expect to find her a rather precise paymaster. That was an element of the situation which I had not taken in at first in considering what we had brought about, Providence and I. At any rate, Peter would never be able to slide the bill for an extremely large and exquisitely cut emerald into his postage account, the less so as I don't suppose he wrote three letters a year. But long before our winding path brought us back to the street I had absolved him. If he had sowed his wild oat or two, he had never been a cad. He could not have known, poor wretch, what he was letting himself in for. He had never been one to go smelling around antiquity shops. He had not known until he took the emerald to be mounted. And after the commission, the emerald must have become a thing too terrific to explain. Had the marriage been, perhaps, an attempt at reparation which might not succeed? At any rate, Peter had always needed air in moments

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of exaltation. Well, he would get it. He would no doubt get medals, too. They made me, as we sauntered toward our belated theater-party, a sufficiently interesting picture. I seemed to see against a background of sanguine mist, with perhaps a low black cross visible in it, the image of a Mrs. Maturin, no longer young, fingering an emerald now never to be cut, which was all that was left to her of the most romantic episode of her life. But what I saw most clearly was that life is an egregiously jumbled-up mess, and that many nameless things, not to be mentioned in official histories, must lie behind the momentous decisions of life. And then at last we reached the lighted doorway of the theater. For some reason or other we both hesitated to go in and admire the well-arranged passions and admirable upholstery of Mr. Belasco.

"That was a rum affair you started us off on, was n't it?" Peter suddenly exclaimed. "But, after all, it was only fair that you should hear the rest of the story. Did my wife tell you the end?"

I hedged.

"She told me that she got the emerald."

But I found the courage to add, "She also told me that she was debating whether to have it cut."

"Oh, did she?" uttered Peter, slowly. "Well, you know how women are. They hate to come to a decision. So I decided myself. I made up my mind this morning to end the thing and take it, after all, to the jeweler."

"I hope," said I, "that the jeweler was properly impressed with the emerald of Tamerlane. What did he say?"

Peter threw away his cigarette and started into the lobby.

"He had nothing to say. When I got there I found my pocket had been picked. It 's the more awkward because I can't help wondering if some one in the recruiting office did n't nab it when I was taking my physical examination. I hardly like to accuse any one there, especially at such a time as this. But I don't know how I shall tell my wife. I was so late getting home that she went on to the dinner without me. She 'll be frightfully upset. And you know what the police are. I 'm afraid we shall never see it again. Heavens! Look at that clock!"

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The Religion of a Man of Letters

A Presidential Address to the Classical Association

By GILBERT MURRAY

Author of "Four Stages of Greek Religion," etc.

IT is the general custom of this association to choose as its president alternately a classical scholar and a man of wide eminence outside the classics. Next year you are to have a man of science, a great physician who is also famous in the world of learning and literature. Last year you had a statesman, though a statesman who is also a great scholar and man of letters, a sage and counselor in the antique mold, of world-wide fame and unique influence.[1] And since, between these two, you have chosen, in your kindness to me, a professional scholar and teacher, you might well expect from him an address containing practical educational advice in a practical educational crisis. But that, I fear, is just what I cannot give. My experience is too one-sided. I know little of schools and not much even of passmen. I know little of such material facts as curricula and time-tables and parents and examination-papers. I sometimes feel, as all men of fifty should, my ignorance even of boys and girls. Besides that, I have the honor at present to be an official of the board of education; and in public discussions of current educational subjects an officer of the board must in duty be like the heroine of Shelley's tragedy: "He cannot argue, he can only feel."

I believe, therefore, that the best I can do when the horizon looks somewhat dark not only for the particular studies which we in this society love most, but for the habits of mind which we connect with those studies,—the philosophic temper, the gentle judgment, the interest in knowledge and beauty for their own sake,—will be simply, with your assistance, to look inward and try to realize my own confession of faith. I do, as a matter of fact, feel clear that, even if knowledge of Greek, instead of leading to bishoprics, as it once did, is in future to be regarded with popular suspicion as a mark of either a reactionary or an unusually feckless temper, I am nevertheless not in the least sorry that I have spent a large part of my life in Greek studies, not in the least penitent that I have been the cause of others doing the same. That is my feeling, and there must be some base for it. There must be such a thing as *religio grammatici*, the special religion of a man of letters.

The greater part of life both for man and beast is rigidly confined in the round of things that happen from hour to hour. It is ἐπὶ συμφοραῖς, exposed for circumstances to beat upon; its stream of consciousness channeled and directed by the events and environments of the moment. Man is imprisoned in the external present; and what we call a man's religion is to a great extent the thing that offers him a secret and permanent means of escape from that prison, a breaking of the prison walls which leaves him standing, of course, still in the present, but in a pres-

[1] Sir William Osler and Lord Bryce.

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ent so enlarged and enfranchised that it is become not a prison, but a free world. Religion, even in the narrowest sense, is always seeking for Soteria, for escape, for some salvation from the terror to come, or deliverance from the body of this death.

And men find it, of course, in a thousand ways, with different degrees of ease and of certainty. I am not wishing to praise my talisman at the expense of other talismans. Some find it in theology; some in art, in human affection; in the anodyne of constant work; in that permanent exercise of the inquiring intellect which is commonly called the search for truth; some find it in carefully cultivated illusions of one sort or another, in passionate faith and undying pugnacities; some, I believe, find a substitute by rejoicing in their prison, and living furiously, for good or ill, in the actual moment.

And a scholar, I think, secures his freedom by keeping hold always of the past, and treasuring up the best out of the past, so that in a present that may be angry or sordid he can call back memories of calm or of high passion, in a present that requires resignation or courage he can call back the spirit with which brave men long ago faced the same evils. He draws out of the past high thoughts and great emotions; he also draws the strength that comes from communion or brotherhood.

> Blind Thamyris and blind Mæonides,
> And Tiresias and Phineus, prophets old,

come back to comfort another blind poet in his affliction. The Psalms, turned into strange languages, their original meaning often lost, live on as a real influence in human life, a strong and almost always an ennobling influence. I know the figures in the tradition may be unreal, their words may be misinterpreted, but the communion is quite a real fact. And the student, as he realizes it, feels himself one of a long line of torch-bearers. He attains that which is the most compelling desire of every human being, a work in life which it is worth living for, and which is not cut short by the accident of his own death.

It is in that sense that I understand *religio*. And now I would ask you to consider with me the proper meaning of *grammatikê* and the true business of the man of letters, or *grammaticus*.

A very, very long time ago—the paleontologists refuse to give us dates—mankind, trying to escape from his mortality, invented *grammata,* or letters. Instead of being content with his spoken words, ἔπεα πτερόεντα, which fly as a bird flies and are past, he struck on the plan of making marks on wood or stone or bone or leather or some other material, significant marks which should somehow last on, charged with meaning, in place of the word that had perished. Of course the subjects for such perpetuation were severely selected. Vastly the greater part of man's life, even now, is in the moment, the sort of thing that is lived and passes without causing any particular regret, or rousing any definite action for the purpose of retaining it. And when the whole process of writing or graving was as difficult as it must have been in remote antiquity, the words that were recorded, the moments that were, so to speak, made imperishable, must have been very rare indeed. One is tempted to think of the end of *Faust:* was not the graving of a thing on brass or stone, was not even the painting of a reindeer in the depths of a paleolithic cave, a practical, though imperfect, method of saying to the moment *"Verweile doch, Du bist so schön"* ("Stay longer, thou art so beautiful")? Of course the choice was, as you would expect, mostly based on material considerations and on miserably wrong considerations at that. I suppose the greater number of very ancient inscriptions, or *grammata,* known to the world consist either of magical or religious formulæ, supposed to be effective in producing material welfare; or else titles of kings and honorific records of their achievements; or else contracts and laws in which the spoken word eminently needed preserving. Either charms or else boasts or else contracts; and it is worth remembering that so far

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as they have any interest for us now, it is an interest quite different from that for which they were engraved. They were all selected for immortality by reason of some present personal urgency. The charm was expected to work; the boast delighted the heart of the boaster; the contract would compel certain slippery or forgetful persons to keep their word. And now we know that the charm did not work. We do not know who the boaster was, and, if we did, would probably not admire him for the thing he boasts about. And the slippery or forgetful persons have long since been incapable of either breaking or fulfilling the contract. We are in each case only interested in some quality in the record which is different from that for which people recorded it. Of course there may be also the mere historical interest in these things as facts, but that again is quite different from the motive for their recording.

In fact, one might say to all these records of human life, all these *grammata* that have come down to us, what Marcus Aurelius teaches us to say to ourselves: ψυχάριον εἶ βαστάζον νεκρόν—each one is "a little soul carrying a corpse." Each one, besides the material and temporary message it bears, is a record, however imperfect, of human life and character and feeling. In so far as the record can get across the boundary that separates mere record of fact from philosophy or poetry, so far it has a soul and still lives.

This is clearest, of course, in the records to which we can definitely attribute beauty. Take a tragedy of Æschylus, a dialogue of Plato, take one of the very ancient Babylonian hymns or an oracle of Isaiah. The prophecy of Isaiah referred primarily to a definite set of facts and contained some definite — and generally violent—political advice; but we often do not know what those facts were, nor care one way or another about the advice. We love the prophecy and value it because of some quality of beauty which subsists when the value of the advice is long dead, because of some soul that is there which does not perish. It is the same with those magnificent Babylonian hymns. Their recorders were doubtless aware of their beauty, but they thought much more of their religious effectiveness. With the tragedy of Æschylus or the dialogue of Plato the case is different, but only different in degree. If we ask why they were valued and recorded, the answer must be that it was mainly for their poetic beauty and philosophic truth, the very reasons for which they are read and valued now. But even here it is easy to see that there must have been some causes at work which derived their force simply from the urgency of the present, and therefore died when that present faded away.

And similarly an ancient work may, or indeed must, gather about itself new special environments and points of relevance. Thucydides and Aristophanes's "Knights" and even Jane Austen are different things now from what they were in 1913. I can imagine a translation of the "Knights" which would read like a brand-new topical satire. No need to labor the point. I think it is clear that in any great work of literature there is a soul which lives and a body which perishes; and further, since the soul cannot ever be found naked without any body at all, it is making for itself all the time new bodies, changing with the times.

Both soul and body are preserved, imperfectly of course, in *grammata,* or letters; in a long series of marks scratched, daubed, engraved, written, or printed, stretching from the inscribed bone implements and painted rocks of prehistoric man through the great literatures of the world down to this morning's newspaper and the manuscript from which I am reading—marks which have their own history also and their own vast varieties. And "the office of the art *grammatikê* is so to deal with the *grammata* as to recover from them all that can be recovered of that which they have saved from oblivion, to reinstate as far as possible the spoken word in its first impressiveness and musicalness."[1] That is not a piece of

[1]Rutherford, "History of Annotation," p. 12.

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modern sentiment. It is the strict doctrine of the scribes. Dionysius Thrax gives us the definition: ἡ Γραμματικὴ is ἐμπειρία τις ὡς ἐπὶ τὸ πολὺ τῶν παρὰ ποιηταῖς τε καὶ συγγραφεῦσι λεγομένων, an ἐμπειρία, a skill produced by practice in the things said in poets and prose-writers; and he goes on to divide it into six parts, of which the first and most essential is reading aloud κατὰ προσῳδίαν, with just the accent, the cadences, the expression, with which the words were originally spoken before they were turned from λόγοι to γράμματα, from "winged" words to permanent letters. The other five parts are concerned with analysis: interpretation of figures of speech; explanation of obsolete words and customs; etymology; grammar in the narrow modern sense; and lastly κρίσις ποιημάτων, or, roughly, literary criticism. The first part is synthetic and in a sense creative, and most of the others are subservient to it. For I suppose, if you had attained by study the power of reading aloud a play of Shakspere exactly as Shakspere intended the words to be spoken, you would be pretty sure to have mastered the figures of speech and obsolete words and niceties of grammar. At any rate, whether or no you could manage the etymologies and the literary criticism, you would have done the main thing. You would, subject to the limitations we considered above, have recreated the play.

We intellectuals of the twentieth century, poor things, are so intimately accustomed to the use of *grammata* that probably many of us write more than we talk and read far more than we listen. Language has become to us primarily a matter of *grammata*. We have largely ceased to demand from the readers of a book any imaginative transliteration into the living voice. But mankind was slow in acquiescing in this renunciation. Isocrates, in a well-known passage (5, 10) of his "Letter to Philip," laments that the scroll he sends will not be able to say what he wants it to say. Philip will hand it to a secretary, and the secretary, neither knowing nor caring what it is all about, will read it out "with no persuasiveness, no indication of changes of feeling, as if he were giving a list of items." The early Arab writers in the same situation used to meet it squarely. The sage wrote his own book and trained his disciples to read it aloud, each sentence exactly right; and generally, to avoid the mistakes of the ordinary untrained reader, he took care that the script should not be intelligible to such persons.

These instances show us in what spirit the first *grammatici,* our fathers in the art, conceived their task, and what a duty they have laid upon us. I am not of course overlooking the other and perhaps more extensive side of a scholar's work—the side which regards a piece of ancient or foreign writing as a phenomenon of language to be analyzed and placed, not as a thing of beauty to be recreated or kept alive. On that side of his work the *grammaticus* is a man of science or *Wissenschaft,* like another. The science of language demands for its successful study the same rigorous exactitude as the other natural sciences, while it has for educational purposes some advantages over most of them. Notably, its subject matter is intimately familiar to the average student, and his ear very sensitive to its varieties. The study of it needs almost no apparatus, and gives great scope for variety and originality of attack. Lastly, its extent is vast and its subtlety almost infinite; for it is a record, and a very fine one, of all the immeasurable varieties and gradations of human consciousness. Indeed, as the *grammata* are related to the spoken word, so is the spoken word itself related to the thought or feeling. It is the simplest record, the first precipitation. But I am not dealing now with the *grammaticus* as a man of science or an educator of the young; I am considering that part of his function which belongs specially to *religio* or *pietas*.

On these lines we see that the scholar's special duty is to turn the written signs in which old poetry or philosophy is now enshrined back into living thought or

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feeling. He must so understand as to relive. And here he is met at the present day by a direct frontal criticism. "Suppose, after great toil and the expenditure of much subtlety of intellect, you succeed in reliving the best works of the past, is that a desirable end? Surely our business is with the future and present, not with the past. If there is any progress in the world or any hope for struggling humanity, does it not lie precisely in shaking off the chains of the past and looking steadily forward?" How shall we meet this question?

First, we may say, the chains of the mind are not broken by any form of ignorance. The chains of the mind are broken by understanding. And so far as men are unduly enslaved by the past it is by understanding the past that they may hope to be freed. But, secondly, it is never really the past—the true past—that enslaves us; it is always the present. It is not the conventions of the seventeenth or eighteenth century that now make men conventional. It is the conventions of our own age, though of course I would not deny that in any age there are always fragments of the uncomprehended past still floating like dead things pretending to be alive. What one always needs for freedom is some sort of escape from the thing that now holds him. A man who is the slave of theories must get outside them and see facts; a man who is the slave of his own desires and prejudices must widen the range of his experience and imagination. But the thing that enslaves us most, narrows the range of our thought, cramps our capacities, and lowers our standards, is the mere present—the present that is all round us, accepted and taken for granted, as we in London accept the grit in the air and the dirt on our hands and faces. The material present, the thing that is omnipotent over us not because it is either good or evil, but just because it happens to be here, is the great jailer and imprisoner of man's mind; and the only true method of escape from him is the contemplation of things that are not present. Of the future? Yes; but you cannot study the future. You can only make conjectures about it, and the conjectures will not be much good unless you have in some way studied other places and other ages. There has been hardly any great forward movement of humanity which did not draw inspiration from the knowledge or the idealization of the past.

No, to search the past is not to go into prison. It is to escape out of prison, because it compels us to compare the ways of our own age with other ways. And as to progress, it is no doubt a real fact. To many of us it is a truth that lies somewhere near the roots of our religion. But it is never a straight march forward; it is never a result that happens of its own accord. It is only a name for the mass of accumulated human effort, successful here, baffled there, misdirected and driven astray in a third region, but on the whole and in the main producing some cumulative result. I believe this difficulty about progress, this fear that in studying the great teachers of the past we are in some sense wantonly sitting at the feet of savages, causes real trouble of mind to many keen students. The full answer to it would take us beyond the limits of this paper and beyond my own range of knowledge. But the main lines of the answer seem to me clear. There are in life two elements, one transitory and progressive, the other comparatively, if not absolutely, non-progressive and eternal, and the soul of man is chiefly concerned with the second. Try to compare our inventions, our material civilization, our stores of accumulated knowledge, with those of the age of Æschylus or Aristotle or St. Francis, and the comparison is absurd. Our superiority is beyond question and beyond measure. But compare any chosen poet of our age with Æschylus, any philosopher with Aristotle, any saintly preacher with St. Francis, and the result is totally different. I do not wish to argue that we have fallen below the standard of those past ages; but it is clear that we are not definitely above them. The things of the spirit depend on will, on effort, on aspiration, on the quality of the individual soul,

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and not on discoveries and material advances which can be accumulated and added up.

As I tried to put the point some ten years ago, in my inaugural address at Oxford:

One might say roughly that material things are superseded, but spiritual things not; or that everything considered as an achievement can be superseded, but considered as so much life, not. Neither classification is exact, but let it pass. Our own generation is perhaps unusually conscious of the element of change. We live, since the opening of the great epoch of scientific invention in the nineteenth century, in a world utterly transformed from any that existed before. Yet we know that behind all changes the main web of life is permanent. The joy of an Egyptian child of the First Dynasty in a clay doll was every bit as keen as the joy of a child now in a number of vastly better dolls. Her grief was as great when it was taken away. Those are very simple emotions, but I believe the same holds good of emotions much more complex. The joy and grief of the artist in his art, of the strong man in his fighting, of the seeker after knowledge or righteousness in his many wanderings; these and things like them, all the great terrors and desires and beauties, belong somewhere to the permanent stuff of which daily life consists; they go with hunger and thirst and love and the facing of death. And these it is that make the permanence of literature. There are many elements in the work of Homer or Æschylus which are obsolete and even worthless, but there is no surpassing their essential poetry. It is there, a permanent power which we can feel or fail to feel, and if we fail the world is poorer. And the same is true, though a little less easy to see, of the essential work of the historian or the philosopher.

You will say, perhaps, that I am still denying the essence of human progress; denying the progress of the human soul, and admitting only the sort of progress that consists in the improvement of tools, the discovery of new facts, the recombining of elements. As to that I can only admit frankly that I am not clear.

I believe we do not know enough to answer. I observe that some recent authorities are arguing that we have all done injustice to our paleolithic forefathers when we drew pictures of them with small brain-pans and no chins. They had brains as large and perhaps as exquisitely convoluted as our own, while their achievements against the gigantic beasts of prey that surrounded them show a courage and ingenuity and power of unselfish coöperation which have perhaps never since been surpassed. As to that I can form no opinion; I can quite imagine that by the standards of the last judgment some of our modern philanthropists and military experts may cut rather a poor figure beside some nameless Magdalenian or Mousterian who died to save another, or, naked and almost weaponless, defeated a saber-tooth tiger or a cave-bear. But I should be more inclined to lay stress on two points. First, on the extreme recentness, by anthropological standards, of the whole of our historic period. Man has been on the earth perhaps some twenty-odd thousand years, and it is only the last three thousand that we are much concerned with. To suppose that a modern Englishman must necessarily be at a higher stage of mental development than an ancient Greek is almost the same mistake as to argue that Browning must be a better poet than Wordsworth because he came later. If the soul, or the brain, of man is developing, it is not developing so fast or so steadily as all that.

And next I would observe that the moving force in human progress is not wide-spread over the world. The uplifting of man has been the work of a chosen few; a few cities, a few races, a few great ages, have scaled the heights for us and made the upward way easy. And the record in the *grammata* is precisely the record of these chosen few. Of course the record is redundant. It contains masses of matter that is now dead. Of course, also, it is incomplete. There lived brave

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men before Agamemnon. There have been saints, sages, heroes, lovers, inspired poets in multitudes and multitudes, whose thoughts for one reason or another were never enshrined in the record, or, if recorded, were soon obliterated. The treasures man has wasted must be vastly greater than those he has saved. But, such as it is, with all its imperfections, the record he has kept is the record of the triumph of the human soul—the triumph or, in Aristotle's sense of the word, the tragedy.

It is there. That is my present argument. The soul of man, comprising the forces that have made progress and those that have achieved in themselves the end of progress, the moments of living to which he has said that they are too beautiful to be allowed to pass—the soul of man stands at the door and knocks; it is for each one of us to open or not to open.

For we must not forget the extraordinary frailty of the tenure on which these past moments of glory hold their potential immortality. They live only in so far as we can reach them; and we can reach them only by some labor, some skill, some imaginative effort, and some sacrifice. They cannot compel us; and if we do not open to them, they die.

And here perhaps we should meet another of the objections raised by modernists against our preoccupation with the past. "Granted, they will say, that the ancient poets and philosophers were all that you say, surely the valuable parts of their thought have been absorbed long since in the common fund of humanity. Archimedes, we are told, invented the screw; Eratosthenes invented the conception of longitude. Well, now we habitually operate with screws and longitude, both in a greatly improved form. And when we have recorded the names of those two worthies and put up imaginary statues of them on a few scientific laboratories, we have surely repaid any debt we owe them. We do not go back laboriously, with the help of a trained *grammaticus,* and read their works in the original. Now admitting, what is far from clear, that Æschylus and Plato did make contributions to the spiritual wealth of the human race comparable with the inventions of the screw and of longitude, surely those contributions have been absorbed and digested, and have become parts of our ordinary daily life? Why go back and labor over their actual words? We do not most of us want to re-read even Newton's *Principia.*"

This argument raises exactly the point of difference between the humane and the physical. The invention of the screw or the telephone is a fine achievement of man; the effort and experience of the inventor make what we have called above a moment of glory. But you and I, when using the telephone, have no share whatever in that moment or that achievement. The only way in which we could begin in any way to share in them would be by a process which is really artistic or literary —the process of studying the inventor's life, realizing exactly his difficulties and his data, and imaginatively trying to live again his triumphant experience. That would mean imaginative effort and literary study. In the meantime we use the telephone without any effort and at the same time without any spiritual gain at all—merely gain, supposing it is a gain, in practical convenience.

If we take, on the other hand, the invention, or creation, of "Romeo and Juliet," it is quite clear that you can in a sense by using them—that is, by reading them—recapture the moment of glory; but not without effort. It is different in kind from a telephone or a hot-water tap. The only way of utilizing it at all is by the method of *grammatikê;* by reading it or hearing it read and at the same time making a definite effort of imaginative understanding so as to relive, as best one can, the experience of the creator of it. (I do not of course mean his whole actual experience in writing the play, but the relevant and essential part of that experience.) This method, the method of intelligent and loving study, is the only way there is of getting any sort of use

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out of "Romeo and Juliet." It is not quite true, but nearly true, to say that the value of "Romeo and Juliet" to any given man is exactly proportionate to the amount of loving effort he has spent in trying to relive it. Certainly, without such effort "Romeo and Juliet" is without value and must die. It may stand at the door and knock, but its voice is not heard amid the rumble of drums of Santerre. And the same is true of all great works of art or imagination, especially those which are in any way removed from us by differences of age or of language. We need not repine at this. The fact that so many works whose value and beauty is generally recognized require effort for their understanding is really a great benefit to contemporary and future work, because it accustoms the reader or spectator to the expectation of effort. And the unwillingness to make imaginative effort is the prime cause of almost all decay of art. It is the caterer, the man whose business it is to provide enjoyment with the very minimum of effort, who is in matters of art the real assassin.

I HAVE spoken so far of *grammatikê* in the widest sense as the art of interpreting the *grammata* and so reliving the chosen moments of human life wherever they are recorded. But of course that undertaking is too vast for any human brain, and furthermore, as we have noticed above, a great mass of the matter recorded is either badly recorded or badly chosen. There has to be selection, and selection of a very drastic and ruthless kind. It is impossible to say exactly how much of life ought to be put down in *grammata,* but it is fairly clear that in very ancient times there was too little and in modern times there is too much. Most of the books in any great library, even a library much frequented by students, lie undisturbed for generations. And if you begin what seems like the audacious and impossible task of measuring up the accumulated treasures of the race in the field of letters, it is curious how quickly in its main lines the enterprise becomes possible and even practicable. The period of recorded history is not very long. Eighty generations might well take us back before the beginnings of history-writing in Europe; and though the beginnings of Accad and of Egypt, to say nothing of the cave-drawings of Altamira, might take one almost incalculably further in time, the actual amount of *grammata* which they provide is not large. Thus, first, the period is not very long; and, again, the extension of literature over the world is not very wide, especially if we confine ourselves to that continuous tradition of literature on which the life of modern Europe and America is built. China and India form, in the main, another tradition, which may stimulate and instruct us, but cannot be said to have formed our thought.

If you take any particular form of literature, the limits of its achievement become quickly visible. Take drama; there are not very many very good plays in the world. Greece, France, England, Spain, and for brief periods Russia, Scandinavia, and Germany, have made their contributions; but, apart from the trouble of learning the languages, a man could read all the very good plays in the world in a few months. Take lyric or narrative poetry, philosophy, history; there is not so much first-rate lyric poetry in the world, or yet narrative; or much first-rate philosophy, or even history. No doubt when you consider the books that have to be read in order to study the history of a particular modern period, say the time of Napoleon or the French Revolution, the number seems absolutely vast and overwhelming; but when you look for those histories which have the special gift that we are considering,—that is, the gift of retaining and expressing a very high quality of thought or emotion,—the number dwindles at an amazing rate. And in every one of these forms of literature that I have mentioned, as well as many others, we shall find our list of the few selected works of outstanding genius begin with a Greek name.

"That depends," our modernist may

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say, "on the principles on which you make your selection. Of course the average *grammaticus* of the present day will begin his selected historians with Herodotus and Thucydides, just as he will begin his poets with Homer, because he has been brought up to think that sort of thing. He is blinded, as usual, with the past. Give us a Greekless generation or two and the superstition will disappear." How are we to answer this?

With due humility, I think, and yet with a certain degree of confidence. According to Dionysius Thrax, the last and highest of the six divisions of *grammatikê* was κρίσις ποιημάτων, the judgment or criticism of works of imagination. And the voice of the great mass of trained *grammatikoi* counts for something. Of course they have their faults and prejudices, the tradition constantly needs correcting, but we must use the best criteria that we can get. As a rule, any man who reads Herodotus and Thucydides with due care and understanding recognizes their greatness. If a particular person refuses to do so, I think we can fairly ask him to consider the opinions of recognized judges. And the judgment of those who know the *grammata* most widely and deeply will certainly put these Greek names very high in their respective lists.

On the ground of pure intellectual merit, therefore, apart from any other considerations, I think any person ambitious of obtaining some central grasp on the *grammata* of the human race would always do well to put a good deal of his study into Greek literature. Even if he were fatherless, like Melchizedek, or homeless, like a visitor from Mars, I think this would hold. But if he is a member of our Western civilization, a citizen of Europe or America, the reasons for studying Greek and Latin increase and multiply. Western civilization, especially the soul of it as distinguished from its accidental manifestations, is, after all, a unity and not a chaos; and it is a unity chiefly because of its ancestry, a unity of descent and of brotherhood. (If any one thinks my word "brotherhood" too strong in the present state of Europe, I would remind him of the relationship between Cain and Abel.)

The civilization of the Western world is a unity of descent and brotherhood; and when we study the *grammata* of bygone men we naturally look to the writings from which our own are descended. Now, I am sometimes astonished at the irrelevant and materialistic way in which this idea is interpreted. People talk as if our thoughts were descended from the fathers of our flesh, and the fountain-head of our present literature and art and feeling was to be sought among the Jutes and Angles.

"Paradise Lost" and "Prometheus Unbound" are not the children of "Piers Ploughman" and "Beowulf;" they are the children of Vergil and Homer, of Æschylus and Plato. And "Hamlet" and "A Midsummer Night's Dream" come mainly from the same ancestors, though a less direct descent.

I do not wish to exaggerate. The mere language in which a book is written counts of course for much. It fixes to some extent the forms of the writer's art and thought. "Paradise Lost" is clearly much more English in character than the "Pharsalia" is Spanish or the "City of God" African. Let us admit freely that there must of necessity be in all English literature a strain of what one may call vernacular English thought, and that some currents of it, currents of great beauty and freshness, would hardly have been different if all Romance literature had been a sealed book to our tradition. It remains true that from the Renaissance onward, nay, from Chaucer and even from Alfred, the higher and more massive workings of our literature owe more to the Greeks and Romans than to our own un-Romanized ancestors. And the same is true of every country in Europe. Even in Scandinavia, which possesses a really great home literature in some ways as noble as the Greek or the Hebrew, the main currents of literary thought and feeling, the philosophy and religion and the higher poetry, owe more to the Greco-

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Roman world than to that of the vikings. The movements that from time to time spring up in various countries for reviving the old home tradition and expelling the foreigner have always had an exotic character. The German attempts to worship Odin, to regard the empire as a gathering of the German tribes, to expel all non-Germanic words from the language by the help of an instrument called, not very fortunately, a *centralbureau,* have surely been symptoms of an error only not ridiculous because it is so deeply tragic. The twisting of the English language by some fine writers, so that a simple Latin word like "cave" gives place to a recondite old English "stoneydark;" the attempts in France to reject the "*gaulois*" and become truly *celtique,* are more attractive, but hardly in essence more defensible. There is room for them as protests, as experiments, as personal adventures, or as reactions against a dominant main stream. They are not a main stream themselves. The main stream is that which runs from Rome and Greece and Palestine, the Christian and classical tradition. We nations of Europe would do well to recognize it and rejoice in it. It is in that stream that we find our unity—unity of origin in the past, unity of movement and imagination in the present; to that stream that we owe our common memories and our power of understanding one another, despite the confusion of tongues that has now fallen upon us and the inflamed sensibilities of modern nationalism. The German Emperor's dictum that the boys and girls in his empire must "grow up little Germans and not little Greeks and Romans" is both intellectually a Philistine policy and politically a gospel of strife.

I trust no one will suppose that I am pleading for a dead orthodoxy or an enforced uniformity of taste or thought. There is always a place for protests against the main convention, for rebellion, paradox, partizanship, and individuality, and for every personal taste that is sincere. Progress comes by contradiction. Eddies and tossing spray add to the beauty of every stream and keep the water from stagnancy. But the true *grammaticus,* while expressing faithfully his personal predilections or special sensitivenesses, will stand in the midst of the *grammata* not as a captious critic nor yet as a jealous seller of rival wares, but as a returned traveler amid the country and landscape that he loves. The *traditio,* the handing down of the intellectual acquisitions of the human race from one generation to another, the constant selection of thoughts and discoveries and feelings and events so precious that they must be made into books, and then of books so precious that they must be copied and recopied and not allowed to die — the *traditio* itself is a wonderful and august process, full no doubt of abysmal gaps and faults, like all things human, but full also of that strange, half-baffled, and yet not wholly baffled splendor which marks all the characteristic works of man. I think the *grammaticus,* while not sacrificing his judgment, should accept it and rejoice in it—rejoice to be the intellectual child of his great forefathers, to catch at their spirit, to carry on their work, to live and die for the great unknown purpose which the eternal spirit of man seems to be working out upon the earth. He will work under the guidance of love and faith, not, as so many do, under that of ennui and irritation.

My subject to-day has been the faith of a scholar, *religio grammatici.* This does not mean any denial or disrespect toward the religion of others. A *grammaticus* who cannot understand other people's minds is failing in an essential part of his work. The religion of those who follow physical science is a magnificent and life-giving thing. The *traditio* would be utterly imperfect without it. It also gives man an escape from the world about him—an escape from the noisy present into a region of facts which are as they are and not as foolish human beings want them to be; an escape from the commonness of daily happenings into the remote world of high and severely trained imagi-

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nation; an escape from mortality in the service of a growing and durable purpose, the progressive discovery of truth. I can understand the religion of the artist, the religion of the philanthropist. I can understand the religion of those many people, mostly young, who reject alike books and microscopes and easels and committees, who forget both the before and the hereafter, and live rejoicing in an actual concrete present, which they can ennoble by merely loving it, as a happy man may get more beauty out of an average field of grass and daisies than out of all the landscapes in the National Gallery.

All these things are good, and those who pursue them may well be soldiers in one army or pilgrims on the same eternal quest. If we fret and argue and fight one another now, it is mainly because we are so much under the power of the enemy. I sometimes wish that we men of science and letters could all be bound by some vow of renunciation or poverty, like monks of the Middle Ages; but of course no renunciation could be so all-embracing as really to save us from that power. The enemy has no definite name, though in a certain degree we all know him: he who puts always the body before the spirit, the dead before the living, the ἀναγκαῖον before the καλόν; who makes things only in order to sell them; who has forgotten that there is such a thing as truth, and measures the world by advertisement or by money; who daily defiles the beauty that surrounds him and makes vulgar the tragedy; whose innermost religion is the worship of the lie in his soul. The Philistine, the vulgarian, the great sophist, the passer of base coin for true, he is all about us and, worse, he has his outposts inside us, persecuting our peace, spoiling our sight, confusing our values, making a man's self seem greater than the race and the present thing more important than the eternal. From him and his influence we find our escape by means of the *grammata* into that calm world of theirs, where stridency and clamor are forgotten in the ancient stillness, where the strong iron is long since rusted, and the rocks of granite broken into dust, but the great things of the human spirit still shine like stars pointing man's way onward to the great triumph or the great tragedy, and even the little things, the beloved and tender and funny and familiar things, beckon across gulfs of death and change with a magic poignancy, the old things that our dead leaders and forefathers loved, *viva adhuc et desiderio pulcriora.*[1]

[1] "Living still and more beautiful because of our longing."

Prayer for Courage

By LOUIS UNTERMEYER

Why should I long for what I know
  Can never be revealed to me?
I only pray that I may grow
  As sure and bravely as a tree.

I do not ask why tireless grief
  Remains or why all beauty flies;
I only crave the blind relief
  Of branches groping toward the skies.

Let me bring every seed to fruit,
  Sharing, whatever comes to pass,
The strong persistence of the root,
  The patient courage of the grass.

Heartened by every source of mirth,
  I shall not mind the wounds and scars,
Feeling the solid strength of earth,
  The bright conviction of the stars.

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The Renaissance of the Puppet Play

By ANNE STODDARD

"IT is not yet impossible," says Elnora Whitman Curtis, lamenting the decay of the puppet-stage, "that a gifted artist will yet bring it to new honors."

That pleasant prophecy has been recently fulfilled in New York through the genius of Tony Sarg and the generous co-operation of Mr. Winthrop Ames. The marionettes of Tony Sarg, which have made their début in three fairy-plays, are more elaborate in mechanism than the famous Munich puppets, some of the little figures being manipulated by as many as twenty-four strings, and requiring great dexterity as well as dramatic feeling on the part of the operator, or "puppeteer." They average three feet in height and are furnished with virtually all the joints of the human frame. The cast of the three plays comprises thirty-six puppets.

Not only are these manikins astonishingly ingenious, but their character and antics and the daring color-effects carried out in their costumes and backgrounds betray that quality of style which has made their creator's work in illustration and poster design noteworthy.

Let us pretend that we are attending the first-night performance at the playhouse where the little people made their first bow to the world. First on the bill is "The Three Wishes," a version of the familiar fairy-tale written for marionettes by Count Franz Pocci and adapted for Mr. Sarg's puppets by Mr. Ames.

The tiny stage is set in a shadow-box; the curtain rises on a sunny knoll with a glimpse of red roofs in the valley below; bright butterflies flutter above the grass; a saucy molly cottontail bobs across the hillside. The personages of the play are four: a blue-smocked wood-chopper, his wife in mob-cap and panniers, the neighborhood gossip,—a rosy little man with a round paunch,—and a fairy, such as children dream of. A frisking woolly dog is perhaps the most engaging actor in the cast.

This little play is remarkable for the charm and ingenuity of the puppets and the beauty of the settings. It is the most

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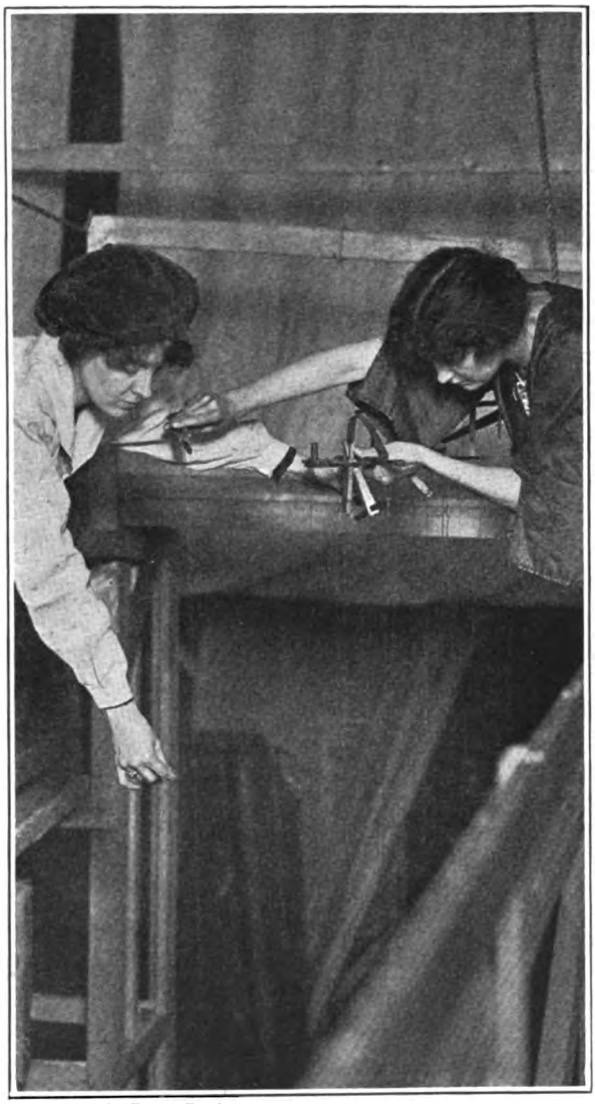
interesting of the three pieces presented, from the point of view of the critic of legitimate drama; but the playlets which follow are more successful as vehicles for displaying the accomplishments of the marionettes.



Photograph by Brown Brothers
THE MODERN WAY OF OPERATING MARIONETTES. TWO OF MR. SARG'S "PUPPETEERS" AT WORK

"The Green Suit" and "A Stolen Beauty and the Great Jewel" were written at Mr. Sarg's suggestion by Mrs. Hamilton Williamson. In these sketches appear many fascinating characters: a boy who, like "Alice in Wonderland," grows to strange stature before one's wondering eyes; a skeleton who performs a *danse macabre* and tosses his head in the air; a monkey-man who grinds his little organ; a donkey who kicks and bucks, and his rider who hops nimbly off and on his back; a trick elephant who kneels to permit his master to mount, and later lifts him in his trunk to the window of his lady-love; a juggler; an Eastern potentate who smokes a narghile,—real smoke!—a veiled beauty who uncovers her face for her lover; a snake-charmer and a sinuous serpent who ripples across the stage with evil intent and comes to death on the block; a ghost that rises from a mysterious pot; and many others, all marvelously expressive and supple in movement.

One member of the cast of "A Stolen Beauty and the Great Jewel" deserves special mention, since hers is perhaps the most remarkable achievement of the marionettes. This doll is an Oriental dancer. Her contortions and posturings are in perfect imitation of the living nautch-girl, and it is safe to say that nothing ever seen on the puppet-stage, in America at least, can surpass the ease and grace with which her little body sways backward in an inverted crescent, the ethereal lightness of her circling about the stage, and the abandon of her attitudes of the dance.

Although there is a strong savor of the comic and grotesque about these productions, they are primarily things of beauty and skill. Very modern in coloring are the settings, and against these brilliant backgrounds move the manikins, charming in color and attitude. An atmosphere of faery hangs about them, an illusion of unreality, the sense of a lovely, yet comic, world that is a refreshment

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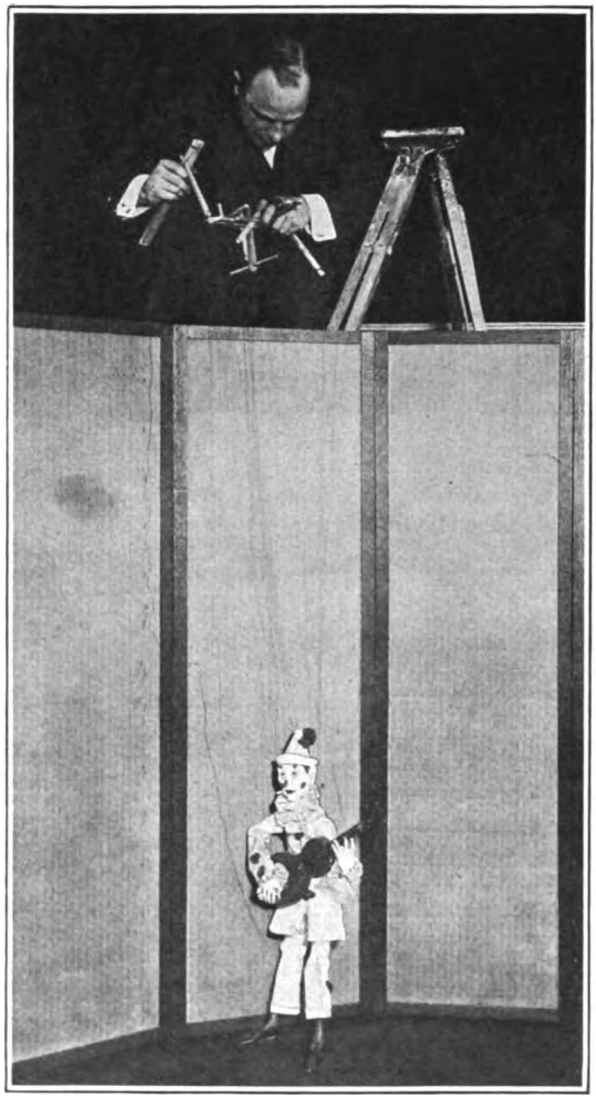
and a delight. Humor, skill, ingenuity, trained sense of color and composition, and instinctive understanding of the child heart have gone into their making.

Seen from the front, the marionettes appear much larger than they really are, as if one were looking at full-sized figures through the wrong end of an opera-glass. The proportions between figures and scenery are so exactly arranged that the eye of the spectator quickly adjusts itself and becomes accustomed to the perfect harmony produced, so that the background seems to recede and the little people to acquire the stature of living persons.

Many authorities on historic puppet-play have commented upon this illusion. One writer remarks that "if by accident a hand or arm of one of the wire-pullers appears from behind the scenes or descends below the hangings, it startles you by its portentous size; and the audience in the stage boxes, instead of reducing the *burattini* to Lilliputians by contrast, as they lean forward, become themselves Brobdingnagians with elephantine hands and heads."

Mr. David Belasco, visiting back of the scenes, refused to believe that the tiny dog he saw there was the same one he had just seen from the front, frisking about apparently "as large as life and twice as natural."

But let us, too, make a visit behind the scenes. We are late, for the loft from which the puppets are operated, where the actors who speak the parts are stationed, is already being raised to its position in the flies, with much vigorous direction from Mr. Sarg. A gilded shrine, a wee high-boy, and all the effects demanded by the little people in their performances stand in the wings. A young woman fondles the tiny gray monkey, the only live actor in the cast, who has conscientiously played his little part in "The Green Suit." The marionettes themselves, put to bed in chintz bags, hang in a row like so many plucked fowls, their heads protruding from the tops of the bags and their eyes goggling pathetically. The "puppeteers," half a dozen girls in overalls, are busy making everything shipshape for the night.



TONY SARG OPERATING THE TROUBADOUR DOLL. THIS PICTURE WAS TAKEN BEFORE THE PUPPETS WERE DONE PROFESSIONALLY

All of the operators are girls, women's fingers having as a rule more dexterity

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Photograph by Jessie Tarbox Beals, Inc.

ACT II OF "THE THREE WISHES" AS PRESENTED BY TONY SARG'S MARIONETTES

than those of men in manipulating the complicated strings. These girls, completely untrained in the work at the beginning, with the exception of Miss Owen, Mr. Sarg's "right-hand man," have demonstrated the theory that intelligence is still intelligence into whatever channel it is directed, for they have turned their clever fingers to many practical uses and have made most of the properties and costumes between intervals of rehearsing their little personages of the play.

The puppets have enjoyed many vicissitudes in the making. They were stored for a time in the basement of the Flatiron Building, where the new subway station was not yet completed. There the cases were broken open, and *Greta,* a delicious little girl in a pink dress; *Peter,* her little brother; and the fairy were stolen, and have never been recovered. Time and labor were necessary to restore the stolen figures, a serious matter, as every hour was precious in making ready for the opening during Christmas week. One wonders what has become of these dolls, and if, perhaps, some dark-eyed little girl is playing with them now.

The puppets were finished in the front and back parlors of an old and very dirty brownstone house in Thompson Street, where Italian children play on the sidewalk, and the shops display strings of garlic and red peppers in their show-windows.

Coming into the workroom at noonday, one found the "puppeteers" clad in overalls, some with bobbed hair *à la* Greenwich Village, sitting before a meager grate-fire, eating their luncheon from a table made of a soap-box. Miniature properties stood about amid a litter of sawdust and carpentry. Mrs. Williamson, the author of two of the plays given by the marionettes, bustled capably about enveloped in a homelike gingham apron.

"My little plays were written to display the accomplishments of the marionettes," she said. "When Mr. Sarg first told me that he wanted a snake-charmer, a juggler, an Oriental dancer, an elephant, and a donkey in one play, I thought I could n't possibly get them together; but, you see, I did."

The stage, set up in the front room, filled it completely, so that one must squeeze through to see the dolls that Mr. Sarg put through their paces to amuse the callers. Seen close by, one realizes the work that each doll represents, and the humor and skill which have gone into their making. Each diminutive countenance wears the expression peculiar to its character, and hands and feet are worked out individually. There is no stock pattern; each doll is in all its members an individual creation. Heads, hands, and feet are slightly exaggerated in size, the liberty taken with normal proportion lending grotesque quality to the little figures.

Tony Sarg has been playing with marionettes for five years. At his studio in

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Photograph by Jessie Tarbox Beals, Inc.
"THE SINGING LESSON." SKETCH GIVEN BY MR. SARG AS A STUDIO ENTERTAINMENT

London—which, by the way, was in the "Old Curiosity Shop," known to all lovers of *Little Nell* and her grandfather, —he had a puppet-stage where he gave performances for the amusement of his friends; and marionettes, costumed by the artist's wife, were usually a feature of the parties given by the Sargs at their house in Linnell Close.

The object in miniature has always fascinated Tony Sarg. Mrs. Sarg tells with humor how, in their newly married days, when money did not grow on the bushes, he dashed home with brimming enthusiasm to exhibit a tiny millinery-shop, complete even to the bonnets in their boxes, which he had just purchased for his collection of toys at the price of twenty pounds! On one occasion, when they had acquired a choice old china-cupboard for the dining-room, she came in one afternoon to find it filled with the toy collection, all so attractively disposed and so much to the delight of its invader, that she had not the heart to object, and kept her dishes in the kitchen!

It is this passion for the object in miniature — toys, ship-models, what not — which first attracted Mr. Sarg to marionettes. Some articles in English periodicals, some exhibitions of puppets, among them Holden's wonderful marionettes, completed the conquest.

This Holden, who belongs to a family who have been puppet-showmen for generations, and whose secrets of manipulation are jealously guarded, gave a performance of "Salome," when that play was the sensation of the hour, that will long be remembered by those who had the good fortune to witness it, for the grace of the puppet-dancer and the technical skill and delicacy of taste that characterized the production.

Back of the scenes the loft, or "bridge," as the modern showman calls it, from which the puppets are operated, was inclosed with canvas, to which not even the stage-hands were admitted, so carefully guarded were the secrets of the craft.

"But one thing I learned from watching the performance," said Mr. Sarg. "The trunk of *Salome* was divided into two portions, enveloped in a cloth sleeve, which gave the figure far more flexibility than the solid torso. I have made use of that with my own puppets." Those who have seen "The Stolen Beauty" will remember the contortions of the Oriental dancer, already mentioned.

A friend in Italy sent to Mr. Sarg, about this time, several dolls, two hundred years old or more, primitive in construction, and not more than a foot high. These dolls are still in the artist's possession and sometimes figure in shows given by his daughter, aged five, for the amusement of her friends, accompanied by suppressed giggles and much bobbing of red curls on the part of the young showman.

A dozen other Italian dolls were soon added to the collection, and Mr. Sarg

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A SCENE FROM "A STOLEN BEAUTY AND THE GREAT JEWEL," AN EASTERN FANTASY

began to experiment with puppets of his own. These ranged from eighteen inches to two feet, an ideal height for a studio performance, but too small to be effective in a theater. Three feet, the height of the present marionettes, has proved to be best for theatrical use.

"Modern puppets," said Mr. Sarg, "have certain requirements which make it extremely difficult to find suitable plays for the dolls. With so many strings they can make a great many motions which formerly were impossible; but certain things they cannot do without tangling the strings. Then, too, short words and curt sentences are impossible, as the spoken lines must be long enough to allow the marionettes to 'suit the action to the word.' Every motion must have a definite objective. Puppets cannot move aimlessly about the stage; since every gesture is conspicuous, it must mean something; and when several puppets are on the stage at the same time, the one whose lines are being spoken must be the only one in action. The others must be held motionless, or the audience receives an impression of confusion.

"The classic repertory of puppet-plays," he continued, "could be acted by living actors, in many cases, quite as well as by puppets. In my judgment the puppet-drama is a thing apart. The little plays should include feats for which marionettes

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are specially adapted and should conform not only to the limitations of the actors, but to the atmosphere of unreality and faery which they create."

The three plays now being produced are designed for children, although, like "Hänsel and Gretel" and "Peter Pan," they are equally enjoyed by grown-ups. While children adore the comic, high-stepping walk of the dolls and their occasional lapses from the laws of gravity, it is the adult, of course, who does justice to the skill involved and the artistic effects achieved.

When asked why he did not include a poetic drama in his performance,—perhaps Maeterlinck's "Seven Princesses,"—Mr. Sarg looked thoughtful.

"I am turning that over in my mind," he said. "The practical difficulty is the exaggerated walk of the dolls, which always brings laughter from the audience. But," he added, "I dare say I can manage that all right when I have a chance to work over it a bit."

Photograph by Brown Brothers

A PUPPET TROUBADOUR—ONE OF MR. SARG'S FIRST DOLLS

Such is the latest revival in America of an art so ancient that its beginnings reach back into the shadow-land of history. Puppets were known to ancient Greece and Rome; they flourished in ancient China, Japan, Siam, and throughout the East, where puppet-play and shadow-play exist at the present time; they furnished in Europe during the Middle Ages a great source of entertainment to the masses, nor were they relegated to the realms of comedy alone. Even among the American Indians have been found puppets of a sort, articulated dolls which were brought out during ceremonial dances. The puppet-play has in its time invaded virtually all civilized countries and every field of dramatic art, changing in turn from comedy to religious and liturgic, and again to civil and artistic, drama.

Perhaps no other stage has so clearly reflected the passion of the moment, or has been imbued more thoroughly with the spirit of the times in parodies, satires, and daring farces; and with it must be associated many great names of those who have been fascinated and inspired by its quaint magic—Goethe, Haydn, George Sand, Ben Jonson, Swift, Maurice Maeterlinck, and many others.

In Italy, which, speaking inexactly, may be called the birthplace of the marionette stage, improvised dramas, vast and legendary, have grown up around the character and exploits of certain comic heroes who trace their lineage back to the burlesque actors of ancient Rome. These heroes of the character comedy — *Pulcinella, Arlecchino, Brighella,* and the like —appear to have been borrowed from the regular stage for the puppet-show. "Z is for zany," says the alphabet-book and illustrates that cryptic saying with a portrait of *Mr. Punch* brandishing his knobby stick. A wise primer, truly, since, as we have said, it is from the Roman *sanni* and mimes that *Punch,* along with the *Arlecchino* and other primitive *burattini,* is said to be derived.

Pulcinella, or *Punch,* it is believed, is the descendant of the Roman clown, Maccus, of whom a portrait bronze has been unearthed, bearing the unmistakable phiz with hooked beak and nutcracker chin of *Judy's* irascible spouse!

Arlecchino—or *Harlequin,* as we know him—is another of these aristocrats of the stage. His family tree is also proudly ancient, and in his party-colored garment, his small hat, that barely covers the head, his soleless shoes, and black mask, experts trace a likeness to the Roman mimes.

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IN THE STUDY OF DOCTOR MAGICUS. A SCENE FROM "THE GREEN SUIT"

As puppetry had its birth and upbringing in Italy, so it is fitting that the cities of Italy should have each its favorite puppet hero. Thus, *Arlecchino* belongs to the Bergamo Valley, *Scaramuccio* and *Pulcinella* are of Naples, the *Dottore* is a native of Bologna, *Rogantino* is Roman, *Giralomo* of Turin, while the Sicilian plays are almost invariably founded upon the same theme, Ariosto's "Orlando Furioso."

The "Orlando Furioso" is still given wherever Italians congregate. *Orlando* is identical wtih Roland, mightiest of the Paladins who came to death and deathless glory at Roncesvalles. This Sicilian epic is an endless representation of the chivalric and romantic adventures of the knightly champions of Charlemagne attended by great din of battle and much crashing of armor from the local tinsmith, continued from night to night and followed by its patrons with solemn absorption, although they know its incidents by heart. Frequently it is a family affair, where the wife and children assist in operating the dolls and take in the entrance fees. The Italians in New York, of whom there are a multitude, have imported the legendary puppet-drama, and any one who walks through the Italian quarter of an evening may notice a sign heralding a Theater of Marionettes which has survived competition with the motion-picture houses and may witness there the traditional dramas acted by gaudily dressed puppets, sometimes five feet in height and very heavy; some of the figures, according to one of the operators, weighing as much as a hundred pounds. He adds that the weight of the marionettes necessitates frequent repairs to the floor-boards of the stage. These dolls are primitive in construction and are usually controlled by four or five wires. There is nothing more characteristic of Italy than these performances, which are almost universally attended by the lower classes.

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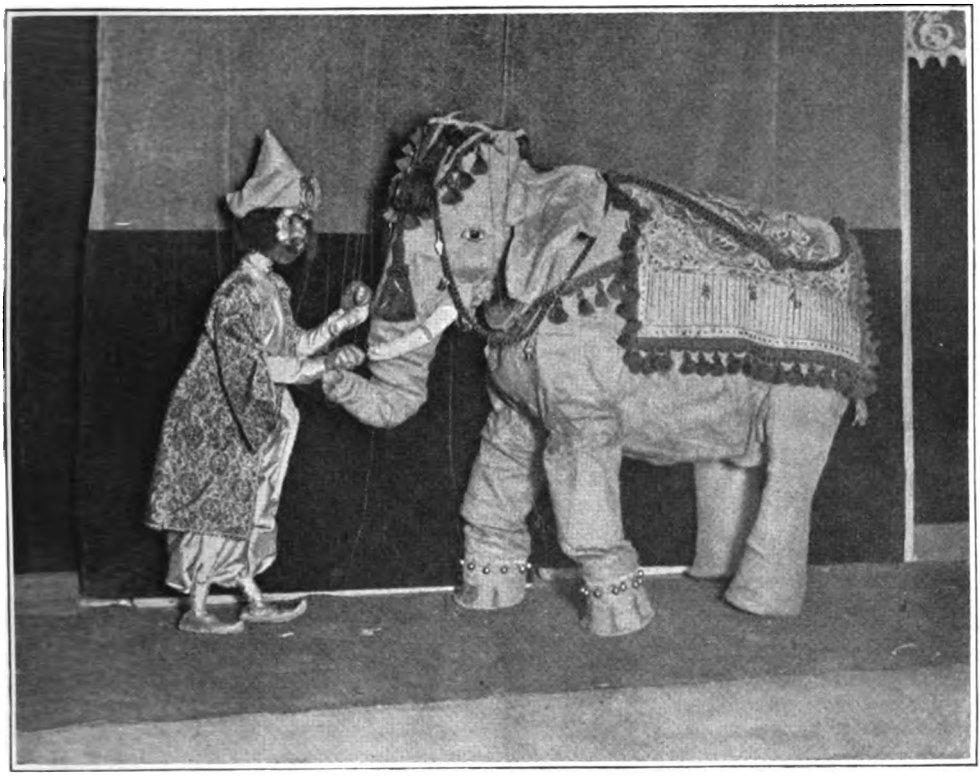

THE TRICK ELEPHANT, ONE OF THE ACTORS IN "A STOLEN BEAUTY AND THE GREAT JEWEL"

There are three distinct types of puppets. "The one class," says Professor Brander Matthews,* "comprises the empty and flexible figures which are animated by the thumb and two fingers of the performer who exhibits them by holding his hands above his head, as in the 'Punch and Judy' show. The other contains the larger dolls, suspended on wires (which are supposed to be invisible) and manipulated by one or more performers overhead, who give life to the figures by jerking the various strings as the action of the play may require. These last are the true marionettes."

To this latter class belong, of course, the modern marionettes, and it is interesting to note that although the puppets of to-day are subject to extensive modern improvements, the method of their manipulation is the same as it was in the Middle Ages. The operator still pulls the wires or strings, as of old, from a loft above the stage supported on a scaffolding. Professor Matthews might have added a third class of puppets, those moved by the legs from below the scenes and not managed by cords or wires from above.

But let us return to the fascinating *Mr. Punch*. According to some authorities, the descendant of the renowned Maccus came alive in Italy in 1600 (although there is evidence that he was born much earlier, and, it is said by some authorities, in France!) by the agency of the comedian Silvio Fiorillo,—hooked nose, knotty stick, mole on cheek, very much as we know him to-day,—but he was not originally the naughty fellow he became later through association with English political life. Carried to England from Italy, he established a permanent theater after the Revolution of 1688, took *Judy* to wife, had a child, acquired a personal devil, and began his long career of crime. "The older *Punchinello* was far less restricted in his actions and circumstances than his modern successor," says the Britannica.

* "A Book about the Theater."

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"He fought with allegorical figures representing want and weariness as well as with his wife and the police, was on intimate terms with the patriarchs and the seven champions of Christendom, sat on the lap

THE STROLLING PUPPET-PLAYER (1824)

of the Queen of Sheba, had kings and dukes for his companions, and cheated the Inquisition as well as the common hangman."

Although Italy is usually conceded to have been his birthplace, and Naples his favorite city, you may travel where you will about the world and there you will find *Punchinello,* a very prince of villains, belaboring *Judy,* his consort, with his cudgel, or the unfortunate policeman or *Diavolo,* and treating his offspring with truly unparental severity. Nor does he draw the line at red-handed assassination itself. *Pulcinella, Pollicinella, Polichinelle, Guignol, Hans-Wurst, Don Christoval Polichinelo, Karägoz* (*Black Eye,* the Turkish *Punch,* whose exploits are too obscene for Western ears), call him what you will, he is the same naughty rogue the world over.

Carried from Italy, a puppet epidemic spread through Europe of the Middle Ages. Very early in the history of the church puppets were permitted to perform sacred dramas, legends of the saints, and miracles of faith. Several of these mystery plays, refashioned to suit modern taste, are still included in the repertory of the marionettes. The word "marionette" is probably of churchly origin, dating from the time when the Venetians called the wooden dolls in their religious processions "mariettes," or little Marias.

In 1575 — July 14, to be exact — the Lord Mayor of London wrote a letter authorizing "Italian marionettes to settle in the city and to carry on their strange motions ["motion" was the antique term for marionette production] as in the past and from time immemorial."

From the early years of the seventeenth century nomadic puppet-showmen carried their light stages from one English parish to another, performing plays of Biblical origin and deeds of the saints, varied occasionally by a display of hobby-horses, or the exploits of Robin Hood and his ilk, to suit the taste of the bucolic audience. These traveling companies carried instruction and entertainment to the rural inhabitants much as a theatrical production of to-day "on the road" brings its bit of Broadway to Oshkosh, Wisconsin, or Chicopee, Massachusetts.

In the year 1642 the quarrel between the Puritans and the stage resulted in the closing of all theaters in England, except those devoted to marionette productions, which were excluded from the proscription. This was the opportunity of the puppet-showmen, seemingly grown wise in the ways of business, who flocked to England from France and Italy. The whole repertory of the great theaters in every field of drama was at their disposal, and the most notable writers of the day

POLICHINELLE ON THE PONT DES ARTS IN PARIS (1835)

were composing plays for the wooden actors.

A playbill, dating from the early days of the reign of Queen Anne, calls attention to a play produced by marionettes which had a tremendous vogue,

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staged "with great pomp of costumes and decorations, called 'The Universal Deluge,' in five acts, with a scene showing the entrance of Noah and his family into the Ark, accompanied by all the animals,

PUPPETS CREATED BY THE WILKINSON BROTHERS OF LONDON

two and two, a drama of the young Mr. Powell."

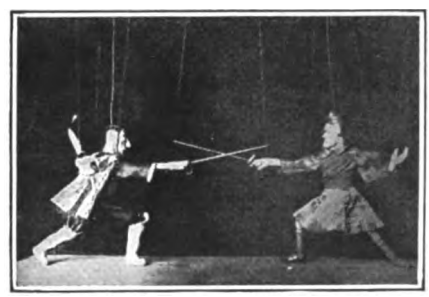
This "young Mr. Powell" became a thorn in the evangelical flesh. His marionettes, installed opposite the Cathedral of St. Paul, proved so alluring that the worshipers turned in at his door instead of going to church. Indeed, the young Mr. Powell became so impudent with success that he timed his performance for the same hour as the sermon, and availed himself of the church-bell as a summons to his entertainment. Here is the sexton's letter of remonstrance, preserved by the *Spectator* (No. XVI):

Sir,—I have been for twenty years under-sexton of this parish of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, and have not missed tolling in to prayers six times in all those years; which office I have performed to my great satisfaction, until this fortnight last past, during which time I find my congregation taking the warning of my bell, morning and evening, to go to a puppet-show set forth by one Powell under the Piazzas. By this means, I have not only lost my two customers whom I used to place for six-pence apiece over against Mrs. Rachel Eyebright, but Mrs. Rachel is gone thither also. I desire you would lay this before the world, that I may not be made such a tool for the future, and that Punchinello may choose hours less canonical. As things are now, Mr. Powell has a full congregation, while we have a very thin house; which, if you can remedy, you will very much oblige, Sir, yours, etc.

In France the marionettes, at first appearing in liturgical drama, were driven from the church about the middle of the seventeenth century. Their appearance "without benefit of clergy," dates from the time of Louis XIV, when Jean Brioché set up his booth on the Pont Neuf and extracted teeth between performances! This versatile Brioché was followed by a long succession of puppet-managers whose theaters in some cases were operated by the descendants of the same family for generations; and some of whom, like Cadet de Beaupré, Oudinot, and Nicolet made lasting reputations for themselves.

"French puppet-play has an especially rich development," says Elnora Whitman Curtis.* "Great authors have delighted in it. Satire and witty epigram have abounded. How completely it has mirrored the events of the times is shown by the fact that, during the French revolution, the puppet hero was daily guillotined."

Like George Sand, Voltaire enjoyed marionettes, and used to bring companies to his house at Cirey, where, in all prob-



TWO OF THE WILKINSON PUPPETS.

ability, his own satirical lines were first uttered as dialogue for manikins.

The last half of the nineteenth century witnessed a remarkable revival of the marionette in Paris, a thorough test of the artistic possibilities of the puppet-play.

* "Dramatic Instinct in Education," by Elnora Whitman Curtis.

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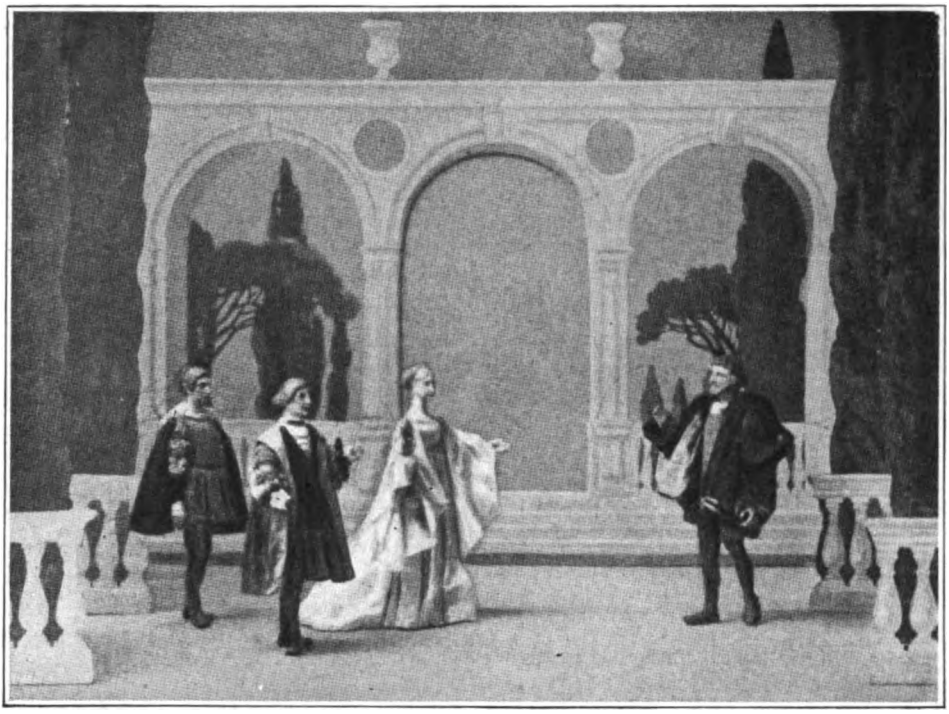

SCENE FROM "DOCTOR FAUSTUS" AT PAUL BRANN'S MUNICH THEATER

From 1888 to 1892 M. Henri Signoret produced with manikins certain classic dramas, among them "The Birds" of Aristophanes, and Shakspere's "Tempest." Anatole France says:

It is hardly an hour since the curtain of the Petit Théâtre fell upon the harmonious group of Ferdinand and Miranda. I am yet under the spell and, as Prospero says, "I yet taste some subtleties of the isle." What a charming sight! And how true it is that exquisite things, when they are naïve, are doubly exquisite. And as for me, I feel a sort of pity, mingled with a kind of tenderness for the little beings of wood and cardboard, dressed in wool and satin, who have just passed before my eyes, making the gestures ordained by the Muses.

In Paris of to-day, in the gardens of the Tuileries and the Luxembourg and in the Champs-Elysées, where the children congregate, are roped-off spaces provided with cane-chairs, where nurses and little ones may enjoy the antics of *Guignol,* who is none other than our old friend *Mr. Punch,* masquerading under one of his many aliases. He is of Lyons, this *Guignol,* and gives his name to the show known as the Guignol Theater.

In America and England the "Punch and Judy" show of to-day has a monotony of program which may account for its waning popularity. Not so on the Continent. In Paris, *Guignol* plays many parts and is assisted by a host of associates. The traditional Guignol plays, of which there are a number, have been handed down from generation to generation, and some of them have found their way into print.

In Germany the puppets profited vastly by the disagreements between the clergy and the stage. The theological war against theatrical performances broke out in Hamburg in 1680 and lasted for ten years, a period during which productions by living actors were suppressed. The populace, hectored by threats of excommunication, sided with the clergy. Always ready to profit by an ill wind for the regu-

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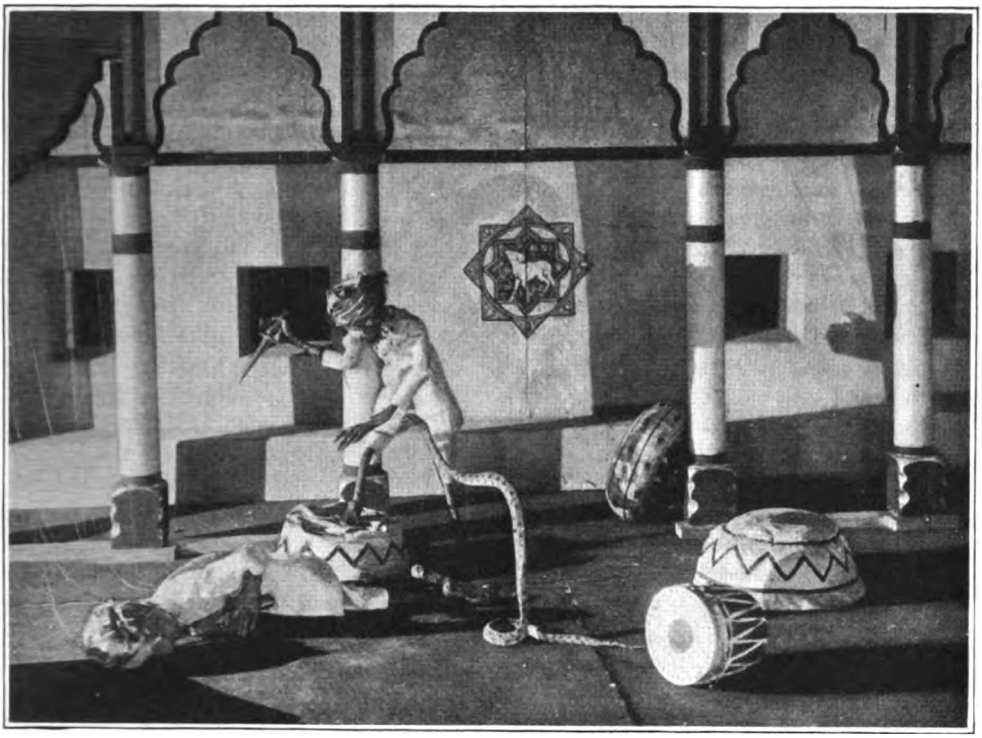

DEATH-SCENE FROM "A NIGHT AT DELHI," A STUDIO PERFORMANCE GIVEN BY MR. SARG

lar theater, the puppet-managers soon took possession of the playhouses, where the people, all the more eager for entertainment because of their long fast, speedily followed. The actors, out of a job, were constrained to enter the service of the puppet-showmen, speaking the lines to accompany the parts acted by the dolls.

At that time a kind of melodrama, a combination prose-music-and-pantomime, was introduced that took its themes from religious and mythological sources. In these plays the dispossessed actors were sometimes permitted to take part, but only in the rôles of virtuous persons and those in favor with the audience, while the marionettes, who had nothing to fear in the way of life or limb from the religious fervor of the spectators, played all other parts.

Goethe frankly avows his indebtedness to the puppet-stage, from which he derived the original idea of "Faust." Ferrigni says:

In the immortal pages of his "Memorie," Wolfgang Goethe relates himself that the greatest of his infantile joys was a little marionette theater, given to him by his grandmother on a Christmas Eve. A few years afterward, in the days of sorrow, Goethe made his little theater the pastime and amusement of his family and neighbors. He managed all his little wooden "personaggi" himself, presented some of the most popular plays of the time and also some of the most highly-praised dramas of classic literature, introducing new characters as additions to the original scheme, and improvising dialogues, episodes and farces adapted for his little puppets.

Even when he had reached the age of twenty, and was preoccupied with the creation of his "Goetz von Berlichingen" he did not forget his puppets but, putting aside his mania for improvisation, he wrote a comedy for a small marionette theater, called "Festivals of the Fair of Plundersweilern," in the course of which he criticized his own audience and exposed their defects and prejudices.

That youthful little "bagatella" has a

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particularity that is worthy of note and it is this: the conduct of that work and certain episodes of the plot reveal an analogy with the legend of "Faust."

Joseph Haydn composed expressly for puppets—I quote again from Ferrigni—"some of the brightest and most graceful little plays in the world. One of the first was his 'Toy Symphony,' in which all of the musicians abandon the orchestra, one at a time, and put out the light until there is only a violin left to scrape the last note. Then there was 'The Children's Fair,' another symphony for a full orchestra, the orchestra consisting only of such instruments as are given to children as playthings; small drums, whistles, tiny trumpets, jews'-harps, rattles, cymbals, bells, and so forth." Haydn wrote also for marionettes five operettas which Prince Esterhazy caused to be performed at Eisenstadt.

In Munich there is to-day a municipal theater, built expressly for children, the actors on whose stage are wooden dolls. This exquisite little edifice, which stands in one of the park spaces, is rich in scenery, and furnished with nearly a thousand puppets. It is here that Herr Schmidt exercises his quaint and difficult art.

And this brings us to the "artistic marionettes," so called, in order to distinguish them from the older order. Herr Schmidt it was from whom Paul Brann, director of the celebrated Munich theater of marionettes, received his first instruction. At Brann's playhouse, elaborate, though diminutive, and equipped with a modern revolving-stage, tragedies of Maeterlinck, plays by Hofmannstahl, comedies by Arthur Schnitzler, and medieval folk-plays of Hans Sachs have been presented by puppets; and operettas by Gluck and Mozart have been attempted. Associated with Brann have been a group of sculptors and painters: Ernst Stern, who designs the costumes and scenery; Joseph Wackerle, Jacob Bradl, and Richard Teschner, who carve the figurines.

An arrangement of Winthrop Ames and Clayton Hamilton to bring the Munich marionettes to America in 1914 was frustrated by the war.

It is difficult to say how closely, if at all, the artistic marionette of Germany is allied to the experiments of Gordon Craig at his puppet-theater in Florence. "Mr. Craig," says Sidney Coe Howard, in a delightful paper published in the Boston "Evening Transcript," "undertakes the supplanting of the actor by the puppet. Herr Brann and his associates, availing themselves of all the decorative fantasy of new stage-craft and marionette, are wise enough to recognize the place of their achievement and to keep it therein confined," that is, in the realm of Make-Believe.

The puppet renascence is by no means confined to Munich and to Florence. It has spread throughout Germany, to Brussels, to Rome, to London, to Liverpool, and to several cities of the United States, the most notable work in America, until the advent of Tony Sarg, however, having been done in Chicago at the Little Theater under the directorship of Maurice Browne. The creators of the Chicago puppets are Mrs. Harriet Edgerton and Miss Kathleen Wheeler, an English sculptor.

Is it not interesting that this decade, which has brought upon us all the woe in the world, should have witnessed a revival which springs from the child heart of the race, and must inevitably appeal to those who are fortunate enough to have kept their simplicities? "The world is too much with us"; surely it is good to lose it for an hour in contemplation of this gentle art.[1]

[1] The author wishes to acknowledge her indebtedness for historical material specially to "A History of Puppets," by "Yorick," (P. Ferrigni), published in "The Mask," Vol. V.

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Nature Lore

By JOHN BURROUGHS

Author of "Wake Robin," "The Summit of the Years," etc.

EMERSON in his journal says, "All facts in nature interest us because they are deep and not accidental." Facts of nature are undoubtedly of interest to most persons, though whether or not Emerson gives the true reason may be questioned. I would sooner venture the explanation that it is because nature is a sort of outlying province of ourselves. We feel a kinship with her works, and in bird and beast, in tree and flower, we behold the workings of the same life principle that has brought us where we are and relates us to all living things.

Explain the matter as we may, the facts and doings of nature interest us, and our interest is bound to grow as we enlarge our acquaintance with them, which is about like saying that our interest keeps pace with our interest. But so it is. Water does not taste good to us until we are thirsty. Before we ask questions we must have questions to ask, and before we have questions to ask we must feel an awakened interest or curiosity. Action and reaction go hand in hand; interest begets interest; knowledge breeds knowledge. Once started in pursuit of nature lore, we are pretty sure to keep on. When people ask me, "How shall we teach our children to love nature?" I reply: "Do not try to teach them at all. Just turn them loose in the country and trust to luck." It is time enough to answer children's questions when they are interested enough to ask them. Knowledge without love does not stick; but if love comes first, knowledge is pretty sure to follow. I do not know how I first got my own love for nature, but I suppose it was because I was born and passed my youth on the farm, and reacted spontaneously to the natural objects about me. I felt a certain privacy and kinship with the woods and fields and streams long before the naturalist awoke to self-consciousness within me. A feeling of companionship with nature

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came long prior to any conscious desire for accurate and specific knowledge about her works. I loved the flowers and the wild creatures, as most healthy children do, long before I knew there was such a study as botany or natural history. And when I take a walk now, thoughts of natural history play only a secondary part; I suspect it is more to bathe the spirit in natural influences than to store the mind with natural facts. I think I know what Emerson means when he says elsewhere in his journal that a walk in the woods is one of the secrets for dodging old age. I understand what the poet means when he sang:

Sweet is the lore which Nature brings.

Nature lore—that is it. Not so much a note-book full of notes of birds and trees and flowers as a heart warmed and refreshed by sympathetic intercourse and contact with these primal forces. When "the press of one's foot to the earth springs a hundred affections," as Whitman says, then one gets something more precious than exact science. Nature lore is a mixture of love and knowledge, and it comes more by way of the heart than of the head. We absorb it with the air we breathe; it awaits us at the side of the spring when we stoop to drink; it drops upon us from the trees beneath which we fondly linger; it is written large on the rocks and ledges where as boys we prowled about on Sundays, putting our hands in the niches or on the rocky shelves older than Thebes or Karnak, touching carefully the phœbe's mossy nest, with its pearl-white eggs, or noting the spore of coon or fox, or coming face to face with the oldest inhabitant of the region, who saw the foundations of the hills laid and the valleys scooped out—Geologic Time, whose tent is the gray, overhanging rocks.

Many a walk I take in the fields and woods when I gather no new facts and make no new observations; and yet I feel enriched. I have been for an hour or more on intimate terms with trees and rocks and grass and birds and with "Nature's primal sanities"; the fragrance of the wild things lingers about my mind for days.

Yet the close observation of nature, the training of the eye and mind to read her signals, to penetrate her screens, to disentangle her skeins, to catch her significant facts, add greatly to the pleasure of a walk and to life in the country. Natural history is on the wing, and all about us on the foot. It hides in holes, it perches on trees, it runs to cover under the stones and into the stone walls; it soars, it sings, it drums, it calls by day, it barks and prowls and hoots by night. It eats your fruit, it plunders your garden, it raids your hen-roost, and maybe disturbs your midnight slumbers.

At Woodchuck Lodge the woodchucks eat up my peas and melons and dig under the foundations of my house; the coons come down off the mountain for sweet apples in my orchard. I surprise the foxes among the cows on my early morning walks, or am awakened in the dawn by the hue and cry of the crows over a fox passing near, a little late in getting back to the cover of the woods.

All such things add interest to country life. No wild creature comes amiss even though it rob your hen-roost. I sometimes grow tender toward the woodchuck, even though he raids my garden; he is such a characteristic bit of wild nature, creeping about the fields, or sitting upon his haunches to see if danger is near. He is of the earth, earthy, its true offspring, steeped in its savors, hugging it close, harmonizing with its soil and rocks, almost as liquid as its fountains and as perennial as its grass.

I EVEN get reconciled to the unsavory, but gentle-mannered, skunk. He does not disturb me if I do not disturb him, and if he chances to get into a trap which I have set for some other animal, his composure is great, and he looks the injured innocent that he is, only I must keep my eye upon that tail when it starts to rise

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over his back. There is a masked battery there the noiseless shot of which is usually well aimed, and is pretty sure to rout the foe whether it hit the mark or not. Last summer the morning light revealed one held by the leg in a steel trap which I had set for rats that were helping themselves too freely to my roasting ears. How sorry and deprecatory he looked as I approached, slowly straining to pull away from the cruel trap, and turning upon me a half-appealing, half-reproachful look. By imitating his slow, gentle manners, I lifted him and the trap to the mouth of a woodchuck-hole, into which he quickly crept, leaving his trap-held foot outside. To release him then was an easy matter.

The skunk is a night prowler, and subsists mainly upon insects and small rodents, though I would not insure the birds' eggs or the young birds that happen to be in his path, though Mr. Seton says his tame skunks do not know how to deal with hen's eggs.

THERE is no prettier bit of natural history upon four legs than the red fox, especially when you surprise him in your morning walk, or he surprises you in his. He, too, is a night prowler, but often he does not get home till after sun-up. Early one October morning, as I stood in the road looking out over the landscape, a belated fox jumped over the wall a few yards from me and loped unconcernedly along parallel with the road, then turned and scaled the fence, and crossed the road, and went bounding up the hill toward the woods with a grace and ease impossible to describe. I suppose it was his massive tail held level with his body that helped give the idea of buoyancy. There was no apparent effort, as when the farm dog climbs the hill, but the ease and lightness that goes with floating and winged things. It was indeed a pleasing spectacle, such as I had not seen for many years. This winter the fox-hunter with his hound will be trailing him from mountain to mountain or from valley to valley, and he will drift along over the snow, pausing now and then to harken back along his trail, and reluctantly expose himself to the eye of day in the broad, open spaces. Unless the day is wet and his tail and fur get draggled, he will run from sun to sun without much apparent fatigue. But if his burden gets too great, he knows of holes in the rocks where he can take refuge.

Any device that a plant or an animal has for getting on in the world interests us; it brings the lower orders nearer to us. We have our own devices and makeshifts, and we like to know how it is with our near or distant kin among the humbler orders. They are ourselves not yet come to consciousness and to the elective franchise. When the bur of the burdock, reaching forth its arms for such a chance, seizes on to your coat-tail, take your pocket-glass and examine the minute hooks that tip the ends of the seed-scales. They fish for you and your dog and sheep and cow, and they catch you not with one hook, but with twenty or fifty, all at the same time. But in this case it is not the fish that is caught, but the fisherman. His plan is to go right along with his captor, the farther the better, and plant his progeny in a new territory. He lets go his hold upon the parent plant at a mere touch, but the touch gives him all the hold he wants. The hooks are fine and hard, like minute, sharp horns, not too much bent—that would defeat the end—and perfectly smooth and finished. Instead of hooks, the weed called "bidens" has the teeth or prongs armed with barbs like a fish-hook, many of them on each prong. They are quite as sure a trap as the hooks of the burdock. Nature never fails to perfect her device. Natural selection attends to that. Her traps, her wings, her springs, her balloons, always work. The wings of the maple keys, the ash, and the linden, are all different, but they all work.

The advantage of that array of eager hooks to the burdock (there are more than two hundred of them on each bur), seems obvious, and yet here is the yellow dock alongside of it, a relative of our buckwheat, that has no hooks or other devices

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that I can discover for scattering its seed, and yet it appears to compete successfully with its more lusty neighbor. One is about as abundant and troublesome to the gardener as the other. The seeds of the yellow dock are like small, brown, polished buckwheat. I have never seen birds or squirrels eat them, and what secret way they have of keeping up with the burdocks I do not know. The burdock plants itself deeper in the ground, and defies your spading-fork the more successfully.

I felt a new interest in an adder's-tongue, or fawn lily, as I prefer to call it, when I discovered a trick that it has for getting on in the world. Dig up the flowering ones and you will find the bulb deep in the earth. As it must start from seed at the surface, I was anxious to know how it got itself planted so deeply. Examine a bed of them, and you will find that those with only one leaf—the younger ones—are near the top of the ground. Examine them again later in the season, and you will find that those bulbs have started a scheme for getting deeper into the soil: they are sending out a big tap-root, which is forcing its way into the earth. If it succeeds, at the end of that tap-root a new bulb will be found, and the old bulb will be drawn off, or thus moved by piecemeal deeper into the earth. Once I saw some of those plants growing on a hard piece of ground, and their long, white tap-roots, unable to penetrate it, were coiling and twisting over the surface, feeling for a soft spot. They do not bloom till they have finally settled at the right depth, and can lift to the sunlight a pair of leaves.

I HAVE always been curious to know why the birch is the only one among our many forest trees that seems to have an ambition to plant itself upon a rock. Other trees do so occasionally, but in the woods I am familiar with I see ten birches upon rock to one of any other tree. They sit down upon it as if it were a chair, and run their big roots off into the ground, apparently entirely at home. How in the first place they get enough foothold in the thick coat of leaf mold that covers the rocks to develop their roots and send them across the barren places and down into the soil is a puzzle. I have seen a small birch sapling that had obtained a foothold in a niche on the side of a cliff send one large root diagonally down across the face of the bare rock two or more yards to the ground, where it took hold and saved the situation. It was like a party going out from a starving camp for relief. To equip and provision the party required some resources. "Yes," you may say, "and to know where to send it requires some wit." But the roots of a tree always tend downward, as the branches go upward. We are at the end of our tether when we say that such is the rule of nature.

The winged seeds always find their proper habitat, as if they had eyes to see the way. The seeds of the cat-tail flag find the ditches and marshes as unerringly as if they were convoyed. But this intelligence, or self-direction, is only apparent. The wind carries the seed in all directions, and they fall everywhere, just as it happens, on the hills as well as in the ditches, but only the latter take root and flourish. Nature often resorts to this wholesale method. In scattering pollen and germs by the aid of the wind, this is her method: cover all the ground, and you will be sure to hit your mark night or day.

After one or more windy days in November I am sure to find huddled in the recess of my kitchen door the branching heads of a certain species of wild grass that grows somewhere on the hills west of me. These heads find their ways across fields and highways, over fences, past tree and bushy barriers, down my steps, into the storm-house, and lie there, waiting on the door-sill like things of life, waiting to get into the house. Not one season alone, but every season, they come as punctually as the assessor. The watchful broom routs them; but the next day or the next week there they are again, and now and then one actually gets into the kitchen, slipping in between your feet as you open the door. They bring word from over the hills, and the word is: "Sooner or later Nature hits her mark, hits all marks,

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because her aim is broadcast and her efforts ceaseless. The wind finds every crack and corner. We started on our journey not for your door, but for any door, all doors, any shelter where we could be at rest; and here we are!"

The purple loosestrife travels from marsh to marsh in the Hudson River Valley, and as its seeds are not winged, one may wonder how it gets about so easily. It travels by the aid of wings, but not of its own. Darwin discovered that the seeds of marsh plants are often carried in the mud on the feet of marsh birds. Years ago the loosestrife was in a large marsh six miles south of me. A few years later a few plants appeared in a pond near me, and now this and near-by ponds and marshes are lakes of royal purple in August. The loosestrife in late summer makes such a grand showing with its vast armies of tall, stately plants that one welcomes it to our unsightly marshes.

Only the present season did I observe a peculiar feature of our wild clematis that a little close attention might have shown me at any time: its conspicuous appearance in September, after its flowers have faded, which has earned for it the name of "old-man's-beard," is owing to the fact that its seeds have long feathered tails to aid in their dissemination. It is the only seed I know of that the wind carries by the tail. For some obscure reason it does not carry it very far, or at least does not plant it very successfully, as the clematis is rare with me. Instead of being sown broadcast over the hills and along the fences, it appears sparsely, at wide intervals. It is such a beautiful vine both in flowering-time and seeding-time that one wishes it were more common.

II

THE plants that travel by runners above or below ground are many; the plants that travel by walking are few. I recall only the "walking fern," which now seems to have walked away from my neighborhood, and the black raspberry. Both are slow travelers, but they do reach out and take steps.

There is a very pretty and human thing about some of the spruces, trees the branches of which come in whorls at regular intervals, and which are led upward by a central shoot. Destroy this central shoot, and a branch from the top whorl slowly rises up and takes the place of the lost leader. It is sometimes a strife between two branches as to which shall lead. In such a case the tree may have a forked top, or one of the competing branches may be distanced, in which case it slowly falls back into the ranks of the whorl from which its ambition lifted it—reduced to the ranks again, in military terms. Mutilate the top of almost any tree, and, if left to itself, it will in time develop a symmetrical top of its type. The conifers do not have the power to develop sprouts like the deciduous trees, cannot extemporize a new branch on occasion, but they can promote and modify branches already started.

Some trees can fight a much more successful battle against browsing animals than can others. The apple and the red thorn are notable examples. Trees like the linden, which the cattle freely crop, are easy victims; they put up no kind of fight. They sprout freely, but they make no headway; their new shoots are swept off every summer, and there the low stool of the tree remains. The beech does

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better amid grazing cattle, but I doubt if it ever wins the fight. But the apple and the thorn, though the struggle is a long and hard one, are sure to win in the end; after many years one central shoot gets a start from the top of the thorny mound of cropped twigs, makes rapid strides upward, and in due season stands there the perfected tree. It will now bear fruit for the short-sighted grazers that sought to destroy it.

Our belief in the uniformity of nature, or in the unchangeableness of natural law, is fundamental. We act upon it every hour of our lives; our bodies and minds are built upon that plan. Yet in detail, and within narrow limits, Nature is unequal, capricious, incalculable. Can the farmer always foretell his crops or forecast a wet season or a dry? The problem is too complex, or our wits are too shallow.

Last season the hay-crop over a large part of the country broke the record. The meadows everywhere, and without any very obvious reason, doubled their yield; the farmers' barns from Pennsylvania to Maine were bursting with plenty, and at the end of haying a row of stacks encompassed or flanked most of them. The trees all seem to have had a superabundance of leaves. On my own grounds we raked up and put under cover for stable use nearly double the usual quantity from the same number of trees. One important factor in this meadow and pasture and tree fertility was probably the continued deep snows of last winter. About one hundred inches fell in the Hudson Valley, and two feet at one fall in December. Snow warms and fertilizes. How it warmed up and quickened the mice beneath it! The meadows yielded double their usual number of meadow-mice. Never have I seen in the spring evidence of such a crop. Over a wide area, wherever I looked in meadow bottoms or grassy hillsides or shaven lawns, there were the runways, the grassy nests, the camping-grounds of this vast army of meadow-mice. They had evidently had a long picnic. They had had the world under there all to themselves. There had been nothing there to molest them or to make them afraid,—no fox, no cat, no owl, no weasel, no mink,—and they had reveled in their freedom and security. One could read it all in the record upon the ground: their straw villages, their round tunnels and sunken runways through the grass, and the marks and refuse everywhere, as of temporary social and holiday gatherings. Vast numbers of bushes and small trees, especially of the apple order, were stripped of their bark to a height of two or more feet from the ground. I even saw a thicket of small young locusts with stems as white as bleached corn-stalks. Spring quickly put an end to these winter festivities of the mice and compelled them to take to their old retreats and darkened lives under the ground. Evidently the old mother in this part of the country at least took good care of her children last winter, from grass and tree-roots to mice and insects.

In her subtler physical forces, Nature often seems capricious and lawless, probably on account of our limited vision. We see the lightning cleave the air in one blinding flash from the clouds to the earth, often shattering a tree or a house on its way down. Hence it is always a surprise to see the evidence that the thunderbolt strikes upward as well as downward. During an electric storm one summer night an enormous charge of electricity came up out of the earth under a maple-tree at the foot of the hill below my study, scattering the sod, the roots, and some small bushes like an explosion of powder or dynamite; then it rooted around on the ground like a pig, devouring or annihilating the turf, making a wide, ragged, zigzag trench seven or eight feet long down the hill in the ground, when it dived beneath the wagon-track, five or six feet wide, bursting out here and there on the surface, then escaped out of the bank made by the plow on the edge of the vineyard. Here it seems to have leaped to the wire trellis of the grape-vines, running along it northward, scorching the leaves here and there, and finally vented its fury on a bird-box that was fastened to

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a post at the end of the row. It completely demolished the box, going a foot or more out of its way to do so. The box was not occupied, so there was not the anticlimax of a bolt of Jove slaughtering house wrens or bluebirds. Maybe it was the nails that drew the charge to the box. But why it was rooting around down the hill when it came out of the ground, instead of leaping upward, is a puzzle. It acted like some blind, crazy material body that did not know where to go. A cannon-shot would have made a much smoother trench. Its course on the ground was about twelve or fourteen feet, half above and half below ground, and its leap in the air about six feet. That a thing of such incredible speed and power should yet have time to loiter about and do such fool stunts! This space-annihilator left a trail like a slow, plodding thing. It burrowed like a mole, it delved like a plow, it leaped and ran like a squirrel, and it struck like a hammer. A spectator would have been aware only of a blinding blaze of fire there on the edge of the vineyard, and heard a crash that would have stunned him; but probably could not have told whether the bolt came upward or downward. Lightning is much quicker than our special senses.

On another occasion, beside my path through the woods to Slabsides, I saw where a bolt had come up out of a chipmunk's hole at the root of a tree, scattered the leaves and leaf mold about, and apparently disappeared in the air.

The lightning seems to have its favorite victims among the trees. I have never known it to strike a beech-tree. Hemlocks and pines are its favorites in my woods. In other regions the oak and the ash receive its attention. An oak on my father's farm was struck twice in the course of many years, the last bolt proving fatal. The hard, or sugar-maple, is frequently struck, but only in one instance have I known the tree to be injured. In this case a huge tree was simply demolished. Usually the bolt comes down on the outside of the tree, making a mark as if a knife had clipped off the outer surfaces of the bark, revealing the reddish-yellow interior. In several cases I have seen this effect. But a few summers ago an unusually large and solid sugar-maple in my neighbor's woods received a charge that simply reduced it to stove-wood. Such a scene of utter destruction I have never before witnessed in the woods. The tree was blown to pieces as if it had been filled with dynamite. Over a radius of fifty or more feet the fragments of the huge trunk lay scattered. It was as if the bolt, baffled so long by the rough coat of mail of the maple, had at last penetrated it and had taken full satisfaction. The explosive force probably came from the instantaneous vaporization of the sap of the tree by the bolt.

SOME friends of mine were inoculated with curiosity about insects by watching the transformation of the larvæ of one of the swallow-tailed butterflies, probably the *Papilio asterias*. As I was walking on their porch one morning in early October I chanced to see a black-and-green worm about two inches long posed in a meditative attitude upon the side of the house a foot or more above the floor. The latter half of its body was attached to the board wall, and the fore part curved up from it with bowed head. The creature was motionless, and apparently absorbed in deep meditation. I stooped down and examined it more closely. I saw that it was on the eve of a great change. The surface of the board immediately under the forward part of the body had been silvered over with a very fine silken web that was almost like a wash, rather than something woven. Anchored to this on both sides, as if grown out of the web, ran a very fine thread or cord up over the caterpillar's back, which served to hold it in place; it could lean against the thread as a sailor leans against a rope thrown around him and tied to the mast. With bowed head the future butterfly hung there, and with bowed head I waited and watched. Pres-

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ently convulsive movements began to traverse its body; through segment after segment a wave of effort seemed to pass. It was a beginning of the travail pains of transformation. Then in a twinkling a slight rent appeared in the skin on the curve of the back, revealing the new light-green surface underneath, the first glimpse of the chrysalis. The butterfly was being born. Slowly, as the labor continued, the split in the skin extended down the back and over toward the head till the outlines of the chrysalis became plainly visible. I was witnessing that marvelous transformation in nature of a worm into a creature of a much higher and more attractive order; the worm-mask was being stripped off, and an embryo butterfly revealed to view. In a few minutes the head and forward part of the body were free, and the latter half was fast becoming so.

The fine silken cord over the back served its purpose well, holding the creature in place while it literally wriggled out of its skin, and when this feat was accomplished, holding it in position for its long winter sleep. The skin behaved as if it was an interested party in the enterprise; much better, I am sure, than one's garments would if one were to try to wriggle out of them without using one's limbs. It folded back, it drew together, it finally became a little pellet or pack of cast-off linen that clung to the tail-end of the chrysalis. To effect the final detachment, and not lose the grip which this end seemed to have on the board beneath it, required a good deal of struggling, probably a full minute of convulsive effort before the little bundle of cast-off habiliments let go and dropped, a dark pellet the size of a small pea. Then our insect was at rest, and seemed slowly to contract and stiffen. It had woven itself the silken loop to hold it to its support, and it had struggled out of its old skin on its own initiative or without being mothered or helped, as so many new-born creatures are.

I did not have the pleasure of seeing it spin the cord over the back which plays an important part in the process of transformation, mechanical part though it be; but a few days later, through the patient and clear-seeing eyes of my friend, Miss Grace Humphrey, I witnessed this operation also. She wrote:

The day after you left we found another caterpillar, a few feet away from yours. It had already made its saddle-cord and shed its silken robe when we found it, but we watched it change from gray-green to not greenish-brown at all, but a grayness matching the concrete of the house; for it was higher up than yours, on the ledge below the window, hanging from the ledge against the plaster wall. Its cord, too, apparently grew thicker just at the ends, showing up more plainly for a bit; then like yours it dried up and more perfectly matched its background. In neither of them did the cord continue to look thicker.

The same day I found a third caterpillar under the pear-tree, the very same kind, black with a wide green stripe marking off each segment, and the rows of yellow buttons. I carried it on a leaf up to the porch, where we put it under a glass bowl. But of course it thought that an unfavorable place for housing itself for the winter, and it would n't start, though we kept it there two days. At noon, when freed, it climbed up the wall of the house rather near yours (so they were photographed together), and we held our breaths to see if it would start building operations there. But no. Up the window-ledge it wormed its way, and thence up and up, by the side of the window, leaving all the way along a silky thread, and constantly going back and forth with its head.

Mr. R—— knocked it down once to keep it in the sunlight in order to photograph it, and it immediately climbed up to the same spot, all the time leaving the white silk thread. It kept climbing up and up till I had to get on a chair to see it, and once I lost my balance and jumped down, jarring it so that I knocked it to the floor. But up it got, and climbed up, and spent the rest of the afternoon alternately wriggling about to find just the right place and making a silken background in one spot. The next day it was still on the window-ledge. About eleven o'clock it disappeared, and I

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hunted and hunted before I found it on the under side of the porch railing! It was busily making its network, but it made far less than either of the others, and most of the time it was staying quite still. The following day, about noon, it made its cord, anchoring that at one end, then at the other, and going back and forth to strengthen it. When the cord was ready, it put its head through (the cord was made ahead of it) and wriggled itself into the cord; it wriggled fully as hard as when yours got itself out of its striped cover. So slowly and carefully it made its way into place, being most careful not to strain the cord. We watched breathlessly. It pushed itself so far through that it was about half and half, and then it had to wriggle backward till its head and a third of its body was through, and two thirds not through; and wriggling back took far greater care than forward. It stayed just that way, all huddled up for nearly four days, when about eight o'clock in the morning it split and divested itself of its robe. It is matching the brown woodwork like yours, and there all three are!

The incomparable French natural historian and felicitous writer Henri Fabre has witnessed what I never have: he has seen the caterpillar build its case, or cocoon. In the instance which he describes it was the small grub of one of the Psyches. The first thing the creature did was to collect bits of felt or pith from the cast-off garment of its mother. These it tied together with a thread of its own silk, forming a band, or girdle, which it put around its own body, uniting the ends. This ring was the start and foundation of the sack in which it was to incase itself. The band was placed well forward, so that the insect could reach its edge by bending its head up and down and around in all directions. Then it proceeded to widen the girdle by attaching particles of down to its edges. As the garment grew toward its head, the weaver crept forward in it, thus causing it to cover more and more of its body till in a few hours it covered all of it, and the sack was complete, a very simple process, and, it would seem, the only possible one. The head, with the flexible neck, which allowed it to swing through the circle, was the loom that did the weaving, the thread issuing from the spinneret on the lip. Did the silk issue from the other end of the body, as we are likely to think it does, the feat would be impossible. I suppose a woman might knit herself into her sweater in the same way by holding the ball of yarn in her bosom and turning the web around and pulling it down instead of turning her body—all but her arms. Here she would be balked. To understand how a grub weaves itself a close-fitting garment, closed at both ends, from its own hair, or by what sleight of hand it attaches its cocoon to the end of a branch, I suppose one would need to witness the process.

In October these preparations and transformations in the insect world are taking place all about us, and we regard them not. The caterpillars are getting ready for a sleep out of which they awaken in the spring totally different creatures. They tuck themselves away under stones or into crevices, they hang themselves on bushes, they roll themselves up in dry leaves, and brave the cold of winter in tough garments, woolly or silky, of their own weaving. Some of them, as certain of the large moths, do what seems like an impossible stunt: they shut themselves up inside a tough case, or receptacle, and attach it by a long strong bit of home-made tape to the end of a bush, so that it swings freely in the wind. I have seen the downy woodpecker trying to break into one of these sealed-up, living tombs without avail. Its free, pendent position allows it to yield to the strokes of the bird, and all efforts to penetrate the case are in vain.

How the big, clumsy worm, without help or hands, wove itself into this bird-proof case, and hung itself up at the end of a limb, would be a problem worth solving. Of course it had its material all within its own body, so is not encumbered with outside tools or refractory matter. It was the result of a mechanical and a vital process combined. The creature knew how to use the means which nature had

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given it for the purpose. Some of the caterpillars weave the chrysalis-case out of the hairs and wool of their summer coats, others out of silk developed from within.

On October mornings I have had great pleasure in turning over the stones by the roadside and in lifting up those on the tops of the stone walls and noting the insect life preparing its winter quarters under them. The caterpillars and spiders are busy. One could gather enough of the white fine silk from spider tents and cocoons to make a rope big enough to hang himself with. The jumping spider may be found in his closely woven tent. Look at his head through a pocket-glass, and he looks like a miniature woodchuck. His smooth, dark-gray, hairy pate and two bead-like eyes are very like; but his broad, blunt nose is unlike. It seems studded with a row of five or six jewels; but these jewels are eyes. What extra bounty Nature seems to have bestowed upon some of these humble creatures! We find our one pair of eyes precious; think what three or four pairs would be if they added to our powers of vision proportionately! But probably the many-eyed spiders and the flies, with their compound eyes, see less than we do. This multitude of eyes seems only an awkward device of Nature's to make up for the movable eye like our own.

In some of the spiders' cocoons under the stones on the top of the walls you will find masses of small pink eggs, expected to survive the winter, I suppose, and hatch out in the spring. The under side of a stone on the top of a stone wall seems like a very cold cradle and nursery, but the caterpillars in their shrouds survive here, and may not the spiders' eggs?

In October you will find the caterpillars in all stages of making ready for winter. They first cover a small space on the stone upon which they rest with a very fine silken web; it looks like a delicate silver wash. This is the foundation of the coming cocoon, but I could never catch any of them in the act of weaving their cocoons. I brought one to the house and kept it under observation for several days, but it was always passive whenever I glimpsed it through the crack between the stones. The nights were frosty and the days chilly, but some time during the twenty-four hours the creature's loom was at work. One morning a thin veil of delicate silver threads, through which I could dimly see the worm, united the two stones. It seemed to be in the midst of a little thicket of vertical, shining silken threads. It was like some enchantment. A little later the thicket, or veil, had developed into a thin cradle in which lay the chrysalis and the cast-off skin of the worm. This caterpillar had been disturbed a good deal and made to waste some of its precious silk, so that its cocoon was finally a thin, poor one. "Life under a stone" forms a chapter in Nature's infinite book of secrecy which most persons skip, but which is well worth perusal.

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"'I OWN THEM ALL'"

Nettle and Foxglove

By MARJORY MORTEN

Author of "Veiled Island," etc.

Illustrations by P. de Leslie

"WHAT are you doing here," I said to Peters, "in this astonishing room, with all these things that look as if they belonged in a museum?"

"I own them," Peters returned uneasily—"all these books which I shall never read, all these remarkable bits of lacquer and faience and glass, with names out of the Arabian Nights. And I own besides a strange lot of wicker furniture, including a rocking-chair with a blue ribbon woven into its back and a dining-room table and eight chairs to match. I own everything in this flat, in short, and they 're mine because I broke my word to a woman.

"A promise impatient rather than solemn, to be sure," he went on after I had eyed him for an astonished moment. "Still, I gave my word, and after the first feeble effort I did n't make any attempt to keep it."

Now, Peters had to my knowledge once twisted his life to avoid shirking the vaguest of obligations and, moreover, he had always been homeless because he had felt no need of possessions. He was entirely lacking in proprietary instinct; your cradled infant in its first year is surrounded by as many possessions as Peters had collected in a lifetime. He found the world completely furnished for his use. A sandy floor in the desert, green grass in a

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meadow, a flowery carpet in a hotel room —all these were details in a vast decorative scheme which he accepted without criticism or comment.

"You 'd better come home with me and let Rhoda hear the story," I suggested. "She knows a lot about Eastern art."

Peters shook his heavy head.

"It 's not a story I 'd tell your sister. A woman, any woman, would break in with, 'Oh, how could he!' and, 'How could you!' and at the end she 'd torment me with questions. Besides, these charming gimcracks have nothing to do with the tale, except perhaps this piece." He pointed to a shallow bowl of blue vitreous glaze on the table between us. "This Sultanabad bowl seems somehow to be significant.

"I 'll tell you how it happened," he went on, lighting a cigar and tipping his chair back against the wall, his face, ruggedly modeled and leathery in texture, outlined against a square of old pomegranate velvet. "I 'd not written to the B—— for rooms, and when I arrived last month, they had n't a corner to put me in. I decided to look for a furnished flat, and I stumbled upon this place, and found it belonged to Geoffrey Ladd's wife. You remember young Ladd? He wrote a sort of free verse when the other minor poets were still frozen in sonnet form. He dropped out several years ago. Some one said he 'd gone abroad, and I ran across a poem of his later in an English newspaper, an ambitious stunt that just missed being a big thing. I must have picked it up in a doctor's office or a club, for I was summoned in the middle of a word and never finished it; did n't want to finish it, either. That 's a test. Geoffrey's father was Andrew Ladd, the collector, an authority on Persian pottery, a strange old fellow, full of hot enthusiasm, but deadly cold in all human relations. His senses were keyed to things rather than to people; he 'd thrill to the grain of certain woods and was acutely affected by the odor of lacquer. He had no love for Geoffrey; called him 'the boy,' left him to his own devices. An unpleasant old soul.

"HAD AN UNDENIABLE BEAUTY . . . A LINE FROM THE BACK OF THE HEAD TO THE HEEL THAT SUGGESTED A TANAGRA FIGURE"

"Well, as Mrs. Ladd wanted to rent this place furnished at a moderate figure, we settled the matter in an hour, and I sent for my trunks. I supposed she was off to join her husband, but she told me with the painful baldness of a person not naturally frank that she did n't know where Ladd was, that he 'd gone off without warning or explanation some three years before. I was startled into saying, 'You don't know why he left you?'

"'It was not so much that he left *me;* he left everything, dropped out of life, disappeared. He 's not dead; he publishes things occasionally, and he 's been seen in London and in Cairo. That 's all.' She closed the subject abruptly. It was clear that she expected nothing from me in the way of comment or commiseration. I was n't sorry for her, somehow; she did n't inspire sympathy. It was n't her impassivity that chilled me; she was controlled rather than impassive. She 'd halt a gesture in mid-air, checking it as soon as she became aware of the impulse. Very dramatic these arrested gestures; but I 'd have liked her better if she had flung up her arms, wrung her hands. Beyond a certain point restraint is irritating. She made me fidgety; she made me feel like a brute because I was fidgety.

"You could n't by any stretch call her plight pathetic; it was grim, rather. *She* was n't grim; she had undeniable beauty of a sort—very remarkable eyes, unusual

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hands, a line from the back of the head to the heel that suggested a Tanagra figure; but I found myself admitting her loveliness grudgingly, almost resentfully, I don't know why.

"She made me uncommonly comfortable here. She 'd taken away her servant, a gaunt Alsatian woman, and left a spry Corean boy to look after me. I scattered my papers all over this precious room, swept the table clear of everything but this Sultanabad bowl, and unpacked my trunks in a bedroom furnished with curly wicker and absurd blue bows and ruffles, and then Mrs. Ladd came back and imposed a surprising, a grotesque condition. I must promise to call her on the telephone instantly if Ladd should reappear. I 'd not thought of the possibility of his turning up unexpectedly; she had n't seen him in three years, and for all she knew he might be living in the Pelew Islands.

"'He 'd surely let you know if he were coming,' I assured her impatiently.

"'That 's just what he won't do. Don't think this is a fancy of mine, that you 're safe from intrusion; I know he 'll come."

"She said this with such quiet conviction that I was almost persuaded that Ladd might then be on his way up in the elevator. She 'd brought her knitting, a sort of drab scarf thing, and she 'd knit a few stitches and then put it back in a stuffy, beaded bag, as if she were reluctant to busy herself seriously when she might at any instant be interrupted by the sound of Ladd's key in the door. I was uncomfortably aware of her listening look and I found myself speaking sharply in an effort to hold her attention.

"'He said he would come?'

"'He said nothing.'

"'And you 've had no letters?'

"'Not a word; but I know,' she insisted, her soft, flat, even voice, conveying somehow an emphasis that was final. 'At first I thought I 'd hear. Once I dreamed that he sent me a strange bird in a cage. The seed-cups were amber and tortoise; he 'd made them himself. Nothing ever came; but he will come back.'

"I suppose I should have got out then; I did n't want to be involved in the affair, but the chance of Ladd's return seemed, after all, remote. I was fairly committed to the arrangement. I promised. I stayed.

"And then one night last week the fellow turned up—walked in, put his hat on the head of that Buddha there in the corner, and announced that he was Geoffrey Ladd.

"'Mrs. Ladd is n't here,' I said; 'she 's rented the flat to me.'

"'OH, NO! PLEASE! I 'D RATHER NOT, REALLY'"

"He nodded. 'I know; I asked downstairs. Do you mind my coming in like this? I want to get some old notes.' He knelt down before a lower shelf of the bookcase, selected a handful of papers from an orderly pile, and put them in his pocket.

"'They told me a Mr. Peters had the place — do you remember me? You read some of my stuff before I ever published.' He sat down, and we talked a few minutes. Then I reached for the telephone and said casually: 'I 'll call your wife. She 'll come at once.'

"He jumped up, exclaiming: 'Oh, no! Please! I 'd rather not, really.'

"'You 'd rather not?' I repeated blankly. 'What an odd way to put it! It 's only right that she should know that you 're back.'

"'But I 'm not back in that sense; I 'll

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"THE AUNT WAS AS UGLY AS A FOO DOG OR A CHINESE CARPET"

be gone again to-morrow for good. I should n't have come up if she 'd been here. They 're new boys below; they don't know me. I don't want to see her. It 's far better for her that she should n't see me. If you telephone, I 'll bolt. That 's flat.' And after we had glared at each other for a moment, he blurted out: 'What do you know? What has Emily told you? Did she make me out a brute?'

" 'She did n't make you out anything,' I returned, with some violence. 'She 's not given to detail, is she? She said you 'd gone off without any explanation, and she has waited three years for just this—your sudden return.'

"He sat down again and lit a cigarette.

" 'The fact that she did n't complain, did n't make a moving tale, makes her case all the stronger, eh?' he said shrewdly. 'Well, I 've not got Emily's gift of eloquent silence; I 've got to talk. Let me talk to you for half an hour; then, if you still think you should telephone, why, all right.' He sat fingering this bowl, turning it round and round on its teak stand. Then he brought out: 'I 've dreamed of this piece; there never was a blue quite like it. I told Emily that the floor of paradise is this color; she said she thought it was a color more suitable for a dome than for a floor. That 's Emily through and through; she could n't see the natural order of things reversed without wanting to set it straight. One of the reasons I decided to get away was that I wanted to look at things upside down occasionally. I remember once watching a painter make a sketch on the beach at Cape Cod. He was taking very strange attitudes, bending over and peering between his knees at the rocks. I asked him what he saw upside down, and he explained that in that position he used a different part of his retina and saw color with extraordinary freshness. Well, I wanted to use a fresh side of my imagination, to look at life from untried attitudes. You don't suppose I could make Emily understand that, do you?' Then, as he stopped short, I said sharply:

" 'If you 've got something to tell me, begin at the beginning, please.' The fact that I had no warmth of sympathy for Emily aggravated my intolerance of the situation; I had little patience for Geoffrey and his circumlocutions, but I found that I could n't quite dislike him. He had a quantity of the element that in its more tenuous form is called charm. Your true egoist is never magnetic; he consumes his own fires. I was n't drawn to Geoffrey Ladd, but I wanted to watch him, to listen to him, to study him. He had a strange sort of ugliness; very lean, ill proportioned, wiry-haired, pale-eyed, and tanned an uneven brown that had n't a hint of red in it, jerky, fidgety movements, a harsh voice. I don't know what appeal he had for women, for Emily in particular, but beyond the a-b-c's of attraction one never can make that out.

" 'The beginning? Let me see,' he said, staring fixedly at this bowl as if it were a crystal, as if he saw in it a shadowy image of the scene he wished to describe.

" 'Well, Emily lived with an old aunt in a dreadful chocolate-colored house in a suburb. The house was on a hill and was surrounded by shaved lawns and serviceable shrubbery beds, and paths made of clean blue gravel, very sharp and unpleasant to walk on. At the foot of the hill was an imposing gateway flanked by two

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fat, cast-iron lions with demure faces.

"'There Emily spent her days, staidly and sweetly, without yearnings or ambitions or curiosities. The aunt was as ugly as a Foo dog on a Chinese carpet; beside her Emily looked an angel, and she was unaware of her beauty. She knew, of course, that she had wavy hair and slender feet, but she had n't discovered her real loveliness. She was as serene as a woman can possibly be without being mild, and she had n't any literary patter at all; she had n't read my verse, but she showed very plainly that she admired *me*. She had a little money of her own and not a gram of temperament. I fell in love with her, and married her in six weeks.

"'We found this flat, and I put here the few pieces I had left from my father's collection, — they put themselves, really, did n't need any arrangement,—and Emily brought over a lot of things from the chocolate house (the aunt had gone out West). Very astonishing things they were; a golden-oak set for the dining-room, a mallard duck hung by its heels on a plaque, all the family silver. And the bedroom—is it still the same? It looked like the inside of some sort of fancy sewing-basket, all wicker and ribbons. I assure you, I felt very odd sleeping in a bed draped with muslin like a bassinet. I did n't protest; when everything is wrong one does n't know where to begin.' (I remembered then that old Ladd had once told me that Geoffrey's first cradle was a small mummy-case he 'd found at Gizeh). 'Here I began a life of unparalleled domesticity,' Geoffrey went on: 'breakfast at eight, letters shared and discussed, luncheon together, cozy evenings with Emily running ribbons. And, you see, Emily took all this for granted: I became part of her orderly life; she lent me to myself for so many hours a day in this room. I began to long to assure her very earnestly when I got up in the morning: "I don't belong to you, my dear. We 're together because it makes us happy; don't develop this idea of possession." But you must have noticed that it 's difficult to say raw things to a silent person; a talkative woman gives one all sorts of openings, but one can't disturb utter tranquillity. I remember once when I was a boy I came suddenly upon a still little pool in the woods. It was absolutely calm, as smooth as a piece of polished steel in a green frame; not a ripple, not a floating leaf, nothing stirring. There it lay under some sort of spell, as if an enchantment had been laid upon it. I was very hot,—I wanted a swim,—but I was n't bold enough to break the stillness; I could n't make a plunge; I could n't even throw a stone. Understand that for all her silence and immobility Emily was n't phlegmatic; but with her, because she is over-civilized, the consciousness of the effect of an emotion accompanied the emotion itself like a guardian or nursery governess. That made me wary and shy with her. I began to want to get away, very far away. I wanted to camp on the Adonis River, and go paddling in a *goofah,* round like a basket, coated with bitumen, the sort of

"'I FELT VERY ODD SLEEPING IN A BED DRAPED WITH MUSLIN'"

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boat that cradled Moses. And I particularly wanted to be quite sure that no one was waiting for me to come home for dinner.'

"'Well, wherever you have been,' I reminded him, 'you must have known that your wife was waiting for you to come home.'

"'Oh, yes, waiting,' he admitted, 'but not expecting me at any particular hour. A Penelope sort of waiting is n't so bad; it has a certain dignity. I don't pretend to say that Emily enjoys it, of course; but, then, she did n't enjoy sitting in that rosetted room of hers watching for me to come out of my study with my face wiped clean of the mood I 'd had on all day. I used to stand in front of that mirror there by the door and recompose my expression as you might straighten your tie and smooth your hair.

"'This is a lovely room, a perfect room, is n't it? Well, the walls seemed to me to be slowly shrinking—the whole thing contracting inch by inch. Some day, I thought, it will crush me flat, like a book-worm between pages. It got to the point where I 'd push the furniture back against the wall, and I swear to you the space about this table seemed smaller every day. I knew then that I 'd got to get out.'

"'What about Emily?' I put in. 'She 's an intelligent woman. Did n't she know at all what was going on?'

"'Yes, she did sense something; she looked at me sometimes as if she thought I 'd melt away before her eyes. An unimaginative woman is apt to be intuitive.'

"'She might then know instinctively that you 're here now,' I said hopefully.

"He shook his head. 'Hardly; one does n't have a sequence of intuitions. You can't depend on them to that extent. A woman may somehow know that her husband is ill when he 's a thousand miles away, and at the same time she may remain placidly unaware of the fact that he is robbing a trust fund. Yes, Emily knew that something was wrong, but she knew, too, that I was in love with her: she thought that would hold me.'

"I asked him with a pretense of surprise if love does not usually hold a man, knowing that it would give him the chance to utter a truism of poets (they put it in a hundred ways), and he declared, 'Love is n't an end in itself; it leads one to a larger consciousness.'

"'A sort of emotional anabolism takes place?' I suggested. 'But do women understand it?'

"He followed this up triumphantly:

"'Women don't know anything about love. Some one said the grammatical rules of a language must have been invented by a foreigner; well, it is those who don't know love who 've laid down rules for lovers. Women accept these rules; they marry, believing that love is this or that, that love is destroyed by so and so, nourished in such a fashion. These formulæ mean nothing at all; love is anything it happens to be. And its days are numbered according to a system unknown to lovers. I

"WOMEN DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT LOVE"

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loved Emily and I wanted to get away from her; now I don't love her any more. There you are.

"'You think I don't appreciate her qualities?' he went on, anticipating a protest from me. 'Oh, I do; but all the admirable qualities imaginable don't make an angel. In fact, you can't add different qualities together and get a sum total of a person any more than you can add his weight and height and age in the same column. I grant you Emily's virtues, but I never want to see her again.'

"'Don't you think you ought to see her?' I insisted.

"He refused to meet this seriously.

"'If there was a chance of a big scene, I might see her,' he said. 'That would do us both good. But she would n't have it; she 'd begin all over again as if nothing had happened. She 'd order dinner, she 'd get my clothes out of camphor, and she 'd ask me tactful questions about my travels. Very sweetly, you understand, without a trace of rancor. I could n't account for these years. Time flows like water with me; there 's a pool of days behind me. I could go fishing, of course; but I 'd be just as likely to pull out some queer fish as not, something that would startle her or puzzle her. I 've seen strange things in these years—very strange things.'

"I repeated heavily, 'Don't you think you ought to see her?'

"He was quite too self-centered to wonder at my persistency, and he was too self-centered to resent interference. If Obu, my Corean boy, had come in then to add a word to mine, Geoffrey would have included him in the discussion. He got up and began to prowl about uneasily; he put the length of the room between us, his back against the wall before he answered defiantly:

"'I USED TO STAND IN FRONT OF THAT MIRROR . . . AND RECOMPOSE MY EXPRESSION'"

"'I 'll tell the truth: I wanted to see her. What do you suppose I came back for? Surely you did n't believe that I traveled three thousand miles for a handful of notes, and don't I know that to-morrow or the day after I 'll get the supreme idea that will crowd every thought I 've ever had clean out of my head? I came back to see Emily. I 'd no intention of staying here with her. I planned to carry her off with me. I 'm lonely. She could n't make me less lonely, but I felt that I 'd rather be lonely with her than without her. I thought I 'd take her to some remote and lovely place, I 'd put a sprig of foxglove in her hair so that she could see the fairies, and I 'd tell her several times a day how beautiful, how sweet she was. I came up to-night to ask you about her, and forgetting how small this place is, I bumped into that monstrous horror out there by the door. You know the thing I mean? It 's called a *what-not*, a symbol of stupidity, of futility. It has n't a clean line or an inch of honest wood, handles without drawers, inserts of tile and brass, small shelves backed with diamond-shaped mirrors bordered

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with lotus-leaves, gilt on walnut, all these small shelves cluttered with small horrors called ornaments. Emily brought these things from the chocolate house. She chose them and brought them with her; she cherishes them. One is n't often privileged to see in concrete form the influences that shape a destiny. When I saw that what-not—encountered it really, for the thing seemed to be the personification of an incredibly stupid mood — I knew that I could not meet Emily again. In an instant everything came back to me,—half-forgotten incidents, looks, silences, a horde of petty irritations,—and I knew then that it is possible to forget pain, a great pain, a large offense, but irritations stick in the flesh and work in deeper and deeper, like nettle-hairs. It 's hopeless, it 's finished. Do you know how hopeless it is, or do you call this temperament on my part?'

" 'I suppose you think that I 'm not big enough as a poet to warrant all this. You don't like my verse. I never get over the thing I 'm wanting to say, do I? Yes, I always miss the mark; but, mind you, no one can laugh at my work. A man is ridiculous only when the arm of his effort is obviously too short. If he stands on tiptoe and does n't come within a yard of the thing he 's after, he 's comic; but if he misses only by an inch or two, we applaud the effort. Anyway, what I write is n't the vital thing; the odds and ends I throw off don't show the shape of *me* any more than chips and shavings show the shape of a statue that 's being carved.

" 'What do you call yourself,' he went on after a moment's pause, 'a philosopher? You go up and down the earth watching the antics of humans. You carry a little book and write down everything they do and say. What are you making out of all this material? Boiling it down, perhaps, into a nasty brew for a sick world? Old Fontanelle said philosophy is founded on two facts: we have curious minds and poor eyes; we want to know more than we can see. Well, I tell you a poet has a curious heart and poor senses; he wants to express more than he can feel. We 're not so different after all, you and I; don't let 's hate each other.

" 'First and last,' he concluded, throwing back his head and straightening his narrow shoulders, 'the crux of the matter is that I 'm a spiritual tramp, and I 've a tramp's lack of respect for property-owners. When I see a man comfortably housed with righteousness for roof and contentment to warm him and a stock of well-preserved precepts in his larder, I want to get out and sleep under a hedge without a principle to my back. And now I 'm off. Good-by.' Out he went, snatching his hat from the head of that blinking Buddha there in the corner. There had been, you see, no further suggestion of telephoning Emily.

"I realized as I sat here, staring at this bowl, that I would go to any length rather than let her know that her husband had been here.

"It was exactly five days later—I know the time to an hour, for I had been waiting with something like dread for her next appearance—that Emily came, carrying a small leather portfolio, the sort of thing used by lawyers' clerks, and she took from it, after the briefest of greetings, a bundle of long envelops and laid it here on the table.

" 'I am going away,' she announced in her soft voice that sounded not so much like a voice as the echo of a voice. I remembered afterward at the moment I was too self-conscious to notice the change—that she was for the first time relaxed, unguarded, almost to the point of carelessness.

" 'Going away?' I repeated, with I don't know what relief in my tone.

" 'Yes, I am going to the West to live, and I wonder if you could find it possible to take this place off my hands—the lease, I mean. It 's a long one.' She tapped the packet of envelops softly. 'I have here the lease, the insurance policies, and a complete inventory of the furniture. I 've decided to dispose of everything. Everything,' she repeated, looking slowly about the room, and finally fixing her eyes on this blue bowl on the table be-

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tween us. I 've listed the contents of the apartment at a small figure, and it occurs to me that you might perhaps like to take them yourself?'

"I was silent. I could not find a word of refusal.

"She went on: 'Don't decide now; think it over. Write to me,—I 've left an address,—and of course if you don't want the things, you may use them as long as you care to stay. Geoffrey will not come back. You must have thought me a foolish woman to be held so tenaciously by the idea of his return. I realize now how stubborn I must have seemed, and I know now, with what certainty you cannot imagine, that he 'll not come. I shall not see Geoffrey again as long as I live.'

"As she put the empty folio under her arm and turned to go she smiled at me vaguely, almost wistfully; and suddenly I was sorry for her, sharply sorry. I felt a stab of pity. Strange that I should have felt it then when she was free from the pressure of uncertainty? But, you see, she had given up, let go, turned her back to the future, abandoned herself to a welter of days without purpose or significance; a mob of days without a to-morrow to lead them. She was lost indeed.

"I followed her to the door, and I found myself standing there, after she had gone, before the mirror—that mirror at which Geoffrey had paused to recompose his disordered face after his day's work. My face, heaven knows, looked as if it needed mending; it was still twisted with the wry smile I had summoned for my leave-taking.

"And here I am with this place, these things, on my hands," Peters concluded, with a wide gesture of dismay. "I 've become in a day a liar and a man of property. Poke about, my dear fellow; you 'll find charming things in every corner. Examine this bowl, fifteenth century, a rare specimen." He held it up to the light, and from its smooth sides shot innumerable fiery sparks of iridescence.

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Quebec and the Draft

By HENRY FRANKLYN GADSBY

WHY did Quebec oppose the draft? The answer is clear enough. Because Quebec is Quebec, and has been so ever since the Treaty of Paris in 1763. Her present frame of mind is just one hundred and fifty-five years old.

Another enlightening answer to the same question is that Quebec is Canadian pure and simple. We choose to call the inhabitants of Quebec French-Canadians, but the truth is that they are the only unhyphenated Canadians among us. All the rest have an eye on England or Ireland or Scotland or whatever country they or their forefathers hailed from, but the French-Canadians have kept both eyes on their native land. Their motto is Canada for the Canadians and the Canadians for Canada, and they have held to that gospel in a century and a half of British rule.

They are the fiercest of chauvinists. They burn with patriotism, but the patriotism is to Canada, not to that larger vision which is the British Empire. Their attitude toward England is one of interested loyalty, which, as Mr. Kipling would say, is quite another story. Quebec is Canadian because she was here first. She was here before the Hudson Bay Company, whose boast is that its initials stand for Here Before Christ. She was here before the Pilgrim Fathers or the United Empire Loyalists.

Columbus discovered America, but Quebec's soldiers of fortune, *voyageurs, coureurs de bois,* and other gallant souls, found it out. Colonel George Washington, you will remember, helped to drive the French from Pittsburgh, which probably explains why Quebec does not produce many millionaires. When the dream of a French empire for the whole of North America faded and died, Quebec fell back on Quebec, and there she has remained ever since, not without the hope, however, that some day there would be a Canada in which Quebec would be the ruling spirit. This hope, vain as it is, has led to a great deal of trouble and at least one rebellion. In Papineau's day—that is to say, in 1837—the hope took the shape of an independent French republic on the banks of the St. Lawrence. Papineau lost, but Quebec still found honey in the lion's mouth; she helped to win responsible government for Canada. In our day, which is the day of the Nationalists and of Henri Bourassa, their prophet, who is Papineau's grandson, the hope takes the larger shape of an independent Canadian republic in which Quebec will come out on top.

Quebec expects to achieve this by early marriages and a fecund people who will overflow the other provinces. A great task, you will say, for two million French to overtake and outnumber six million English, but Quebec has not deemed it impossible. All the young Frenchmen are taught rhetoric in their colleges, and this dream of a French-Canadian republic is the thing they get rhetorical about oftenest and easiest. Nothing less than a French-Canadian republic will do. Mercier, one of their leaders, flirted once with annexation to the United States, but that cock would n't fight. Quebec did not favor a union in which her special privileges of language and religion would disappear. Until Canada could set up housekeeping for herself, Quebec preferred that Canada should be daughter in her mother's house, but mistress in her own, which is Canada's status under British rule.

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Although Quebec is loyal to England, as the guarantor and protector of her special privileges, and has proved it by repelling a couple of American invasions of Canadian soil, she is not warm toward England's wars, which, as the Hon. Mr. Sevigny once remarked, would drag her sons away to become cannon food on the seven seas. Quebec does not want to waste good sons in that way. She wants them to stay at home and mind their business, which is to build up and replenish the raw material of the French-Canadian republic which is to be when time is ripe. Quebec took no part in the Boer War, which was England's war and seven thousand miles away from home, and she has taken as little part as may be in this war, which is also in part England's war and three thousand miles from home.

No war away from home, thus Quebec construes her duty to the Militia Act. The more English march away to war, the more French are left behind in Quebec to multiply and replenish the French-Canadian republic of the future. The other eight provinces may do what they like, but Quebec will stay at home and conserve her natural resources and her amazing birth-rate, which is the stuff her dream is made of. This explains her indifference to this world-war for freedom, but her active hostility to the compulsory features of the Military Service Act, which resulted in a solid Quebec as against the rest of Canada in the general election of last December.

The first militia act Canada had was fitted to crown colony times. Its leading feature was a levy *en masse* of the male population between the ages of eighteen and sixty "in defense of Canada." At confederation this act was renewed, its sponsor being Sir George Etienne Cartier, a French-Canadian, who took occasion to say that the last shot in defense of British connection would be fired by a French-Canadian. Sir George was loyal enough, but presumably he meant that the last shot would be fired on Canadian soil, and did not entertain the idea that there might be a time when the shot would have to be fired in France or Gallipoli or Egypt or somewhere as distant. Unkind critics have said recently that Sir George probably meant that the last shot would be fired by a French-Canadian because the French-Canadians would be the last to go overseas, but this looks like carrying a joke too far, and is an unfair reflection on the French-Canadians who have fought, bled, and died in this war already. It is not lack of courage that holds Quebec back, but her fixed reading of the Militia Act, which is that Canadian soldiers do their bit for the defense of Canada when they fight at home and nowhere else.

The Boer War, which broke out in 1900, proved Quebec was not keen on fighting for England in foreign lands. Canada sent thirty thousand men to that war. What England got from Canada at that time was the bare privilege of enlisting men here and paying for their equipment, transportation, and support. The loyalists spoke of it as our C. O. D. army, but Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who was premier then, did not dare to do better. Being a French-Canadian, he was in a false position. He had to serve two masters, the loyalists of the English provinces, who would have had him send a hundred thousand and pay the shot, and the Nationalists of Quebec, who would have him send none at all.

In 1904, Sir Wilfrid was forced to bend to the wave of imperialism that swept over the country and tighten up the Militia Act, so that there could be no confusion about the words "in defense of Canada." This was accordingly done, and it was the opinion of the best authorities at that time that "defense of Canada" meant defense of Canada at home or abroad or anywhere in the world that aggression might threaten. But Quebec did not read it that way. This was shown in 1910 in a by-election in Drummond and Arthabaska, where the Laurier candidate was defeated because he represented Sir Wilfrid's views on the Naval Service Act. Briefly, this act created a Canadian navy to which Mr. Bourassa

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and his Nationalists objected, because they smelt in it a scheme to provide a standardized Canadian navy which would fit into the imperial navy and do its bit in any war in which England might take part.

In discussing the act Sir Wilfrid was obliged to declare in a somewhat temporizing and grudging manner that "when England is at war, Canada is at war." It was not much of a concession, and it had all sorts of mental reservations behind it, but it was enough to cook his goose in Quebec. With Mr. Bourassa making moan in Quebec, "Laurier is too English for us," and the loyalists in the other provinces clamoring "Laurier is not English enough," the general election of 1911, which was supposed to be on the issue of commercial reciprocity with the United States, was carried against him, and the veteran statesman who had done much for the unification of Canada went out of power never to return again.

His enemies turned the trick against him at that time by splitting Quebec. Six years later, when he made another bid for power on his avowed dislike of conscription, they made the reverse play, letting him have a solid Quebec and scoring the other provinces against him. There is nothing new in either of these tricks. The only thing different has been the circumstances. It was Sir Wilfrid's hard luck to be twice in the middle when the nutcracker closed; that was all.

If he had joined a coalition government last summer he might have won out. But he was an old man, and his thoughts turned to Quebec, whose wishes he met at the price of defeat. He desired, no doubt, to do a last kind act for his own people, to be at peace with the church, a very natural desire in an old man; but it was poor politics in a country like Canada. In fact, Sir Wilfrid was asleep at the switch, the drowsiness of advancing years. His enemies were too wide-awake for him. His usual good judgment was in abeyance when his party friends persuaded him to make it a fight Quebec *über alles,* relying on scattered support in the other provinces, mostly Roman Catholic, to give him a working majority. Roman Catholic and French-Canadian support in Ontario, on which he relied to give him forty seats, failed owing to a sort of encyclical letter by Bishop Fallon which rallied the Irish faithful, who have no love for their French coreligionists, to the cause of union government.

Incidentally the fight in Quebec was not so entirely on the conscription issue as some have supposed. What the spellbinders said down there was: "This is an Anglo-Saxon combination against us. Let us go out and slay it." They went out, but they did not slay it. That is the answer. Quebec for the moment is "isolated," but Quebec will not stay that way long.

Quebec opposed the draft—she opposes it no longer—because Quebec is Canadian, and being Canadian all through, and brought up that way by church, college, and political leaders, she has no desire to fight England's wars either voluntarily or by compulsion. Quebec is loyal to England, but that says it all. She is the conquered, and England is the conqueror. Her attachment to England is one of self-interest and does not go beyond the bounds of Canada. She feels that she does her whole duty to the British Empire when she defends that part of the British Empire which she calls home. Her affection for England is from the brain, not from the heart.

"But," says some one, "how about France? Is n't this France's war, too? Is n't France Quebec's mother-country?" Not at all. France of to-day is only Quebec's forty-second cousin and a comparative stranger to a Quebec which has remained seventeenth or at most eighteenth century in language, modes of thought, piety, and political aptitudes. When Louis XV shrugged his shoulders and spoke lightly of Canada as "a few arpents of snow," he threw a chill into Quebec from which she has never recovered. Quebec realized that she was left to herself and that she must work out her own salvation under British rule. And

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she loved France none the more for Louis's cynical good-by. Outside the English of the eastern townships and the wealthy English of the Island of Montreal, Quebec is as French as she was in Montcalm's time. France has marched on, and Quebec has stood still, which makes the gap that much wider between Quebec and her quondam mother-country. The province has been enriched by few immigrations from France since the British conquest, and is filled with the descendants of the French who were here in 1763. Quebec is a sort of family compact on a wholesale scale. She preserves the religion Bishop Laval taught her, the civil law Louis XV gave her, and the language the encyclopedists wrote in, somewhat disfigured by Indian adulterations. In short, Quebec and *la belle* France have drifted a long way apart.

The attitude of the Roman Catholic Church in Quebec toward the war is curiously like the attitude of the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland toward British connection. The Irish prelates are for the established order, which protects them in their benefices, but the Irish priests, who are of the common people and are in close sympathy with them, are strident for Home Rule. Similarly the Quebec prelates are, from a point of view of self-interest, loyal to British connection, which is the guaranty of their privileges, but indifferent to the war; while the Quebec curés, who are largely *habitants en soutane,* represent habitant opinion and are more or less openly hostile to Quebec's taking any part in the struggle.

The France Quebec hears about from her curés is not the devout France of the provinces, but the free-thinking France of Paris, which gets credit for disestablishing the Roman Catholic Church and expelling the monastic orders. Many of these expelled brothers have found a congenial refuge in Quebec and do not hesitate to spread the doctrine that this war is a punishment on France for her sins. Another thought current in Quebec is that Austria, the most fervently Catholic power in Europe, is on the kaiser's side and that the Holy Father is strictly neutral. To cap all, France is socialist, while Quebec is as feudal in spirit as she was two centuries ago. About the only thing Quebec copies from modern France, and that at a long distance, is her journalism, which follows the practice of the signed article.

Although close observers of Quebec had pretty well decided that she was no keener on fighting France's battles than she was on fighting England's, it came as a great surprise to most people that only eight provinces of Canada declared war on the Hun and the Turk and that Quebec virtually withheld her support. "If," so they said, "Quebec will not fight for Protestant England, who coddles her, or for free-thinking France, who has forgotton her, why will she not fight for freedom and democracy and Christian civilization and the other lofty ideals involved in this Armageddon struggle?" Quebec's answer to that was that the Military Service Act—conscription—was unconstitutional, an invasion of individual rights, and a wrong-headed, arbitrary Prussian way of fighting Prussianism. In short, Quebec objected to fighting the devil with fire, a method of warfare on which the rest of Canada was thoroughly agreed.

Quebec's answer was disingenuous because conscription in its crudest form had been on the statute-books for one hundred and fifty years, and as long as Quebec thought it meant nothing in the way of actual service, she had acquiesced in it. When it came to backing the words of the law with deeds Quebec flatly refused. She did not do her share voluntarily, and when the Military Service Act was passed, largely to keep Quebec up to the mark, she foamed at the mouth and gave a violent display of bad temper. As a matter of fact, the Military Service Act is a much more reasonable and lenient sort of conscription, with its first call of men from twenty-one to thirty-five and its second call of men from thirty-five to forty-five, single men and widowers without children first up, than the old Militia Act, which brazenly impressed every male

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from eighteen to sixty. But the new, just, and moderate classifications could not please Quebec simply because Quebec was determined not to be pleased.

It is quite true that the politicians, who will play politics though the heavens fall, had ulterior reasons for passing the Military Service Act, said reasons being to split the Liberal party, save the fittest members of the Borden administration, bring about Union government, dish Sir Wilfrid Laurier for good, and head off a government in which Quebec would be top dog; but the people took the act at its face value. Win the war might be camouflage for win the election with the politicians, but not with the people.

Just here is the place to say that Quebec did not oppose the draft any more than the other eight provinces of Canada, which had precisely the same objection to it, namely, that it was a trespass on individual liberty. It is a safe wager that if Sir Wilfrid Laurier's plan of taking a plebiscite had been adopted, conscription would have been snowed under as badly in dual-language Canada as it was in Australia, which is more English than the English. Canadians of fighting age who lack the voluntary spirit do not lightly cast a ballot to send themselves into the shambles of far-off Flanders, neither they, nor their fathers, mothers, brothers, wives, sweethearts, and other dear ones who do not wish to lose them. It was because the issue was tied-up with a general election, which meant a pacifist premier and an indifferent Quebec in charge, if it went the wrong way, that the verdict against Sir Wilfrid Laurier was so overwhelming.

But it is within bounds to say that every family with a soldier at the front, in training, or invalided home; every woman with a man in uniform; every Canadian soldier at home or abroad; and every substantial citizen who had winning the war at heart, voted for conscription and a Union government that would make Quebec "do her bit." Even if the fifty thousand disfranchised aliens had been allowed to vote, the result would have been the same, because win the war was the heart's desire of the Canadian people, and nothing else in God's world mattered.

Quebec fumed a little after the election was over, but the fuming did her good. Mr. Francœur introduced a motion in the Quebec Legislature — something in the nature of a feeler—which suggested mildly enough that Quebec might drop out of confederation if the other provinces found her an obstacle. The debate, which some people are now calling a frame-up, gave occasion for certain admirably moderate statements by the French members to the effect that separation, a state within a state,—an enclave, as publicists term it, —would be not only bad business, but bad politics. Mr. Francœur's motion was voted down after Premier Gouin had delivered a patriotic and loyal speech of noble proportions. The sting of Premier Gouin's speech was in the tail. He reminded the world at large that so good a loyalist as William Stevens Fielding, when Premier of Nova Scotia, had introduced a motion along the same lines as Mr. Francœur's, but of course it was one thing for Nova Scotia to talk secession and quite another for Quebec.

All 's well that ends well. There is reason to believe that Quebec has taken her last lesson—the draft riots—to heart, and that from now on she will forget parish politics and join with her sister-provinces to build up the Greater Canada that must emerge from this war. At least this is the hope of Sir Clifford Sifton and the other distinguished patriots who put their backs into the work of carrying Canada for a Union government, pledged to thrift, fortitude, and winning the war.

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FOUR DRAWINGS

By Muirhead Bone

THE TOWN HALL AT PERONNE

*

SHIP-BUILDING ON THE CLYDE

*

WITH THE BRITISH TROOPS IN FRANCE—
A NIGHT PICKET

*

A SHIPYARD ON THE CLYDE

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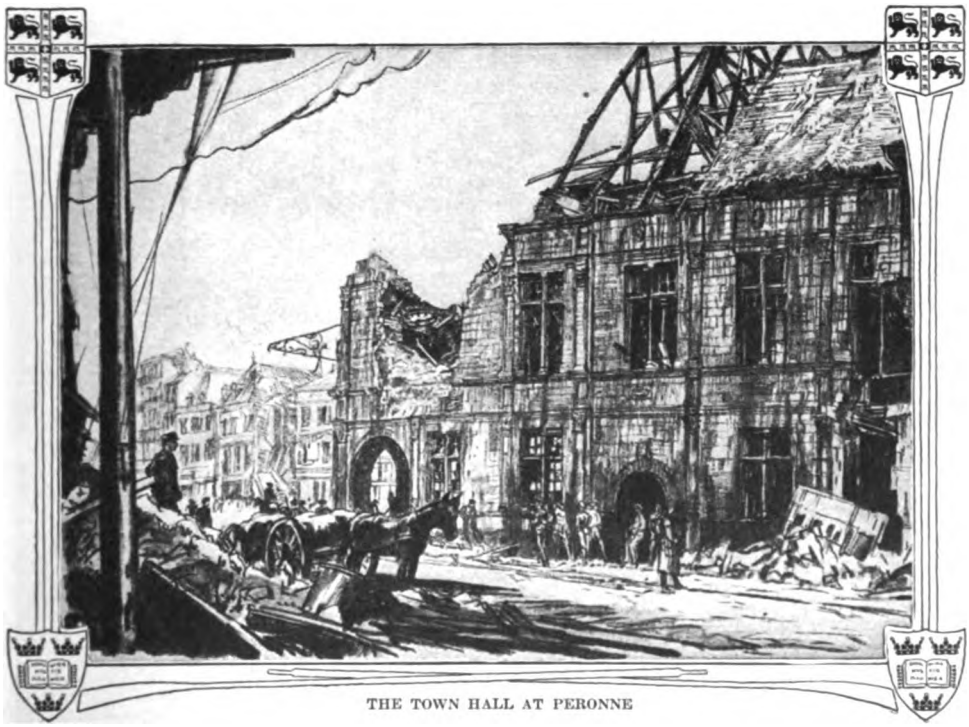

THE TOWN HALL AT PERONNE

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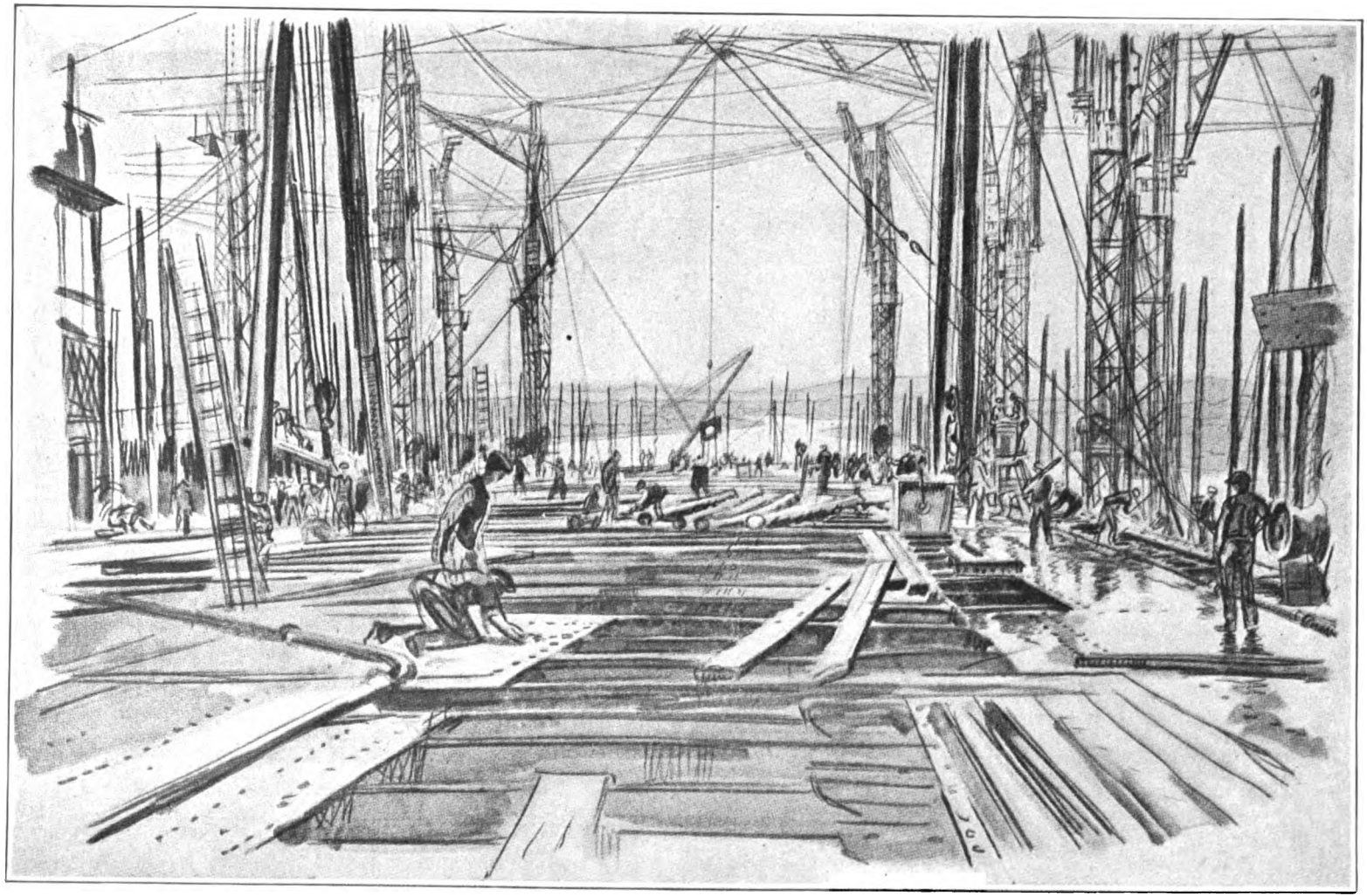

SHIP-BUILDING ON THE CLYDE

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WITH THE BRITISH TROOPS IN FRANCE—A NIGHT PICKET

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The Russian Revolution—An Interpretation

By ROSE STRUNSKY

WHICHEVER way one wishes to explain it, one thing is certain, that the Russian revolutionary movement has taken on a character quite different from the political reformistic movements of the West. People do not go to their death for political reforms, and the Russians have gone "to their death like bees flying to honey," as Tertullian said of the Christian martyrs.

The Russian Revolution indeed has all the psychic traits of that early martyrdom.

When the Russian Revolution broke out a year ago the whole world rejoiced, for it had become psychically painful that a medieval Byzantine absolutism should have dragged itself along into the twentieth century. It was out of all harmony with the democratic ideals enunciated by the French Revolution and accepted by the modern world. There for the first time the conception of the freedom of man was expressed. His will was to be the basis of the new order, not that of state or institution. In France the Catholic Church was the institution most violently attacked, because of its dream of Eternal City, of temporal control under which all culture of man should be embodied. The French Revolution was atheist. Reason was God, and the church was the "infamy" that had to be "crushed." It took over a hundred years after the Revolution for the final overthrow of the church by the state to be accomplished. That was in 1905.

Nearly all the terrorists we know were deeply religious people. Dostoyevsky said that the Russian is by nature a true Christian because of his communalism, his self-sacrifice, his humility. This was his argument for the freedom of the serfs in 1860 on the basis of the Russian communal system. Russia, he said, was not to imitate the West, because she was different from the West, and she must preserve her peculiar characteristics to give them as a gift to the world.

This must be understood by the West if it is to work and coöperate with the new Russia that has burst forth. It must not consider that Russia is only trying to catch up with it. If that were so, the Revolution would have stopped with the overthrow of the czar. Rather it must

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be looked upon as the great dynamic growth that is taking place in the history of man. These forces, let loose, can be used so that the march of man toward freedom becomes easier, or they can be fought; but they cannot be stopped, for they accord with the progress of man. If we were to take the Revolution month by month and watch its growth and development, we would find it like a child which has set out to reach a certain point and, intent on its object, is walking along evenly and directly. The detours it makes are only to get around certain obstacles in its path, but not to leave its goal altogether. This is not surprising to any student of the Russian Revolution who knows its deep-rooted definiteness and its self-consciousness, for the Revolution does not date from the war. To think that the war caused the Russian Revolution would be to mistake its whole point, which is this very definiteness and this self-consciousness, this religious absolutism, as it were. It was not an accidental thing which happened because of the war-weariness of the soldiers. It might be said that the Revolution dates from the days of the Decembrists in 1825, when certain officers went out upon the streets of Petrograd and demanded constitutional reforms. Those were the echoes of the French Revolution reverberating in Russia. The desire for freedom, for a new social order, was a constant and conscious fact to the Russian people. In each generation it went deeper down among them, so that it can be almost traced from the upper classes in the sixties to the *Intelligentzia* in the eighties and to the working-classes fifteen years ago. And now it has gone down deep to the peasants, those who were heretofore the dark people. It has embraced all.

That it would be a social revolution and not a political one the Russians themselves knew very well. The gentle, good-humored stories now told with much surprise of the pity and forgiveness and unsophistication of the people have their historic significance. These were the characteristics loved by all and desired by all. The Revolution was founded on the cry "to the people." With them lay all that was good and real; outside, all that was false. From that thought it changed to a movement which would form a society where the will of the people would be expressed. That was in the generation of the seventies and eighties. Then the will of the people began to be more expressly defined, and its will was said to be "land and liberty." But it was not "land and liberty" in the Western sense: it was not the right for each person to hold land regardless of his neighbors; not liberty to property, but liberty for man. That is the Russian conception of it.

All the social and political forms of the West were studied and criticized. They knew that czardom, that absolutism, was bad. To them it embodied the antichrist. But what forms of the West were they to take in its place? To them the forms enunciated by the French Revolution had become acceptable merely as a stepping-stone to an idealistic future state, to a communalism or a socialism. They dreamed of the Constituent Assembly and the republic as the first forms they knew they would take, but not the last. That thought was so ingrained in them that after the Revolution of 1905 we met several presidents of *"res publicæ,"* as they called them, communes, which, when they thought the Revolution had taken place, announced their independence, enunciated a new communal land law, and elected presidents and vice-presidents. There were several such *res publicæ* on the Volga, in Siberia, which, by the way, has always been very revolutionary and "self-conscious," as the revolutionary term goes, because of it having been a penal colony for political exiles. And there were a great many such *res publicæ* in the Baltic Provinces. Germany has not got a border-land of docile and unthinking inhabitants. It is yet to be questioned whether she can really make use of the lands she has got, for it is not at all certain that the spiritual strength of these people will not prove the conqueror in the end.

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With the religious, conscientious conviction in the Russian people that an absolute new order was necessary for themselves, and not only for themselves, but for the whole world, the Russian Revolution took place last March. Every one knows the details of that event. It was a period of great rejoicing not only in Russia, but in the whole world, for, as I said, the mere political overthrow of this archaic autocracy was a relief to the rest of all mankind. No longer was there to be a "gendarme of Europe." To the Russians, of course, it was a time of great joy, and they walked in the streets and sang songs in the early dawn. But soon the great question of reconstruction began to put itself forward. The autocracy had been so weak that this simple negative part of the Revolution was very quickly accomplished.

At last it fell to the people to express their will, and on the whole they were cautious. The Revolution failed once before, in 1905, and they were fearful of having such a catastrophe repeated. Their slogan in the beginning was unity. When the autocracy was overthrown, a cabinet was formed according to the constitutions of the West. That was the ordinary Western thing to do. The czar abdicated in the name of his brother, the Grand Duke Michael, and the Grand Duke Michael gave up his power to the cabinet then formed by the Duma. It was all very legal and very simple.

But the people were meeting at the same time. They had invented a council in the Revolution of 1905, where working-men, two from each factory, met and stated their demands. In this Revolution the same council was convoked; but as the soldiers had gone over to the side of the working-men, the soldiers sat together with the workers. This was called the Council of Soldiers' and Workmen's Deputies. It was these men who had made the Revolution, who had gone out upon the streets and joined their arms together against the police of the old régime, while, as one English newspaper correspondent put it, "the gentlemen of the Duma looked out upon it from the windows."

The first problem that came up before the Council of Soldiers' and Workmen's Deputies was naturally that of the war. Their conception of it was simple, and came from their own experience as Russians under the old Russian Empire. The old governments made war because of secret diplomacies, because of desire for territorial and commercial aggrandizement, while the people at large, the vast masses, gained nothing by it. They decided that they would have none of the things that existed under the old empire. They knew that they did not want territorial aggrandizement, that they did not want empire, that they were a pacific people, not militarist, and they thought that if they could announce this plainly to the world all those who believed as they did would join with them, and all the imperialists and militarists who did not agree with them would be found on the opposite side as their enemies. It was the simple and naïve thinking of a young people, but it carried with it the passion of a great conviction.

They called upon their Provisional Government to restate their own war aims in accord with the above and to ask the Allies to restate theirs. It was not war-weariness that was shown here, but idealism and an understanding of war caused by the loss of its enormous army eight times over again. The Revolution had pronounced certain axioms by which the new order of man was to be reached, and the Revolution was determined.

The Provisional Government refused not only to ask for a restatement of aims from the Allies, but refused to declare these new war terms of the Russian people as its own. In other words, it refused to give up Constantinople or any of the imperialistic plans that the old Government had. The Provisional Government, composed of men trained and educated in Western thought, were anxious to build an efficient modern state, to have Russia take her place among the nations of the world as a strong power.

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But the ideal of the Russian people never lay in "strength." It lay in something quite the reverse. Their strength was to lie in so-called weakness, in communalism, in all those virtues we believe in, but think never possible to live out. That is the strange character of the Russian. He makes desperate attempts to live out his beliefs, and is tortured at the difficulties and the failures, but he is not yet cynical enough to accept their defeat as right. It must be remembered that the great national hero is not the man with a sword, but Ivan the Fool, who gains the kingdom of heaven by giving away all that he has. That is the heroic character in the folk-lore of the people, and runs through all Russian literature.

Therefore one of the first statements of the Council of Soldiers' and Workmen's Deputies was a war declaration concerning peace. I say "war declaration" because for such a peace the Russian people were willing to fight. I take at random the telegram in April from Tchaidse to Congressman London on the position of the Russian Council:

> The entire Russian revolutionary democracy does not seek a separate peace, but is in favor of an international peace without annexation and indemnities, real or disguised, on the basis of the free development of nations, and considers that the proletariate of every country should do its utmost to bring about peace on the above basis.

How well we remember now Kerensky's pathetic appeals that we join the young democracy to fight it out on these terms!

It is true that in the first flush of their freedom they hoped for a German revolution and expected more from the joint revolution of these peoples than from the willingness of the Central powers or the Allies to listen to their terms. Their hopes were early dispelled, and merely a slight promise for Prussian reform was the result of their splendid agitation for a revolution in Germany. However, the German military class understood the psychology of the Russian people much better than the Western people did. Perhaps it was because they lay so close to Russia that they made so few mistakes. They lay there like the wolf, knowing the habits of the lamb. They knew perfectly well that the Russian Revolution could not change its course, but they did not know the course of the Allies, and they watched and waited. They made no advance on Russia, weakened by the Revolution in those first months. They waited for some act to take place which would be in violation of the conscience of the Russian people, prepared then to take advantage of a Russia split by a division of forces.

This came about through the Galician offensive in July. In the meantime the Russian Council of Soldiers' and Workmen's Deputies kept repeating their formulæ. But even as late as October, when the country was drifting toward another revolution, of which Kerensky warned the world, M. Skobeleff, the Russian Workmen's delegate to the Inter-Allied Council, was refused admittance.

If they could make no impression on the outside world, they could bear pressure on their own Government. This they began to do early. When the minister of foreign affairs, Miliukoff, refused to restate the Russian war aims, the cabinet was overthrown. This was on May 3. The problem was then laid before the people. Did they feel themselves strong enough at that moment to take the whole reins of government? They debated the problem for three days, and a compromise was decided upon. A coalition ministry was formed, with several socialist and social revolutionaries in the cabinet. The most radical of all was the minister of agriculture, Tchernov, who was the theoretical exponent of the communist system of landownership.

This was the Russian's first step to power. He took it cautiously, though knowing fully what he himself wanted. In this new Provisional Government Kerensky was minister of war. In a few weeks more changes took place, and

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Llvof, the constitutional prime minister, resigned, and Kerensky was made premier. Thus a social revolutionist was placed at the head of the Government, an idealist who was very anxious that the Revolution live, but who could not see how the social revolution could be proclaimed at a time when Russia was engaged in a great war. He was therefore willing to give up many of the tenets of the Revolution, feeling the country powerless to break away from the Allies. There was, of course, much logic and reason in that point of view, but it is not logic and reason that makes a social revolution, but a struggle based on a passionate conviction. The people could not give up the fruits of their Revolution just because it seemed impossible to attain. Did they not go to the gallows and to exile when the chances of success were even less favorable than they were last summer? Yet they were patient. They did not say they wanted to break with the Allies or that they wanted a separate peace; but they wanted the Entente to fight on the terms of revolutionary Russia.

Had America not entered the war at that period no doubt Europe would have made the sort of patched-up peace it had been accustomed to make these last hundred years, and the war for democracy would not at all have been fought, but instead the usual war for the balance of power. But in the great onward march of man toward freedom the oldest republic had a rôle to play in which she was to lend her weight for the new instead of the old.

She entered the war with the words of the "new order" on her lips, and then stood still and watched to see just where her path would lie. While she watched, certain things were happening in Russia. Russia was asked to fight on without a restatement of aims, and Kerensky, convinced that Russia would be lost without the Allies, went down personally to the front in July and led an offensive into Galicia. This he did by using picked troops who were willing to fight. But it happened to be unpsychological and a tactical mistake, for it resulted in military defeat that lasted up to October and the loss of Riga. It seemed as if Petrograd had to be evacuated, and the people blamed the Provisional Government and the Allies for urging the offensive. It looked to them as if too little thought was given to the welfare of Russia; that, as they put it, Russia was about to be sacrificed for a cause that was not her own.

The Russian democracy had also enunciated the idea of the rights of small nations, the self-determination of all peoples. The whole border-land of Russia is composed of alien peoples, because the old empire grew by spreading and digesting its borders. These peoples from Finland to the Caucasus asked for independence. This the Kerensky government was unwilling to grant, believing only in a federated state, which would take place in the future after the war was over. In the meantime any such attempts, as he told the people of Finland, would be put down with blood and iron.

This was not what the Russians meant when they said "self-determination of peoples." In the beginning, when the Finnish delegation came to ask for freedom, they had answered to it: "Go home. Why do you ask for freedom from us? You are free. Go home and be free." Now, all their words were being translated into strange and hostile ways, having meanings altogether different from what they themselves had put on them. The Russian Revolution in the hands of Kerensky was not being carried out in the way they wanted it. The peasants wanted land, and they were told to wait; if they did not wait, punitive expeditions were sent to suppress their "rioting," as in the old days. The Constituent Assembly, for which the country had dreamed for many generations, was being continually postponed, and instead a parliament of unrevolutionary forces was called, and the people saw them unite and bring forth the menace of a dictatorship. So far had this reactionary tendency gone in Russia last summer that Korniloff and his men actually lay around Petrograd

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for three days menacing the city. The revolutionists and the people at large felt that they were losing all by compromise, that nothing worse could happen to them than was happening, that failure would bring in the same dictatorship or the same loss of the Revolution as compromise. And so by a *coup d'état* in November a second revolution took place. This was really the same Russia which made the Revolution last March; for though the old leaders were not with them, the people supported it, and the same phrases of no annexation and no indemnity, self-determination of peoples, were used, and the same general peace was demanded.

This was the Russian's burst into the unknown, his "flight with hoofs pointed in the air." This great flight might have been prevented if the Allies had understood that the Russians were not deserting them, but were taking the ideology they were using, that of a "holy war" against militarism, sincerely and in good faith. The difference between the Allies and the Russians was only that of strategy and tactics, not of end. The Russians believed that one could not fight a holy war against the enemy without being free of all chauvinistic tendencies themselves. In the acceptance of this lies the great strength of the Allies. They must be united, and they can be united only on democratic terms. All the old treaties of great powers made in secret and all plans of aggrandizement must truly be given up, in which case the cause of the Entente and of America and all Russia becomes one, and is then also strengthened by the democratic elements of Germany. It is the one way of getting a united force to fight a vicious imperialism.

The new Russia, therefore, was not inimical to the fundamental desires of the Allies. But it was new, and there was the lack of understanding that always exists between the old and the new. The Russian Revolution was left to take its flight by itself, and it did so, not very wrathfully, but with definiteness, "self-consciously" as they say. In stepping out into the world with his own formulæ and his own demands, the Russian made a vicarious sacrifice. He weakened himself physically and rose spiritually. The inner voice of the people was to be answered. The Russian was to form his own state as he willed it and he was to bring a general peace into the world. All the old was to be annihilated. The Allies would not, or could not, disclose the old treaties that they had made in secret for the aggrandizement of their lands; the Russians found them, and disclosed them to the world. They became worthless when brought out into the light, which at last forced a restatement of the Allied aims, so longed for last summer. This was done first by America, then by England. The war from that moment took on a new phase. The peoples themselves, the working-classes of the world, actually began defining war aims, deciding upon the outlines of nations and upon the relations of the peoples of the world. The flight in the air was costly, but it brought results.

Then the Russians, having gone so far, went still further. They called upon all the belligerent peoples to come together and discuss peace on the democratic terms they had outlined. No one responded but the enemy, and they were left to face him alone. It was as if it did not matter to the world whether Russia was with the Allies or whether she fell into the grip of the Central powers. Not a good word was spoken for the Russians. So little sympathy reached the Russians that they felt themselves alienated and alone, and thus isolated, Russia became an easy prey to the enemy. He divided her in half, made a separate peace with the Ukrainian Rada, which was only too glad to get help from Germany to fight the people in their growth to power. Then he turned upon revolutionary Russia and took whatever he wanted by force.

The story is not yet over at all. It is to be looked upon not as tragedy or as chaos, but as a stage in the onward march of man. Russia is breaking up on the principle of the rights of nations to de-

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termine their own fate. That is an impossible condition to be fulfilled unless the states at the same time are democratic, are neither in danger of becoming subjected nationalities or colonies, or are so built that they cannot hold such territory. Such a concept cannot live side by side with the concept of an aggressive imperialism. The rights of all nations can exist only when at the same time they become politically and economically democratic, when they federate in the thought that each nation must keep its flag at home.

This is understood perfectly by the Russians, and it is not the rights of all nations to capitalism that they are interested in, but the rights of all nations to a social democracy. It was therefore that, as soon as the political yoke was lifted, the social revolution began in Russia, in Finland, in Ukrainia, in the Caucasus, in Siberia. They called upon the whole world to follow that lead. Only in this way, they think, can the rights of nations be guaranteed.

Strange to say, the forms of the French Revolution have been discarded entirely. It is no longer a question of a political state founded upon a mere political democracy, but it is an economic state founded on economic classes. The demarcation of states is taking place upon nationalistic lines; not on arbitrary departments of the kind that Napoleon made, but upon language, culture, tradition. To counteract separatism, they bring in the conception of the class struggle which unites nations by throwing the line of the struggle horizontally, as it were, internationally, not longitudinally, or nationally. The new bodies which are to express the will of these classes are not constituent assemblies, and houses of representatives composed of all classes sitting in one body, but *soviets*—councils—that represent each separate class, meeting in bodies of their own. These councils can be united from city to city or land to land, as they hope in the future.

These are the new concepts of the Russian Revolution. They cannot help but be accepted by the world, for that is the fatalistic line of progress of the world. It is in the same way that America, founded on republican principles, had to, by the sheer weight of the basic principles of her statehood, find herself a leader not with the party of the past, but with the party of the future. The road was open for her both ways, but consciously or unconsciously she came to the side of the people. This has been her drift all along, if one gives a bird's-eye view to her development in these last one hundred and forty years. And now her position is clearer than ever. The phase of the war as a fight among great powers is now over. It is over with the Russian Revolution, and it was over when President Wilson promised to support the Russian people in whatever form of government they would desire to choose. If it is Russia and America that are voicing the spirit of the war, then the war is indeed a war of democracy against a military imperialism. It is a war of the new against the old.

Unwittingly, the ideology used in the beginning of the war—the conception that it was a "holy war," that it was a war against imperialism or militarism, that the world should be made safe for democracy—has come to be taken so literally that there is no room left on the side of the Allies for any holding on to the old. At any time when that happens again the forces become divided, and the enemy becomes strengthened. To win, a democratic world must stand united against all that is autocratic, militaristic, and imperialistic. The Russian Revolution, by its flight upward, has made that clear to all. Russia is still a fighting force on those principles. There have been times more discouraging than these. For the first time since the war the cause has become Russia's own. And Russia will fight for it with the passionate ardor, with the religious conviction with which she has fought czarism and with which she has torn herself away from the world in order that her concepts may be proclaimed throughout the world.

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To Diana

By EDWIN BJÖRKMAN

Too many have sung approaching love;
I sing the love that stands on tiptoe, ready to take flight.

O ecstasy of pain
That soon will change to drab despair
If he should raise his wings and flee!
O fear that tears my heart with dripping beak!
O hope that drugs my soul to dream-filled sleep!
O death, where lies my only peace!

It has been said a thousand times,
"I hate you, and I love you,"

Yet no one ever said it as it is.

How small seems hate beside the feeling
Which makes me hang upon your simplest word
That I may twist it to new torment for my soul!
How small is love beside the mystery
Which makes me watch your slightest move
That I may fool myself to hope once more!

There is no love that lasts;
But new-born love may well have lived before,
And love in flight may turn to stay.

I read your eyes this morn and saw
That hope is more than fear.

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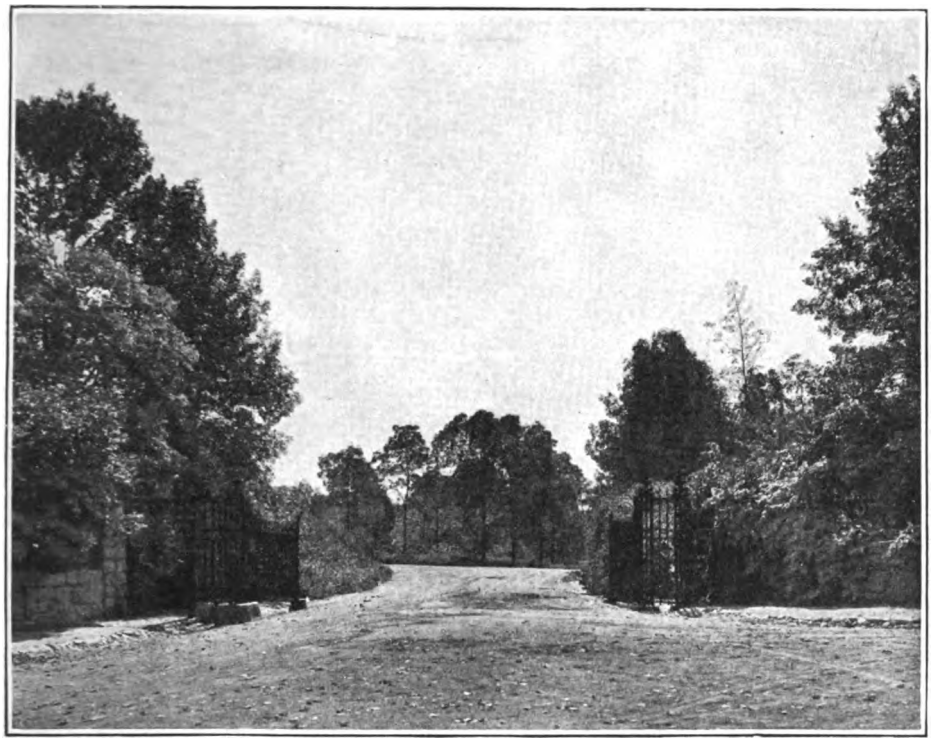

ONE OF THE ARBORETUM'S SEVEN GATES
This shows some of the specimen trees planted in groups

A Living Picture-Book for Artists

By MRS. SCHUYLER VAN RENSSELAER

Author of "English Cathedrals," "Art Out-of-Doors," etc.

SOME day when you are in Boston (and you may wisely go to Boston for this particular purpose) drive out five or six miles, all the way through parkways and parks, to the great tree-garden called the Arnold Arboretum. It is included in the park system of Boston, and the city polices it and cares for its roads and walks. But it belongs to Harvard University, and it was designed and planted and is administered and tended by its own staff of experts, skilled in arboriculture and the allied sciences and arts. Beautiful at all seasons, it is most beautiful in May and June because of its abundance of flowering shrubs. And the same is true of the roads that lead to it.

A collection of trees as inclusive as the climate of eastern Massachusetts permits, a museum of such trees from all parts of the world as thrive here out-of-doors, the words have an alluring sound even if understood in their narrowest and most prosaic possible sense. But the Arnold Arboretum is a tree collection of a distinctly non-prosaic sort, and it is much else besides. Its two hundred and twenty acres may well be thought the most valuable acres of cultivated ground in America.

Assuredly they are the most varied in their qualities of usefulness, interest, and charm. There may possibly be a larger collection of trees in some other part of the world, but there is none in America that rivals this one, and in all the world

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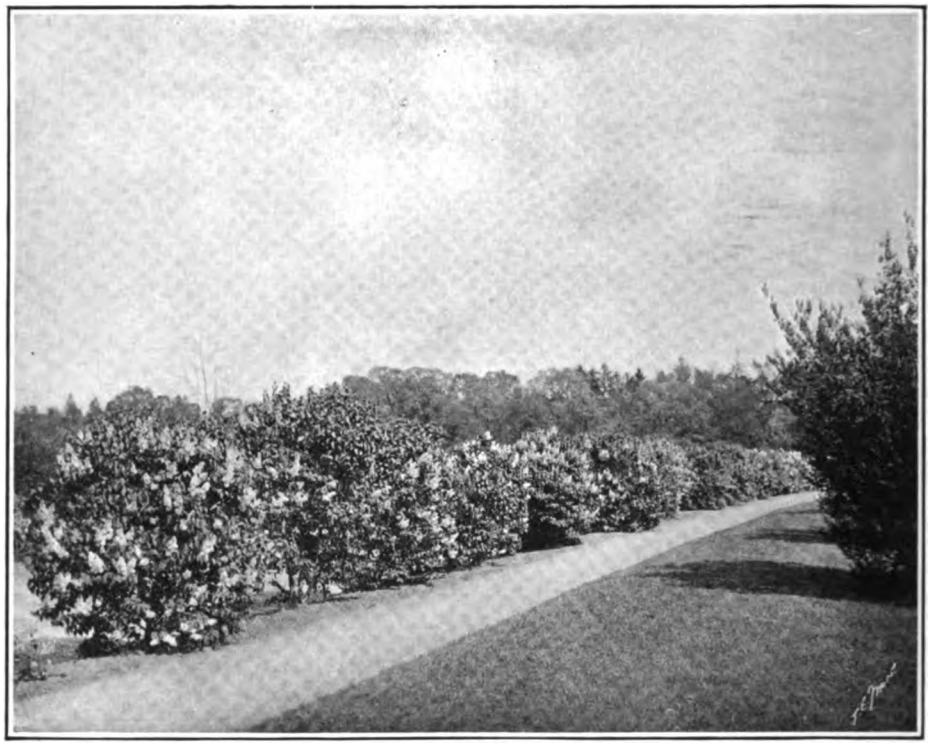

A VIEW ON LILAC DRIVE

it has no rival as a tree-garden. For it is not a botanical garden of the usual pattern, where plants of all kinds are collected, but is specifically devoted to trees and woody shrubs and vines; and, on the other hand, although in actual arrangement as well as in purpose it is a scientific garden, in aspect it is one of the most delightful and most individual of parks. In large part it is of nature's planting, almost everywhere it is naturalistic in effect, and in spring it becomes an informal flower garden of amazing splendor.

I cannot dwell upon its usefulness as a place where every lover of plants, from the dendrologist to the school-girl, may win increase of knowledge; where the landscape-gardener, the nurseryman, or the owner of a country place or a back-yard may choose between trees, shrubs, and vines of a thousand different kinds and between different varieties of the same kind; and where, in its Administration Building, the student finds a library of more than thirty thousand volumes, a great herbarium, and a large collection of photographs. And I cannot speak of the services the arboretum renders by distributing plants and seeds and disseminating knowledge with regard to them, by acting as a center of exchange with foreign gardens, and by sending collectors into far parts of the world, testing for beauty and hardiness the novelties brought home, and thus enriching the parks and gardens of America and Europe with hundreds of new species, many of the utmost value and charm. It is only of the esthetic interest of the arboretum itself and of its consequent usefulness to the artist that I may speak.

When, in 1868, Harvard College received from the estate of Benjamin Arnold of New Bedford a bequest to be devoted to the creation of an arboretum, it already owned lands that could be used for the purpose. Fortunately, these lands and the adjoining tracts afterward added to them were picturesquely diversified, including meadow-lands, stretches of rocky or more

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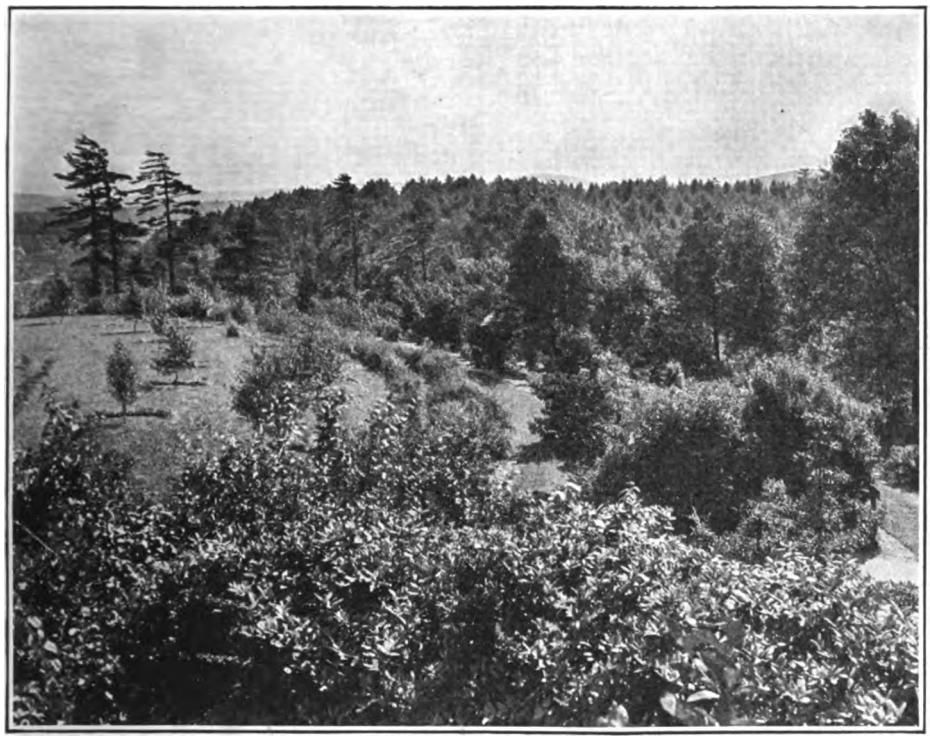

NATURAL WOODS AND SPECIMEN TREES

level woodland, with many large, old trees, a valley threaded by a brook, and three hills of dissimilar character. To-day the flat top of Bussey Hill is kept free from tall vegetation for the sake of the wide and interesting view, the city of Boston in the distance in one direction, the Blue Hills of Milton in another, while the long summit and steep, rocky sides of Hemlock Hill are thickly clothed with a splendid old forest of hemlocks. This is the only surviving remnant of the woods that covered these regions when the white men came, and, so far as I have seen or heard, is the finest natural feature in any of our parks.

But advantageous in the lay of the land as the site of the arboretum was, much of it was old farm-land, showing the results of long neglect, and every portion of it had to be adapted to its new purpose. This meant, of course, not only laying out the walks and drives and planting the specimen trees, but also grading and preparing the ground, and removing or conserving the existing growths, which ranged from grass and goldenrod to veteran oaks that, moribund though they seemed, were within a very few years brought back by skilful treatment to vigor and comeliness. There could be no better lesson for the artist who works with living material—the landscape-gardener — than to learn how all this has been done, for at every point and in every major and minor problem artistic has worked with scientific intelligence to serve the ends of beauty as well as those of knowledge and of utility.

The specimen trees for the sake of which the park exists are planted in proper botanical sequence and where they may easily be seen from the drive or the many grass paths; but they are arranged in informal ways, and are associated with others not included in the collection. Except for their labels, they, too, might seem to an untrained eye mere graceful groups and fine isolated trees chosen and placed for the sake of their own beauty and of general beauty of effect. Nowhere are

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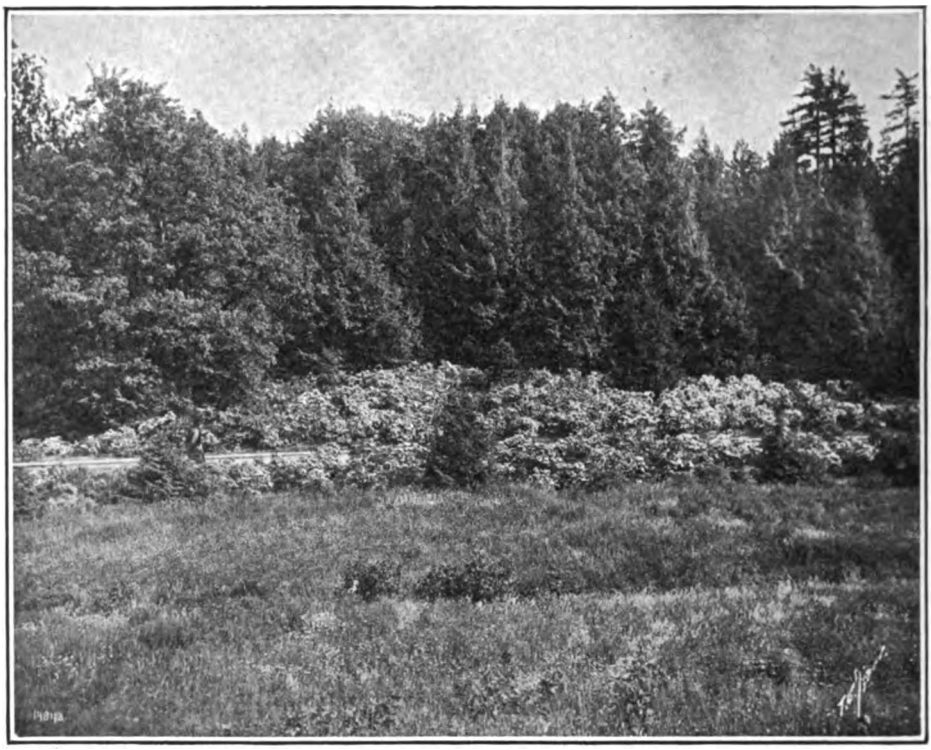

KALMIA (MOUNTAIN LAUREL) IN FRONT OF HEMLOCK HILL

there obvious signs that necessity dictated their presence or their planting in a given sequence. Only an expert will understand at once what all this implies in the way of careful preliminary thought, wide practical knowledge, and artistic vision; but an ignorant eye may well begin its task of becoming expert by studying on the spot how the results that it admires have been achieved. Many days may be profitably spent in considering and analyzing the broad landscape effects which, because of the diversities of the site, perpetually vary in character, and the more subtile charms of minor passages and corners of loveliness. Much as nature had done in creating the larger features of the place and in covering the ground with varied growths of grass and fern and flower, nevertheless art has helped to do it all by encouraging, supplementing, or modifying nature's work. If the student cannot always divine how large a part art has played, he can at least learn at every step how this or that kind of growth, this or that type of landscape composition, ought to be allowed, or ought to be made, to look; and if he is genuinely interested, the director or one of his assistants will be very ready to tell him more. The arboretum exists for the benefit of the public, and its guardians are as willing to do their part in explaining it as in creating and conserving it.

There is no time of the year when the wide landscapes, the tree groups, the vistas and sylvan recesses of the arboretum may not profitably be studied with a special eye upon any one of those elements of beauty with which the gardener, like the painter, must work—line, mass, texture, and color. The beautiful possibilities of line, however, may best be studied when the trees are leafless; those of contrasted masses, in the summer. As for color, winter has its own delicate lessons to give, autumn very gorgeous and wonderful ones. Summer, with its many tones and shades of green, varied in quality by the differing textures of foliage, offers valuable lessons which, because they are more subtile, are

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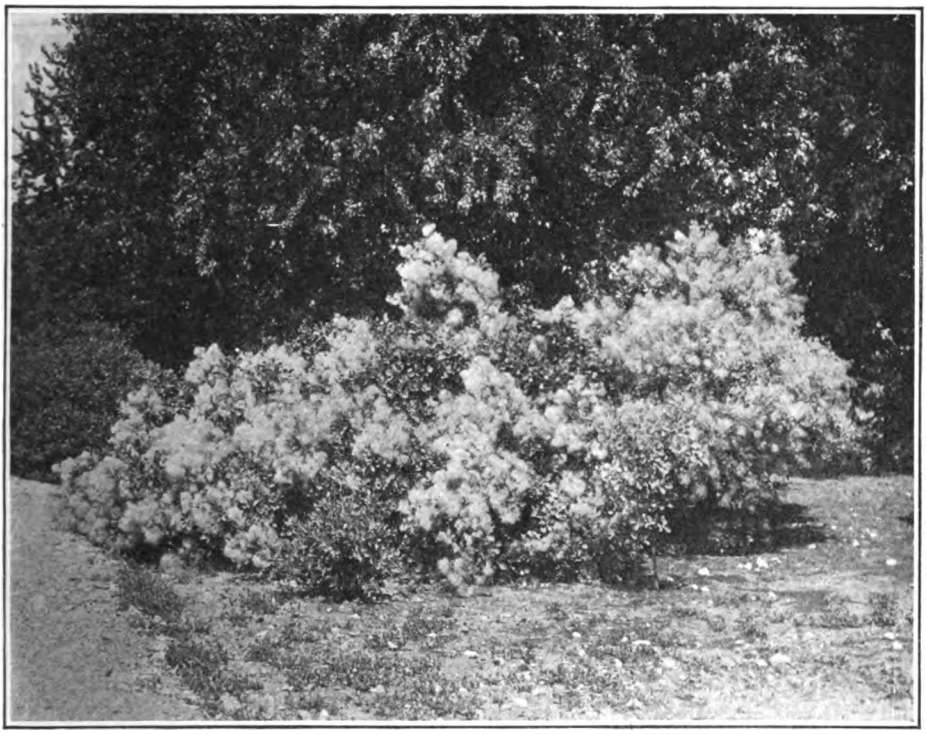

COTINUS (SMOKE TREE)

apt to be less regarded than the others; and spring, of course, presents the most stirring and enchanting of all. In splendor and variety of color, flowering trees and shrubs exceed anything that can be compassed with herbaceous plants. A field of daisies, for example, delightful though it may be, a bed of poppies, or the border of a woodland thickly sown with daffodils lacks those charms of light and shade and form and composition that we find in a group of dogwoods or flowering cherries, of lilacs, rhododendrons, or hardy azaleas. When in the successive weeks of spring the arboretum fills itself with successive waves of blossom, it is, I am sure, the best place in the world to realize what brilliance and what exquisiteness of color may be achieved in our Northern climate. It is then, indeed, a great instructive picture-book for the landscape-gardener. He may think that he has seen lilacs before, but he will never know how many diverse kinds there are, and will never know their possibilities as masses of graduated color, until he follows the long stretch of arboretum roadway that is bordered by them on one side and on the other by bush-honeysuckles and viburnums. Nor, wherever he may have seen the mountain laurel in bloom, is he likely to have seen it to such advantage as in the plantation at the foot of Hemlock Hill, massed behind lower ranks of the red-flowered Japanese azalea and beneath the dense, dark green of the hemlocks behind it. In such displays as these, and in a hundred others — like Azalea Path, the crab-apple plantation, and the groups of orange-colored azaleas blooming under dogwood-trees when these are clouds of white—he will learn more than to appreciate the magnificence of nature's colors. He will learn how masses of color may be placed in relation to neighboring verdure and to near or distant backgrounds so as to enhance their own effect and to form restricted scenes or wider landscapes, which, though constantly varying, are always harmonious. Nor will opportunity lack to study how

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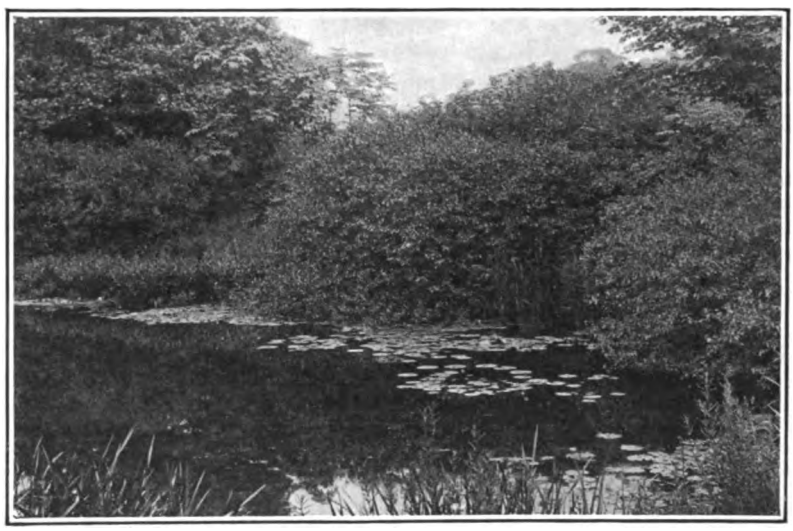
the edges of small sheets of water may be treated.

For the landscape-painter also there is much to see in the arboretum, whether he be enamored of quiet or of brilliant effects, and whether he wish to paint on the spot or to store up impressions for future use. As for the painter of flowers, here is his earthly paradise. And here may well come the decorator or the worker in the industrial arts to refresh his eye, and perhaps his palette, by a glimpse of what the artist with living colors has helped nature to accomplish. Moreover, in the forms of flower and leaf that the arboretum offers in vast variety, the designer of decorative patterns should find plentiful inspiration, as also, even far away from the arboretum, in the plates of the great book written by its creator, Professor Charles Sprague Sargent's "Silva of North America."

One other valuable lesson with regard to esthetic matters the arboretum may teach: when such matters are in question it is best to find the right man and let him do his work unhampered and in his own way. Of course Professor Sargent has not worked alone. With his acquiescence the elder Olmsted laid out the walks and drives, and at every subsequent step since he began his plantations in 1885, men of knowledge and skill have assisted him. But they have always been controlled and sometimes have been trained by him. Everything has been done according to his decisions and under his oversight. As truly as a great building, many though the helping hands that have labored on it, is the work of the architect who has personally designed it and superintended its erection, just so truly is the arboretum the work of Professor Sargent; or, indeed, more truly, for he did not follow precedents as the architects of to-day usually rejoice in doing. He has even collected from year to year the greater part of the large sums of money needed for the making and the maintenance of such a place, and its great library is almost altogether his gift. In the truest sense the arboretum is his creation and his monument. And in the truest sense it is a great work of art.



LILY POND

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"Oh, about Average"

By NELSON COLLINS

Author of "The First Convoy," etc.

WHENEVER a man gets back to port, the marine equivalent for "How are you?" is, "What kind of trip did you have?" and the equivalent for the shore answer, "Pretty well, thank you," is, "Oh, about average."

Some of the elements that make up the average would have been remarkable four years ago, but now are merely routine in the calculated delirium called war navigation. Running at full speed in the dark, with all lights out and welcoming patches of fog or long stretches of it, is one indication of the greater caution and tension that has the appearance of abandoning caution and tension. A vivid memory of night sea-watches during the war will always be the pastel-like appearance of the ship, unbroken by any gleam, the film in foggy weather that blurs at the same time that it outlines her masts, her funnels, her life-boats stretching in broken line behind the man on the bridge, her filmy, gray sides reaching to the dim water.

The docks at Liverpool are a nucleus of interest. Aspects of the war widely scattered over the open Atlantic, the Mediterranean, and all the on-shore channels—the unfathomable depths and "soundings" — converge there. Within three docks of us in Liverpool one week there lay a hospital ship, painted green and white, and bearing the cross of mercy in red paint and in red electric globes. The first of the British standardized ships was in from the Belfast yard where she was made, ready for her maiden voyage, and everybody was interested in her new system of lateral and transverse bulkheads. Even sheep take on an adventurous air when we see load after load of them come up the Mersey of a morning on the open decks of the fast Irish steamers.

Lying there in port, too, one hears tales that are even more varied than the shipping and quite as scrambled as camouflage, with the outlines of the truth equally indiscernible at times. All these things are tucked away, along with others as well not to mention. They come handy in a day or two. Conversation shifts to land war. An odd and yet perfectly normal and understandable kink of human nature that has developed among the different breeds of the Allies comes in for comment. Some of the American soldiers come over in a mood that exactly meets an equally sillily sensitive mood of a few Englishmen. The "Yank" soldier lands with the comment that the British have started something they can't finish; therefore he has come across from little old U. S. A. to do the job. It is bravado and not even half meant, the attitude of a deliverer; just handy as offset to occasional British swank of the veteran showing the ropes to the

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rookie, or the attitude, "So, you 've showed up *at last,*" or the less common mood: "We wish we might have seen the war through without bringing in America. We 've borne the brunt; now she 'll reap the glory." But guess where the American attitude is most resented, when it is resented, and not accepted with a wholly good-natured and derisive laugh. The Canadians pick it up quickest. Occasionally there is an outburst of real quarreling over it. There was one almost sensational gun incident over it down in camp on Salisbury Plain. But a Lime Street fight comes off almost any night in Liverpool from the same incitement mixed with English ale. Similarly I have heard an English soldier say, "I tell you, I hate the French," as finale to his tale of fights over English and French participation in the war that take place from time to time in *estaminets* after nightfall when the air has grown pretty thick with smoke and talk. And I have had French soldiers say, "The English—pah!" Some people deprecate such things. Germans might like to magnify them into "serious dissensions among the Allies." They are welcome to the information. It is healthy rivalry, wholesome assertiveness. The remarkable thing is that bad blood comes so seldom, exasperation oftener, but downright alienation never.

There comes the sailing morning at Liverpool when you are called about five:

"Come on; get up. We 're going out into the river, anyway. The port 's closed. Submarines operating outside between Bar Light and Holyhead. Got a passenger-ship yesterday afternoon. Sixty drowned. Survivors landed here last night. Saw them up at the hotel."

"Well, I 'm going to be a survivor," grunts the man in the bunk below as he tumbles out.

"Let 's organize the Survivors' Club now," suggests another man, "so we 'll know who belongs."

Out in the Mersey there is a crowd of shipping, and a tug makes the round of them, taking all the captains off to the shore for their last instructions.

Then the next morning, just at dawn and the swing of the tide, we move out into the latest theater of submarine activity, swept crisscross now by destroyers. Still, fourteen big ships were potted last week. It is as if we said to the Germans: "Fourteen is a good bag, and a rate we can hardly sustain indefinitely. Well, here 's our ship for you to try at, which can get across in nine days, can carry so much, and would take a year and a half or two years to replace. Speed, carrying capacity, time — these are the things we put into the balance. They are irreplaceable at the moment; they mean more for the final issue than the human lives of merchant seamen. For once material things, the materials we handle, seem to have a moral significance greater than we who handle it. Yet, subordinated as we feel, one man looks into the cold, streaked sky, and comments in an undertone to the watch-officer at the telegraph:

"Would n't you rather be doing it than anything else under the sun?"

"What?"

"Just what we are doing," and receives a half-mocking, wholly agreeing grin in reply.

Out awhile, the S. O. S. signal of a ship being shelled and sinking thirty miles away trickles in to our wireless room, but we can only shrug our shoulders and thank our luck, with a half-yearning for a chance, speedy as we are and armed as we are.

Camouflage at sea has become, I imagine, more diverse, and at the moment more experimental, than camouflage in the lines of artillery at the shore battle-front, and we see it both in the making and in the bewildering finished product. The camouflage makes it astonishingly uncertain whether a ship is actually a ship or water and sky and little shifting waves, and if a ship, what her dimensions may be, the point of her actual bow, the curve of her actual stern, where the bridge is, the location of her life-boats, which way she is headed. This becomes so even when your eye is on her not far away, and you are on guard against the expected deception and dissolvement. The appearance of

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the ships makes a sailor feel foolish and scandalized. How would you like to see a lady with whom your fate is mixed paraded for full public view in all the ill-assorted scraps of finery that could be pinned to her? Somebody, however, should invent a chemical compound for ship's furnaces that will camouflage the smoke as it pours from the funnel-tops. Incidentally, it is amazing how coal can be selected to make funnels almost smokeless and what smoke there is is a transparent film.

All styles of camouflage are on the highways and byways of the sea. The average seaman in a port is impelled to say, "How do you think I look?" to a ship's visitor, as much as any lady with her seasonal millinery selection. Some go in for color and some for line. Our own ship's style is suggestive of the old court jester's suits, with its party-colored diamond patches. Black-and-white effects are very fetching, however, with the lines caught up into unexpected turns and slashes and bows. The most satisfactory ship I have seen under camouflage was agreeable to the eye because the lines were allowed to follow their natural development, and there was some coherence and congruity in the course they took. It was a pleasure to look at the ship after the thwartings and quick distortions of vision that are more usual. It looked effective, too. Camouflage serves one purpose of screening the ship from vision altogether. This is the less important and the less successful accomplishment, though a cruiser and a destroyer apparently slid past us one of the first days we were out in our new suit and were well abaft the beam before the destroyer, seeming to have rubbed its eyes, slipped over the few miles between to investigate us.

Zigzag, like camouflage, is a new term in navigation, I suppose; but it is so general a sea sport now that the term is used as a catch-name for a dozen things that seamen use, so that zigzag tobacco and zigzag playing-cards are advertised to us in both England and France. I don't remember having noticed the label in any American places along the water-fronts.

"It 's good weather," somebody says to you, still looking straight ahead over the obscured water, as is etiquette and recognized respect for appearances — one would n't call it subterfuge—if you will talk on watch. "You can see a clearing distance, and a submarine can't see you in time to get abeam of you. It 's rough enough; would n't do any harm if it was a little rougher, but it 'll do." That is the war-time ideal. Sometimes you have it in the war-zone and sometimes you don't. A sea something more than choppy, low, hanging clouds, traveling patches of fog, visibility around you of about three miles, and night coming on.

Everybody sympathizes with the English lady who said she thought it was perfectly outrageous that the Government allowed the newspapers to print the dates when the moon is full. There is a song of Ben Jonson's so much better than

Drink to me only with thine eyes

that it is n't worth mentioning that overpraised song in the same breath, and the serene dignity of it to an improvised tune,

Queen and huntress chaste and fair,
Now the sun has gone to sleep,
Seated in thy silver chair
State in wonted manner keep.

But my tongue sticks on the adjective in the next line:

Bless us, then, with *wishèd* light,

though I hurdle it for the sake of the lovely last line:

Goddess excellently bright.

"This moon 'll be the death of me yet," says a wag on watch. But we have had luck with it. We are apt to hit the war-zone with a full moon, but time and again clouds mass for us as though by schedule, or else a coöperating fog sets in.

In the morning watch there is always Hilaire Belloc's moon song to fit the time and occasion:

The moon on the one hand,
The dawn on the other.
The moon is my sister,
The dawn is my brother.
The moon on my left,
And the dawn on my right,

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My brother, good morning,
My sister, good night.

The tune somebody wrote for it has an excursion into notes for the last line only to be accomplished out alone on the lee end of the bridge in at least a sizeable gale.

Night coming on means the war-time operation of darkening ship. We call it "putting the ship to bed;" and in the morning, if we want to know whether the night passed without any difficulty over lights gleaming, the deck patrols understand if you ask, "Did the baby sleep well all night?" A ship can leak light at so many crevices that it takes constant watchfulness and some sternness to keep her totally dark, as she must be kept. A gleam may be as bad as a glare. One boat was captured and sunk because the steward-printer aboard her thought it could do no harm to open the port over his bunk down near the water-line just long enough to get a breath of air. The German raider that sank the ship said that gleam gave her the clue, and she was able to keep tab on the ship until she was in the position she wanted. Patrol all night long on all decks and throughout all quarters is the only way of being reasonably sure.

There is peril in being a whale or a porpoise in the North Atlantic these days. If you are a whale, particularly a spouting whale, you are apt to be mistaken for a submarine; and if you are a porpoise, you are apt to be taken for a torpedo. There is many a shattered carcass and abashed gun-crew. In the phosphorescence of even winter nights a porpoise just under the surface can make an experienced lookout have a moment's suspense. The line of white is a little narrow and a little high for a torpedo, but in the first moment a lookout is n't given to exact measurements. The white at bow and stern on a phosphorescent night is conspicuous evidence of a ship, though it is a question how plain it would be through a periscope at about its own level. From the decks of the ship itself or from the deck of an emerged submarine it flashes plain. If it could only be camouflaged along with the smoke! And on such a night in the zone there is the eerie sense of more than one submarine that has worked her way along in the white wake of a slow ship, keeping tab so through the night and waiting for dawn to sheer off and strike. I remember one velvety black night. Suddenly a great white trail shot across our bow from port to starboard and just a few yards ahead. If a porpoise is too narrow and too high to make a torpedo trail, this seemed too broad, but deep enough. It was the wake of a destroyer that had cut across in a hurry. It is this necessary navigation that has its perils, too, as the fate of the destroyer *Chauncey* shows.

So toward dawn in the ante-bellum days the ship was asleep. Lights burned, and the watch was just letting up on the tension of the night lookout. Now, as dawn nears, the tension increases, and around four o'clock the man coming on deck feels, though he does not see, the fifty hidden, active eyes of men keyed for the ship's most dangerous hour out of the twenty-four.

There is never any telling what perils we pass or what perils pass us. One ship swings along through the war-zone, and her second morning out from a French port a torpedo just catches her bow. A second later, and it would have plowed into her forward bulkhead; two seconds more, and it could have got her in the engine-room; half a second earlier, and it would have missed her altogether. Neither submarine nor torpedo were detected. Everybody would have dropped in to breakfast that morning with the comment, "Well, nothing doing this time." In dry-dock at Liverpool lay another ship that a mine or torpedo must have got just on the tip of the rudder. Her stern-post was shattered, and her overhang, twenty feet above the water, had been blown away by the diffused force of the explosion. A second either way would have let her go scot-free or have done for her. It is a great gamble. "A little more, and how much it is; a little less, and how much away." Did n't Browning say that?

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Our first warning came in one day from a freighter, "Periscope sighted," and his position. "Have evaded it and am all right." A little later another warning came from the same ship. "Submarine has come to the surface and is shelling my ship. Am all right so far." A third message came shortly. "Life-boats all destroyed by shells, but am all right so far." We heard no more. We hoped that captain had pulled his ship through "all right." We heard later that he did manage to escape. He certainly was "all right."

When we got back to New York in late October the Government took the ship over. We were part of a new experience in American governmental administration. Ships have been taken often enough for use as transports or as scouts or as supply-boats to the fleet. Our old ship herself, thirty years old in 1918, but stancher in constitution than most of her younger sisters, had been both transport and scout in the Spanish-American war, and her commander, then, and now, wore the service stripe of his Congressional Medal from the summer's war. But this was different. The ship remained on her merchant schedule, kept her trade route, carried her passengers and cargo as heretofore, was run by her usual ship's company, used her owner's piers and offices. But the Government, the shipping board at Washington, paid her bills, directed her manifests, fitted her into the great combined scheme of military, naval, and civil supply not only for ourselves, but for our allies as well. The Government was in the shipping business at last, with all its revolutionary possibilities for after the war.

It is the usual farewell at New York, somewhere along the piers when you meet on an errand or pulling out from the officers' club:

"Well, so long."

"So long. Shall we see you week after next in Liverpool?"

"I 'm afraid not," with a wry smile. "We 're going by way of Halifax with convoy. You 'll be gone again by the time we get over."

The ship is a microcosm of the war. The October trip going out from New York, for instance, we had regular naval officers crossing on special missions or to routine assignments aboard the destroyers; a hundred seamen from the naval training camps established since the war opened going over as signalers, carpenters, and a dozen other skilled subordinate ratings; army officers; men of the reserve in training for aviation going over to the great aviation camp the United States has in England. Among the gun-crew and among our own crew there was the same drawing together from many lines of service. One lad on the naval telephone said something about our transport base in France. I myself had been there in July. He had just returned in late September. You would have thought we were born and brought up in the town from the way we gossiped about it. "The American soldiers are everything there is there; there 's nothing to the town," we agreed; and yet it was on the town and not on the soldiers that our gossip ran.

"There are three good things about that town," he said, "morning, noon, and night. And the best thing there is the first boat away from there."

Another man had just got back from Genoa in time to join us for this voyage, and the voyage before his Italian one had been up to the new port in the White Sea that the Russians have established to supplant Archangel. Our freight dealt equally in large reference, Petrograd, City of Mexico, Yokohama, Buenos Aires, leading a man to wonder sometimes how the stuff was going to work through to its destination after we let go of it in New York or Liverpool.

Meantime we size up the passengers more or less. The flavor of them, if it may be so expressed, is very different going east and going west. There is more of the war-worn and the experienced on the trip west, for one thing. There is a fresher keenness, though not a greater keenness, on the trip east. On the run from New York there are usually a few naval officers bound for the American

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naval base in Ireland. They have their first look at the new job when we meet the destroyers at the outer limits of the English Channel. A few naval lieutenants and ensigns of the regular navy may be along, and sometimes a group of the naval reserve officers. We took a group over one trip who had the unbelievable luck to be assigned to the destroyers in the English Channel and neighboring waters for the winter. One of them stood a watch in the crow's-nest with me after we reached the war-zone.

"Think of my luck," he chanted to himself as much as to me. "The greatest war in history, placed in the service I want, got my commission, and assigned to the very center of the thing when so many, even of the regulars, want to be over here and are n't sent."

A month later I had this note from him when we put into an English port:

I have delayed writing you, as no sooner did I join this ship than I went to sea, and a destroyer is not the most stable and quiet vehicle in the world. I arrived here after having no vicissitudes on the way, and was thrown right into taking a full duty. I am looking forward to seeing the brilliant aurora of your camouflage in a short time, and if we should be assigned to escort you, and I should happen to be officer of the deck during your watch, I will endeavor to greet you. By the way, I believe your camouflage is quite efficient in the in-between lights and hours of the day. I had two hours sleep last night, and am dropping you this line just to let you know that I am not dead nor have forgotten you.

The frankest statement of the pangs they all felt until they outgrew them came in a letter from another man:

Yes, I am really an ensign, looking very brave on the outside, with my silver eagles and gold anchors and braid, but inside I am a storage battery of terror. I feel as though every enlisted man looked clear through me and said to himself, "My God, has it come to this!" One old marine sergeant looked particularly expressive the other day as he clicked his heels together and saluted with a precision that I never hope to attain.

A little later they came aboard with breathless tales of their first weeks. Their destroyers are "lying in" for overhaul. They are off on leave for London. They have escorted, say, the *Olympic* in. It 's a greater test than it sounds, a great liner swinging in gigantic curves and her midget protector bound to keep close to her and also bound to keep out of her way as she swings this way and that from her base course. When she misses you by fifteen feet, you have had luck in your miscalculation. That is all you can say for yourself or else it is all she can say for herself. Great care and readiness there must be on both craft. It 's fairly easy to switch to a wrong leg, too. Then let the other craft look out. One night there comes the actual collision, and it 's luck that your plates are only bent. But if five months ago you were in civilian life, and at the moment of impact are the responsible watch-officer on the bridge of the destroyer—well, you have had *the* thrills by which all the other dreads and excitements and harassments of the rest of your life will forever be measured. Suspensions of a few days go into your record, too, sometimes, but you blunder through to a sure footing. There is great pride in being of the reserve, naturally. But the day comes when you are rated ensign of the navy itself and exchange the eagle on your collar for the traditional silver anchor. Then you feel that you have not shown yourself quite without resource in these emergencies of your profession.

A lively incident brought to the bridge by naval reserve men aboard illustrates "the eternal triangle" at sea that has as various manifestations as the more generally known "sex" triangle of literature and some life. A rather self-conscious American army captain in the course of smoking-room discussion had declared he meant to take command of any life-boat he entered in the event of the ship sinking. He was something-or-other if he would

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submit to the orders of any blamed ensign in the naval reserve. An ensign reminded him that he was at sea and that a sailor rules the waves. The captain still insisted that army captains never, never should be slaves to navy ensigns. They carried their heated discussion of it out to the deck, and ran into a ship's officer headed leisurely aft. He listened while they submitted the point to him.

"Of course you gentlemen remember that you are on a merchant ship," the officer summed the matter up finally, "and that passengers"—he looked with quiet keenness at both the ensign and the army captain, though the keenness dwelt longest on the captain's flushed face—"that passengers await orders before entering a boat, and have only one duty after they are in it, to sit and keep perfectly quiet. The ship's officer, the ship's quartermaster, or the ship's able-bodied sailor who may be in charge of the boat will look after it, gentlemen. What 's all the argument about?" He chuckled over it with the ensign later, but he was never able to take it up again with the captain. After all, when the issue is forced, water of their common career is thicker than blood of the united service, and merchant mariner and navy man understand things to which an army man must always be a rank outsider.

One trip it is a detachment of several hundred veterinarians that we take over as our principal passengers. They have a V. C. superimposed on the insignia of their collars, and for a hasty moment you wonder who the band of heroes are coming aboard. The next trip the detachment is several hundred doctors of the medical corps. I think our greatest satisfaction is in seeing half a hundred doctors for humans struggling with seasickness along the deck.

Returning to America from England there is a sprinkling of English officers, rescued seamen, a few Japanese, and sometimes a plenipotentiary person. Nearly all of them have their interest for the moment, and always a few stick in the mind. Captain ———, who was an English merchant captain before the war, and is in the naval reserve now, has sunk both a submarine and a raider. He has a medal for each achievement. The submarine was sunk by ramming. The raider, disguised as a Swedish merchantman, was too big for the patrol craft to handle, once she had dropped her ports and revealed six-inch guns when he grew suspicious and intercepted her; but he held her in play until a destroyer came up and used a torpedo. A young gunner, just beginning his second four-year term in the United States Navy, is headed back home fresh from watching two American ships sunk by a submarine and feeling his own ship thump over the same submarine, which she caught beneath her keel as it was trying to make its escape after having attacked the convoy. The young gunner is all the more whetted for war. There is the man aboard who has been interesting the Allied governments in concrete ships, and his talk of three thousand and even four thousand-ton ships of concrete, with steel reinforcement, of cellular double-bottoms, strongly ribbed sides, and stiffened bulkheads comes just in time to replenish the argumentative fires that had died of exhaustion in the smoking-room over wooden and steel ships.

Sometimes merchant convoys show up in mid-ocean, as many as twenty-eight sails (or we should say funnels) in one. Curious how smudgy and sparse they look at a distance, for all the world like a piece of woodland well burned over, with thin smoke still curling, and a few remaining stripped timbers standing jagged over a wide area. Orders are to pay no formal attention to them, even if they come close enough for the dipping of ensigns; so the nuisance that one ship could put twenty-eight to is dispensed with, and makes our feelings toward them and assuredly theirs toward us all the more cordial.

Everybody is supposed to semaphore and to "morse." There is a good deal of wild arm-waving in consequence and of dubious blinking. Somebody gets you up and stands in front of you with a couple of red-and-yellow flags, strikes an impossible attitude, and asks you what letter it is. That is bad enough, but if your guess is correct, the man with the flags tosses his

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arms wildly, then comes to rest and asks you what the word is. He starts you on some nice easy word like "Manila" or "banana" or "milkman" or "milkmaid" or "Philippines," because the same letter is repeated a number of times. If you never have known how to spell Manila or Philippines, anyway, the scheme does n't get you any forwarder. Then he invites you to "send." Suddenly you discover that your eye and brain are n't all you need to have trained for this business. There must be arm movements, clean-cut and recognizable at a distance, or close-up, for that matter. All the letters are accounted for in four series of arm circlings, and you can't very well go through the whole series each time until your arms reach the point in rotation that the letter you want calls for, and neither can you wait while your mind races round through them all to the required one. So the only thing is to keep at words until by and by the arms begin to fall into place unconsciously at the thought of a letter.

We read a paragraph in an English tribute to a dead signaler unbelievingly:

> But finding out the meaning of those flag signals, which he did not know by heart, and he knew most of them, was only a tithe of his duty. He was equally expert at taking in a message spelt out by the whirling arms of a semaphore, arms which waved so rapidly, and whose giddy gyrations were so often well-nigh invisible against a bad background, that his performance savoured of the miraculous. At night, too, he was just as good, for then the frenzied winking of a dim light would convey its meaning just the same. It was a point of honour with him always to get a signal correctly the first time it was made. I never saw him ask for a repetition.

A little too good to be true. We common beginners watched enviously enough the navy signalmen as they manipulated their fingers and hands and forearms of a morning to keep them limber, like some pianist of renown keeping effective the mechanics of his art.

The miscellany of routine in an average trip includes all the incidents of fire- and boat-drill, with the war items of gun-practice and smoke-screen practice. Gun-practice is lively enough when the projectiles are rammed home, their heavy cartridges behind them, the steel breech-blocks slammed to, the gun-pointer's eye glued to the telescopic sight, the range-finder droning his distance, all eyes on the bobbing red-flagged barrel; then a belch of orange-colored flame, the hot breath which reaches blastingly up to us on the bridge, the projectile sailing off into space, and presently a shimmering white column of spray, a ricochet of the shell, and another column of spray farther on, and the boom in between that strains our cotton-wadded ears. Sometimes there is hand-clapping from the passengers along the rail, and sometimes it has to be a confident "Better luck next time" instead. Or perhaps the incidents are less than these. The captain, who had sworn for two years he would never "sink to that," came aboard one trip with a wrist-watch on, and acted as self-conscious about it the first day or two as a girl with her engagement ring, holding his coat-sleeve so that it sagged to the back of his hand as he strode the bridge. Watch-officers who had borne his gibes about "sissiness" for a couple of years forbore comment, but glances and undertones must have made both his ears and his wrist burn.

Wrist-watches, with their luminous dials, are at once a convenience, a safeguard, and a peril. You can tell the time without tearing your clothes to pieces or going to a light. When you walk along the deck at night you can hold your forearm so that the dial glows in the sight of all who are passing along the deck and thus prevent collisions. If you don't play up your wrist-watch, you are supposed to whistle "sweet and low" in the dark as you pass along. But if you are not passing along the deck, only lingering along the deck-rail, and are fortunate in having one of the few women who are crossing as your companion in that lingering, your luminous dial at rest on the deck-rail is apt to

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wreck the wonderful sense of seclusion that darkened decks give these war-times. One heartless patrol a trip or two ago stepped to the rail and asked a dismayed subaltern not to have his wrist-watch "quite so far around," whatever that meant, because it might be detected by a submarine.

The choppy waters are just beginning to be dappled with evening lights. The two favorite times for submarine or raider attack are dawn and dusk, and we are setting ourselves to the closer vigil that the hour requires.

"The fellow 's a fool," comments the chief, with arms akimbo on the bridge-rail. "He 's probably a knave, too. A fool is only a fool, and may be innocent enough; but a knave who is a fool, too, makes me tired."

All day long, from time to time, the ship had been called by an old code call for her, abandoned since the war began. "——, ———," her name-code had trickled into the wireless room.

When no answer was returned, the query had followed, "Can you transmit a message to shore with your apparatus?"

Oh, she gave her own identification code regularly enough, a number that is in the code-book, indeed, but has never yet been assigned to a ship so far as we have had any notification. She might be a very new ship on her first trip, she might be a submarine, and she might be that rare bird, a raider. In the first case, she was merely foolish to suppose she would get any reply, even a single *zip* out of us; in the second and third cases she was sinister, and foolish just the same, a messy combination.

But she had persisted. Four or five times that day, undeterred by our silence, she repeated her overtures. She was confident enough we were within receiving distance. She had that much of a line on us.

No wireless message can be sent from a ship in these days without the captain's actual participation. Messages can be received, but not despatched. The transmitting-apparatus is controlled from the captain's cabin. It is well known that a ship approaching the English shore usually sends a message in code to her owners when she is something less than a day from port. By the strength of the radio waves the source of any message can be computed as to both its distance and its direction with sufficient accuracy for many purposes. Now, suppose a day earlier that same ship could be induced to respond to a message, if only so far as refusal to communicate. A line drawn between the two calculated positions would indicate about where she was heading into the channel. Simple and clever, if only a ship would "fall for it"; but foolish in its knavery, because its one essential condition can't be induced from a skipper.

Or, suppose toward another and later nightfall an escorting destroyer wigwagged you: "Submarines are operating to southward of the Smalls. Will probably try the Irish Sea to-night," and the course you had laid was a little to the northward of the Smalls, which are a very small group of islands off the southwest coast of Wales; and so you conferred with the destroyer by wigwag, and as the darkness came on, making wigwagging obscure, by brief morsing in the half-light, before darkness made such communication indiscreet, and so altered your course, and entered the Irish Sea in the night at a different angle; and along toward morning an S. O. S. signal was received from some ship that said she was attacked by a submarine off the Smalls or off the Scillies,—the message being mangled in the spelling of this vital information, perhaps by accident and perhaps to betray you into an inquiry,—would n't you suspect that a submarine itself might once again have been trying to get into the same old game of surmising direction and distance from radio waves? You might be confirmed in your suspicion if a shore station near you now took up the query, but could get only confused replies to its code questioning.

Or, suppose once again, that you were at sea in the war-zone and high-frequency, high-power, regular Telefunken tone sparks came trickling into your wireless room. Somebody was lonesome about a

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hundred miles away from you, rather off your path, but still only a hundred miles away, and tried all kinds of code calls with nobody paying any attention to him, and kept it up for twelve hours. Suppose finally a land station took the mysterious stranger on by answering him, and was given a lot of "phoney" code. The land would ask to have one word repeated, and then the lonesome Telefunken would shut down altogether. There could be a number of surmises out of the situation. A German destroyer might be trying to test out stolen code to see if it was usable at this date; it might be wanting answers from ships and not from land stations; it might fear it had given away its own position to hostile destroyers. Anyway, your lookout would just naturally be a little sharper through that night's run.

These are the kind of wireless things that happen, that are the average happenings of any run across.

The real measure of all such matters is the amount of strain involved. If the strain could be made continuous throughout the voyage, instead of being lifted, largely, once the war-zone off England and Ireland is passed and done with, so much the worse for the ship and the better for the enemy.

Americans and Englishmen have pretty well learned just what kind of reports to discount. But if a French land station warns you of an enemy raider one day, and an English land station warns you of an enemy raider the next day, and the positions assigned the raider are four hundred and twenty miles apart, it is sound for the American ship notified to assume that there is an enemy raider out and that she is fairly speedy; and if the second message gives her position as straight across the course the American ship is heading on, but twelve hours ahead of you, tension of lookout increases; because though supposedly twelve hours earlier she crossed your course at right angles, still, her course might have been altered, and there might be a show-up and a show-down any minute.

Suppose you are blithely hiking along on the last leg of a trip across, with a destroyer on each side, and port two hours off, perils over and the passengers exchanging shore addresses down on the promenade-deck. That is the time you tend to throw sea strain over the side and make sure the steward has pressed your shore clothes. And just then the destroyer that has forged a little ahead hoists the signal in the old international code. It says: "Stop. You are standing into danger." A nice place to stop. Speed is your greatest safety. But the ship stops. Meantime the commander watches the destroyer's signal halyards impatiently.

"What the devil does he want? I don't want to stay stopped out here. Put her on 'Slow.' We have n't blundered, have we? We are in the swept course." But it is mines this time. The destroyer's flags flutter, her signal-man begins wigwagging, and through the gray we make out, "Get outside a radius of four and a half miles north of the ——— and steer 308 degrees true for ——— light." A different leg is calculated, the course is altered, the unexpected shift in mine-fields is taken care of, and our thoughts decide to stay with the ship until she is at the landing.

But it is not we, aboard a fast liner, living in luxury, though running to perhaps the same death, who face the menace of the submarine; it is the men aboard the eight- and ten- and twelve-knot freighters who are in both greater peril and greater discomfort all the time than we are.

And the children going to sea in a steady stream because they are too young to fight. From fifteen on up they seem to increase in number every voyage. I know one lad of sixteen who had been torpedoed three times by May, 1917.

Days and nights go by, and trips and voyages go by, sometimes, with never a sign or sight of a submarine. I know ship's officers who have traveled constantly through the zone all the last three years, and have never seen a submarine or a mine. Tale after tale of the wakes of torpedoes that just passed by are brought aboard by men from other ships and seem poorly substantiated. All this leads to a

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mood of disbelief and an attitude of triviality toward the whole thing. There are submarines, a great many of them. Heaven alone knows how many we slip past or over in the dark. Ships are sunk every week, and from time to time the infamy of shelling life-boats is perpetrated. We hear these things, we meet survivors, and our anger is stirred, but the reality is not quite there for us. One day somebody else on the bridge of our own ship sights a periscope. An eager and long-frustrated gun-crew takes a pot-shot at something a few hundred yards away. Somebody reports a white flash past our bow or stern. But nothing more comes of it. We don't like to question the seaman's eye of our own men; but we incline to josh them a little, and away from the particular man who says, "I saw," we give one another an odd look that is the equivalent of a shrug. Our precautions and our keen watch seem unnecessary, a little ridiculous, and our zigzagging a waste of time and good coal and toil.

The same mood extends to our sense of service to the country in this war. I suppose the soldier in his routine of trench and relief shelter has it, too. We don't feel we are doing our part. Nothing untoward happens. We merely get troops and food and military supplies where they are needed. We grow ashamed of sweaters and wrist-watches and socks from women we know; we feel ridiculous with our patent life-jackets handy. We wonder if some other branch of the service would not have become us more if we really wished to serve. The men who show up from other lines of service seem to us more in the thick of things. It is n't until they talk to us that we realize how the others feel the same way, too, whatever the branch of the service may be.

In the moments when a man is down his greatest irking is apt to be over the incapacity of his particular job for real service in the war. Then he shakes himself, does a little straight thinking, realizes that while luck may be monotonous, it is extremely valuable to the country, and that the ship that does n't get itself sunk, the soldier who does n't get himself killed, the aëroplane that is n't brought down, is the steady asset to the country by which the war is being won, no matter how noble the fate which makes soldier or ship or sailor or flier a temporary deficit as he or it goes to the discard for repairs or a fate beyond repairing. So only the service of a man where he is placed be unfailing, persistent, and ready for the emergency when it shall come; in other words, so only that he use pains to be steadily and increasingly competent.

The men of the merchant service in both America and England are playing up to the war as their forebears never have before, however daring their part of old may have been. They have always felt themselves the senior service, for surely men sailed to trade before they sailed to fight. But now they are the most essential service, too, even in war-time. Never before have civil populations as well as armies all over the world seen the last bushel of wheat and the last side of pork in sight as now. An army before this has laid down its arms because it had no food. But the ability of whole populations as well as of whole armies to live has never dwindled to the last bushel and the last pound as a matter of profound calculation on which hangs the ending of a war and the triumph of heroic principles. Unfortunately, for most of the countries at war or at peace that last bushel and last pound hang all the more tantalizingly because at a distance. They must be carried. And that is why the loss of a cargo-boat is almost more disastrous than the loss of a battle-ship. It would be a proud business for a man to go about, this carrying of food to the beleaguered nations in whom he believes and who are depending and dependent on him, even if the task were only one of activity and skill and perseverance in the ordinary emergencies of the sea-carrying trade, if he went about it amply protected in life and limb. But he runs the greatest of all dangers, the double peril of sea and foe. In wars before he has always sailed behind the oaken or steel walls of protecting squadrons. He does so still. The fleet is held

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at Wilhelmshaven by that other fleet outside. But the condition has been robbed of more than half its potency. The submarine has not been mastered, it has hardly been checked, and the merchantman sails almost naked to peril. The navies lie relatively inert and almost completely immune. Torpedoes are not for protected battle-ships and speedy, light-draft destroyers. All the more the merchantman has to be immediate in service, for time is the essence of his service now, and a day lost in dock or at sea is a deduction from the stores that mean victory or defeat. The merchant ship, with a gun forward and aft, or with none at all, with no change in hull and bulkhead construction, many of them built years ago with abounding faith in lucky immunities of chance, goes out to meet an unseen foe. "No sign of submarine or torpedo was seen," is the casual sentence added to more than one casualty announcement. The ships dwindle by twenty or by ten a week, and new construction does not quite keep up with the loss. The old captain with the old ship feels himself more and more one of an old guard as he returns to port and hears where seamen gather of this and that well-known name of ship and shipman gone to the bottom and familiarizes himself with the names of new ships with new names waiting for old sailors.

So this war of provisions and munitions goes on. The United States, above all, has deliberately placed herself in a position of utter dependence upon her merchant marine such as she has never known before. She has been a "self-contained" nation. A fortress within herself, she could await attack fully equipped. Now she has transplanted a highly organized population of hundreds of thousands three thousand miles away from her nearest shore, and she knows now how England and Belgium and the neutral Northern countries must feel. For she must feed and clothe and house and arm and nurse her population thousands of miles away from her sources of supply, and she looks at her merchant ships now with the regard of necessity and not, as heretofore, with the eye of possible opportunity only. Her ships have been exporting ships more than importing ships for her, so far as she used them at all. Now they are importing ships, importing to France, where the America is that for the moment we cherish the most. She is, for a part of her population, to be fed from without, that "without" being a great and perilous distance. She has always needed ships and shipmen in order to be a self-sustaining merchant; now she must have them, as England has to have them, in order to live at all. That is why her men of the merchant service walk with their keener bearing. The apologetics for their career, the discouraged attempts to explain what they are, are gone, perhaps forever. Seamen everywhere in the Allied and neutral nations are proud; but these Americans have had much more to gain than the others. Their right to exist in the American scheme is at last plain to the most local inland mind and to the most careless international mind of the seaboard that easily used other nations' ships. They pass in and out of port, grateful for convoy when it must be, glad of the destroyer or two for guardian company in the most perilous waters. If the destroyer is not available or on occasion misses rendezvous, they continue into the English Channel just the same. The deaths they die are deaths they prepare against by themselves, with no word or thought or feeling of blame if escorting naval units are outwitted in this new contest of water warfare. They are only tenacious of their identity as men of the merchant service. They want that service to be kept intact and distinct during the war. It is not naval business, this business of trade-routes and making quick turn-arounds, and carrying, carrying, carrying, for multiform needs of many peoples; it is preëminently the business that managers of lines and tramps have learned. And when the war is over, they want the merchant service to grow in tonnage, in personnel, in credit with the people, not left to sink back into inferiority with other nations' and to the old carelessness in the people's esteem.

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The Pink Crane

By KATE E. HORTON

Illustrations by George E. Giguère

ROBERTSON, rodman of the P. S. Development Company's surveying party, came to a sudden halt on the trail to camp. Ahead of him the figures of his companions wound their way through the marsh brush and disappeared behind a clump of elders. Robertson looked after them with unseeing eyes, lips puckered. He drew from an inner pocket a small note-book and, studying a page therein, added some figures with a stubby pencil, tapping with forefinger on the edge of the book for emphasis as he did so.

"One sixty-one — sixty-two — Friday, sixty-three. One hundred and sixty-four days!"

He drew breath in a grimace that parted his small full, withal firm, lips, and then, transferring the surveying-rod clutched under one arm to his hand, tapped it up and down on the toe of his boot.

"One hundred and sixty-four days in this hell of a country, and it looks like we 'd be one hundred and sixty-four more."

With a grunt of disgust he returned the book to his pocket, standing for a moment to sneer at the passionless landscape about him—the gray brush and the gray sky between the rugged bulk of gray mountains.

He frowned at the tangled maze of marsh brush through which their line was still to go. As "Babe," the youngster axman of the party, had expressed the views of all that morning, the country was "getting on his nerves."

"Getting on his nerves!" Robertson shrugged fretfully and plodded on.

How different it all had been five months before, when the party had set out, leaving the haunts of men behind them. What pranks they had played then, bubbling over as they were with animal spirits! How they had laughed at their own and one another's misfortunes! How joked over a delayed meal or a broken cot! Friendships had formed and deepened between them: Gerhardt, chief of party; the rodman, Robertson; "Babe," the axman; and Brooks, the silent transitman. But all that was long ago, before the country had "got" them, before they realized the meaning of "nerves" or experienced the hell of a home-haunted night. Now the cords of friendship, still remaining, chafed; a man's peculiarities were an affront; a tone of voice could madden or a twist of feature fan a growing hate. Even the chief, Gerhardt, by nature genial to the point of heartiness, had in these latter days acquired a certain edge to his ready smile.

While Robertson, scowling, pursued his solitary way to camp, the men of the party, a few minutes before him in reaching that haven after a heavy day, filed silently into the mess-tent and took their places on the benches down each side of the long oil-cloth-covered table. Gerhardt, last to enter, lowered himself with a drawn-out sigh of content into his seat at the head. His full, red cheeks shone from their recent encounter with soap and water, and his dark hair, wet and glistening above his low brow, showed in tiny ridges the imprint of a comb.

"Where 's Robertson?" he asked, looking down the table.

As if in answer to his name, Robertson entered the tent and silently stepped over and into his place. An air of suppressed excitement hung about him.

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"I say, boys, what do you think I just saw on my way in?"

He looked about the table almost gloatingly. The men, arrested thus in the business of eating, held knives and forks suspended.

"Well, shoot!" growled one, scraping a hobnailed boot across the floor.

Robertson leaned out over the table and spoke, a note of triumph in his voice:

"A *pink* crane!"

Silence, subtly portentous, greeted this announcement. Robertson, waiting, full of pleased expectancy, felt his triumph oozing from him. With an almost shrinking movement of effacement he sat back in his chair, his lips tightly compressed. Gerhardt's laughter boomed down along the table to him.

"Ha! ha! that 's good, boys! Saw a *pink* crane! Ha! ha! ha!"

A flash of eyes under lowered lids showed Gerhardt to Robertson — head thrown back, mouth wide open, his cachinnations pealing forth.

"What a fool I was!" he thought. "The way the boys are guying lately, I might have known they would n't stand for a pink crane."

Impassively he lowered his eyes to his plate, but before him the image of Gerhardt persisted, derisive, jeering. His fingers closed; in imagination they grasped the catsup-bottle before him and thrust it down into Gerhardt's red and gaping throat. With expressionless face, lips close together, he carefully helped himself to the corn and beans from the heavy dishes at his elbow.

"You 've got to make allowances for him, boys,"—the voice next him lowered in mock sympathy,—"it 's this country making him see things you or I can't see."

"I thought he 'd been acting kind o' queer lately,"—Gerhardt's voice, muffled through its hardly controlled merriment, told of wistful solicitude,—"we must bear with him, boys."

The boom of his laugh that followed flayed Robertson's face to a yellowish pallor. With painstaking care he lifted a forkful of beans and fell to masticating.

"Do you think," said one, leaning confidentially across the table, nodding a sad head in the direction of Robertson, "he 'll get over it? I knew a fellow once,"—the man raised the catsup-bottle in his hand to his lips and winked as he drew an imaginary draft, — "that was always seeing snakes."

Robertson with an effort managed to beat back the impulse to wince as the storm of ridicule closed once more about him; but his hand, reaching for a biscuit, trembled.

The youthful "Babe," blue eyes beaming, raised a gleeful voice above the others.

"He 's harmless, fellows; it 's just his way of entertaining us."

"Wal, I don't know," a heretofore silent axman drawled in affected nasal tones, "I seen a red cow oncet."

Back and forth, over and around, their gibes and jeers assailed the silent Robertson. Outwardly impassive, he met the waves of ridicule, eating, drinking, lifting now his fork, now his glass, to whitened lips. As he ate quietly, painstakingly, he whispered to himself: "Don't play the fool, don't answer the poor boobs. They 'll soon get tired of this."

And so it followed. The men, their flow of wit at length exhausted, returned to eating, Gerhardt alone breaking now and again into deep subterranean chuckles, wagging his head at Robertson and crying *sotto voce,* "Oh, Lordy! a pink crane! a *pink* crane! Oh, Lordy! Lordy!"

That night in the tent they shared together Robertson listened non-committally to Gerhardt's tales of past hunting exploits as the latter cleaned a favorite rifle.

"Say, Robertson, we ought to be in the goat country pretty soon." Gerhardt, holding the rifle toward the lantern's light, squinted through its gleaming barrel. "Lord! would n't I like a shot at one of 'em!" He lowered the gun and, holding it between his knees as he sat on the edge of his cot, inserted a wisp of blackened rag at the end of a ramrod and worked it up and down within the gun-barrel.

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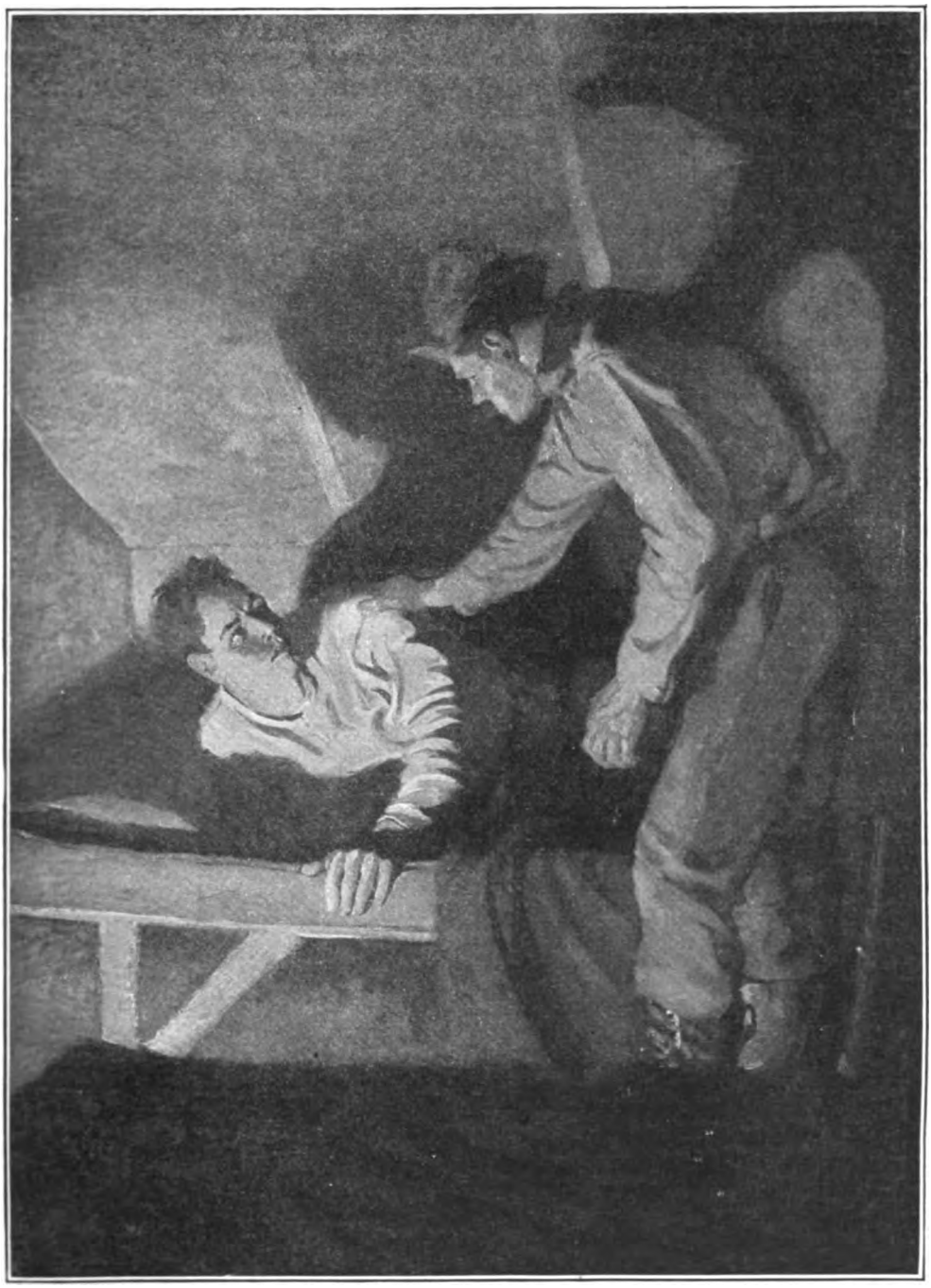

" 'ROBERTSON,' HE SAID, PUTTING A HAND ON HIS SHOULDER, 'FORGET THE LAUGH I GAVE YOU THE OTHER DAY.—WE 'RE EVEN NOW,—AND TELL ME, YOU DID SEE THE PINK CRANE, DID N'T YOU?' "

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"Ever shoot big game, Robertson?"

Robertson, unlacing his heavy boots, head bent, grunted unintelligibly. With a kick he freed his feet and, rising, bent over his cot, pulling back the blankets.

With a glance in his direction Gerhardt chuckled.

"Only pink cranes in your line, eh, Robertson?" he said, and rolled backward on his cot, shaking silently.

Robertson, stretched out full length, drew the blankets close up about his neck, and turned his face to the wall.

It was some days after that Gerhardt, late one evening in coming into camp, hurried through his nightly ablutions and walked with swinging stride into the mess-tent. After looking about the table with a certain air of mystery and importance, he seated himself in his place at the head. His eyes sparkled, and his ruddy cheeks glowed like a girl's. He looked slowly up and down as if to see that all were there, and then leaned toward Robertson, quietly eating at the farther end.

"Robertson," said Gerhardt in clear, heavy tones that held an unwonted note of gravity. He paused as the men instinctively raised their heads and listened. "Robertson, I owe you an apology." Again he paused. Robertson, coolly listening, turned his head and waited with the rest.

"What do you think *I* saw to-day?" His voice lowered. "A pink crane!"

Robertson smiled faintly and, lifting his cup of black coffee, spoke over its lip to Gerhardt.

"You did? Well, *I* did n't."

There was a moment of silence. Gerhardt's mouth opened childishly. He stared at Robertson, who calmly tipped the cup of coffee at his lip and drank with even gulps.

Delighted squeals and howls greeted this return of Robertson's.

"Poor old Gerhardt!" the men chortled, the nearest slapping him affectionately upon the back.

"He 's got 'em, too."

"A pink crane, eh? And Robertson admits he never saw one."

"Haw! haw! haw!"

"Says he, 'I owe you an apology, Robertson,' just like that. O mother!"

"Did you lend him those rose specs of yours, Robertson?"

"He must have been dreaming of pink cranes since Robertson told us that yarn."

"He 'll get over it; Robertson did," "Babe" shouted ecstatically.

Gerhardt, his cheeks turning from red to white and red again, stared down the table at Robertson, who stared coolly and as silently back.

"Robertson," said Gerhardt with slow distinctness, "you know you saw one. It 's about the same time of day—at the head of the lagoon, due east of Widow's Peak. I was pushing along on an old trail—"

"Yah! yah! listen to him rave, boys!"

"Robertson," Gerhardt raised his voice above the tumult.

"I tell you," Robertson shouted back, "I never saw a pink crane."

"Yah! yah! he never saw a pink crane!"

"He never hopes to see one,
But I can tell you, anyhow,
He 'd rather see than be one,"

"Babe" paraphrased shrilly.

"Easy, boys! easy! He might get violent."

"I tell you, boys," said Gerhardt, turning to them, his face a painful red, the gleam in his eye like that of a baited bull, "I swear, as true as I 'm sitting here, I saw—"

"Agree with him, boys! agree with him! It does n't do to cross 'em when they 're like that."

"Sure, Gerhardt, we believe you. Of course you saw a pink crane. Remember once I saw a whole flock of 'em on the barn at home—curious sight. Ha! ha! ha!"

"There, there, Gerhardt, have a biscuit. Nice boy!"

But Gerhardt, stumbling to his feet, shook off their arresting hands and made for the open door, his fingers tugging at the collar of his woolen shirt. He paused at the threshold and, turning, looked back at Robertson as if to make a last appeal; but meeting the latter's cool, impersonal gaze, he wheeled and bolted out. A grim

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smile played about the corners of Robertson's firm mouth as he continued his meal; but the men, their spirits somewhat dashed, ate silently.

Late that night Gerhardt entered the tent where Robertson lay, a blanket-shrouded figure upon his cot. He crossed to him in a few quick strides, and stood looking down at the closed eyes of his tent-mate.

"Robertson," he said, putting a hand on his shoulder, "forget the laugh I gave you the other day,—we 're even now,—and tell me, you did see the pink crane, did n't you?"

Robertson opened his eyes and looked up at Gerhardt and at his shadow grotesquely flung by the lantern's rays across the top of the tent. Then he closed them slowly, shook his head, and snored deeply, peacefully.

Gerhardt turned from him and, crossing to his own cot, relaxed wearily upon it. For an hour or more he sat there, head in hands, elbows on his knees, and then, putting out the light, crept into bed without a second glance at the still figure opposite.

The surveying party of the P. S. Development Company steadily, foot by foot, slow mile by slow mile, pushed their line southward through the marsh brush. Day followed day, and the men worked and ate and slept and bickered irritably among themselves. Before, their chief Gerhardt's unfailing good humor had helped far more than they had realized. His ruddy, jovial face and ringing laugh had kept them all in line when a show of discipline would have failed. But now a Gerhardt quite unfamiliar to them directed dully the day's work. He seldom smiled and never laughed. Every night after the day's work he followed a certain formula that never changed. At table in the mess-tent, at the end of a silent meal, he would address Robertson in a low, contained voice and ask him to admit that he had seen the pink crane even as he had done so.

"Robertson," he would say, a certain dogged persistence in his tones, "are you ready yet to tell the boys here and me that you saw a—pink crane?"

Robertson, with averted eyes would shrug his shoulders or shake his head, his obstinacy growing with Gerhardt's persistence. And Gerhardt, after a moment of patient waiting and painful scrutiny, would push back his chair and leave the tent to wander out into the brush, no one knew where. Late at night he would enter his tent, still shared by Robertson, and drop with evident exhaustion upon his cot, where the other could hear him tossing, twisting, turning till break of another day.

As this continued, the glow of health faded from Gerhardt's cheeks. His eyes, now bloodshot, were underlined with heavy shadows. Weeks passed, and his clothes hung loosely on him as after a long illness. He finally ceased his nightly questioning of Robertson. Instead, his eyes, furtive, bright as with fever, would scan the latter's face intently.

Robertson, too, showed signs of strain; but his lips only drew to a more obstinate line, his nostrils became pinched. And yet he pitied Gerhardt deeply, sincerely, and anathematized the spirit within him that made it impossible for him to give in. Sometimes when he felt Gerhardt's eyes upon him—and at times they were pitifully eager, almost pleading—he strove to break through the obstinacy that held him in a grip of steel; but his voice, though summoned, never came.

When one night toward midnight Gerhardt stumbled into the tent, worn, spent, his hair in long, unkempt locks upon his brow, and threw himself with all the abandon of a tortured spirit across his cot, Robertson struggled to his feet, hands outstretched, face working, but suddenly sat down again, the words unsaid.

Then Gerhardt at length abandoned his work with the party. The transitman now kept his books, and Gerhardt, leaving camp before the rest were up, his rifle on his shoulder, roamed until nightfall up and down the marshy banks of the winding lagoon. They could hear him sometimes plunging through the brush, or

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catch sight of him forcing his way through a network of branches, head down, pushing, threshing his way through like some wild animal. But if it was the pink crane he sought so tirelessly, he evidently failed of his purpose, for every night he came in empty-handed, and during the days thus spent they heard no shot. But, indeed, if crane there was, the very sight and sound of him, so roughly invading the stillness of the swamp, must have long since frightened it away.

He carried himself now with a marked stoop. His skin, once as fresh as a girl's, had yellowed. He looked old and broken. The men, attempting to remonstrate with him and harshly silenced, now waited for they knew not what to end this ghastly sequence to a joke.

As for Robertson, he kept up his work with the others, but he, too, changed perceptibly. His cheeks, never full, grew thinner, the hollowed lines deepened. He fell into the way of watching Gerhardt furtively beneath lowered lids even as Gerhardt watched him.

As the weeks passed, the surveying party, skirting the upper arm of the lagoon, ran their line on across a barren upland, the desolation of which, even greater than the miles of marsh brush, bit and ate like some deadly corrosive deep into their souls. Twice their camp was changed. Gerhardt, following like a dog, at first made daily trips back to the now distant lagoon, but later, forced to abandon these, passed his time in camp, silently in his tent, or pacing head down before it.

Step by step the line advanced, and late one afternoon the surveying party ended their work for the day a stone's-throw from the bank of the lagoon. They had come out of a tangle of brush through which they had cut their way into an open stretch that led to the water's-edge. It was a dry creek-bed and strewn with stones and boulders. The men, resting a moment before the return walk to camp, seated themselves on the boulders and talked in undertones. Robertson paced out into the clearing a few feet from them and stood silent, hands in pockets. He looked out over the stagnant waters of the lagoon and then upward to the gray-white sky, somewhat lighter in the west, where a range of mountains reared their peaks. Behind him the men's voices came at intervals. He listened as he heard "Babe's" voice.

"I think somebody ought to write the office about the chief. If there was only a way to get him out of here!"

"If you 're going nutty, a country like this does n't help none, and that 's a fact," said the transitman, with conviction.

From up the creek-bed the marsh brush crackled. The men started and then sat still as Gerhardt stepped through the brush into the opening and came toward them. He carried his rifle in his hands as if about to bring it to his shoulder.

"He could n't have heard us that far away," "Babe" whispered fearfully.

The others shook their heads, and then fell to talking hastily, at random.

But Gerhardt, his eyes on Robertson still standing apart, seemed unaware of their presence. He came on heavily.

"Robertson—"

Robertson wheeled and faced him.

"I 've had you covered for the last hour—from back there in the brush." Gerhardt jerked his head back over his shoulder in the direction from which he had come. His eyes burned in a face chalky white, and he wet his dry lips. "But I 'll give you one more chance." He stopped a few paces from Robertson and carefully raised his rifle to his shoulder, taking aim. "One more chance—to say—you saw—that—pink—crane."

Robertson stared into the glittering eyes, now almost unrecognizable, and at the moisture beading slowly on his brow. Dumbly he stared into the black barrel of the rifle pointed toward him.

Gerhardt shifted impatiently.

"You—" he muttered thickly.

Robertson's lips tightened. He stood stiffly, his hands at his sides, staring into the round, black hole at the end of the shining barrel. He felt the labored breathing of the other and the fumbling of his hand upon the trigger.

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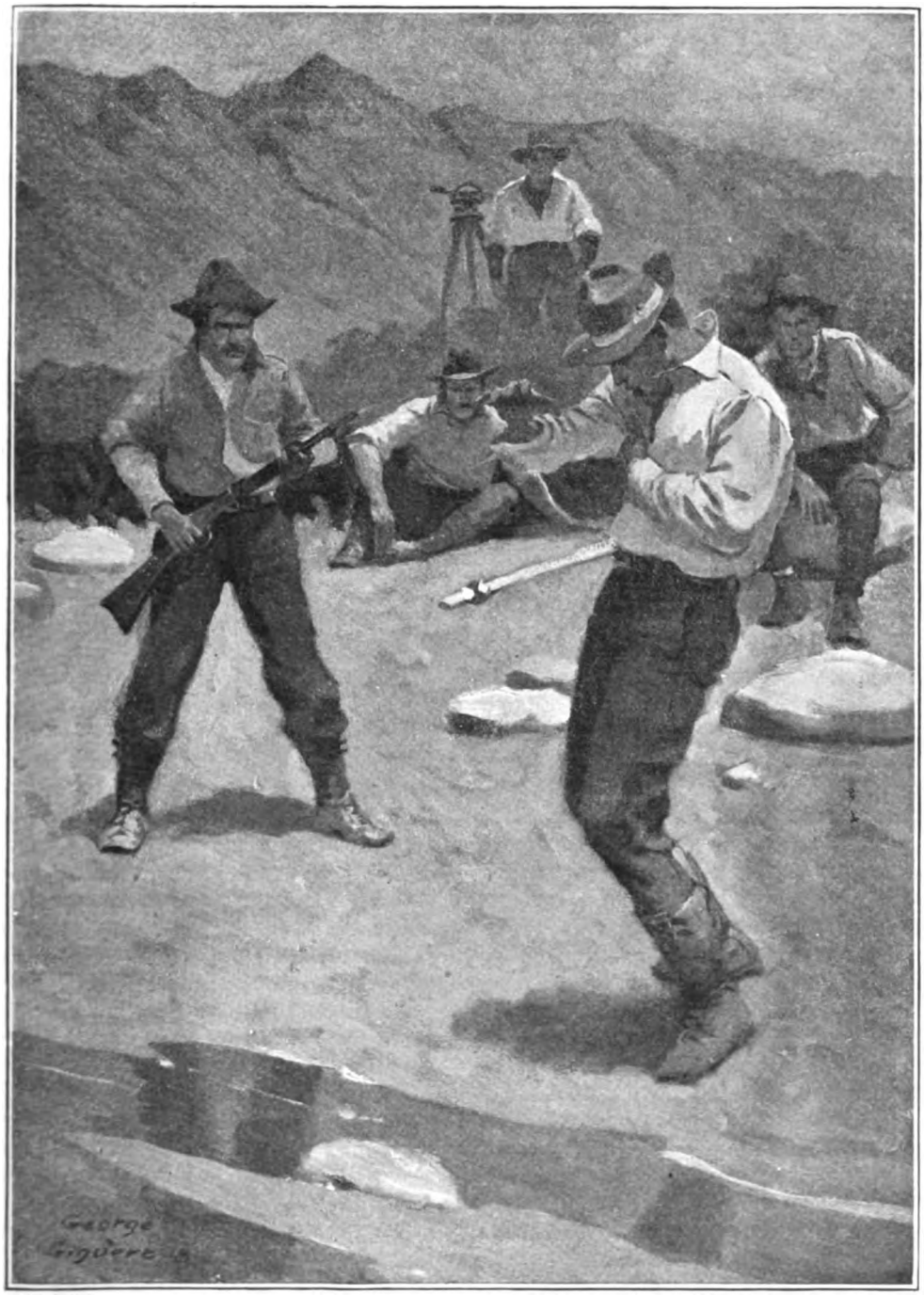

"A SUDDEN FLASH, A SHARP REPORT, AND ROBERTSON SLIPPED SLOWLY TO HIS KNEES UPON THE SAND"

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"So my time has come," he mused, "and all because I can't say one word to Gerhardt—and that one the truth." The current of his thoughts shifted; his lips almost lifted in a smile. He thought of the time when as a youngster his father had threatened to give him a whipping he "would n't forget," and of how he had cried passionately as the whip descended, "I *will* forget! I *will* forget!" So his stubborn pride had brought him to this.

Somewhere overhead the clear notes of a meadow-lark sounded. The call was somewhat different from those of the meadow-larks he remembered, but marvelously sweet, and full of the joy of spring and living. Between his eyes and the round, black hole before him a tiny brook now gurgled in the sunshine. He was wading there, his trousers rolled up high, his long, thin legs in water to his knees, his bare feet clinging to the hollows of the rippling sand.

A sudden flash, a sharp report, and Robertson slipped slowly to his knees upon the sand, one arm across his breast, his fingers clutching at the folds of flannel shirt beneath his arm-pit. His face, turned from Gerhardt and the rest, stared blankly straight in front of him and toward the marsh brush. The men, arrested in the act of rushing to him, as if held by some potent spell, followed his gaze to the water's-edge and a clump of brush now quivering and bending in an agony of motion. A last violent spasm, and from out the tangle, long neck stretched forward, legs raised high in awkward haste, half stepped, half fell, a pink crane. As it stood there an instant at amazed and shocked attention, like an old gentleman suddenly aroused from an afternoon nap, a stray shaft of sunlight from the lowering sun turned the lagoon to silver and deepened the bird's pink feathers to a roseate glow. It showed against the water's light as pink as an apple blossom on a baby's cheek.

A sudden movement from Gerhardt, and his gun dropped to the ground, the barrel nosing deeply in the sand. The startled crane lurched forward, its heavy body rising slowly to indignant beat of broad, pink wings; and neck stretched forward, legs back, like the rudder of a ship, it sailed away, gaining headway as it flew until it disappeared a small pink speck against low-lying marsh brush.

Robertson, still on his knees, crumpled slowly to the ground and lay quite motionless. Later, struggling back to consciousness, he felt the supporting arms of "Babe" and heard the voice of Brooks, the transitman.

"Lost a lot of blood while we were mooning over that pink crane; but, thank God! it 's only a flesh wound."

A sound, half-cry, half-sob, followed these words of Brooks, and Robertson, raising heavy lids, saw Gerhardt a few paces distant sink upon a boulder and bury his face in his hands. Hastily he looked away across the lagoon, now gray again in the rapidly fading light.

The men shifted their positions, stirred uneasily. "Babe" alone broke the silence.

"My sister had a pink crane wing once —on a hat." He mused reminiscently. "Her beau sent it to her from Florida. They say they 're awfully scarce."

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A TIFLIS TYPE, HALF GEORGIAN HALF RUSSIAN

Russian Women and Their Outlook

By EDWARD ALSWORTH ROSS

Author of "Soil Hunger in Russia," etc.

IF curbing one's inclinations for duty's sake is a sign of character, then over most of the world women have more character than men. Certainly in the enervating climates, among the *mañana* peoples and through the belts of spiritual hookworm, the women show themselves the stronger sex. They know no more than the men, but they are truer to their purpose, more faithful to what they conceive to be their duty. In the most advanced peoples, to be sure, this moral superiority of the female sex lessens or disappears altogether. No one would be so rash as to maintain that the women of the United States or of western Europe are as much better than their men folk as are those of South America or of the Orient. While our men have found means of fortifying and stabilizing male character, they unwittingly sap female character by condemning to corroding idleness a considerable portion of their women folk—the portion, too, that the rest look up to and pattern after. Thanks to the invasion of the home by factory product and to the social taboo on the married women earning outside the home, ten or fifteen per cent. of the wives of active breadwinners have nothing serious to do their lives long but bear and rear from one to four children, the household industries which kept their grandmothers busy and responsible having gone by the board. No wonder that among well-to-do people the daughter-of-the-horse-leech type is more in evidence than you find her in any of the earlier stages of social development. The machine has turned more women into parasites than ever human slavery did. That so many women of ease are refusing to serve longer as dummies upon which vain men may drape the tokens of their financial success, that they are coming out of their dolls' houses in order to take a hand in the serious business of life, is simply another proof of how hard it is to spoil the sex.

Let one visit war-worn Russia if one would measure the moral superiority of women. For a year the streets, public conveyances, and resorts have been full of idling men in uniform. Wherever you traveled you found that a third or more of the passengers by rail or boat were soldiers. Regular drill seemed to have been given up. Aside from the few who sought to earn a little by odd jobs, the millions of khaki-clad not at the front did nothing

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but eat, sleep, and amuse themselves. In sharpest contrast with this vast compulsory demoralization was the presence of toiling women in unwonted places—women plowing, haying, reaping, wielding pick and shovel on highway or railroad, filling the engine-tender, washing cars, carrying the hose along the roof of trains, pushing baggage-trucks, even offering themselves as porters to carry luggage, collecting fares on trams, punching tickets on trains, controlling traffic on street corners, serving behind post and telegraph wickets, clerking in banks and business houses, and rarely gaping, gossiping, posing, preening, or seeking notice, but attending gravely to their new duties and doing their best to make good on the job.

Enter any public office, and you would notice a fourth or a fifth of the men employees chatting or fussing with their cigarettes, their tea, or their newspaper, while the young women, with a little anxious pucker on their brows, were absorbed in their work. Often the male clerks waited upon the public with ill-concealed boredom and superciliousness, whereas the female clerks never seemed to forget that they were there to serve and answered with gentle directness and painstaking lucidity the inquiries addressed to them by rough working-men and peasants.

In vodka days, of course, it was seldom that women besotted themselves. But hardly will this be counted unto them for righteousness, for, the world over, women are so much freer than men from vicious self-indulgence that the latter pretend woman is exempt from the cravings that torment the other sex. In Russia there are still signs of an illicit traffic in liquor, but never are women mixed up with it. Officers, who during the recent crumbling of military discipline might be expected to feel keenly their responsibility, would deliberately put an enemy into the mouth to steal away their brains. I have seen a drunken major in a street in Samarkand bring shame on his uniform before the soldiers and natives, I have known a captain, traveling with his men in the Caucasus, to fill himself with boot-legged, home-made alcohol at a station, and the rest of the night make a beast of himself on the train; but never have I seen a Russian woman so lacking in self-control as to let herself become a public scandal.

Through this time of strain and discomfort the behavior of the women has been altogether admirable. Without complaint they stand or lie on the pavement in a long queue for two nights and a day in order to get shoes or cloth for the family. Good-humoredly they struggle with men for places on the platform of the tram-cars or, without a word of outcry, perilously cling to the lowest step. Through the wearisome nights on the packed trains I never saw them inconsiderate in the bestowal of themselves or their belongings, which is more than one can say of the men. Two women curl up in an upper berth in order to leave more room for the men below. When we came into a coupé in which every place to sit was "taken" and faced a night on our feet, we could tell from the tiny frown that soon showed itself in the face of some woman that she was contriving how to solve the problem of these forlorn "Americanski." Presently, by repiling the luggage, or getting another woman into an upper berth, or inducing men to take turns with us in reclining in a corner seat, or discovering that some one would be getting off three stations farther on, she had us provided for. Did the mob of famished passengers collar all the food in the station buffet before we could make our wants known, some woman would play raven to our Elijah. Were we in trouble about getting a ticket, locating a hotel, or making ourselves understood, it was usually a woman who took our case to heart and worried about us. Russian men are quite as good fellow-travelers as men anywhere, but Russian women, in their way of combining a firm insistence on their own rights with a scrupulous respect for the rights of others and a practical interest in the welfare of others, seem like citizens of some Altruria to come.

The wholesome faces of the sturdy

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country women who in this time of food shortage sell edibles at the station-platforms express good-will toward the customer, coupled with anxiety lest he take advantage of their clumsy mental arithmetic. They are so honest that several times they have made a commotion to attract my attention when I have paid too much or left my purchase behind at the starting-bell of the train. Often I have handed them too much change to see what they would do, and always they have returned the excess. Only once did a woman huckster try to get the better of me.

Two and a half centuries under the Tatar yoke caused the position of women in old Muscovy to be almost Asiatic. Only two hundred years ago Peter the Great found the women folk of the upper classes confined to the *terem,* or attic rooms, as if they were inmates of an Oriental harem. Yet somehow the sex has come forward so rapidly that in the novels and plays of the great Russian writers, such as Pushkin, Turgenieff and Tolstoi, it is the *woman* who shows character, while often the man is puling, hesitant, ineffectual. The hero talks endlessly about his hopes and ideals, but lifts no finger to realize them. His good resolutions evaporate in talk. In the end it is the heroine who, without saying much, sees the wise thing to do and does it.

"Why is it," I asked an eminent literary woman, "that your great writers portray the woman as the stronger character? Were they, then, feminists at heart?"

"Not at all," she replied. "They simply pictured Russian life as they found it."

The agent of an American implement company visiting one of the big farms in central Russia found the foreman riding about on horseback and cracking a long whip over the heads of the women driving the oxen yoked to the plows and harrows. The agent stopped the foreman to talk with him about seeders, and the women, on reaching the end of the field, quit work and lay down. No doubt this is far from typical, but even in the cities one is struck by the absence of chivalry in man's treatment of woman. Never did I see a man in a tram-car rise and offer his seat to a woman, although I *did* see a woman offer her seat to a rosy-cheeked seminarist; and the budding priest took it! It is not uncommon to see a woman holding a baby stand while the seats are occupied by men, most of them hulking soldiers with nothing to do but take free rides all over the city.

The probable explanation is that the Slavs, lying far to one side, missed the influence of the crusades and of the knightly orders they begot. The modern chivalrous attitude toward women is the lineal descendant of the ideal of knighthood which sprang up in the medieval castles of western Europe. Modified into the "gentleman" ideal, it has been democratized until the old coarse peasant attitude toward women that one still finds among rural Germans and Slavs has well nigh disappeared.

It is customary to laud this male chivalry as a priceless possession, but what I have seen in Russia raises doubts. Would her women be so splendidly independent and self-reliant as they are if they were favored and shielded as are many American women? Russian men seem disposed to give women a square deal, but nothing more. Would it be well for them to have more? Does not our chivalry often hinder the development of American women, as, for example, in the case of the wife whose husband keeps from her all his financial cares, with the result that if she loses him she faces the world without a grain of business judgment? In our South we see that chivalry is mostly for the leisure-class women, and they pay for it by being hedged in and in a way subjected to their men folk. I have long suspected that our women would make a capital bargain if they could trade off chivalrous favors for equal rights, and what I see in Russia deepens that suspicion. Certainly Russian women have never for one moment coveted special consideration from the other sex. What they have striven passionately for is freedom, equality of opportunity; and now, having these, they insist they can take care of themselves.

Of course sociology enjoins a special re-

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gard for maternity. The expectant or burdened mother ought to be favored wherever she goes. No rational people will ever yield up its potential mothers to machine industry or war as it yields up its men. At ticket-windows and in entering public conveyances the physically weaker sex will perhaps be best protected from being brutally thrust aside not by male chivalry, but by the principle of equal individual rights, which shields women not as females, but as members of a physically weaker class, which includes also the aged and the very young. All this, however, is quite other than insisting that a woman with a man must never pay for her own lunch or theater-ticket.

Chivalry is sex saturated, so there may be a subtle connection between the absence of chivalry and the remarkable freedom of the Russian young woman from sex consciousness. I have heard her startling frankness in discussing sex problems with men, even with casual *compagnons de voyage,* urged as discreditable to her. It ought rather to count in her favor, for I understand that she is shocked and disgusted if the man, presuming on this frankness, gives the conversation a personal turn. It is as human being, not as mere female, that she wishes to be treated. Extraordinary, too, is the self-confidence of attractive women traveling alone. In these times of railway congestion not infrequently a man and a woman, strangers to each other, will be obliged to pass the night in a sleeping-car coupé together. It is good manners to offer her the upper berth, which she occupies with perfect self-possession. No one thinks evil, nor is there any. A young American traveling on Red Cross work was startled when a pretty girl of seventeen, daughter of an official, en route to her high school, asked to share his coupé. The girl showed no timorousness, and her aunt, who had found a place in another car, never even looked in to see with what sort of man her niece was shut up for the night. Doubtless the timidity felt by many American young women in traveling alone comes from their having been so sheltered that they imagine they are in constant danger in going about unattended. But our factory girls and shop girls come to know better, and go about almost as fearlessly as Russian girls.

Old American residents insist that the "masher," no rare pest among us, is unknown in Russia. On a Caspian boat I watched the behavior of the men toward a very beautiful young woman traveling alone, and I am bound to confess that I am not sure she would have fared so well on an American boat. While the men fluttered about her like moths about a lamp, none was obtrusive or pressed his attentions to the point of embarrassing her. Hence I am not skeptical when told that the well-bred young Russian is very high in his tone with innocent young women. Case after case was cited to me of the admirer of an actress or singer taking her to a late supper, surprising her with a generous bank-note under her plate, gaily enjoying her companionship, and yet leaving her finally at her own door without making further advances or endeavoring to see her again. Such gifts from disinterested admirers are known as "luck money," and may be accepted by perfectly self-respecting young artists. Consider, too, if the following might happen in New York. Two high officers of the general staff were greatly attracted by two pretty girls at a masked ball. After the ball was over at a late hour, one of them, a prince, invited the party to his sumptuous apartments. A fine supper with champagne was served from a neighboring restaurant, musicians were brought in, and all danced till four o'clock in the morning. Then the girls were sent home in his automobile without the least improper suggestion having been made.

In the new régime rights have so liberally been bestowed on women that some of their leaders now lay claim to nothing more. "The rest," they say, "is up to us." As far back as 1872 women were admitted to the medical school of the University of Petrograd, and the zemstvos made much use of its graduates for the work they maintained among the peasants. As serfs

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the peasants were used to running to their *barinya,* or mistress, for aid, so that when the women doctors came among them there was no holding back on their part. In the war of 1877-78 the girl "medics" distinguished themselves, and in 1880 they were given the rank of "woman physician." The old régime admitted women to the schools of law, and the new régime has given them the right to practice law. For some time women have followed the profession of *agronom,* or agricultural expert, and I met a charming married woman of perhaps twenty-eight years who had had charge of the construction of a piece of railroad in central Asia! In the schools of Russia before the war about fifty-five per cent. of the teachers were women; with us the percentage is eighty. In the boys' gymnasia perhaps a tenth of the teaching force are women. Usually they are intrusted only with the teaching of languages, mathematics and science being in charge of men. In the universities, women's as well as men's, nearly all the chairs are held by men; but, so far as that goes, very few women are yet qualified to fill university chairs. The one profession from which women are hopelessly excluded is the priesthood of the Orthodox Church. The tradition of the church as to woman's place is very ancient and therefore iron. It regards her as unclean, and no woman, save, perhaps, a nun of saintly repute, is admitted behind the altar, which any man can pass at will.

Wives have full rights over their property. While the husband lives, his will prevails as to the training, education, and religion of the children; but if he dies, the mother's guardianship of them is a matter of course. The right of divorce from the unfaithful spouse is reciprocal. Women with property have long possessed the right to vote for members of the zemstvos and the municipal councils. Since last spring all Russian women have the right to vote as well as to be voted for. In the working-class organization that underlies the *sovyets* the female worker has an equal voice with the male worker. Formerly it was the son one sacrificed for, the daughters accepting the discriminations as a matter of course; but nowadays educated people aim to give the daughter as good educational opportunities as the son.

That in the general population the schooling of the sexes has been quite unequal appears from the fact that the census of 1907 showed only thirteen per cent. of the women able to read, whereas the literate males were twenty-one out of a hundred. At that time two million girls were at school. On the American basis there would have been sixteen million girls enrolled. In 1911 about three hundred thousand girls were receiving some kind of secondary education. Nearly all the girls' high schools (gymnasia) are maintained by private funds, only about a tenth of their support coming from the state. In general the girls have been kept by themselves. There are a few coeducational high schools, but they have been very slow in gaining on the other type. The new spirit of equal treatment of both sexes will probably result, however, in opening all the state high schools to girls on the same terms as boys.

As regards the admission of women to the universities and other higher schools, the old Government, animated solely by the instinct of self-preservation, dodged and doubled like a hunted creature, so that it left a grapevine trail. In 1859, when the state universities were being reorganized, all but two, namely, Moscow and Dorpat, expressed themselves in favor of admitting women on a par with men. On this hint women were admitted to the University of Petrograd and the medical academy, but the students' political movement which soon followed moved the Government two years later to close the door against women. The immediate result was a wave of migration of Russian women to the Swiss universities. In 1878 a Petrograd professor opened a private women's university which became famous. In 1897 a Women's Medical Institute was opened through private means. The Government now began to admit women into all its universities through a side door. "Women's courses"—we should call them

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"annexes"—were established, with easier entrance requirements, on account of the fact that the standard of graduation from the girls' high schools is generally a year lower than that from boys' high schools.

Up to 1905 it had been necessary to get express permission of the czar to open a higher school. In that year, thanks to the Revolution, the minister of instruction received authority to act. The feeling for giving Sonya an equal chance with Mischa had become so strong that presently in Moscow, Petrograd, Kieff, Odessa, Kharkoff, Kazan, Rostoff, and Tiflis, private women's universities sprang up. In 1906 all the state universities let in women students, but within two years the reaction was strong enough to bar them out again.

In 1911, women were given the right to win degrees in the state universities on passing the same examinations that are required of the men, and since the Revolution these universities have dropped all sex discrimination whatsoever. As soon as the girls' fitting-schools have come up to the university entrance standard, the "woman's courses" will probably die a natural death, save perhaps in the great cities. The University of Moscow has ten thousand male students, its "courses" six thousand women. Consolidated, there would be an institution with sixteen thousand students! But who wants a university with sixteen thousand students? The logical thing is for the "courses" to become a state woman's university.

In our higher institutions of learning there are about half as many women as men, and about half as many graduate. In Russia the numbers of the sexes are more nearly equal. In a given year there will be about fifty thousand women students, and between sixty and seventy thousand men students. About ten thousand men graduate annually, and between five and six thousand women.

I saw something of the girls about to graduate from gymnasia, and it was like meeting a new and higher race of beings. To a group of seniors I pointed out how unfortunate it would be if the finest young women gave themselves to careers, leaving only the second best to hand down their heredity to their children. I shall not forget the noble and delicate way in which one of the girls, after a moment's hesitation, referred, in English, to the young martyrs of the Russian struggle for liberty "who let the wife and mother in them die in order to render a supreme service to their people." These gymnasium seniors were highly individualized and refreshingly independent in manner of thinking and expressing themselves. On their animated, intelligent faces sat enthroned high resolve. In earnestness perhaps only the best third of our girl high-school graduates are on their level.

In this connection, however, one should bear in mind two things. The first is that owing to the tragic sufferings of the Russian people under autocracy, Russian students generally have been more deeply stirred and take a more serious view of life than American students. To Russians who attend American colleges the majority of our students seem shallow and frivolous. In America the outlook of the toiling mass has been so much sunnier than abroad that many of our students have innocently filled their free time with athletics, fraternity life, and "college interests," who, had they been in Russia, would have shared social aims and spent themselves nobly in the cause of freedom.

The second is that in Russia gymnasium and university draw from the same constituency. Nearly all who attend the former expect to go to the latter. In fact, ninety-seven per cent. of the boys who graduate go on to higher study. On the other hand, our American public high schools are really universities of the people, and draw from a class ten times as wide as that which is able to send its children to college. It is not to be expected that our high-school graduates would compare well with those issuing from Russian gymnasia, when many of them come from uneducated parents and bare homes. Their gymnasia, too, will note a falling off in the quality of their product when they essay the rôle of the American public high school.

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Like the French wife, the Russian wife is a good manager and knows what is going on about the place. The wife of the landed proprietor regularly accompanies her husband in his tour of inspection about the estate, but domestic she is not. German women have developed housekeeping into a fine art, so that a woman not wholly unambitious finds something satisfying in being a good *Hausfrau;* but in Russia it is otherwise. Possibly on account of cheap servants, the Russian wife is not so good a cook and housekeeper as the American wife in similar circumstances, and housekeeping has little attraction for the rising generation. One cause of the daughters' passion for education is their yearning to escape from the gray domestic round. The paying job outside the home promises to them release from kitchen bondage. As more of them gain a higher education, they will realize there are not enough careers to go around, and will look on the home with kindlier eyes. As yet there has been no attempt to dignify the domestic arts by giving them a place in the curriculum of study for girls, nor has "home making" been idealized, as it has been successfully idealized among us in the course of the last twenty years.

The master ideal of the women of the Russian *intelligentzia* has been freedom and independence, and Americans of both sexes long resident in Petrograd believe they have realized it more fully than any women in the world. Their leaders admit they have now no unjust discrimination to complain of in either law or social custom. Conventions press but lightly upon them. In these days of dear matches a young lady may stop you in the street and ask for the loan of your cigarette in order to light her own. The one foolish convention I noticed is that a woman must never be seen outside the house with the head uncovered. In one form or another the kerchief rules all classes, the result being that Russian women do not rejoice in very luxuriant hair, nor do their tresses show the glint and sheen that comes from going about bareheaded.

Among the peasants patriarchalism is dying out, owing to the liberties the "patriarch" permitted himself in respect to his sons' wives. Formerly in Russia, as elsewhere, the daughter's hand was bestowed by her parents, but now the girl must consent to the *parti* her parents have approved. More and more the girl is wooed directly, the gaining of parental consent being looked upon as a secondary matter. As always happens when the maiden is free, money considerations do not enter much into marriage.

No finer assertion of moral personality in daughters has been witnessed than the self-dedication of the young women who composed the famous "women's battalion." What thoughtful man could watch without a lump in his throat the drilling of its awkward squad, the lines of the girlish figures so tender and unmartial, the womanly garb so little suited to military exercises! The Bolsheviki wisely enough disbanded this battalion. Had Amazonism spread along the fronts on both sides, another great wing of our civilization would have crumbled. Think of the effect upon women of getting accustomed to the use of the bayonet! Upon men of becoming habituated to deadly hand-to-hand combat with women! Then, too, the example of these female soldiers, each with her capsule of cyanide of potassium to befriend her in case she fell into the hands of the enemy, seems to have been quite thrown away on the men soldiers they hoped to shame into fighting. Nevertheless, when Russia finds herself, their immortal exploit will be an inspiration to all patriots.

While the Russian women have developed rich personality, they seem to be, on the whole, less socialized than American women of like education. In the last twenty years the goal the latter have set themselves has been opportunity for service. Russian women are far less organized than American women, nor have they found so many ways of serving their community as have our innumerable women's clubs. But perhaps they will never go much by themselves, for they have come in "on the ground floor" of the countless occupational and civic associations that have

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sprung up in Russia since the Revolution. It may be their destiny is to work not apart from men, but shoulder to shoulder with them, as they always did in the secret terrorist organizations.

Why is it that here in eastern Europe, next door to Asia, the theater of the rankest male ascendency on the globe, the physically weaker sex has throughout the enlightened class gained a freedom not yet realized in western Europe or even in the United States? Why have the tillers of the soil and the workers in the mills of Russia been the last to escape from subjection while her women have been the first? One wants to know not only why these women have been more demanding, but also why their men folk have been more yielding. Why should Russian fathers recognize sooner than fathers in Germany or England their duty to give the daughter as good a schooling as the son? Why did wealthy persons, mostly men, give generously to found women's universities in order to equalize the educational opportunities of the sexes? Why did the men of the Duma last spring bestow upon the women of Russia the ballot at the same time and on the same terms as the men?

One reason is that men do not hold women in subjection from the same motive that noblemen keep peasants in serfdom and capitalists withhold legal and political rights from working-men. These latter are intent on exploitation, and as a class exploiters never lose their taste for exploitation, never relinquish their grip until forced to do so by resistance from their victims or pressure from other classes in society. On the other hand, men domineer over woman not so much in order to live off her as because they like her humble and obedient. But their cultural development may bring them to a point where they weary of the odalisk or doll and long for a creature with a richer variety of reactions. They find more zest in wooing the charmer than in buying her, in persuading the wife than in bulldozing her. The causes of the emancipation of Russian women should be sought, therefore, not only in influences that bore on the women themselves, but also in thought currents which affected both sexes.

Among the former should be reckoned the schools founded more than a century ago by Maria Feodorovna, wife of Paul, the mad czar, and mother of Alexander I. Of these perhaps the most famous is Smolni Institute in Petrograd, which became the headquarters of the "Central Executive Committee" of the *sovyets* and, after the Revolution in November, the seat of the Bolshevik Government. Thanks to these opportunities, certain daughters of the nobility received perhaps a better education than was enjoyed at that time by any girls in western Europe. About 1858 the wife of Alexander II, the emancipator of the serfs, founded gymnasia for girls which made it possible for numerous young Russian women to reach the universities, home and foreign, in time to take a hand in the political struggle of the seventies.

A quite independent factor was the influence of western European thought. Thanks to the sentimentalism and romanticism of the late-eighteenth and early-nineteenth centuries, writers like Karamzin and Zukovsky started a cult of women. Then came "advanced ideas" on the woman question. The St. Simonists and George Sand had a reverberation in Russia. Books like John Stuart Mill's "Subjection of Women" were translated into Russian, and great writers like Turgenieff ("On the Eve") gave wide currency to their ideas.

Now, such thoughts made quicker progress in Russia than in the West because here they had no high barriers of tradition to break through. In western Europe the leading social class was of military origin and bias, and, as we all know, militarism always rates women low because they are no good for fighting. But in Russia the *intelligentzia* were not militarist, and upon them the reasoned plea for woman's worth and possibilities had the effect it tends to produce upon minds unsaturated with prejudice. In fact, owing to its mortification at the backwardness of the masses, this element has always accepted

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advanced thought at par value. Some years ago I asked the great publicist Ostrogorski whether the Russian liberals expected Russia to pass at a stride from autocracy to republic.

"Yes," he replied, "they insist on having the very latest style in democratic institutions, and are terribly afraid of having yesterday's fashions palmed off on them."

The dogma of the inferiority of the female sex seems to have received its *coup de grace* in Russia in the course of the desperate and bloody struggle of a few thousand gallant and social-minded revolutionaries with the mightiest power on earth. In this amazing duel there was no courage, no fortitude, no self-devotion shown by men which was not exhibited in equal degree by women. The heroism of a Perovskaya, a Zassulitch, a Figner, and a Breshkovskaya gave a new measure of the moral worth of the female sex. During this epic combat men and women revolutionaries fought side by side without a thought of sex difference, and when last spring the surviving exiles and refugees came flooding home, no one had the effrontery to proclaim the natural political unfitness of women. As a distinguished thinker put it to me, "*Together* men and women were slaves, now *together* free."

Finally, a liberal spirit has prevailed with regard to woman's aspirations, because in a country so poor in intellectual forces as Russia there was room and to spare for all the available persons of intelligence and training. Qualified women teachers, doctors, and *agronoms* were made welcome because all were needed. There was no outcry against the presence of young women in the university or professional school because they in no way threatened to curtail the life opportunities of the men, whereas in western Europe, and to a less degree in the United States, professional men and the students in the professional schools feared lest the competition of the women would lower their earnings or narrow their field of employment.

While the advancement of women may have reached in Russia a higher peak than in the United States, let it not be forgotten that in the latter the movement is vastly broader. With us it is affecting the lives of millions of farmers' wives and daughters, whereas in rural Russia the women are regarded and treated as peasant women elsewhere are regarded and treated. The rural population has been untouched by the woman's movement, for the new ideas had no access to their minds. Nevertheless, the plowshare of war has torn up the tough sod of custom, so that the peasant women have come to realize that their lot is hard. While the men have been with the colors the women have had to do many things it was supposed only men could do, fell trees, build log cabins, thatch roofs, cap stacks, and handle stock. As a result, the peasant woman has more respect for herself, and her man has more respect for her. This, taken in conjunction with the great strides of the peasants in the direction of self-consciousness and organization, makes it likely that the near future will witness a rapid diffusion among the masses of the ideas about woman which have come to prevail in the higher classes.

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"A GIRL, SLIM AND YOUNG, WAS STANDING TIMIDLY BEFORE HIM"

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The Boomerang

By DAVID GRAY

Author of "Gallops," etc.

Illustrations by Norman Price

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I-III.—Gerald Sumner, of Elmford, Connecticut, has been traveling and loafing about Europe for several years on the pretext of finishing his study of medicine. One day at Flüelen he is forced by his two companions, Marchbanks and Mildway, to prescribe for a woman with a sprained ankle, talking with her niece through a closed door. That night he receives a letter from his father urging him to return to Elmford and practise medicine. "Jerry" knows that he has lost what medical knowledge he ever had, but he decides to go home and face the music. On the voyage he treats a Mrs. Tyler, who has an attractive daughter Grace, for what she calls a heart attack and cures her of seasickness. Arrived home, he is greeted with delight by his father and Marion, his sister, who show him, with great pride, the new wing of the house that they have fitted up as an unusually complete doctor's office and laboratory.

CHAPTER IV

WHEN Jerry recovered somewhat from the shock of the offices he decided that he must immediately have a plain talk with his father. As Marchbanks had advised, he must blurt out the whole horrible truth. It would be a fearful blow to the colonel. The long-tried patience of that good man would give way at last. There would be an explosion. It might end in his being disowned, an outcast; but it had to be.

Marion had gone to bed. The more reliable of the library clocks indicated a quarter-past ten. Jerry was sitting in an easy-chair on one side of the table. The colonel in an easy-chair on the other side was going through the New York evening papers with his glasses half-way down his nose. The psychological moment had come. With a queer, weak feeling in his knees, Jerry flung his cigar at the fireplace and cleared his throat.

"Father," he said, "there is something I want to talk to you about."

The colonel laid the paper on his knees.

"The time and money you 've spent on these offices make me very uncomfortable. I don't deserve it. The fact is, I have n't worked as I should have done. To put it plainly, sir, I 've loafed. Instead of getting down to cases and boning, I 've been getting smatterings of half a dozen different specialties. The result is I don't know anything thoroughly. I 'm about as in-

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competent to undertake a general practitioner's job as a piano-tuner." He stopped. The horrible truth was out. He looked straight ahead of him with burning face, waiting for the crash.

"Well," said the colonel after a silence that seemed eternal, "I think your frankness and modesty are very creditable, Jerry. In your place I think I should have loafed a good deal myself. I 've had a hope that you would work into some sort of specialist's practice in Elmford, but, of course, we 've got to wait and see what happens. You 'll probably have time to brush up on fundamentals before you 're troubled with patients. That 's one of the reasons why I got that library. I think it would be a mistake to give up without first making a try at it," he went on; "but if it does n't go, if the patients don't come after a reasonable length of time, I shan't want you to keep at it." He picked up his newspaper and went on reading. This was the great crash. It was almost a disappointment.

The next morning the brass sign went up, and Jerry started boning fundamentals. Emile arrived during the forenoon and was installed as office attendant, with the theoretical duty of answering the office door-bell and ushering in patients between the hours of ten and twelve and two and four.

That afternoon an east wind set in with rain that fell steadily for two days. The effect of the weather was to deepen Jerry's sense of sin and shortcoming and to quicken his ardor for medical research. During this period his attitude toward the question of patients varied from hour to hour. At times, filled with a desire to make good, he longed for pestilence, with a stricken public thronging the waiting-room. His fear was that no one would ever come. At other times, overcome with a sense of his unfitness, his fear was that they would. A book-agent rang the office bell during one of these latter states of mind and threw him into a panic.

However, on the third day the sun came out upon a refreshed and glittering world, and the natural man in Jerry began to recover his normal tone. With the office windows open and the sun streaming in, the fundamentals of medicine seemed less important and more oppressive than on the preceding days. Osler's book on practice lay open, but unread. Jerry's hand stretched out for a match to light his cigarette when Marion came in.

"Jerry," she said, "Preston De Witt has just telephoned, asking us to make up a foursome this afternoon. Will you play?"

"I don't mind," he assented, "if it 's after office hours. What has Preston turned into? I have n't seen him since he was a kid."

"I don't think I 'm crazy about him," observed Marion, "but he 's very clever. Mr. Grant has taken him into their law firm, which means a good deal, and he certainly makes the big hit with the ladies."

"The village cut-up, eh?"

"Something like that. He plays good golf."

"Well, then," said Jerry, "we 'll play together and trim him. Who is the other girl?"

"Some one I want you to meet," she answered. "Grace Tyler."

Of course the obvious thing for Jerry was to exclaim and tell about the voyage. But Jerry was not given to the obvious. Moreover, he had an instinct for jokes. He scented one ahead.

"Tyler? I don't remember any Elmford Tylers," he said thoughtfully.

"They came here only about a year ago," Marion answered. "They 're very nice people. Grace has been a great success. She 's very pretty and amusing; also she 'll have money."

"Why would n't she do for me?"

"I should think the question was whether you 'd do for her," retorted Marion. "Anyway, Preston is on the job."

"How little you know about these things!" said Jerry. "A man who is willing to take the trouble can marry any woman he likes. But don't think I 'm going to take the trouble," he added.

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"THE JOKE WAS ON. SHE WORE ONE OF JERRY'S ROSES"

"Liberty is the thing till a man is fifty. After that, some nice, adaptable little wife and home and fireside."

"You 're disgusting," said Marion.

"But," he continued, "if this fellow De Witt is unworthy of Miss Tyler, there is no reason why we should n't help her to see her danger."

"I hope," said Marion, devoutly, "that when you get it really bad, I 'll be there to enjoy it. I never saw such conceit. I wish Grace would take the trouble to show you a little attention."

"It would be very nice if she would," he said teasingly.

"Well, she won't," Marion answered. "She is too much occupied to bother with you."

Jerry smiled innocently.

"Marion," he said, "I 'll bet you a box of golf-balls that I 'll make such a hit in five minutes that she 'll propose playing with me instead of Preston."

"Are you crazy?" she exclaimed.

"Are you taking the bet?"

"Of course I am," she answered. She gave him a look of sisterly contempt and started to go.

"One minute," he called. "You and Grace have n't got anything planted on me?"

"I have n't seen her for a month," Marion answered. "She took her mother abroad, and they 've been in New York since they landed. She got back to Elmford only last night."

When she had gone, Jerry began to compose a note on his best office stationery:

DEAR MISS TYLER:

I am informed that you were really telling the truth about living in Elmford, also that I 'm to have the pleasure of playing golf with you this afternoon. Both were nice things to hear. Marion does n't know we were shipmates, and has been telling me what a haughty, far-away queen you are. Suppose we keep the fact that we were shipmates to ourselves for a while. I 'd like to put one over on little sister. If you would be willing to take me on as a partner this afternoon, it would be very nice. I think we could trim them and add a little to the gaiety of nations and the Sumner family.

Yours sincerely,

GERALD SUMNER.

When the noon whistles blew, Jerry slipped down town to the leading florist, and despatched his note with two dozen American Beauties.

Till half-past three that afternoon he toiled manfully with Osler. Then he closed the book with a bang, went to the closet, and returned with a bag of golf-clubs. He dumped out a dozen golf-balls and began to put across the rug. As he got his eye and hand together, his spirits rose. Despite his thirty-two years, Jerry was very much a boy. Why should he worry? He had told his father the truth; he was doing the best he could. If no patients came, it was not his fault. And why should they come? He had heard of young doctors waiting years for a case, and there were enough established physicians in Elmford to fight a plague. He made three excellent puts in succession. He was

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good at golf. There was no denying it. That day he felt like playing. Very likely he would get around under eighty. The thought of Grace Tyler, with her wonderful color, her delightful little nose, her charm, and youth, put him on his mettle. He putted on till ten minutes of four, then he gathered up the balls and was going to his room to change into flannels when Emile appeared.

"Monsieur," the man said excitedly, "outside in the waiting-room there is what you call one patient."

Jerry's jaw dropped.

"*Gott in Himmel!*" he muttered. What had led this miserable, unsuspecting creature to invade his office?

"Look here, Emile," he said desperately, "I have got to go at four. Tell him there is a very good doctor around the corner in Chestnut Street—Dr. Kales."

"But it is a lady," said Emile. "She wants to see you. She looks very ill."

"A lady?" he repeated. That was worse. He had a mental picture of a bent and withered crone tottering in to enumerate her symptoms. "An old lady, I suppose?" he suggested.

"Not so old," said Emile, hopefully.

Jerry looked at the clock.

"Emile," he said, "show her in and then telephone Miss Marion at the country club that I 'll be a few minutes late." He hurried to the desk, coughed formally, composed his features into his idea of a professional expression, and began to write busily on the scribble pad. The door opened. There was a rustle of a dress. He looked up. A girl, slim and young, was standing timidly before him. The details of her appearance escaped him. All he saw was a pair of violet eyes fixed on him with a look of wistful appeal.

CHAPTER V

CONFRONTED with the undeniable fact of a flesh-and-blood patient, Jerry bowed ceremoniously and in a voice like that of old Farwell, Elmford's fashionable undertaker, begged her to be seated.

The girl coughed nervously and sank into the chair and faced the desk. She was perhaps twenty, dressed with an expensive and somewhat severe simplicity in a style hardly suggestive of Elmford. For the rest she was blonde, with a mass of fair hair that seemed to be struggling to escape from under her hat; but the spell exerted by her mild, appealing eyes dominated the impression that she made upon Jerry. He noted the little cough as a possible symptom and, opening a drawer, took out an index-card and dipped his pen in the ink.

"Your name, please?" he asked, with a businesslike bruskness not unmixed with weariness, as if the routine repetition of the question had worn upon him.

"Virginia Xelva," was the answer. She noted his look of perplexity, and spelled the name, a trace of some foreign accent showing in her intonation. He entered the name and went on to the next heading.

"Address?"

"I have n't any," she said with a little embarrassment. "Just now I 'm at a boarding-house. I don't know the number. It 's down—" She looked about her as if expecting to find it in a corner of the room. "It 's three streets in that direction, then to the right."

"Willow Street?" he suggested.

"That 's it," she said, and smiled gratefully.

He wrote, "Willow Street, number unknown."

"Married?" was the next inquiry.

"No; not married."

"Children—of course not," he went on. "Nationality?"

She hesitated a moment, then answered:

"American."

He glanced up at her with an involuntary questioning in his look, but she seemed unaware of it, and he continued:

"Now, let 's see. Parents living?"

"No," she said softly.

"Cause of father's death, cause of mother's death—can you tell me?" He asked this in a softer, more paternal tone than he had used before.

"My mother died of a fever," she said. "My father was killed in an accident."

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"I see," he said gently, and went on writing. Her age she gave as twenty-one. Her color he entered as white. "Only one thing more. Occupation?"

She shrugged her shoulders.

"As yet I have none."

He drew a dash with his pen.

"And now," he said with a renewal of the professional manner, "suppose you tell me what seems to be the trouble."

"The trouble?" Perplexed, she looked at him.

"Why, yes, your symptoms. Why do you need a doctor?"

Suddenly her eyes flashed comprehendingly, and she smiled.

"I 'm afraid there is a misunderstanding," she said. "I am not a patient."

"Not a patient?" he repeated. If she was not a patient, who, in heaven, was she and what? If she was not a patient, by what right had she put him through the ordeal that he had been undergoing? He hung between righteous indignation and a desire to laugh.

"Why, no; I am very well," she said apologetically. "I came here from the agency."

He looked mystified.

"Mrs. Thompson said you had just opened an office and might want an office nurse."

"Oh, Mrs. Thompson's employment agency!"

"Yes; I suppose you don't need one. I 'm sorry to have troubled you." She stopped, with a quaver in her voice, and made as if to rise.

"Wait a minute," he said impulsively. "Are you really looking for a position for yourself?" What was in his mind was: "Are you really in need of a job? Can it be that a girl dressed as you are is hard up and has to work?"

She must have divined his thought, for she colored faintly and answered:

"I should be very glad to get something to do."

"But the only thing I could offer you is n't a trained nurse's work," he went on.

"I 'm not yet a trained nurse," she answered. "I thought if I could get a position answering the bell and the telephone I could study and learn."

"But why do you want to be a nurse?"

"Why?" she repeated. "Why, because I love it. Next to being a doctor, it seems to me the finest thing one can do." Her eyes lighted with an enthusiasm that repressed his inclination to laugh.

"But what makes you think it 's a fine thing to be a doctor?" he demanded.

"What other profession gives one such a chance to help people?" she answered. "But you 're probably making fun of me," she added. "Good doctors must know how wonderful their work is."

It was on his tongue to say, "You see, I 'm not a good doctor," but something held it back.

"The trouble with a position in my office," he went on, "is that you might n't get a chance to learn much about nursing. What you ought to do is to go to New York and take the regular course at one of the hospitals."

"I would," she answered, "only I have to support myself, and so I have to take some kind of position like this." The wistful, haunting eyes met his.

"Well," he said, "if you would care to come and help us out till something better turned up, I should be glad to have you."

She looked at him with a gratitude that left her speechless.

"The obligation is all on my side," he said quickly. He had a horrible feeling that she was going to weep.

"You are so good!" she murmured. Then she added with embarrassment: "I have n't references. I don't know any one here. I did n't expect to do this when I came to Elmford."

"That 's all right," he said cheerily. "I know as much about you as you do about me. Now I suppose we ought to be businesslike and talk about terms. What 's your idea of salary?"

"I don't suppose I 'm worth anything just now," she said hopelessly. "You 'll have to teach me everything."

"There is an advantage in not having to unlearn things," he suggested. "That ought to be worth a good deal."

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"Please let me leave the business part of it to you. Anything you say will be satisfactory, more than satisfactory."

"Well, then, we 'll call it settled. When would you like to begin?"

"Why, any time it 's convenient."

"Good! Suppose you start in to-morrow morning." He touched the bell, and Emile appeared. "Emile," he said, "Miss Xelva is going to relieve you of your office responsibilities."

She started up protestingly.

"Oh, no!" she exclaimed. "I could n't take the place away from any one."

The Frenchman grinned.

"You need n't worry about him," said Jerry. "He 's not leaving us and he 's greatly relieved to be out of the office. Miss Xelva will take charge of the office, beginning to-morrow," he went on. "Show her where to put her things. Fix that desk up for her in the waiting-room office and explain as well as you are able your extensive duties."

Emile grinned again.

"If mademoiselle is ready, I will show her now."

She turned her childlike, questioning eyes upon him as if to reassure herself that it was really as Jerry had said.

"You are very good," she murmured gratefully. "I am quite ready."

"Then I 'll leave you in his hands. I have an engagement at four," said Jerry, and retreated into the house. As he changed into his flannels he reflected on what he had done. He had hired a young woman whom he did not need, about whom he knew nothing, and who, according to her own statements, knew nothing of her job. It was not a bright thing to do.

"But you can't let a girl like that knock around the streets looking for a way to make her bread and butter," he defended himself. Just what he meant by "a girl like that" he did not take the trouble to discover. It might have been that her appearance indicated that she was not used to being thrown upon her own resources. It might have been something more psychological, something that had to do with the impression made by her undeniably extraordinary eyes. At a quarter-past four he jumped into the waiting motor-car and speeded off for his golf and the meeting with the vision.

Among other things that add to the interest of life by turning out contrary to design and expectation are practical jokes. In the theory of chances there was little likelihood that Jerry's rather boyish conspiracy to conceal from Marion his voyage with Grace Tyler would work out; but as a matter of fact it did. The suggestion embodied in Jerry's note appealed to Grace. Any suggestion appealed to Grace that tended to mortify the proprietary instincts of man. Preston De Witt was too intelligent a young man to allow his proprietary instincts to become manifest, but Grace knew that they were there, and she knew that it was good sense to run the steam roller over them when she got the chance. Moreover, it was the kind of thing that interested her and which she did well. Therefore the joke was on. She wore one of Jerry's roses. She made herself obviously delightful to him and insisted that it was unthinkable that a brother and sister should play together. As a consequence, with Jerry as a partner she defeated Preston and Marion four up and three to play. There had been few rounds of golf that Jerry had enjoyed more.

As they were having tea on the club veranda the question came up of a return match. Marion wanted revenge.

"How about to-morrow afternoon?" she suggested.

Preston shook his head regretfully. He was fearfully busy. He did n't know when he could get off again. The fact was, he had not enjoyed the afternoon.

"Why not get Budd?" said Grace.

"I hear he 's sick," said Preston. "He has n't been at the office for a couple of days."

"Sick?" said Marion. "What 's the matter with him?"

"Don't ask me," said Grace, carelessly. "I saw him for a few minutes last night. He seemed all right. But if he 's sick, he ought to see Dr. Sumner."

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"That 's the way to talk," said Marion. "Liberal commissions on all new business."

"Mother will get rich, then," said Grace, laughing. "She thinks he 's the greatest living doctor."

"Are you talking about Budd Woodbridge?" asked Jerry.

Marion nodded.

"Great Scott!" said Jerry, "you don't mean to say he 's grown up!"

"He 's twenty-four."

"Gosh!" said Jerry. "The last time I saw him he was in knee-pants. What sort of critter has he turned into? He was a nice kid."

There was silence for a moment, then Grace said:

"I think he 's quite a dear. Don't you, Marion?"

"Why, yes, of course," said Marion, calmly. "The only thing I have against him is his dancing. You see, Jerry, we all look on him as a sort of cross between a brother and a maiden aunt. He 's grown fearfully solemn."

"He did n't used to be," Jerry observed. "These girls don't seem to be very enthusiastic, De Witt. What sort of chap is he?"

Preston tossed away his cigarette with a man-of-the-world gesture.

"Why, a very good chap, very good little chap," he said patronizingly. "Plays a nice game of golf."

"We may be able to play to-morrow," said Jerry. "You telephone Budd, Marion, and if we can't get him, scare up some one else."

As Marion and Jerry drove away from the club, Marion confessed her defeat.

"I ordered a box of balls put in your locker," she said. "I hand it to you as lady-charmer."

Jerry roared with delight.

"My dear," he said, "I can't take the balls. You were up against a brace game. I came back on the same ship with the lady. We had it all fixed."

Open-mouthed, Marion gazed at him; then a woman's first thought came to her.

"Do you mean you are dashing in seriously?"

"Do you think I 'd have a chance?" he answered, laughing.

"I don't know what to think, except that you 're certainly a fox."

"Well, I 'll tell you again, as I told you the other day, that I have no idea of marrying anybody; but I also announce that I don't think De Witt will do for Grace, not by a long shot. There 's a lot of good in that girl, and if I 've got Preston's number correctly, he 's a counterfeit."

"Between you and me I think so, too," said Marion, "but all the same I 'll bet you she marries him. He 's a good deal cleverer than you think he is."

"I 'll bet she does n't," he answered. "I can't see Preston in any light. He 's the last man that could worry me if he was bucking my game with a girl."

The car stopped in front of the house. As they got out Jerry said:

"By the way, I forgot to tell you I engaged a new office attendant this afternoon. You see, Emile does n't like that kind of work, and he 'll be a great deal more useful in the house."

"But there 's nothing for him to do except valet you," said Marion.

"Oh, yes, there is," Jerry answered. "We ought to have a second man in the dining-room."

"But how did you happen to engage a new attendant? Where did you find him?"

"It 's a woman," said Jerry. "A nurse. Every doctor ought to have a woman nurse in the office."

Marion shrugged her shoulders.

"I suppose you know your own business," she said.

CHAPTER VI

As they were finishing dinner that evening, Bannock came in with a note and presented it to Jerry. Jerry asked permission to read it. Having read it, he put it into his pocket with an air of mystery and drank his coffee.

"Well," said Marion, "are n't you going to tell us what she says?"

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"I 'm afraid not," Jerry answered. "It 's of a private nature."

Marion regarded him balefully.

"Our boy has made a hit with the ladies," she observed to her father. "He 's a little above himself."

The colonel laughed. Jerry regarded her with an indulgent smile, and when they left the dining-room took his hat and went out. He returned about half-past nine, and without comment upon his absence began to set the chess-board for a game with his father. No further reference was made to the note.

It was a quarter-past ten the next morning when Jerry entered his office. He had hardly seated himself when the new office attendant came in. She was dressed even more simply than the day before, but there was color in her cheeks, and her eyes glowed with excitement.

"There is a patient to see you," she said. "He did n't want to wait. In order to keep him occupied, I took the liberty of filling out the index-card. I hope I did right."

"You did, indeed," said Jerry. He seemed to feel no surprise at the idea of the waiting patient. "I hope Emile explained things and made you comfortable?"

"Oh, yes," she answered. "He was very good."

"And you think you 're going to like your work?"

"I know I am," she answered. Their eyes met, and her color heightened a little. Her enthusiasm amused him, but he made no comment.

"Well," he said, "you 'd better show Mr. Woodbridge in."

As he said the name, she glanced at him.

"Then you 're expecting Mr. Woodbridge?"

He nodded.

"But don't let him know he was expected," he added.

"I understand," she said. She handed him the index-card and went out.

As he seated himself at the desk he glanced at the card and smiled.

"That girl is certainly quick at getting an idea," he thought.

A moment later Mr. Budd Woodbridge was standing before him, nervously crumpling his handkerchief in the palm of his hand.

Jerry looked up, registering, as they say, recognition.

"Why, Budd Woodbridge!" he exclaimed. "This is a pleasant surprise! It 's years and years since I 've seen you." He rose, and held out his hand.

"Yes, it 's a long time," said Budd.

"Is this a social occasion," asked Jerry, "or something professional?"

"Professional, I guess," said Budd, gloomily. He sat down on the edge of the chair. "There 's nothing the matter with me, but mother made me promise to come. You won't find anything. They 've all had a try at me."

"Well, it won't do any harm to try again, will it?"

"No," said Budd, doubtfully. "If it amuses you, go ahead."

"Have n't much confidence in the medical profession, eh?"

Budd grinned dolefully.

"I don't blame you," said Jerry. "Now, what seems to be the matter?"

"There 's nothing the matter," said the patient, hopelessly.

"Eat well? Sleep well?"

Budd eyed him suspiciously.

"Not very," he said. "Mother has n't been telling you a lot of worry stuff?" he added.

"Certainly not," said Jerry with emphasis. "What put that into your head?"

"Oh, I don't know," the boy answered. "I 've lost a little weight and I 've been kind of nervous, and mother thinks I 'm sick. It makes me tired."

"Perhaps you are, perhaps you are n't," said Jerry, sagely. "That 's what we 're going to find out. Unless you object, we 'll go over you."

"Go ahead," said Budd, resignedly.

Jerry produced a thermometer from the drawer, washed it ceremoniously, and placed it under the patient's tongue.

"You see, the modern theory of medi-

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cine, which is pretty well borne out by facts," he observed, "is that you and I are sort of continents inhabited by billions of assorted germs. A few of them we know, most of them we don't, though we 're learning new ones every day. When some of the bad ones start something, it is n't always easy to say just what is doing, but a good many of them signal their activities with more or less rise of temperature. Hence the object which is now in your mouth." Though he talked carelessly, he was watching the boy with keen eyes.

"But I tell you I 'm all right," mumbled Budd.

Jerry nodded, looked at his watch, and presently extracted the instrument. The mercury stood at normal.

"That is interesting," said Jerry.

Budd glanced at him nervously.

"Anything doing?"

Jerry made no reply, but went to an instrument case, and returned with a sounding-hammer.

"Coat off and waistcoat, please," he commanded.

Budd removed his garments, and Jerry began to rap upon his chest, listening closely to the dull, thud-like sounds that resulted. He finished this operation and regarded his patient sternly.

"Cough much?" he inquired.

"Only when I have a cold. I have n't had one since spring."

"I thought not. Now we 'll go a step further." He took the hammer back to the case, and returned with a stethoscope. He put his patient in the operating-chair and went to work. He finished, made notations upon the card, and took the blood pressure.

"You say your weight is off?" he demanded suddenly.

Budd nodded.

"How much?"

"About ten pounds."

"Since when?"

"The last month or so, since I have n't been sleeping very well."

"Never been very fat, eh?"

"No."

"Let me see your tongue?"

"A red tongue was exhibited."

"Um," said Jerry, professionally. "Ever take out any life insurance?"

A faint flush came into the boy's pale face. He nodded.

"You passed all right?"

"Yes."

"When were you examined?"

"About three months ago."

"Um," said Jerry again. He rose, paced the length of the room and back, and then, telling the patient that he would be back in a few moments, disappeared into the operating-room.

Now, Jerry's reason for disappearing into the operating-room was that he wanted to think. Simulation of thought in the presence of the patient got him no nearer finding out what was the matter with Budd Woodbridge. Thermometer, stethoscope, sounding-hammer, and tongue all indicated that nothing was the matter. The verdict of four other doctors who had used these and other means of diagnosis was to the same effect. Yet Jerry believed that the diagnosing instruments and the other doctors were wrong. It was merely an intuition, a "hunch"; yet there were certain facts to back it. In the first place, Budd had lost ten pounds in the last three months. In the second, Mrs. Woodbridge, who had sent for him the evening before on the advice of Mrs. Tyler, was thoroughly alarmed. She said that in the last three months Budd had changed from a cheerful, normal, fun-loving boy to something utterly different. He slept little, picked at his food, shunned company, and wore his nerves on the surface. She was a sensible, intelligent woman, and her conclusions could not be dismissed as the fancies of an excited mother. Admitting the change in his condition, something must have caused it. The question was to find out that something. Jerry's first thought was that the boy had been gambling in the stock-market and had perhaps put up securities that he had no right to take. But it appeared that this had been the theory of Dr. Kale, the family physician, and investigation proved it baseless. Mrs. Woodbridge was more

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than well off, and Budd had the income of a generous trust fund on his own account. Nor could a clue be found either in bad habits or an entangling alliance. Budd was a model young man.

As he stood in the operating-room gazing blankly at the wall Jerry forgot that he was a practising physician, which had always seemed to him a rôle involving humbug. He was merely himself, Jerry Sumner, very much interested in working out a perplexing human problem. He continued to gaze at the wall, but the wall was in no wise helpful. Suddenly he squared his shoulders, crossed to the door that led into the attendant's room, and passed through. The new attendant looked up from the nurse's manual that she was poring over and rose respectfully.

"Miss Xelva," he said, "if you were a doctor, what would you say was the matter with that young man?" He nodded toward the private office.

Miss Xelva's mild, wondering eyes fixed on him as if to make sure that she was not being made game of.

"But I 'm not a doctor," she answered. "My opinion would be worth nothing."

"That 's not the question," said Jerry. "If you have an opinion, I 'd like to hear it."

"Well, it seems very clear to me," she answered, "that the young man is suffering from some worry, very likely an unhappy *affaire de cœur*."

Jerry regarded her with amazement.

"You mean the boy 's in love?" he demanded.

"That is what I should say. You can see he is unhappy."

"But you don't really think being in love can make a healthy man lose ten pounds beside his sleep and appetite?"

"It might," she answered. "It would depend on his attitude of mind, I should think."

He looked at her keenly and laughed.

"That 's beyond me," he said. "It 's not my idea of love."

"Of course, I am very likely wrong," she answered demurely. "It was only my opinion. You asked for it."

"Well, of course I 'm very much obliged to you for it." He turned on his heel and went back to his patient. There were only two courses open, either to confess that he did n't know what the matter was, or to delay on the chance of thinking it out. He decided on the latter. To gain time he said, "Budd I want to take your pulse before I go any further."

Without speaking, Budd extended his hand. Jerry took it and opened his watch. The pulse appeared to be a perfectly good pulse. Jerry counted its beats through a quarter of a minute, then went on to the half. Ordinarily he would have stopped here. He was satisfied with its being normal, but there was nothing else to do, so he kept on. Just as he passed the three-quarter mark the door opened softly, and Miss Xelva appeared.

"Miss Grace Tyler would like to speak with you on the telephone," she said.

Jerry nodded, but made no move. At the mention of Miss Tyler's name Budd's pulse had shot up. There was no doubt about it. In the succeeding five seconds the beats almost doubled; then they began uncertainly to fall off.

"Tell Miss Grace Tyler," Jerry said, "that I 'll call up in five minutes."

Up shot Budd's pulse again. Jerry watched him out of the corner of his eye. The boy's mouth was set; drops of moisture were on his forehead, though the day was cool. Jerry did some quick thinking.

"Oh, Miss Xelva," he called, "has Mr. Preston De Witt rung me up this morning?"

Up shot the pulse again.

"No," said Miss Xelva, returning.

"That 's all," said Jerry. At the end of the next quarter-minute he released Budd's hand. If he wanted time to think before, he wanted it even more now. It was hard to believe, but Miss Xelva was undoubtedly right. Budd was in love with Grace Tyler, and the name of Preston De Witt affected him as the red rag is supposed to affect the bull. But how to treat such a situation medically was a question. Moreover, he was uncertain

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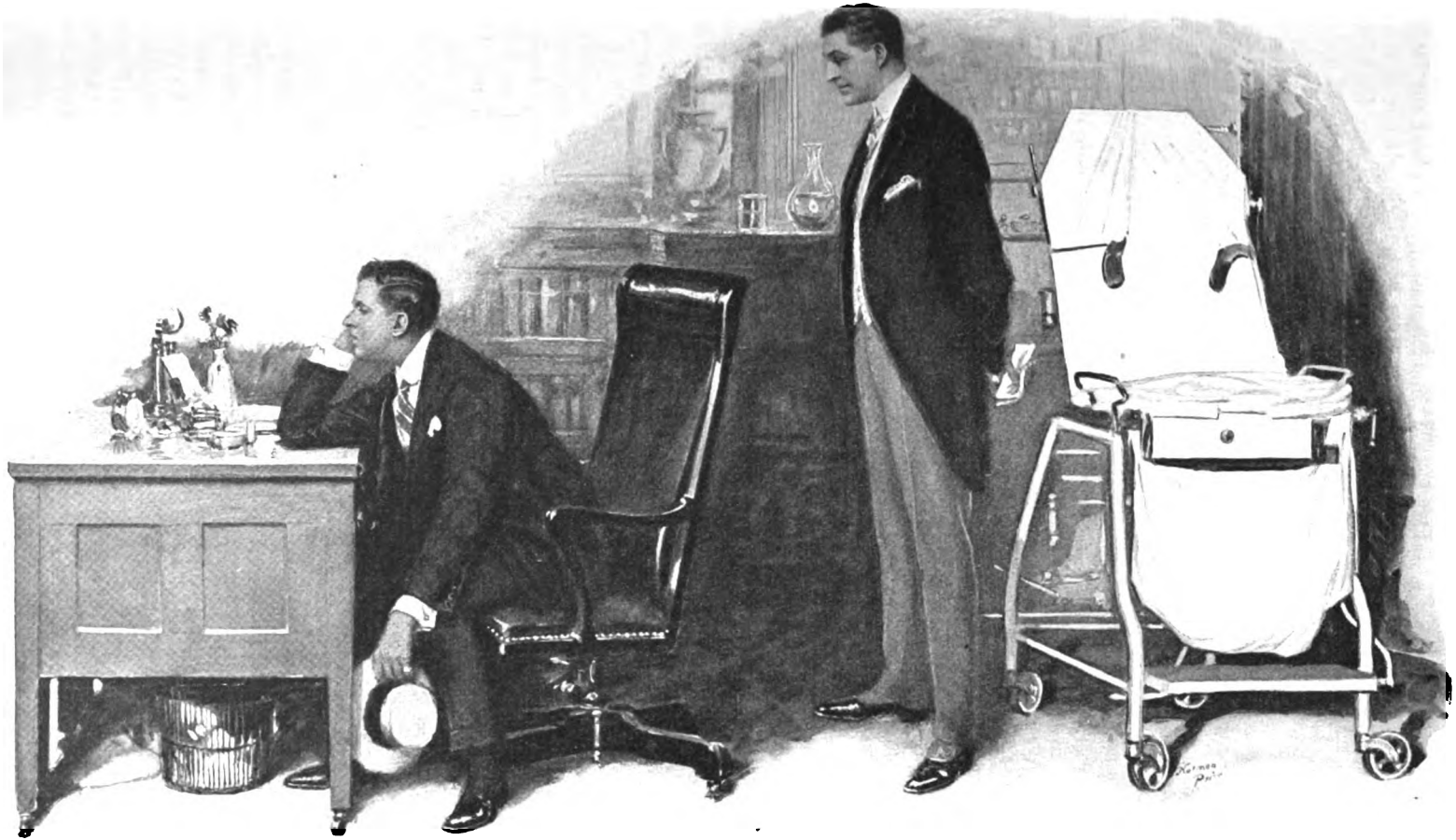

"'YOU 'VE GOT THIS PRETTY BAD,' SAID JERRY"

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whether he wanted to treat it. He knew he was not in love with Grace Tyler himself, but he was not sure that he did n't want to be or that he might n't end up by being. She was an uncommonly attractive girl. As he put his watch back into his pocket he thought of a plan to postpone action.

"Budd," he said, "I 'm all through with you to-day except for one thing. I want to take a blood test. Come into the operating-room.

Five minutes later Budd departed with an appointment for the next morning, when he was to be informed of the result.

CHAPTER VII

THERE was to be a dance that night at the Ludlows', and Gertrude Ludlow had sent word to Marion to bring Jerry, dead or alive. Jerry, however, had stood out against it. He was not a dancing man. After Budd had left the office, he called up Grace Tyler, and the first thing she asked him was whether or not he was coming to the dance.

"I guess it 's nothing doing," he answered. "I can't manage these new steps. I 'd feel out of it."

"But I 'll teach you," she suggested. "You 'll learn in five minutes.'

"Yes, I know about that," he retorted. "I 'd have a great chance. You 'd be so busy you 'd forget you ever knew me. We 'll talk it over this afternoon when we play that return match. By the way, why not get Woodbridge to play with Marion? I don't believe he 's too sick for a little golf."

And then a blow fell. Grace could n't play that afternoon. She had to take her mother motoring. That was why she had telephoned.

After Jerry had rung off he decided that he had made a mistake in turning down the dance. As soon as Budd had gone he had planned to get him for golf and watch him with Grace. He felt that seeing them together would help to clarify the situation. If he could believe that Budd had a chance to beat out De Witt, he would declare himself out of the running and help the boy play his part. If not, he would wash his hands of Budd and give Preston a contest on his own account. With the golf match off, there was no chance of making the observations he wanted before Budd came back to him as a patient. At lunch he announced to Marion that he had changed his mind about the dance. He would go.

"I suppose Grace has been using the telephone," said Marion, with a sisterly smile.

"Right as usual," said Jerry.

At half-past eleven that evening Jerry had been introduced to eleven girls, had danced three waltzes in the English manner without reversing, and for ninety minutes had been watching the door through which the guests entered Mrs. Ludlow's ball-room. No Grace Tyler had appeared.

For an equal length of time Mr. Budd Woodbridge had been going through much the same program. Toward the end of the period Jerry had taken to watching Budd instead of the door. It amounted to the same thing and also gave him a chance to study his patient, as it were, under fire. A little before midnight he saw Budd disappear and, acting on impulse, decided to follow him. He entered the dressing-room as Budd was leaving with his coat and hat, and reached the street as he passed under a street-lamp half a block away. To go directly home, Budd should have turned to the right at the corner. But Budd turned to the left. Jerry also turned to the left, wondering what was in the boy's mind. He did not have long to wait before finding out. At Putnam Street Budd turned again, and presently stopped before a house that was still lighted. In front of the house, which Jerry recognized as Mrs. Tyler's, stood a motor-car. When Budd stopped, Jerry had stopped also. When Budd went on, he, too, went on, and, coming to the motor-car, recognized it as a runabout belonging to Preston De Witt. What had happened was obvious. Grace had told Budd

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she was coming to the dance and had slighted him for Preston.

Whatever doubts Jerry may have had before of the accuracy of the diagnosis based upon the pulse episode of the morning, they were now settled. The boy was in love. Miss Xelva had been right. Just how much encouragement Budd had received, Jerry, of course, could not say, but he surmised that there must have been considerable, and that being the case, there was no doubt that he had just been roughly treated. His own hour and a half made him appreciate the roughness. His sympathy for the boy increased as he thought about it, and before he got home he decided to take the case. He had some theories about the management of ladies of Grace's type. Moreover, there was too much good in her to let her throw herself away on a selfish, cold-blooded creature like De Witt. He believed he might be helpful to both sides. He let himself in with his latch-key, and went up to bed wondering how he would open up the subject with Budd. It was the kind of thing that a woman older than Budd might have done gracefully enough, but he was not an older woman. Just as he was dropping off to sleep an idea came to him, and he chuckled audibly.

Promptly at ten o'clock the next morning Jerry was in the office. At five minutes-past ten Budd was ushered in. He looked pale and haggard, as if he had passed an extremely unhappy night.

"I came in," he said, "because I promised that I would; but if you don't mind, I think I 'll go. I have got a little headache and I think the air will do me good."

"Not interested in the result of the blood test?" said Jerry, casually.

Budd laughed mirthlessly.

"There 's nothing the matter with me. You as much as said so yourself yesterday."

"Nothing the matter? You 've lost ten pounds; you 've got insomnia; your appetite 's gone; you 're so nervous you can 't sit still: and yet you say nothing is the matter with you?"

"Well, there 's nothing a doctor can do."

Jerry looked at him keenly, and Budd dropped his eyes.

"You 're sure of it, eh?"

"Sure."

"Would you like to make a bet on it?"

"You 'd lose your money, Doctor."

"I 'm willing."

"Then you really think there 's a medical treatment that would help me?"

"I don't *think*. I *know*."

"You 're wrong," said Budd. "I know what 's the matter with me. It is n't anything that drugs can help."

"I know what 's the matter with you, too," said Jerry, "and it is something that medicine can help."

"You 're wasting your time," said Budd. "I think I 'll be going." He started for the door.

"Just as you say," said Jerry; "but remember, you promised your mother to put yourself under my care if I said I could help you. Yesterday I was n't sure. To-day, since I 've made the blood test, it 's different. I can help you. You 're not going to back out?"

Budd looked at him suspiciously.

"What sort of treatment will it mean?" he demanded. "How long will it take?"

"That depends on several things," Jerry answered, "but chiefly on how conscientiously you carry out my instructions."

Budd sat down, with his hat on his lap.

"Now, my son," continued Jerry, "in the first place I 've got to ask you certain personal questions. You know, a doctor has to do that kind of thing."

Budd nodded.

"Before I begin I want you to promise me that you 'll answer me truthfully and not get mad."

"That 's all right."

"That means you will?"

"Certainly."

Gerald pushed the box of cigarettes toward him and helped himself.

"Now, the first question," he began, "is a simple one. I want to know how long you have been in love with Grace Tyler."

The boy stiffened in his chair and gazed at Jerry, his face crimson.

"Who told you that?" he stammered.

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"No one has told me anything, my dear boy," said Jerry, calmly, "except yourself."

"But I 've never told any one."

"You seem to forget that I 've been examining you inside and out, and that I 've taken a culture of your blood. After all, modern medicine is able to do something, you know."

Budd looked at him with something like awe, and Jerry had to cough to preserve his composure.

"Now be good enough to answer my second question. How long has this thing been going on?"

Budd flushed again.

"I should say ever since I met her."

"First sight?"

Budd nodded.

"Well, how long ago did you meet her?"

"Something over a year ago; the twenty-fourth of last August, to be exact."

Jerry made a note on the card.

"Now," he said, "there 's another question which I want you to answer with equal directness. Does Grace Tyler love you?"

"Is that necessary?" Budd stammered.

"I understand; but I 've got to know. You are here as a patient, not as a gentleman."

"Well," said Budd, with an effort, "I think she did."

"And now she does n't?"

"It seems that way. I think I bore her," he added miserably.

"And how long have you seemed to bore her?" demanded Jerry, relentlessly.

The boy made no reply, but turned his head, and Jerry saw that his eyes were brimming with tears. He rose and walked round the desk and laid a hand upon his shoulder.

"I know how it is," he said imaginatively. "It 's hell. I 've been through it myself often, but, old boy, you must n't let it get the best of you."

Budd sprang to his feet.

"Doctor, it has got the best of me!"

"Nonsense!" said Jerry, sharply. "This is no way to go on!"

"Do you think I don't know that?" cried Budd. "I know well enough that I ought to be a man about it, and that if she does n't care for me any longer, I ought to keep away from her; but, Doctor, I just *can't*. Can't you understand it?"

"Of course I can understand it," said Jerry, falsely. "But understanding it won't help you any more than giving in to it against your better judgment. We 've got to get down to facts in this world."

Budd nodded miserably.

"But tell me," Jerry continued, "when did you find out that she had stopped caring for you?"

"I don't know exactly, but I 've felt it coming on for quite a while; ever since—"

"Well," said Jerry, "ever since what?"

"Since there 's been another man."

"So there 's another man, eh? Who?"

"Preston De Witt."

"Tell me about it," said Jerry.

"Well, ever since he began coming around I 've felt a change. I did n't think much of it at first, but then they were together more and more, and after a while she seemed to prefer him. I made up my mind over and over again that the only decent thing for me to do was to get out of her way. But I could n't help hanging around just the same. Why, I keep telling myself I won't go near her when I am on my way to her house, and all the time I know perfectly well what an idiot I 'm making of myself. And when I 'm with her, my attempts to conceal this damned jealousy and appear light-hearted and jolly— well, you can imagine how successful they are!" He paused, and his manner changed. A quiet intensity came into his eyes as he continued: "And now little by little, in spite of myself, I 've begun to hate him. No matter how I fight against it, I can't keep him out of my mind. At times I imagine I see him somewhere alone, standing and waiting, and I try to hold back and keep from springing on him; and then she 's there, coming down a path, and before I know it I have him by the throat, strangling the life out of him—strangling him, do you understand?"

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"You 've got this pretty bad," said Jerry.

Budd sank back in his chair as if exhausted by his vehemence and abashed that he should have unbosomed himself.

"I have got it pretty bad," he answered, with a sickly smile. "I told you I was a damned fool."

"You 're up against a tough game," said Jerry, sympathetically, "awfully tough. However, if you will fall in love, you 've got to be prepared for trouble. But there 's no need to call yourself names. Under the circumstances I think you 've behaved remarkably well."

Budd snorted contemptuously.

"I know how I 've behaved—like a sniveling school-boy. Why, if I were any good, do you think I 'd have told you all this?"

"You did n't tell me," Jerry answered. "You only answered the question I put to you. I 'd found out myself."

"Look here," Budd demanded, "you don't mean to try and put it over that by looking at my tongue or examining a drop of blood you could tell I was in love with Grace Tyler? I 've been going around making an exhibition of myself, letting every one know. That 's what I 've been doing. What I need is a nurse."

Jerry looked at him smilingly. An idea just struck him.

"It 's quite likely that we will get you one," he said.

"And a rattle and a baby-carriage and a bottle," Budd continued bitterly. "I 'm not worth your trouble, Doctor."

"Steady, boy," said Jerry, kindly. "There 's no use running yourself down. No one suspects this thing but myself, and no one knows about it unless you or Grace Tyler have told him. You say you have n't, and I 'm pretty sure she has n't. You don't understand what the examination of a drop of blood can tell about a man. I 'm not going into details that you would n't understand, but you have my word for it that no one has told me a thing about you and Grace except my instruments and yourself."

"Well," said Budd, "there 's a certain amount of cold comfort in that, but it does n't help very much. I don't suppose there 's any use in my staying on and talking you to death. Now that you really know what my trouble is, of course that cure bet is off."

"That cure bet is very much on," Jerry answered. "I can cure you if you want to be cured and will do as I say."

Budd smiled incredulously.

"I wish I could believe that," he said, "but I don't."

"I repeat," said Jerry, "I can cure you if you are willing to place yourself in my hands for just one month."

"What would you want me to do?"

"Whatever I tell you."

Budd was silent, thinking.

"Would it mean that it was all over with—" He hesitated.

"It might," said Jerry.

The boy looked at him piteously.

"It 's pretty tough," he muttered. "Could I have a little time to think it over?"

"You can have till to-morrow at half-past two," said Jerry. "At that time I shall have the serum ready, and if you want to sign on, I 'll give you the first treatment."

"The serum?" Budd repeated.

"That 's what I said," Jerry answered gravely. "It 's a new thing that they 've worked out in Paris for cases like yours."

"Well," said the boy, "I 'll come in to-morrow at half-past two and let you know what I 've decided."

"Good!" said Jerry. He gave Budd a hearty shake of the hand, and the boy departed. A few minutes later Jerry touched the bell, and Miss Xelva came in.

"You still want to be a nurse?" he demanded.

She looked at him in mild wonder.

"Why, yes," she answered.

"Well," he said, "unless I miss my guess I 'll have a case for you to-morrow."

"But am I competent to go on a case?" she asked.

He smiled.

"I guess you 're as competent a nurse as I am a doctor. Would you have any

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objections to taking care of Mr. Woodbridge?"

"Mr. Woodbridge," she repeated. "Is he ill enough for a nurse?"

"I think so."

"Then you found out what was the matter," she asked timidly.

He nodded.

She gazed at him admiringly.

"And you think you can cure him?"

"I 'll try, but it 's an awful disease."

"Is it right for me to ask what it is?"

"Perfectly. You ought to know. In plain English the disease is called jealousy."

"Jealousy?" she repeated.

"Plain, old-fashioned jealousy. You see, you guessed it yesterday."

"But how can a nurse be of any use trying to cure a young man of jealousy?"

Jerry gave her a quizzical look.

"May I ask a personal question? Have you ever been in love?"

She gazed at him with her frank, innocent eyes and shook her head.

"Then of course you don't know anything about it," he said. "I 'll explain."

"But jealousy can't be treated by a doctor," she insisted.

"By the family doctor, no. You are quite right. But we specialists have some new ideas on the subject. You see modern, up-to-date medicine treats anything from measles to parricide with serums."

"But is there a serum for jealousy?" she asked incredulously.

"There will be by two-thirty to-morrow," he answered. "But don't think I 'm not taking this case seriously," he added. "This boy is really in a dangerous condition. He 's right on the brink of a nervous collapse, and all because he 's got a girl on the brain. Your job and mine is to get her off. And the first thing to do is to give him something else to worry about, even if we have to give him a new disease. And that 's where the nurse comes in. Woodbridge must be made to believe that we 're keeping a strict record of his condition, and all the time the nurse must be doing her best to amuse him and keep his mind constantly occupied. And, believe me, that 's just as worthy and difficult a job as nursing a patient through typhoid."

"You 're good to give me the chance," she said. "I 'd love to try it."

"Well, we 'll try to work it out together. This afternoon I 'll show you the things you 'll have to use."

(To be continued)

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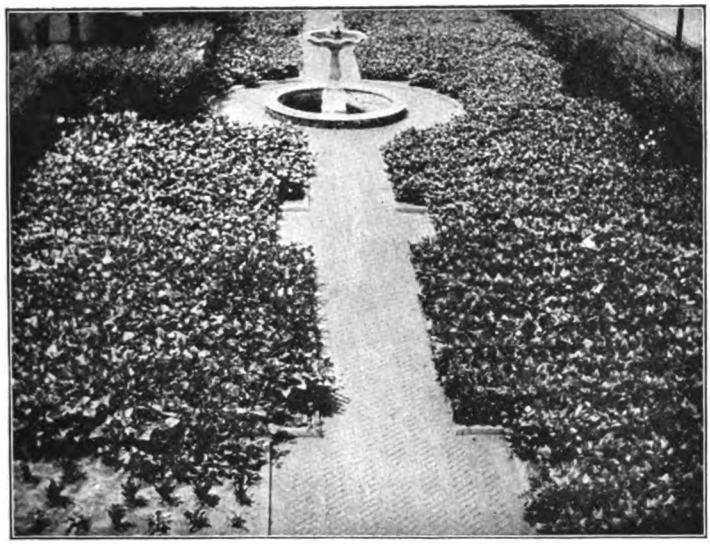

A WAR GARDEN IN NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT

Garden Conscription—The Solution of the Food Problem

By LEWIS and MARY THEISS

TOO long have we trusted in the magic of a name. So blindly have we believed in the dictum of Washington, true in his day, but later the mere catchword of politicians, that we actually pinned our faith to a "splendid isolation" that has long been non-existent. Like the sons of Israel who roused the ire of Jeremiah, we have said, "Neither shall evil come upon us; neither shall we see sword nor famine." And though our "splendid isolation" has proved false, and evil days have come upon us, and we have seen the sword, yet in the matter of our food supply we still see as through a glass, darkly. We refuse to examine the facts face to face. We are like the non-elect, of whom Paul said, "God hath given them the spirit of slumber, eyes that they should not see, and ears that they should not hear." For most of us still believe that the creation of a food administrator is the direct consequence of our having become a belligerent, that peace will solve the food problem as rapidly as the rising sun dissipates the mists of night, and that our tables will immediately bend once more beneath their accustomed burdens.

The truth is that we should have been compelled to have a food administrator whether we entered the war or not; and peace, far from bringing plenty and lowering prices, is almost certain to cause an unprecedented shortage of food-stuffs in our markets and to raise prices to levels not dreamed of now. For peace, to quote Mr. Hoover himself, "means that to the demands of those who are now our allies would be added the demands of those who are now our enemies. We could not be indifferent to their hunger, and so our diminished stores would be still more rapidly depleted."

It needs no prophet to foresee the result. Any one who can add and divide can tell very well what the outcome is likely to be. When the European War began, American farmers were feeding one hundred million Americans and sending

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an ever-dwindling surplus abroad. Today, in addition to feeding one hundred million Americans, our farmers are largely provisioning forty-five million Britons, thirty million French, thirty million Italians, and other millions of Serbians and Belgians—say another one hundred million souls. Already there is too little to go around. What, then, will be the result when the one hundred and fifty millions, more or less, of our present enemies swarm into our markets and bid against ourselves and our allies for our already insufficient food supply?

For, blissfully trustful though we still are in that other outworn catch phrase, "America is the granary of the world," the food supply *is* insufficient. The season of 1916 will go down in agricultural history as one of the most disastrous the world has ever known. Crops failed everywhere. The world's accumulated food surpluses were eaten up as cleanly as the lean years devoured the stores Joseph had laid by in the granaries of Egypt. So great is the shortage of food in Europe that, to quote a food-administration bulletin, "the nations of western Europe allied against Germany will require during the next twelve months [1918] no less than 577,000,000 bushels of wheat, even with the exercise of the most rigorous economy in its consumption. Canada and the United States have a wheat deficit of 400,000,000 bushels in the amount required from North America for the Allies and for European neutrals."

So alarming is the food situation that the officials at Washington said early in the year that "it is graver than it has been at any time since the beginning of the war." Late in January, David Lubin, the American representative in the International Institute of Agriculture, cabled from Rome as follows: "Food is now the most important matter before the Allies. It is useless to deceive ourselves. I am reporting to the state department and also to Congress that Europe's crops may be worse than last year's." Two days later Lord Rhondda, British food-controller, cabled to our food-administration: "Unless you are able to send the Allies at least 75,000,000 bushels of wheat over and above what you have exported up to January first, and in addition to the total exportable surplus from Canada, I cannot take the responsibility of assuring our people that there will be food enough to win the war." What Lord Rhondda was asking for, and what he is getting, is not 75,000,000 bushels of our surplus, for our surplus was shipped long ago, but 75,000,000 bushels of the wheat that you and I had been counting on for our daily bread.

Living as we do at such a vast distance from the actual scenes of conflict, it is difficult for us to realize sharply what the food shortage means to the nations of Europe. We have been asked to observe—asked, mind you, not forced—to observe a few wheatless and meatless days, which will benefit rather than harm most of us physically. We have been forced to cut down our sugar consumption somewhat. But our deprivation is nothing compared with that of the peoples of Europe, whether belligerents or neutrals. There they not only have compulsory meatless and wheatless and porkless and fatless and heatless days, but they are sharply restricted in the allowances of all other commodities.

The English, who were the greatest sugar-users in the world, have been compelled to reduce their consumption from ninety-three pounds a person a year to twenty-six pounds. The Austrians have been cut to nineteen pounds. The French are allowed a ration of thirteen pounds a year each. The Italian must get along on nine pounds a year. A German gets the same amount. That is, they are allowed those quantities if they are obtainable. Frequently they are not. When they can get sugar, the Frenchman pays twenty-five cents a pound for it, the German fifty-six, and the Italian sixty.

Other foods are allowed in proportionate amounts. In England cream can be obtained only upon a physician's certificate that it is necessary to the health of the recipient. One ounce of butter a week is

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the individual allowance in Austria. In Switzerland the people are allowed to buy one pound of rice a month. The milk ration of the children in Berlin has been reduced one third. In Sweden bread, sugar, milk, butter, wood, etc., can be purchased only in restricted quantities upon presentation of a government food-card. Recently oatmeal and rice cards were issued there, although there had been no oatmeal or rice in the markets for weeks. Later in January Lord Rhondda was preparing to issue an order for two meatless days a week instead of one. In Milan six ounces of butter per month is the individual allowance.

In Europe people live largely upon bread. That is why we must send so much wheat abroad. Bread forms fifty-two per cent. of the Frenchman's food. Yet late in January the French Chamber of Deputies reduced the per capita ration for the French people to a trifle less than eleven ounces a day. In Switzerland one may buy half a pound a day. So acute was the wheat shortage in Italy last September that it was necessary to cut all bread rations, including the soldier's. From twenty - two and a half ounces of bread the soldier was reduced to eighteen ounces. Laborers get fifteen ounces daily, and others eight ounces, though the Italians, like the French, live largely on bread. By many the collapse of the Italian Army is ascribed to the discouragement consequent upon the cutting of the bread ration. In Finland 3,500,000 people are reduced to a ration of five and a half ounces of bread a day. Mostly it is made of other grains, and it contains also ground birch-bark. Germany's War bread, according to information published in the "Rheinisch - Westfalische Zeitung," smells so bad, tastes so bad, and makes so many people sick, that the Government has appointed a committee of scientists to see what can be done about it.

The German people are also eating huge quantities of food substitutes. Professor Juckernack of the University of Berlin, in the "Vossische Zeitung," according to the Associated Press, says:

> It is useless any longer to hide the truth. Unless the Government actively intervenes to put some control over the flood of substitute foods, the end of the war will also see the end of a third of Germany's population. . . . The latest products of the substitute mongers are really too terrible to be tolerated. A preparation of crude kerosene is now being largely sold as frying oil, and eight hundred cases of serious illness, together with nine deaths, have been traced to its use in Berlin alone. A preparation called "goose drippings" is prepared from dog fat, egg substitutes from a mixture of chalk and baking - powder, caviar from fish-scales, and bread from straw.

Probably nothing better illustrates the present food shortage than figures as to the depletion of the world's cattle herds. When the German army retired after its big advance into France, it swept before it from France and Belgium 1,800,000 cattle, all of which were long ago slaughtered. By the end of 1916 French herds had decreased 2,500,000 head, and a year later the French cattle herds were reduced to 10,800,000 animals. In Denmark, under a recent order, one fourth of the hogs were killed, and it is estimated that one half have now been slaughtered. There is no longer food for them. For the same reason Holland has had to kill a million of her cattle. England, in order to raise more grain, has been compelled to plow up 2,400,000 acres of grass-land, reducing her cattle-raising ability by just so much. Altogether, according to the food administration, since the war began, there has been a decrease in European herds of 28,000,000 cattle and 55,000,000 sheep. As against this decrease there has been in the United States an increase of only 4.7 per cent. in 1916 and 4.5 per cent. in 1917 in the number of our cattle other than milch-cows, and our entire total of such cattle at the beginning of 1918 was only 43,546,000.

When Lord Rhondda appealed to us for those 75,000,000 bushels of wheat, we could ship them to him only by going

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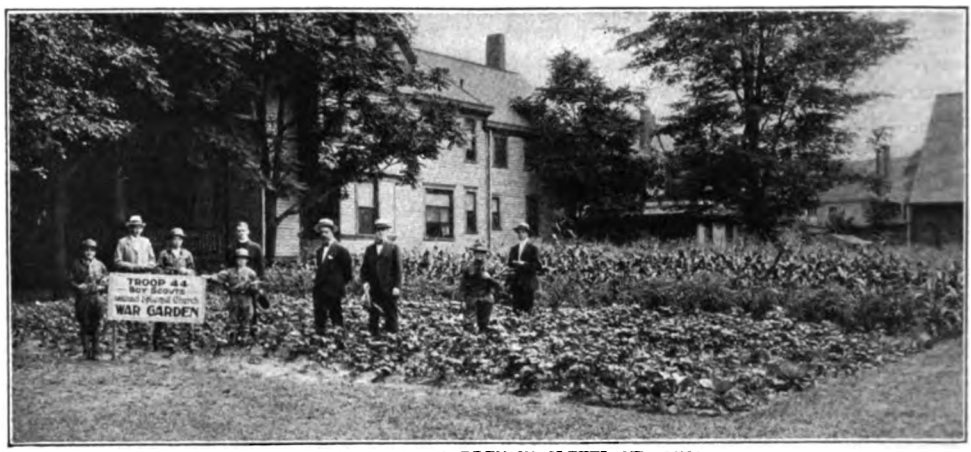
without them ourselves. So we are eating "Victory bread," made in part of corn and other grains, and consuming more potatoes. Because of the depletion in their herds, our allies are asking us today for twenty-five per cent. more fat and dairy products than we have to spare. We shall grant their request, of course.



A BOY SCOUT WAR GARDEN IN CLEVELAND, OHIO

That is why we are having meatless days. In October the savings of meat effected in public eating-houses in Massachusetts alone by observing one meatless day a week totaled 1,282,840 pounds. In one week in November New York City saved 232,245 pounds. The combined dining-car services in America in one month saved 469,508 pounds. Hundreds of thousands of pounds have been saved elsewhere. Armour & Company, according to a Chicago despatch, estimate that the American people have cut their meat consumption by one fourth. Yet it required all the meat so saved and a great deal more to meet the needs of our allies; for, according to Professor G. B. Roorbach, of the University of Pennsylvania, our meat shipments during the three-year pre-war period averaged 493,848,000 pounds a year, while last year our meat exports totaled 2,000,000,000 pounds, an increase of 400 per cent. Like the daughters of the horse-leech, our hungry allies continually do cry, "Give, give." Thus, increase our herds as fast as we can, and decrease our consumption as much as we may, we shall scarcely be able to meet the ever-growing demands of our allies.

For, in addition to the over-dwindling production of food-stuffs, in Europe, we have to reckon with the submarine. In one week in December, said Lord Rhondda, submarines sank 3,000,000 pounds of bacon and 4,000,000 pounds of cheese. And Lord Beresford of the British Admiralty told us last October that by January, 1918, he estimated that the submarines would have sunk 12,000,000 tons of shipping since the war began. As food is of first importance to the Allies, it is certain that a very considerable part of the cargoes sunk and to be sunk consists of food-stuffs.

When David Lubin cabled from Rome that Europe's crops might be poorer this year than last, he was stating more than a possibility, more even than a probability. With hundreds of thousands of acres that were once fertile farming-lands now devastated battle-fields, with millions of other acres steadily deteriorating under the unskilled handling of women, old men, and boys, the crops must continue to decrease, just as the herds must become smaller. There is no question as to that. It is evident, therefore, that Europe, left to itself, would speedily starve.

The hope of the Entente Allies, of democracy, of civilization, then, rests upon America. Our fellows in Europe are crying to us across the deep, even as Peter,

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beginning to sink in the waters of Galilee, cried to his Lord, "Save me." And as Christ stretched forth his hand and rescued him, so we must reach across the ocean with food, food, and still more food.

As a neutral it was ours to give or withhold as conscience or fancy dictated. As a fellow-belligerent we have no choice. We must give. "A wise man," says Publius Syrus, "never refuses anything to necessity." If the war is to go on, if victory is to be won, if the world is to be freed from the loathsome and awful terror that now menaces it, food shipments must go on. The breath of life is not more essential to our fighting fellows. And they will go on. Make no mistake as to that. They will continue in ever-increasing volume. All the straws held up in this article show the wind to be setting in that quarter. And if they do increase, where is all this volume of food to come from—this food for ourselves and our allies?

"From the farms of America. Is not America the granary of the world? We must speed up our farmers and produce

WAR GARDENS AT THE PLANT OF THE OLIVER CHILLED PLOW COMPANY

an undreamed-of total of food. American farmers will save democracy." That 's what we 've all been saying, or at least thinking or believing. Well, American farmers have tried it. For three years they have done their level best—three years when we were not a belligerent and had everything in our favor. Our farmers did just what was expected of them. Never has the world seen such crops. By millions, yes, by hundreds of millions of bushels, they exceeded the greatest previous production; and yet it is of the giant crop of 1917, the largest ever raised, that we have been talking about when we were discussing the food shortage. The greatest crops America ever produced fail by millions of tons to meet the needs of our allies. Yet we must send more food to Europe in the next twelve months than we did in the last twelve.

Where are we going to get that food? Gifford Pinchot, after a farm survey late last year, made the statement that America is headed for smaller crops in 1918, and that this is the most serious fact before the world to-day. On the first day of February, 1918, the two million farmers who constitute the Federal Board of Farm Organizations presented a memorial to President Wilson, begging for assistance, for since we entered the war our farmers have been stripped of their helpers. "Under existing conditions," said this memorial, "we cannot equal the production of 1917, much less surpass it."

Where, then, is this extra food to come from, without which the forces battling for democracy must go hungry? There is only one possible source—the gardens of America.

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There are those who laugh at the garden suggestion, just as there were those who jeered at David when he went out against Goliath, and for the same reason —ignorance. They do not know that a back-yard garden will produce as much food as an acre of farm-land under ordinary methods of cultivation. Three years ago, before prices had climbed very high, we raised in the smallest of our three gardens, a plot not exceeding forty by forty feet, or a trifle less than one twenty-seventh of an acre, products worth seventy dollars at the low prices then prevailing in the rural districts; and it is a mighty good acre of farm-land in our neighborhood that at that time would produce products worth seventy dollars.

If this garden had constituted our sole gardening space, we should have worked it much harder and raised a vastly greater amount of food in it. As it was, we took five bushels of potatoes from one hundred and forty-five feet of row, and many of the potatoes were dug and eaten when the size of walnuts. Had they been allowed to mature, the yield would have been appreciably larger. In one thirty-three-foot row we produced enough rutabagas to feed several families. A very few feet yielded a great quantity of parsnips. We gathered beans and tomatoes by the bushels, and all that was from a very ordinary garden.

A recent newspaper-clipping says that the 16,796 boys and girls enrolled in government clubs in Michigan last year produced home and garden products worth $250,000, though they were only a small part of the children of one State.

Another clipping says that last summer a Missouri physician and his wife cultivated a back-yard garden one hundred by one hundred feet in size, or slightly less than one-quarter of an acre. "Half of this plot was planted in potatoes, and the remainder in other vegetables. The potato yield was thirty-six bushels. From the other half of the plot they canned, after eating all the fresh vegetables they desired, six quarts of pie-plant, twelve quarts of beans, twenty-four quarts of tomatoes, twenty-four quarts of cabbage, six pints of sweet peppers, twelve pints of catsup, six pints of chilli sauce, twelve quarts of pickles, and sixteen quarts of kraut. They gave their surplus beans, tomatoes, and cabbage to needy families." In addition they canned considerable quantities of berries and fruits, presumably from their own yard, and had their own chickens and eggs.

The United States Department of Agriculture says that a garden ten by twenty-five feet, with a fair grade of garden soil, should produce twenty dollars' worth of vegetables, and that many school-boys have exceeded that yield. That means eight cents' worth of food to the square foot. Suppose we reduce that estimate, and say a square foot should produce five cents' worth. Then a garden the size of ours—forty by forty feet—should produce eighty dollars' worth of food, which we know it will very easily do. And it is a poor back yard indeed that will not yield sixteen hundred square feet for gardening purposes.

Figures show that forty-five per cent. of our population live in the country or in small towns. That means that nearly ten million families live where virtually every family could have a garden. If we had ten million gardens, and each garden yielded seventy-five dollars' worth of food, we should have $750,000,000, three quarters of a billion dollars', worth of food!

But city people are by no means without gardening facilities. In Minneapolis, before the vacant-lot garden movement was launched in 1911, there were five thousand acres of vacant lots within the city. If you divide these five thousand acres into plots the size of our garden, you have land for 135,000 gardens. A recent survey showed 186,000 vacant lots in Greater New York. Probably there are no statistics existing that give the total of vacant lots in all our cities; but it is safe to say that in the cities of America there are to-day millions of vacant lots that could be used for garden purposes.

The National War Garden Commission estimates that 3,000,000 war gar-

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CHILDREN CULTIVATING NEGLECTED LAND TO ADVANTAGE

dens came into existence last year, with an aggregate area of more than 1,100,000 acres, and that their products were worth $350,000,000. Compared with what might be accomplished in back-yard gardens, this sum, or the three quarters of a billion estimated above, is a mere bagatelle. In its back yards and vacant lots America can produce not millions, but billions, of dollars' worth of food-stuffs. The problem is to put all those idle spaces to work.

We tried to do it last year by appealing to landowners and occupants. We said, "America expects every yard-owner to do his duty," and let it go at that. It produced many gardens, of course, but not enough. The truth is that the volunteer system won't work in raising a garden corps any better than it does in recruiting an army. "It is better to learn late than never," says Publius Syrus. To have an adequate garden corps, we shall have to get it as we got our army. We shall have to have garden conscription.

Coming events still cast their shadows before them. And the shadows of the garden conscription movement already cover a number of spots on the map of America. If we glance at Omaha, Nebraska, we shall see one of the first of these shadows. Last spring the mayor of Omaha, James C. Dahlman, seeing that we were drawing near to war, ordered a survey to be made of the idle lands in the city. Under the direction of Assistant City Attorney Harry B. Fleharty, a card-index was prepared of every vacant parcel of ground in the city. Then arrangements were made with the owners or occupants of these lands whereby, if they did not wish to cultivate their lands themselves, they would lend or rent them to others who would work them. In order that there should be no shortage of seed, the welfare board procured seed in large quantities and sold it at cost to the various gardeners. In some cases the latter were too poor to pay in advance; so seed was advanced to them, and they were allowed to make payment later from the proceeds of their gardens. Thus Omaha became one of the first candidates for gardening honors.

But the vision without which the people perish was not reserved for Mayor Dahlman alone. That far-seeing body, the Chamber of Commerce of Rochester, New York, also dreamed a dream of gardens. Catalogue-cards were prepared and given to the canvassers of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, who had agreed to make a garden survey. Each canvasser "covered" a given district of the city in his regular work. Each one made inquiries as to all the vacant lots

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in his district, recording all pertinent facts on the prepared cards. Within a week the general manager of the insurance company for Rochester returned these cards, complete, to the chamber of commerce. Thus that body was in possession of full data as to the ownership, location, and size of every vacant lot in the city, together with information as to whether the soil was suitable for garden purposes and whether it had been planted the preceding year. Thus it was easy for the chamber of commerce to press its campaign to make every desert lot blossom as the rose. More than nine thousand war gardens sprang up, and the total value of their products, as reported by the chamber of commerce, was half a million dollars.

Marshalltown, Iowa, went a step further. In preparation for the 1918 garden campaign, the county agricultural agent was asked to determine the amount of garden space that could be put to work. His survey revealed a fine farm concealed within the city limits, for the aggregate area of the unused vacant lots exceeded seventy-five acres. He found, moreover, three hundred tons of manure available for fertilizer that were going to waste, or enough for four tons for each acre. Next, arrangements were made with the owners of these unused lands whereby the latter could be put to work.

But the county agent's survey revealed other things than land and fertilizer. He discovered that many 1917 gardens had been failures because the gardeners were ignorant of agricultural principles. They were trying to raise vegetables in soil not suited to them, and they did n't understand cultural methods.

Marshalltown is a city of twenty thousand people, and among its inhabitants are a number of retired farmers. As Cincinnatus was called from his plow to become a public servant, so these farmers were summoned from their retirement and drafted for public service. Mayor S. H. Reilly appointed them as advisers to the town's gardeners, dividing them into small committees, each of which will oversee the garden work of several blocks. "I asked them," Mayor Reilly wrote us, "to see that every garden is put in and taken care of. I believe we will get every foot of ground plowed and in use." Inasmuch as these committees of farmers are to arrange for the plowing and preparation of the seedbeds, it is safe to believe that every foot of land will be in use. In order that seeds may be assured to rich and poor alike, a public subscription was taken to provide money for their purchase. The ovine quality of the genus homo is remarked in the Bible; but, like sheep, we can be led elsewhere than astray, and in Marshalltown the people are being led toward that union in which alone there is strength. Not to be a gardener in Marshalltown will soon be as unthinkable as not to be in style.

But it is not enough to put our vacant lots to work, even though they do comprise a sizable farm in every community. Not until we have cultivated our uttermost garden space shall we be free from the fear of this prison of threatened hunger. We must draft our back yards as well as our vacant lots. We must make our garden service truly universal service.

Fortunately, the plans for such a draft lie ready at hand. They are the product of Director C. W. Pugsley of the state college of agriculture of the University of Nebraska, in which State they are being applied this spring. Primarily they are intended for high-school pupils, but they will fit any other workers as well. After organizing this survey force as an army is organized, with officers and subordinates, and assigning to each officer a portion of the town for his survey, Director Pugsley advises that large scale maps be drawn or secured on which is platted every parcel of land in the town. In larger towns it may be necessary to have district maps.

For free distribution in his own state Director Pugsley has prepared printed "data cards" on which may be recorded all the facts as to the garden situation, and these cards, filled in by the surveyors and filed in alphabetical order, will provide a card catalogue of all lots and yards. Among the data to be recorded are the

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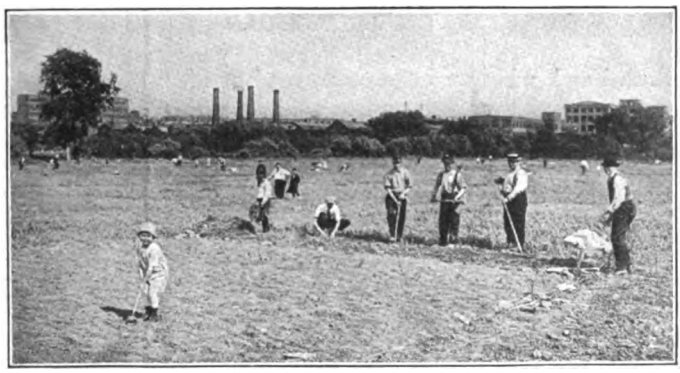
name and address and telephone number of each owner, the location of each lot or yard, and a description of the same: the approximate area, the condition of the soil, facts as to whether the garden is to be used or not, and if not, whether the owner will lend or rent the land and on what terms. Inquiries as to available manure for fertilizer are also to be made, and when the survey is complete, arrangements are to be made immediately to supply land to the landless who wish to become gardeners and to insure the working of each plot.

Immediately contiguous to almost every town are large acreages of land standing idle. Factory sites, water company lands, and other unused areas near centers of population may easily be included in such survey, so that every rod of ground not only within the actual borders of the town, but all within reach may be put to work. Already enormous acreages around factories are under cultivation, and the area can be extended almost indefinitely.

In all the world there are not enough breadstuffs available to feed the forces fighting for freedom. If we are to make good the shortage of breadstuffs under which our allies are struggling, we must more and more give up our own portion of bread. In ever-growing quantities we must ship meat, wheat, sugar, and fat, and live on something else. But in order that there shall be sufficient of that "something else," we must extend our gardening operations to the very ultimate, and the only possible way to do that is by garden conscription.

It is not too late to make a garden survey. Even though it were midsummer, such a survey would be tremendously helpful. Not only would it provide data for the coming year, but it would reveal unoccupied areas where quick-growing foods, like snap beans, could still be raised in great quantities.

We have put our hand to this terrible plow of war and we shall not turn back. We have set our faces like a flint. The struggle for human freedom, begun at Lexington and consecrated at Gettysburg, is a heritage of duty from which the people of America will not shrink. In a recent article Margaret Deland said that the women of America are called upon to sacrifice, serve, and save. Sacrifice and service, she said, were easy, but to save came hard. It has ever been so with us Americans. Too long have we despised the day of small things. We can afford to do so no longer. One of those small things is our back-yard garden. All it needs is proper direction. And doing this, we shall do even more: we shall fortify ourselves against that day when all the warring world swarms into our market again.



LAYING OUT THE PLOTS FOR A WAR GARDEN AT THE GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY, SCHENECTADY, NEW YORK

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To a Hen Crossing a Road

By OLIVER HERFORD

Rash Fowl, what secret purpose, good or ill,
Dares your dull soul to wild adventure when,
Floundering across the dusty road, O Hen,
You flout the wheels of Fate with cackling shrill?
Or is it all a mad caprice to thrill
The idle sons (and daughters eke) of men,
So that they ask each other once again
The riddle ancient, all unanswered still?
Ofttimes I let my fancy backward stray
To that dim dawn long ere the day of Noah
When, heedless of the hubbub raised thereby,
The primal hen crossed the primeval way
And some rude (probably arboreal) Shaw
Startled the forest with the world's first why.

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Iron Heroines

By BURGES JOHNSON

"THREE Suburban Line passenger-cars freighted with human beings are lost on the meadows of northern New Jersey in the blizzard now raging. These coaches, attached to a sixteen-horse-power locomotive, left Hudson City at 1:30 A. M. to-day, one hour later than the scheduled time for departure. Nearly every seat in the warmest of the cars was occupied, the majority of passengers being suburban theater-goers returning to their homes.

"At the time this paper goes to press the whereabouts of the train is unknown. Two locomotives sent out along the tracks at 2 A. M. and 3 A. M., respectively, disappeared into the storm and apparently are lost also. The few telephone wires still in commission at this hour along the Suburban Lines are weighted with frantic inquiries from bereaved homes."

Such was the startling intelligence that appeared in the early editions of the New York papers on the morning of December 14. The Suburban station in Hudson City at 3:30 A. M. was a bleak and desolate spot. Even the rails were deserted, save for a single string of darkened coaches on the northern track. Drifts of snow half concealed the yawning subway entrances. Communication with the outside world was gradually being cut off in every direction. A few distracted relatives and friends of passengers on the lost train had somehow found their way to the terminal and stood in a huddled group, besieging the yard-master, the only railroad official in sight.

"I have done all I can," he said, wringing his hands, in answer to one of the importunate inquiries. "We have no news from anywhere. I am sorry I let that second engine go. It is sure to die out there, and I am so lonely here without it. Besides, it kept me warm."

"You have sent out two engines into such a storm? Where did they go?" An elderly lady made this inquiry sharply. Though her eyes never left the yard-master's face, her hands were busily engaged in pinning upon her bosom a badge bearing the letters S. P. C. E., which she had laboriously detached from some nether garment.

"I have no instructions from any one," answered the yard-master, piteously; "I can only do whatever occurs to me at the moment. I 've done a deal of thinking here all alone. I remembered that when I was a boy, if I lost an arrow that I had shot from my bow, a second arrow, sent at random, often guided me to the missing shaft. I have sent out the only two remaining live engines with that idea. But there is no reason for despair," he added hastily as he noted the old lady's glittering badge. "When the storm clears a little, we ought to be able to locate the train and the two pursuing locomotives by following our several lines of track. Of course the fact that all three of the cars, and the engines as well, are old and experienced and well acquainted with northern New Jersey makes it barely possible that they have left the rails and attempted to make their way more directly across the meadows to our car barns in Newark."

The telegraph operator, who had been making his way slowly through the snow from his booth in the station, now joined the group. He refused to be pessimistic. Several Suburban locomotives, he said, were now equipped with radio, and the missing engine might be one of them; he also announced that the Ontario & West-

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ern lines were sending down their two famous low-running Dalmatian dachs-cars, trained to follow the scent of any passenger-coach that uses kerosene lamps. The elderly lady with the badge listened unsympathetically.

"Only a corporation and, I am inclined to think, only this corporation," she declared, "could treat an engine as you do. Oh, I know you all too well. You have few, if any, bowels."

As she spoke, several of her hearers were aware of a faint, shrill sound that might have been the gale and yet was too steady an overtone to be the storm's voice. In a moment it grew so loud and insistent as not to be ignored, and all turned at once, in time to see the blunt, but honest, face of a Suburban locomotive emerge from the mists of driving snow, wheezing and staggering, but advancing doggedly. Coupled to it, a second engine appeared, but lifeless and cold, a mere inert weight. A steady scream from the whistle of the leader, No. 27, had grown fainter and fainter until, at the very terminus of the track, with a sort of dying cry, all sound and motion stopped together. Two engineers staggered from the foremost cab and faced the yard-master.

"She 's a heroine," they said in a breath. "Found her way practically of her own accord. All we had to do was feed her. Two hours ago her whistle valve stuck down, so we 've had to keep enough head of steam for motive power and for that, too. It happened just after No. 23, there, died. She 's a heroine, too," he added softly, and both men bared their heads. "We used up her coal when ours gave out. We put nearly everything combustible we had under the boilers. If you ladies will just turn your backs, the firemen can get down an' beat it. They sacrificed a goo' deal on the last one-hundred-yard stretch."

"But the lost train?" cried the yard-master. "Did you find it?"

The second engineer reached into the hip pocket of his overalls and extricated a soiled packet of papers.

"A message!" said the operator, sharply. "That 's my job." He snatched the packet from the outstretched hand. Though less snow was falling now, the wind was shrieking with redoubled fury, and the little throng followed the operator to the shelter of the station. The treasure he guarded carefully proved to be a packet of paper drinking-cups such as are sometimes found in the proper receptacles on Suburban Line coaches. They were carefully numbered and covered with fine handwritting. "I will read this aloud," announced the operator.

"Sixty men and women, storm-bound on three Suburban passenger-coaches with no idea of their whereabouts," he read gravely, "are still cheerful after a night of privation. Appointed spokesman by common consent, I have prepared and am intrusting this message to two of the three locomotives now with us, which have volunteered to attempt together the retracing of their course through the blizzard. Each is taking along one engineer and two volunteer firemen. One, at least, of these iron heroines may reach you.

"As there is an indefinite amount of time at my disposal, let me tell you something of the life in our eerie prison-house. We started boldly forth into New Jersey at 1:30 A. M., more than an hour late, for a destination twenty miles distant. Our engine was coughing badly at the start, and the motion of the train hinted also at lameness. At about 2:15 A. M., after frequent hesitation, we came to a definite stop. The snow was drifting badly, and after consultation between members of the train crew the engine was cuddled as close as possible to the smoker for mutual warmth, and the engineer joined the company of passengers, among whom he now sleeps soundly.

"Anxiety over our case soon gave way before the inevitable American buoyancy of spirit. Many soon arranged themselves for sleep as conveniently as they could. The seats form unpleasant angles for repose, and a good deal of slumber is audible. There is mirth over witticisms.

"'We represent a cross-section of humanity,' remarked your correspondent to a grave-faced man across the aisle, whose

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garb proclaimed him a clergyman. 'Doubtless you and your wife are annoyed by this vulgar badinage.'

"'It is our fundamental democracy,' he replied mildly. 'Elegance and even social distinctions are only a veneer, as any crisis proves. This lady who sleeps here against my shoulder is not my wife. I do not know whose wife she is. I somehow associate her with that bearded man two seats ahead who has affirmed the great law of compensation by slumbering against his companion; I believe her to be the elderly chaperon of the young people across the aisle from her.'

"As time passes and we become more completely snowed in, there does not develop the least evidence of panic or hysteria. A short and slender, but highly intelligent-appearing, man of middle age leaves his seat from time to time and walks completely through the car from one platform to the other. He proves to be a college professor preparing his mind for attendance in his class-room later in the morning if circumstances permit, and is questioning whether he may not get shaving materials from his hand-bag and prepare himself at least to that extent by melting snow on the engine. He is disturbed by the evident difficulty of walking outside through the drifts, and also by the question as to whether the engine could now melt any snow. When asked what he is doing here, he says that he does not know. He had started out with the intention of seeing a young lady to her home in the suburbs. Evidently he is not now doing that, he says nervously. What he actually is embarking upon time alone will reveal.

"The air is very bad. A sharp-featured, elderly woman, with the gleam of an unalterable purpose in her eyes, goes to and fro in the aisle opening the little upper windows with a hooked stick. They are immediately poked shut by umbrellas in the hands of people who sit under them. There is no unfriendly comment. It has become a sort of game.

"Twice during the long night we have been disturbed by sounds from without, which rose even above the shrieking of the gale.

"'It almost seems,' whispered a charmingly romantic young woman, drawing closer to your correspondent, 'as though some creature were following our train, perhaps with a sinister purpose.'

"We discovered in due course that two engines at widely separate intervals had struggled through the storm somehow or other to our aid, but as their combined efforts could not push us forward or pull us back, we could only be grateful for this additional company in our misfortune, and beg them to draw as close as possible. Our own engine was reported by now very weak from the cold, and moaning softly to itself. In fact it might already have perished if it had not been coupled to the car-heating system. The passengers, sitting against these pipes, keep them warm, and some of this body heat is communicated to the engine. The fierceness of the blizzard has somewhat abated as dawn approaches. We can just make out through the driving snow a large sign-board some feet from the track, bearing the legend, 'The Homeseekers' Paradise. All the conveniences of the city combined with the comfort and pleasures of country life.'

"In a consultation between the train crew and representatives of the passengers it has been decided to send two of our three locomotives out into the storm with messages. Perhaps by keeping close together they may make their way to some hamlet where help can be secured. We cannot supply them with any data as to our location, as the only discernible landmark, the sign-board before mentioned, displays a legend that is duplicated in the environs of every settlement in this region. But official papers and this correspondence are intrusted to their care. Heaven help a poor engine on a night like this!"

A solemn silence followed the reading of the message.

"How calm, how brave!" said a voice.

There were murmurs of concurrence. At this moment the telegraph instrument began a sharp clicking. All regarded the

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operator intently while he regarded his instrument. Suddenly his strained expression changed to a kindly smile.

"It 's a friendly world," he remarked, turning to his little audience. "The Long Island Railroad is offering us their north-shore, double-ender rescue train made up of three converted Long Island ferry-boats mounted on wheels and each equipped with radio, periscope, restaurant, and bar."

"Refuse it with thanks," cried a voice breaking with excitement, "and look who 's out there!" The yard-master pointed through a station window, and all rushed to his side.

Through the fine mist of snowflakes eddying in the swirls of a terrific north wind they saw a train composed of three coaches and an engine rapidly backing toward them. No smoke or steam came from the locomotive, but every window of the rear coach was open, and from each one protruded an open umbrella straining in the gale.

Strong men swore and women laughed hysterically as they rushed to greet the sixty fellow-beings who had been thus miraculously saved from a horrible death.

"We owe it all to the lady who insisted upon opening windows," said the college professor, when all had reached the shelter of the waiting-room and had quieted down enough to hear. "I was but a humble instrument. She had opened my window on her fifteenth journey through the car. I promptly shut it with my umbrella. She took the umbrella from me and opened the window again. And the gale actually sucked it from her hand. Such a phenomenon was hint enough for the humblest man of science."

Laughing and crying, the throng made its way out of the station, leaving it deserted and quiet save for the howling of the wind. No, not wholly deserted. Beside a track on the edge of the platform sat the elderly lady with the badge.

"Brutes!" she muttered, "ungrateful humans!" Before her on the track lay Engine 27, prone and lifeless, and its head was in her lap.

Mexican Serenade

By ARTHUR GUITERMAN

When the little armadillo,
With his head upon his pillow,
Sweetly rests,
And the parrakeet and lindo,
Flitting past my cabin-window,
Seek their nests;

When the mists of even settle
Over Popocatepetl,
Dropping dew,
Like the condor, over yonder,
Still I ponder, ever fonder,
Dear, of you!

May no revolution shock you,
May the earthquake gently rock you
To repose,
While the sentimental panthers
Sniff the pollen-laden anthers
Of the rose!

While the pelican is pining,
While the moon is softly shining
On the stream,
May the song that I am singing
Send a tender cadence winging
Through your dream!

I have just one wish to utter—
That you twinkle through your shutter
Like a star,
While, according to convention,
I shall cas-u-ally mention
My guitar.

Señorita Maraquita,
Muy bonita, pobrecita,
Hear me weep!
But the night is growing wetter,
So I guess that you had better
Go to sleep.

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PRESIDENT WOODROW WILSON

From a painting by Seymour Thomas, now hanging in the White House

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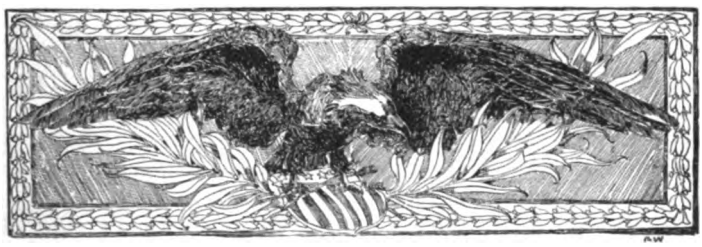

American Army Discipline

By L. FRANK TOOKER

THE United States is to-day engaged in the new and gigantic task of preparing a great army to take its place on the battle-fields of Europe. That army will have for its opponents the most comprehensively drilled troops of all history, and drilled, let it be understood, not only in the technical training of a soldier, but to a conception of life as a state wholly submissive to authority. The supremacy of Germany, the supremacy of the German people, that is the ideal of the Teuton rulers, and all to be gained by absolute submission to the will of the state. Never was an ideal more efficiently or cunningly enforced. Philosophers like Hegel, historians like Mommsen, publicists like Prince von Bülow, have spun the thread through the fabric of all their work, and lesser men have followed. From the beginning of his school life the German child is under the care of a drill-master, the German pedagogue. His text-books are followed rigidly, and all home work and supplementary reading are virtually prohibited, in order that the child may become accustomed to a single definite guide. Thus in the German has been inbred an absolute respect for authority as the tutelary god that will make him one of a race of supermen. To him *verboten* means not so much a deprivation as the stairs by which he is to climb to world supremacy. Therefore he obeys. What has the American soldier to set against this spirit?

First, in the matter of arms, he has scarcely been drilled at all. The conception of military training for the young as un-American and pernicious has been general, and in its beginning even the spread of the Boy Scout movement to the churches of the country was bitterly criticized as unfitting to the house of God and a direct incitement to the fostering of a military spirit. Secondly, the American is not inherently a soldier of the German class. He is an individualist, and the individualist is restive under restraint. He is willing, nay, eager, to fight, and he believes in himself,—his democracy has taught him that, — but in a democracy the natural corollary of believing in oneself is to believe that no one else is superior. Therefore it has come about that the American soldier, brought for the first time in his life under the necessity of absolute submission to rigid discipline, is restive. For discipline is a new thing to him. Neither at home nor at school has he learned the lesson. Both have held him with light reins.

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With his sense of superiority, therefore, he has no feeling of awe or deference for his superior officers merely as officers, a lack that is increased by the lamentable fact that too many of the latter have not learned to carry themselves with the confidence and authority of trained men. The few weeks of training at Plattsburg or other camps could not give them even the poise and smartness of the non-coms of our old regular army. The time was too brief. The shortcoming is as marked in the officers of the naval reserve, whose short, intensive training at Annapolis and other naval schools has given them perhaps an adequate mechanical knowledge and a satisfactory understanding of navigation, but none of those subtler qualities of seamanship that only years at sea and an inbred instinct for the sea can ever bring.

This paper is not a lamentation, but a warning. We have confidence in our soldiers—in their adaptability, their intelligence, their valor. We have smiled as we have read of the unanimity with which German public men and the German press have agreed to agree that as foes we are insignificant. We have even been undismayed by the report that when we entered the war the great German General Staff gravely issued this statement to the German people: "We have nothing to fear from America, for the soldiers of a democracy can never be disciplined." Well, all the world knows that we were untrained. Now let us train to the utmost, and prove to the German General Staff what one democracy can do. It was the old, happy-go-lucky indifference to any preparation for the future that brought us to this pass, a distaste for any curtailment of personal freedom through required national service. Now that the draft and required service have come, bringing vast numbers of wholly untrained men into the ranks, with officers about as untrained, the old regular army, which might have leavened the whole lump, has been submerged. With it, surely, no fault on the score of discipline could be found. It was trained, efficient, but so pitifully small! Now that our soldiers actually face a foe in Europe, it is with mixed feelings that most of us must think of the amused indifference or irritable scorn with which we used to receive the pleas of some of its higher officers for a larger army and an adequate preparation for possible war. It was then easy to laugh at the fears and ambitions of the professional soldier, the dyer's hand, and to fear a strength that we professed to think would be eager to try its skill on a foe. Well, now that we stand face to face with our great disillusionment, we have much to undo and to do.

We must remove from the minds of our citizens the old national feeling that we have only to march forth to battle, and all will be over, and we must bring to their consciousness the imperative need of discipline—discipline rigid, exacting, all-embracing; for an army with high patriotism, but without discipline, is merely a horde fast footing it to certain disaster.

Now, discipline in this sense is an intangible quality hard to define. It is a quality of heart and mind. It means first of all an instant and willing obedience; but it is more. It is unity of spirit and action; it is respect for authority; it is confidence in one's comrades and officers; it is *esprit de corps:* but most of all it is a trained sense of obedience to authority.

Doubtless it is due to what they have seen of our army that English, French, and Canadian officers, visiting our shores since the war began, on being questioned as to the greatest need of our soldiers, have one and all emphasized the necessity of discipline. They have laid special stress on the manner of wearing the uniform and on the salute as the groundwork of soldierliness. Our lack in details of this character was clearly shown on the visit of the British military commission last year. The commission had gone in a body to pay its respects to one of our military reservations. As they approached, the guard was not turned out, and as they entered the grounds, the sentinel on duty at the gate stopped walking his post, looked them over, and even failed to salute. A Canadian officer, knowing the

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temperament of Americans, unhesitatingly declared that our greatest difficulty would be to bring our army under the discipline necessary to defeat the Germans. He scoffed at the idea prevalent in this country that the Canadian Army was a happy fraternity of young men who went over the top with the cry: "Come on, boys! Let 's whip the Germans." Their wonderful work in the field was accomplished only after they had acquired discipline, a lesson that was learned at a terrible cost.

It was a wise decision on the part of the English Government to create no new regiments when they entered the Great War. Instead, the number of battalions in existing regiments was increased. Many of these regiments were very old, and about them hung the traditions of a glorious past. In uniting himself to such a body as the Royal Scots or the Welsh Fusiliers, as the case might be, a man unconsciously lost the sharpness of his own individuality in the eager desire to conform to the traditional characteristics of a great company. He was, in a way, no longer John Doe or Richard Roe, but a Royal Scot or a Welsh Fusilier, guardian of the usages of an age-old organization, exemplar of its soldierly conduct. Proud of his regiment, he was taught to prove his pride in his manner and dress.

It was with the view of emphasizing every detail of this pride that British military authorities decided to replace the bronze buttons of uniforms with buttons of brass, which the soldiers are required to polish daily. Even in the trenches officers and men must shave daily, and when, after a week of hard fighting and sometimes short rations, the remnant of a battalion is relieved, it is required to march at attention, with parade-ground precision, as it leaves the trenches for its holiday rest in the rear. It is this rigid subjection to every detail that has in part made possible the heroic stand that British troops are making to-day against a more numerous foe. Their lines bend back, but do not break; they lose bit by bit the ground they fight over, but never their fighting spirit, their *esprit de corps*.

All this our old regular army had, but the men of the new army have not yet acquired, nor that intangible something that sets the soldier apart from the civilian in manner and bearing. Eager to go to the front and proud of their calling, few of them show it. They have not yet been made to feel that they are no longer individual members of a mixed community, but a chosen freemasonry of men set apart for a great cause. Carefulness in dress, a soldierly carriage, and precision in saluting seem to them small things, but they are the vital small things that are the foundation stones of the perfected house of discipline. Many officers and men, seen on the street, do not wear their uniforms properly. They wear either campaign hat or cap indifferently, and at any angle that seems pleasing to them. Rarely are their overcoats buttoned throughout, their trousers are often unpressed, and their shoes unpolished. One may meet any day on the street enlisted men with four or five different uniforms or combinations of uniform. An officer may wear a trench-coat or an overcoat different in pattern and material from another's. The leggings of the enlisted men may be of leather or canvas, of which there appear to be several types; some wear puttees.

All this may seem trivial, but it is not. It is the accenting of individual taste and characteristics in a situation where there should be no individual taste or characteristics, but an expression of soldierly unity, a conformity to one fixed standard, as an outer sign of an inner unity of spirit.

Yet the lack of discipline is more clearly displayed in the manner in which both officers and men salute or fail to salute. Now, the regulation that calls for the salute in the service is not a rule prescribing an act of servility, but one accenting the fact of a sort of fellowship in a great profession where strict decorum and an instant recognition of authority weld the whole military body into a coördinated unit. The ideal sought is a maximum of confidence and obedience in small details that confidence and obedience may not be found wanting when the outcome

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of a great contest may hang on unquestioning confidence and obedience in large matters. Furthermore, the salute is not personal. It is to the uniform that it is given, as a symbol of the sovereignty of the state. So we salute the flag.

This the new recruit is slow to understand. He shirks the regulation altogether, performs it indifferently, or goes through it with the shamefaced air of a menial. Enlisted men with cigarettes or cigars in mouth may be seen saluting officers on the street without being corrected. It is not wholly the enlisted man's fault. In the rush of creating a great army of an unmilitary race he has not yet learned the significance of small things. A few of the officers whom he fails to salute or salutes in unsoldierly fashion are as new to military requirements as he and as ignorant of their purpose. They, too, shirk the regulation. It was the recognition of this fact that recently led two officers of the regular army in Washington to make certain tests in the matter. They saluted first every junior officer they met, and found that only sixty-three of a hundred salutes were returned. Next, they tried the test of not saluting junior officers first, and only twenty-one of a hundred juniors saluted them as they passed. Lastly, they saluted their seniors as smartly as possible, and noted the manner in which the salute was returned. At the conclusion of the tests they were forced to the conclusion that few officers cared to salute another officer first, and that all salutes were returned in a less military manner than the initial ones.

Neither do our troops when in ranks have the appearance of disciplined soldiers. At attention they do not carry themselves with the rigidity expected of trained men. They look about, lack finish and smartness. In marching they do not have the free stride and the triumphant swing of good foreign troops. Rather they advance with the air of men engaged in a game at which they are merely amused. Self-conscious Americans as they are, they think of themselves only as separated parts in an exercise that is simply diverting to the onlookers, and not as units in a perfected machine. One who has witnessed the matter-of-fact lack of self-consciousness of German troops marching at the goose-step will comprehend what it means for bodies of soldiers to be absolutely welded together in the spirit of organization.

The American recruit desires to be a good soldier. He is brave and high-spirited, and he is eager for the front and the chance to display his worth; but until he has understood their necessity, naturally he will shirk the hampering little details that seem to him meaningless and now delay his going. This teaching can come from only one source, the American officer. He must believe in its value and demand that it be learned. If he has not the ability to enforce discipline, he has no right to exercise authority; for the easy or slipshod officer gets into trouble. The sad part of it is that he gets his men into trouble, and in war trouble is fatal. We are prepared, even willing, if it must be, to see our sons perish in the cause of righteousness; but surely it is our right to demand that there must be no fundamental blunder or neglect in their training. If they must go over the top, let them go at least with a fighting chance.

Given that fighting chance, we have faith in them. We are proud of them as men; we would also be proud of them as trained soldiers. In the end we know that we shall be; we have feared only some initial disaster that might come at first through a lack of the foundations of discipline. Of the troops which have gone to France only good reports have come back. We have heard of their high spirits, their helpfulness, their kindness, and they have received six months of the most intensive training and strictest disciplinary instruction over there. By the side of those incomparable soldiers of France and England they have now taken their first lessons in actual warfare. We read with a thrill of their going singing into battle. To teach us a more standard national spirit and a better method of putting into effect what we believe to be right, may they soon come singing home.

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A Childhood in Brittany Eighty Years Ago

By ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK

Author of "A Fountain Sealed," etc.

This little sheaf of childish memories has been put together from many talks, in her own tongue, with an old French friend. The names of her relatives have, by her wish, been changed to other names, taken from their Breton properties, or slightly altered while preserving the character of the Breton original.

CHAPTER I

QUIMPER AND BONNE MAMAN

I WAS born at Quimper in Brittany on the first of August, 1833, at four o'clock in the morning, and I have been told that I looked about me resolutely and fixed a steady gaze on the people in the room, so that the doctor said, "She is not blind, at all events."

The first thing I remember is a hideous doll to which I was passionately attached. It belonged to the child of one of the servants, and my mother, since I would not be parted from it, gave this child, to replace it, a handsome doll. It had legs stuffed with sawdust and a clumsily painted cardboard head, and on this head it wore a *bourrelet*. The *bourrelet* was a balloon-shaped cap made of plaited wicker, and was worn by young children to protect their heads when they fell. We, too, wore them in our infancy, and I remember that I was very proud when wearing mine and that I thought it a very pretty head-dress.

I could not have been more than three

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years old when I was brought down to the *grand salon* to be shown to a friend of my father's, an Englishman, on his way to England from India, and a pink silk dress I then wore, and my intense satisfaction in it, is my next memory. It had a stiff little bodice and skirt, and there were pink rosettes over my ears. But I could not have been a pretty child, for my golden hair, which grew abundantly in later years, was then very scanty, and my mouth was large. I was stood upon a mahogany table, of which I still see the vast and polished spaces beneath me, and Mr. John Dobray, when I was introduced to him by my proud father, said, "So this is Sophie."

Mr. Dobray wore knee-breeches, silk stockings, and a high stock. I see my father, too, very tall, robust, and fair, with the pleasantest face. But my father's figure fills all my childhood. I was his pet and darling. When I cried and was naughty, my mother would say: "Take your daughter. She tires me and is insufferable." Then my father would take me in his arms and walk up and down with me while he sang me to sleep with old Breton songs. One of these ran:

Jésus péguen brasvé,
Plégar douras néné;
Jésus péguen brasvé,
Ad ondar garan té!

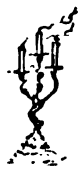
This, as far as I remember, means, "May Jesus be happy, and may His grace make us all happy."

At other times my father played strange, melancholy old Breton tunes to me on a violin, which he held upright on his knee, using the bow across it as though it were a cello. He was, though untaught, exceedingly musical, and played by ear on the clavecin anything he had heard. It must have been from him that I inherited my love of music, and I do not remember the time that I was not singing.

I see myself, also, at the earliest age, held before my father on his saddle as we rode through woods. He wore an easy Byronic collar and always went bareheaded. He spent most of his time on horseback, visiting his farms or hunting.

My father was of a wealthy bourgeois family of Landerneau, and it must have been his happy character and love of sport rather than his wealth—he was master of hounds and always kept the pack — that made him popular in Quimper, for the gulf between the *bourgeois* and the *noblesse* was almost impassable. Yet not only was he popular, but he had married my mother, who was of an ancient Breton family, the Rosvals. One of the Rosvals fought in the Combats des Trente against the English, and the dying and thirsty Beaumanoir to whom it was said on that historic day, "Bois ton sang, Beaumanoir," was a cousin of theirs.

My mother was a beautiful woman with black hair and eyes of an intense dark blue. She was unaware of her own loveliness, and was much amused one day when her little boy, after gazing intently at her, said, *"Maman,* you are very beautiful." She repeated this remark, laughing, to my father, on which he said, "Yes, my dear, you are."



My mother was extremely proud, and not at all flattered that she should be plain Mme. Kerouguet, although she was devoted to my father and it was the happiest *ménage.* I remember one day seeing her bring to my father looking, for all her feigned brightness, a little conscious, some new visiting-cards she had had printed, with the name of Kerouguet reduced to a simple initial, and followed by several of the noble ancestral names of her own family.

"What 's this?" said my father, laughing.

"We needed some new cards," said my mother, "and I dislike so much the name of Kerouguet."

But my father, laughing more than ever, said:

"Kerouguet you married and Kerouguet you must remain," and the new cards had to be relinquished.

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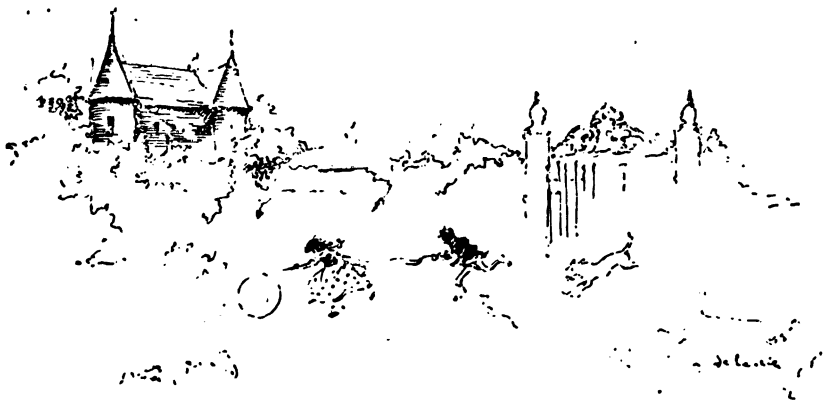

"WE PLAYED IN THE GARDEN"

My mother, with her black hair and blue eyes, had a charming nose of the sort called *"un nez Roxalane."* It began very straight and fine, but had a flattened little plateau on the tip which we called *"la promenade de maman."* My memory of her then is of a very active, gay, authoritative young woman, going to balls, paying and receiving visits, and riding out with my father, wearing the sweeping habit of those days and an immense beaver hat and plume.

Quimper is an old town, and the *hôtels* of the *noblesse,* all situated in the same quarter and on a steep street, were of blackened, crumbling stone. From *portes-cochères* one entered the courtyards, and the gardens behind stretched far into the country.

In the courtyard of our *hôtel* was a stone staircase, with elaborate carvings, like those of the Breton churches, leading to the upper stories; but for use there were inner staircases. My mother's boudoir, the *petit salon,* the *grand salon,* the *salle-à-manger,* and the billiard-room were on the ground floor and gave out upon the garden.

The high walls that ran along the street and surrounded the garden were concealed by plantations of trees, so that one seemed to look out into the country. Flower-beds were under the salon-windows, and there were long borders of wild strawberries that had been transplanted from the woods, as my mother was very fond of them. Fruit-trees grew against the walls, and beyond the groves and flower beds and winding gravel paths was an orchard, with apricot-, pear-, and apple-trees, and the clear little river Odel, with its washing-stones, where the laundry-maids beat the household linen in the cold, running water.

It was pleasant to hear the *clap-clap-clap* on a hot summer day. Is it known that the pretty pied water-wagtail is called *la lavandière* from its love of water and its manner of beating up and down its tail as our washerwomen wield their wooden beaters?

Beyond the river were the woods where I often rode with my father, and beyond the woods distant ranges of mountains. I looked out at all this from my nursery-windows, with their frame of climbing-roses and heliotrope. Near my window was a great lime-tree of the variety known as American. The vanilla-like scent of its flowers was almost overpowering, and all this fragrance gave my mother a headache, and she had to have her room moved away from the garden to another part of the house. How clearly I see this room of my mother's, with its high, canopied four-poster bed and the pale-gray paper on the walls covered with yellow fleurs-de-lis!

The wall-paper in my father's room was one of the prettiest I have ever seen, black, all bespangled with bright butterflies. Of the *grand salon* I remember

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most clearly the high marble mantelpiece, upheld by hounds sitting on their haunches. On this mantelpiece was a huge *boule* clock, two tall candelabra of Venetian glass, and two figures in *vieux Saxe* of a marquis and a marquise that filled us with delight. On each side of the fireplace were two Louis XV court chairs—chairs, that is, with only one arm, to admit of the display of the great hoop-skirts of the period. I remember, too, our special delight in the foot-stools, which were of mahogany, shaped rather like gondolas and cushioned in velvet; for we could sit inside them and make them rock up and down.

The houses of the *noblesse* swarmed with servants; many of them were married, and their children, and even their grandchildren, lived on with our family in patriarchal fashion. Men and maids all wore the costumes of their respective Breton cantons, exceedingly beautiful some of them, stiff with heavy embroideries, the strange caps of the women fluted and ruffled, adorned with lace, rising high above their heads and falling in long lappets upon their shoulders, or perched on their heads like butterflies. These caps were decorated with large gold pins and dangling golden pendants, and these and the materials for the costumes were handed down in the peasants' families from generation to generation. My young nurse Jeannie—there was an old nurse called Gertrude—wore a skirt of bright-blue woolen stuff and a black-cloth bodice opening in a square over a net fichu thickly embroidered with *paillettes* of every color. Hers was the small flat cap of Quimper, with the odd foolscap excrescence, rather like the horn of a rhinoceros, curving forward over the forehead. Needless to say, the servants did not do their daily work in this fine array; while that went on they were enveloped from head to foot in large aprons.

The servants and the peasants in the Brittany of those days had a pretty custom of always using the *thou* when addressing their masters or the Deity, thus inverting the usual association of this mode of address; for to each other they said *you,* and on their lips this was the familiar word, and the *thou* implied respect. Our servants were of the peasant class, but service altered and civilized them very much, and while no peasant spoke anything but Breton, they talked in an oddly accented French. I remember a pretty example of this in a dear old man who served my little cousin Guénolé du Jacquelot du Bois-Laurel. Guénolé and I, because of some naughtiness, were deprived of strawberries one day at our supper, and the fond old man, grieving over the discomfiture of his little master, said, or, rather, chanted, half in condolence, and half in playful consolation: "Oh, le pauvre Guénolé, que tu es désolé!" accenting the *o* in a very droll fashion.

The servants were all under the orders of a very stately autocratic person, the steward or majordomo. It was he who directed the service from behind his master's chair at the head of the table and he who prescribed the correct costume for the servants. His wife had charge of Jeannie and of me; it was she who, when two little sisters and a brother had been added to the family, took us down to our breakfast and supervised the meal. We had it in a little tower-room on the ground floor, milk soup or gruel and the delicious bread and butter of Brittany.

We lunched and dined at ten and five —such were the hours of those days— with our parents in the dining-room, and it was here that one of the most magnificent figures of my childhood appears; for my devoted father brought me back from Paris one day a splendid mechanical pony, life-sized and with a real pony-skin, the apparatus by which he was moved simulating an exhilarating canter. Upon this steed, after dessert, we children mounted

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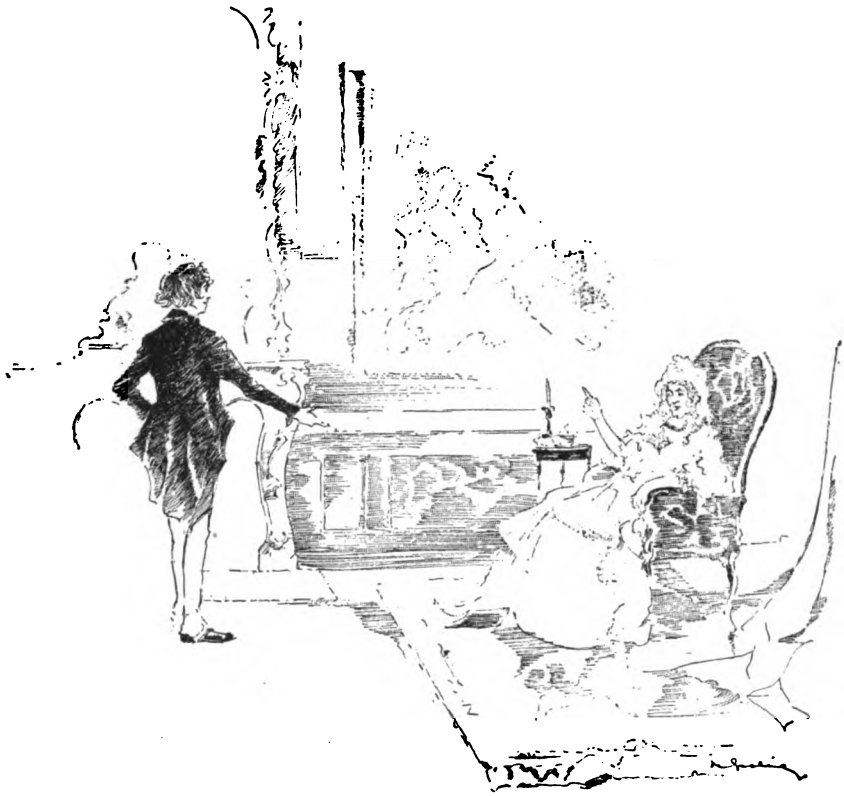

"MY FATHER AND GRANDMA"

one by one, and we resorted to many ruses in order to get the first ride of the day. This dear pony accompanied all my childhood. He lost his hair as the result of an unhappy experiment we tried upon him, scrubbing him with hot water and soap, one day when we were unobserved. He had a melancholy look after that, but was none the less active and none the less loved. When I saw his dismembered body lying in the garret of a grand-niece not many years ago I felt a contraction of the heart. How he brought back my youth, and since that how many generations had ridden him!

We played at being horses, too, driving each other in the garden, where we spent most of our days when at Quimper. Strange to say, even while we were thus occupied, we always wore veils tightly tied over our bonnets and faces to preserve our skins from the sun. We all wore, even in earliest childhood, stiff little dresses with closely fitting boned bodices. My sister Eliane was delicate and wore flannel next her skin; but my only underclothing consisted of cambric chemise, petticoats, and drawers, these last reaching to my ankles and terminating in frills that fell over the foot in its little sandaled shoe. When I came back from a wonderful stay, later on, of four or five years in England, a visit that revolutionized my ideas of life, I wore the easy dress of English children, and had bare arms, much to my mother's dismay. Another change that England wrought in me was that I was filled with discomfort when I saw the peasants kneeling before us at Loch-ar-Brugg, our country home; for in those days, although the Revolution had passed over France, it was still the custom for peasants to kneel before their masters, and my mother felt it right and proper that they should do so. I begged her not to allow it, but she in-

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sisted upon the ceremony to her dying day, and only when I came as mistress to Loch-ar-Brugg with my children and grandchildren was it discontinued.

Another early memory is the long row of family portraits in the *salle-à-manger*. I think I must have looked up at these from my father's shoulder as he walked up and down with me, singing to me while my mother went on with her interrupted dessert, for the awe that some of them inspired in me seems to stretch back to babyhood. Some were so dark and severe that it was natural they should frighten a baby; but it was a pastel, in flat, pale tones, of an old lady with high powdered hair, whose steady, forbidding gaze followed me up and down the room that frightened me most. This was an elder sister of my grandmother's, a March'-Inder, who, dressed as a man, had fought with her husband and daughter in the war of the Chouans against the republic. Her husband was killed, and her daughter, taken prisoner by a French officer, had hanged herself, so the family story ran, to escape insult. Another portrait of a great-grandmother enchanted me then, as it has done ever since, a charming young woman seated, with her hands folded before her, her golden hair unpowdered, her dress of citron-colored satin brocaded with bunches of pale, bright flowers. And there was a portrait of my grandmother in youth, with black hair and eyes as black as jet. I thought her very ugly, and could never associate her with my dearly loved *bonne maman*.

I must delay no longer in introducing this most important member of the family, my mother's mother, with whom we lived, for the old Quimper *hôtel* was her dower-house.

Poor *bonne maman!* I see her still, in her deep arm-chair, always dressed in a long gown of puce-colored satin, a white lace mantilla, caught up with a small bunch of artificial buttercups, on her white hair. She wore white-thread lace mittens that reached to her elbows, and her thin, white hands were covered with old-fashioned rings. My mother was her favorite daughter, and I, as the eldest child of this favorite, was specially cherished. Both of *bonne maman's* parents had been guillotined in the Revolution. I do not think her husband was of much comfort to her. He came to Quimper only for short stays. He was *directeur des Ponts et chaussées* for the district, but also a deputy in Paris, and these political duties, according to him, gave him no leisure for family life. He was at least ten years younger than *bonne maman*, very gay and witty, *l'homme due monde* in all the acceptations of the term, full of deference to *bonne maman*, whom he treated like a queen, with respectful salutes and gallant kissings of the hand. He seemed very fond of his home at Quimper when he was in it, but he seldom graced it with his presence.

When I went up to see *bonne maman* in the morning, she would give me her thumb to kiss, an odd formality, since she was full of demonstrations of affection toward me. I did not find the salute altogether agreeable, since *bonne maman* took snuff constantly, and her delicate thumb and forefinger were strongly impregnated with the smell of tobacco. Taking me on her knees, she would then very gravely ask to see my little finger, and when I held it up, she would scrutinize it carefully, and from its appearance tell me whether I had been good or naughty. Beside her chair *bonne maman* had always a little table, the round polished top surrounded by a low brass railing. On this were ranged a number of toilet implements, her glasses, scent-bottle, work-bag, and various knickknacks. A very unique implement, I imagine, was a little stick of polished wood, with a tuft of cotton wool tied by a ribbon at one end. This she used, when her maid had powdered her hair or face, to dust off the superfluous powder, and I can see her now, her little mirror in one hand, the ribboned stick in the other, turning her head from side to side and softly brushing the tuft over her brow and chin. The table was always carried down with her to the *petit salon*,

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where, her morning toilet over, she was borne in her chair by means of the handles that projected before and behind it.

Bonne maman had an old carriage, an old horse, and an old coachman. None of these was ever used, since she never went out except on Easter day, when she was carried in a sedan-chair to hear mass at the cathedral near by. The sedan-chair was gray-green, with bunches of flowers painted on it, and upholstered with copper-colored satin. It was carried by four bearers in full Breton costume. They wore jackets of a bright light blue, beautifully embroidered along the edges with disks of red, gold, and black; red sashes, tied round their waists, hung to the knees; their full kneebreeches were white, their shoes black, and their stockings of white wool. Like all the peasants of that time, they wore their hair long, hanging over their shoulders, and their large, round Breton hats were of black felt tied with a thick chenille cord of red, blue, and black, which was held to the brim at one side by a golden fleur-de-lis, and that had a scapular dangling from the end. Within the chair sat my grandmother, dressed, as always, in puce color; but this gala costume was of brocade, flowers of a paler shade woven upon a dark ground, and the lace mantilla of every-day wear was replaced by a sort of white tulle head-dress, gathered high upon her head and falling over her breast and shoulders. I remember her demeanor in church on these great occasions, her gentle authority and *receuillement*, and the glance of grave reproach for my mother, who was occupied in looking about her and in making humorous comments on the odd clothes and attitudes of her fellow-worshipers. On all other days the curé brought the communion to my grandmother in her room. I remember the first of these communions that I witnessed. I was sitting on *bonne maman's* bed when the curé entered, accompanied by his acolytes in red and white, and I was highly interested when I recognized in one of these important personages the cook's little boy. The curé was going to lift me from the bed, but *bonne maman* said: "No; let her stay. When you are gone I will explain to her the meaning of what she sees." This she attempted to do, but not, I imagine, with much success. Old Gertrude, Jeannie's chief in the nursery, had of course already told me of *le petit Jesus*, and I had learned to repeat, "Seigneur, je vous donne cœur." But *bonne*

"YVES AND GHISLAINE"

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maman was grieved to find that I did not yet know "Our Father."

"Sophie does not know her Pater," she said to my mother. "She must learn it."

"Oh, she is too young to learn it," said my mother. But *bonne maman* was not at all satisfied with this evasion and saw that the prayer was taught to me. She was very devout, and confessed twice a week; but more than this, she was the best of women. I never heard her speak ill of any one or saw her angry at any time, nor did I ever see her give way to mirth, though I remember a species of silent laughter that at times shook her thin body.

Bonne maman was devoted to my father, even more devoted than to her own sons, of whom she had had eight. They had been so severely brought up by her, but especially, I feel sure, by my grandfather, that through exaggerated respect and absurd ceremony they almost trembled during the short audiences granted to them by their parents. My father trembled before nobody. He was always cheerful, good-tempered, and kind. During our life at Quimper he was not much at home, as he had a horror of receptions and visits,—all the bother, as he said, of social life,—and the time not spent in hunting was fully occupied in seeing after his farms, his crops, and his peasants. Therefore, when he came back for a three-or-four-days' stay with us, it was a delight to young and old. I see him now, sitting in a low chair beside *bonne maman's* deep *bergère,* his head close to hers, his pipe between his teeth,—yes, his pipe—for *bonne maman* not only permitted, but even commanded, him to smoke in her presence, so much did she value every moment of the time he could be with her. So they smiled at each other while they talked,—the snowy, powdered old head and the fair young one enveloped in the mist of smoke,—understanding each other perfectly; and although their opinions were diametrically opposed, politics was their favorite theme. They must have taught me their respective battle-cries, for I well remember that, riding my father's knee and listening, while he varied the gait from trot to gallop, I knew just when to cry out, *"Vive le Roi!"* in order to please *bonne maman,* and *"Vive la République!"* to make papa laugh. When disputes occurred in *bonne maman's* room, they were between my father and mother, if that can be called a dispute where one is so gay and so imperturbable. It was *maman* who brought all the heat and vehemence to these differences, and, strange to say, *bonne maman* always took my father's side against her beloved daughter. My mother's quick temper, I may add, displayed itself toward me pretty frequently in slaps and whippings, no doubt well deserved, for I was a naughty, wilful child; whereas in all my life I never received a punishment from my father. I remember his distress on one of these occasions and how he said, "It is unworthy to beat some one who cannot retaliate." To which my mother, flushed and

"GHISLAINE TAUGHT ME MY LETTERS"

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indignant, replied, "It would indeed need only that." She was a charming and lovable woman, but I loved my father best.

Bonne maman was very musical, and in the *petit salon,* when she was installed there for the day, I heard music constantly, performed by two young *protégés* of the house. One of these was Mlle. Ghislaine du Guesclin, the youngest descendant of our great Breton hero. It was a very poor, very haughty family, and extremely proud of its origin. Ghislaine's father, the Marquis du Guesclin (for with a foolish conceit he had separated the particle from the name) had died, leaving his daughter penniless and recommending her to my grandfather, who placed her as *dame de compagnie* beside my mother and *bonne maman.* Ghislaine was an excellent musician, and their relation was of the happiest. The other *protégé* was called Yves le Grand, and was the son of *bonne maman's coiffeur.* His story was curious. As a boy of fourteen or fifteen he had come three times a week to wash the windows and doors, and while he worked he sang all sorts of Breton songs and strange airs that, as was learned later, were his own improvisations. *Bonne maman,* noticing his talent, had him taken to Paris by her husband, and he was educated in the conservatory, where, after ten years of admirable study, he took the second prize. He returned to Quimper, and earned a handsome livelihood by giving pianoforte lessons while remaining in a sense our private musician, for he was much attached to us all and accompanied us on all our travels. Ghislaine sang in a ravishing fashion, and Yves accompanied her on the clavecin that stood in the *petit salon,* mingling the grave accents of his baritone with her clear soprano. When I first heard them I was almost stupefied by the experience, cuddling down into *bonne maman's* arms, my head sunk between her cheek and shoulder, but listening with such absorption and with such evident appreciation that *bonne maman* loved me more than ever for the community of taste thus revealed between us.

I must often have tired her. I was a noisy, active child, and sometimes when I sat on her knee and prattled incessantly in my shrill, childish voice, she would pass her hand over her forehead and say: "Not so loud, darling; not so loud. You pierce my ear-drums; and you know that *le bon Dieu* has said that one must never speak without first turning one's tongue seven times round in one's mouth." At this I would gaze wide-eyed at *bonne maman* and try involuntarily to turn my tongue seven times, an exercise at which I have never been successful. I may add in parenthesis that I have often regretted it. Another amusing adage I heard at the same time from Gertrude. If a child made a face, it was told to take care lest the wind should turn, and the face remain like that forever. I was much troubled

by this idea on one occasion when *maman* and Ghislaine had been to a fancy dress ball. Ghislaine told me next day about the dances and dresses. *Maman* had danced a minuet dressed in a Pompadour costume, and she herself had gone as a deviless, with a scarlet-and-black dress and little golden horns in her black hair. I felt this to have been a very dangerous proceeding, for if *le bon Dieu* had noticed Ghislaine's travesty, he might have made the wind turn, and she would then have remained a deviless and been forced to live in hell for all eternity.

A pretty custom at that time and in that place was that the young matrons who went to such balls and dinner-parties were expected to bring little silk bags in which they carried home to their children the left-over sweetmeats of the dessert; so that we children enjoyed these entertainments as much as Ghislaine and *maman.*

Ghislaine taught me my letters from a colored alphabet in the *petit salon,* showing an angelic patience despite my yawns and whimperings. My memories of the alphabet are drolly intermingled with various objects in the *petit salon* that from the earliest age charmed my attention. One of these was an immense tortoise-

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shell mounted on a tripod, and another a vast Chinese umbrella of pale yellow satin, with silk and crystal fringes, that, suspended from the ceiling in front of the long windows that gave on the garden, was filled with flowers. This had been an ingenious contrivance of my father's, and *bonne maman* found it as bewitching as I did, never failing to say to visitors, after the first greetings had passed: "Do you see my Chinese umbrella?" When I had learned seven letters *bonne maman* gave me four red *dragées de baptême,*—the sugar-almonds that are scattered at christenings,—and promised me as many more for each new attainment. Thus sustained, I was able to master the alphabet and to pass by slow degrees to Æsop's Fables, with pictures and a yellow cover. It was later on that Ghislaine began to coach me in all the *départements* of France and their capitals. *Maman* lent a hand in this and instituted a method that was singularly successful. I still laugh in remembering how at any time of the day, before guests, at meals, or while we were at play, she might suddenly call out to us, "Gers!" for instance, to which one must instantly reply "Auch." Or else it was "Gironde!" and the reply, "Bordeaux" must follow without hesitation. If I replied correctly, I was given fifty centimes; if incorrectly, I received a slap. I used to dream of the *départements* and their capitals at night. One rainy day I was playing in the *petit salon,* lying at full length on the floor and making a castle of blocks, when *maman,* coming suddenly out of the library, a great tray of books in her arms, cried out to me as she came, walking very quickly, "Gare!" ["Take care!"] Without moving and without looking up, I replied obediently, "Nîmes" (the capital of Gard) and an avalanche of books descended upon me, poor *maman* and her tray coming down with a dreadful clatter. *Maman* was not hurt, but very much afraid that I was.

When she found us both, except for a few bruises, safe and sound, she went off into a peal of laughter, and I followed suit, much relieved; for I had imagined for one moment that I had made a mistake in my answer, and I found the punishment too severe.

"You are sure I have not hurt you, darling?" said *maman,* kissing me; and I replied with truth:

"No, *Maman;* but I should have preferred the *gifle.*" On that day, instead of fifty centimes, I received a franc for consolation.

It was not until my brother's tutor came to us, when I was eight or nine years old, that I ever had any teacher but Ghislaine.

Poor Ghislaine! Hers was a rather sad story. She had great beauty, thick, black hair, white skin, her small prominent nose full of distinction, but one strange peculiarity: there were no nails on her long, pointed fingers. This, while not ugly, startled one in noticing her hands. As I have said, she had been left penniless, and it was difficult in France, then as now, to find a husband for a *jeune fille sans dot.* Ghislaine only begged that he should be a gentleman. But after *bonne maman's* death, when we had gone to live in Paris, Ghislaine was left behind with my aunt's family, and they finally arranged a marriage for her with a notary. My mother was much distressed by this prosaic match. She had for a time cherished the romantic project of a marriage between Ghislaine and Yves, who, besides being an artist, was the best of men, sincere, devoted, and delicate.

For a descendant of Duguesclin the *coiffeur's* son would, however, have been as inappropriate as was the notary. The latter, too, was an excellent man, and Ghislaine was not unhappy with him.

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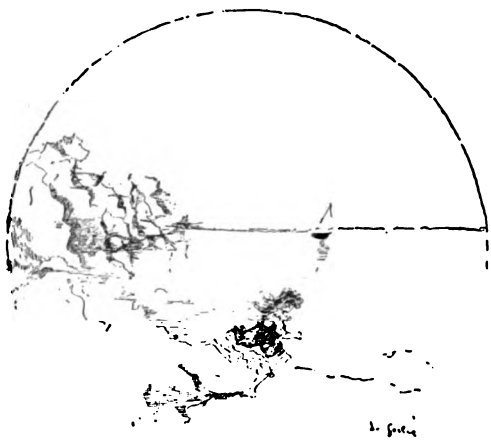
CHAPTER II

ELIANE

AN important event in my child life was the birth of my sister Eliane. I remember coming in from the garden one day with a little basket full of cockchafers that I had found, and running to show them to *maman*. She was lying in her large bed, with its four carved bedposts and high canopy, and smiling faintly, she said: "Oh, no, my little girl; take them away. They will creep and fly over everything." I was, however, so much disappointed at this reception of my gift that *maman,* bending from her pillows, selected a specially beautiful green cockchafer and said that that one, at all events, she would keep. When next morning I was told that I had a little sister, old Gertrude, in answer to my eager, astonished questions, informed me that it was the cockchafer who, fed on milk, had become very large during the night and had given birth to a baby cockchafer, which it had presented to my mother. This story of the cockchafer became a family jest, and later on, after my mother had had four children, I remembered that when cockchafers were referred to she would laugh and say: "No! no! No more cockchafers for me, if you please! I have had enough of their gifts."



The story, which was repeated to me on the occasion of each subsequent birth, made a rather painful impression upon me. I did not like the idea of the baby cockchafer. Nor did I like my little sister Eliane into whom the cockchafer had grown. *Maman* remained in bed for a long time and paid no more attention to me, and I was deeply jealous. I was no longer allowed to go in and out of her room as had been my wont, and when my father took me in his arms and carried me gently in to see my little sister, and bent with me over the small pink cradle so that I might give her a kiss, I felt instead a violent wish to bite her. One day I was authorized to rock Eliane while my father and mother talked together. I was much pleased by this mark of confidence, and I slipped into the cradle, unnoticed, my horrible doll Josephine, all untidy and disheveled, not to say dirty, so that she, too, might have a rocking. She lay cheek to cheek with Eliane, already a young lady ten days old, and the contact of this cold, clammy cheek woke my little sister, who began to cry so loudly that, in order to quiet her, I rocked with might and main, and unless papa had rushed to the rescue it is probable that Eliane and Josephine would have been tossed out upon the floor. Jeannie was at once summoned to take me away in disgrace, and in *bonne maman's* room I was consoled by two *dragées,* one white, I remember, and one pink.

"You love your little sister, don't you, my darling?" asked *bonne maman,* to whom Jeannie related the affair of the rocking.

"No," I replied, the pink *dragée* in my mouth.

"Why not, dear?"

"She is horrid," I said. And as *bonne maman,* much distressed, continued to question and expostulate, I burst, despite the *dragées,* into a torrent of tears and cried: "She is bad! She is ugly! She cries!"

Eliane's christening was a grand affair. Her godmother was *bonne maman,* and her godfather my uncle de Salabéry, who brought her a casket in which was a cup and saucer in enamel and also an enamel egg-cup and tiny, round egg-spoon, and

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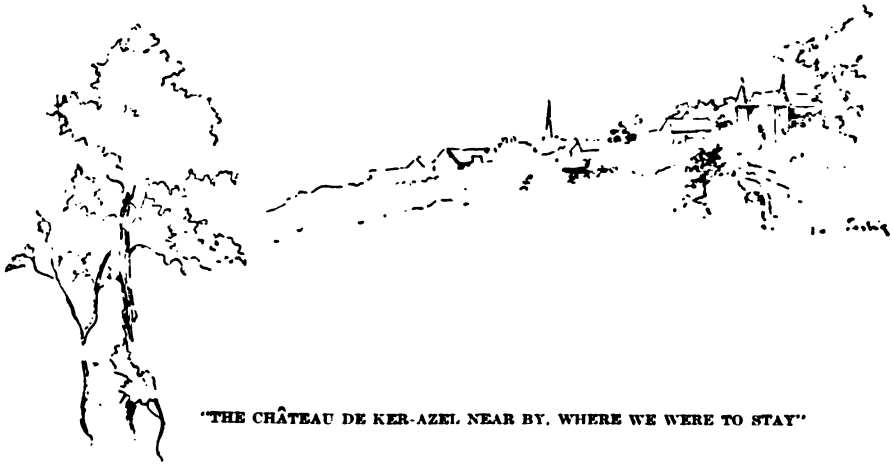
this I thought very silly, since Eliane, like the cockchafer, ate only milk. The casket was of pale-blue velvet, and had Eliane's name written upon it in golden letters. She was carried to the cathedral by her nurse, who wore a gray silk dress woven



"THE CHÂTEAU DE KER-AZEL NEAR BY, WHERE WE WERE TO STAY"

with silver fleurs-de-lis, a special silk, with its silver threads, made in Brittany. The bodice opened on a net guimpe thickly embroidered with white beads. The apron was of gray satin scattered over with a design, worked in beads, that looked like tiny fish. Her coif was the tall medieval hennin of Plougastel, a flood of lace falling from its summit. Eliane, majestically carried on her white-lace cushion, wore a long robe of lace and lawn, and again I found this very silly, since if by chance she wished to walk, she would certainly stumble in it! The curé was replaced by the bishop of the cathedral, who walked with a tall golden stick, twisted at the top into a pretty design. Papa, who was near me, explained to me that this was called a crozier (*crosse*), which puzzled me, as *crosse* is also the name for the drumstick of a chicken. I also learned that what I called the bishop's hat was a miter. When he passed before us every one knelt down except me, for I wished to gaze with all my eyes at the magnificent apparition. The bishop leaned toward me, smiling, and made a little cross on my forehead with his thumb, and then he put his hand, which was very white and adorned with a great ring of amethyst and diamond, before my lips. "Kiss Monseigneur's hand," papa whispered, and, again much puzzled, I obeyed, for *maman* and *bonne maman* gave their hands to be kissed by men and never kissed theirs. When the bishop put the salt in Eliane's mouth she made the most hideous grimace. Heavens! how ugly she was! *Maman* took her into her arms to calm her. I was near *bonne maman* who had been borne in her sedan-chair into the cathedral, and I whispered to her: "You say that she is pretty *bonne maman*. Only look at her now! Does n't she look like an angry little monkey!" But *bonne maman* reminded me in a low voice that unless I was very good, I was not to come to the christening breakfast, and, hastily, I began to turn my tongue in my mouth.

I remember that on this day *bonne maman* had left her puce-color and looked like an old fairy as she sat, covered with all her jewels, in the sedan-chair, dressed in orange-colored velvet.

When we came out of the cathedral the square was full of people, and all the children of Quimper were there. My father, leading me by the hand, was followed by a servant who carried a basket of *dragées*. He took out a bagful and told me that I was to throw them to the children, and this I did with great gusto. What a superb bombardment it was! The children rolled upon the ground, laughed, and howled, while *maman*, and

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bonne maman from the window of her chair, scattered handfuls of *centimes, sous,* and *liards,* an old coin of the period that no longer exists. Never in my life have I seen happier children. They accompanied us to our door and stayed for a long time outside in the street, singing Breton canticles and crying, "Vive Mademoiselle Liane!"

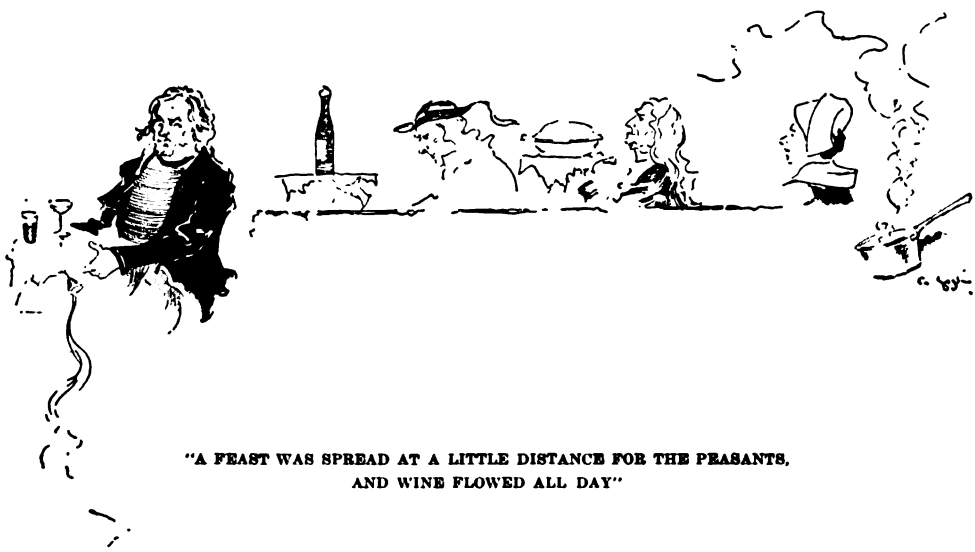
It must have been at about this time that I first saw the sea and had my first sea-bath. Papa said one day that he would take me to the beach of Loctudiy, near Quimper, with old Gertrude. It is a vast sandy beach, with scattered rocks that, to my childish eyes, stood like giants around us. Gertrude took off my shoes and stockings, and we picked up the shells that lay along the beach in the sunlight like a gigantic rainbow. What a delight

papa looked very small before it. I ran to him crying:

"Don't go, papa! Don't go! You will be drowned!"

"There is no danger of that, my pet," said my father. "See how smooth and blue the water is. Don't you want to come with me?"

I felt at once that I did, and in the twinkling of an eye Gertrude had undressed me, my father had me in his arms, and before I could say "Ouf!" I was plunged from head to foot in the Atlantic Ocean. It was my second baptism, and I still feel an agreeble shudder when I remember it. My father held me under the arms to teach me to swim, and I vigorously agitated my little legs and arms. Then I was given back to Gertrude, who dried me and, taking me by the hand, made me



"A FEAST WAS SPREAD AT A LITTLE DISTANCE FOR THE PEASANTS, AND WINE FLOWED ALL DAY"

it was! Some were white, some yellow, some pink, and some of a lovely rosy mauve. I could not pick them up fast enough or carry those I already had. My little pail overflowed, and the painful problem that confronts all children engaged in this delicious pursuit would soon have oppressed me if my thoughts had not been turned in another direction by the sight of papa making his way toward the sea in bathing-dress. The sea was immense and mysterious, and my beloved run up and down on the hot sand until I was quite warm.

When I came home, full of pride in my exploits, I told *bonne maman* that during my swim I had met a whale which had looked at me.

"And were you afraid of it?" asked *bonne maman.*

"Oh, no," I replied. "They do not eat children. I patted it."

Perhaps my tendency to tell tall stories dates from this time.

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CHAPTER III

THE FÊTE AT KER-ELIANE

IT was shortly after Eliane's christening, and to celebrate my mother's recovery, that my father gave a great entertainment at Ker-Eliane, near Loch-ar-Brugg.

Loch-ar-Brugg, which means Place of Heather, was an old manor and property that my father had bought and at that time used as a hunting-lodge, and Ker-Eliane was a wild, beautiful piece of country adjoining it, a pleasure resort, called after my mother's name.

To reach Loch-ar-Brugg we all went by the traveling carriage to my father's native town of Landerneau. I dreaded these journeys, since inside the carriage I always became sick; but on this occasion I sat outside near an old servant of my grandmother's called Soisick, the diminutive of François, and was very happy, since in the open air I did not suffer at all. Soisick was an old Breton from Brest. He wore the costume of that part of the country, a tightly fitting, long, black jacket opening over a waistcoat adorned with white-bone buttons, full knee-breeches of coarse, white linen girded over the waistcoat with a red woolen sash, with white woolen stockings, and black shoes. One still sees very old Bretons wearing this costume, but nowadays the peasants prefer the vulgar, commonplace dress of modern work-people.

"BONNE MAMAN"

My father was waiting for us on the quay of Landerneau. What joy I felt when I saw him! When he climbed up beside me and Soisick my happiness was complete.

Loch-ar-Brugg at that time was not suitably arranged for our habitation, and we drove on to the Château de Ker-Azel near by, where we were to stay with my *tante* de Laisieu. This elder sister of my mother's was a fat, untidy, shiftless woman who had once been a beauty, but whose abundant fair hair was now faded, and who went about her house and gardens in the mornings *en camisole*. When dressed for the day her appearance was hardly more decorous, for she wore no stays, and fastened the slender bodices of her old dresses across her portly person in a very haphazard fashion, so that intervals of white underclothing showed between the straining hooks. She was a singular contrast to my mother, always so freshly perfect in every detail of her toilet. The château was partly old and partly new and very ugly, though the park that sloped down to it was fine. Near the château stood a very old and beautifully carved font that must have belonged to a church long since destroyed. Later on, in the days of her descendants, it was kept filled with growing flowers and was a beautiful object, but my aunt merely used it as a sort of waste-paper basket for any scraps she picked up in the park. We children used to conceal ourselves in it in our games of hide-and-seek. I enjoyed myself among my many cousins, for I was at this time so young and so naughty that they tended to give way to me in everything. One of them, however, a singularly selfless and devout boy called France, was fond of me for myself, and though I never paid much attention to him, victim rather than playmate as he usually was in the games of the others, I was always aware of his gentle, protecting presence, and happy when his peaceful gaze rested upon me. After long years of separation and in our great old age we discovered, France and I, that we had always been dear friends, and in the few years that remained to us before his recent death we saw each other constantly. But I must return to the fête.

My mother and my aunt were absorbed

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in preparations. It was a general hurly-burly, every one running north, south, east, and west—to Landerneau, to Morlaix, to Brest, to every place, in short, that could boast some special delicacy. And at last the great day came, and we children were up with the lark. There was first to be a luncheon for the huntsmen, friends of papa's, and the ladies were to follow in carriages and to enter Ker-Eliane from the highroad. But we preferred the shorter way, by the deep paths overgrown with hawthorn and blackberry. The boys rushed along on the tops of the *talus,* the sort of steep bank that in Brittany takes the place of hedges, and even with Jeannie to restrain me I was nearly as torn and tattered as they when we arrived at Ker-Elaine. What a fairy-land it was! Rocks and streams, heathery hills, and woods full of bracken. An old ruin, strange and melancholy, with only a few crumbling walls and a portion of ivy-clothed tower left standing, rose among trees on a little hill near the entrance, and farther on, surrounded by woods of beech or pine, were three lakes, lying in a chain one after the other. Water-lilies grew upon them, and at their brinks a pinkish-purple flower the name of which I never knew. The third lake was so somber and mysterious that my father had called it the Styx. An ancient laurel-tree —in Brittany the laurels become immense trees—had been uprooted in a thunder-storm and had fallen across the Styx, making a natural rustic bridge. We children were forbidden to cross on it, but on this day I remember my adventurous cousin Jules rushing to and fro from one bank to the other in defiance of authority. At the foot of the hill, below the ruin, a clear, delicious stream sprang forth from a stony cleft and wound through a valley and out into the lower meadows, and at the entrance to the valley, among heather and enormous mossy rocks rose a cross of gray stone without Christ or ornaments. The peasants made pilgrimages to it on Good Friday, but I never learned its history.

It was among the lower meadows, in a charming, smiling spot planted with chestnuts, poplars, and copper beeches, that the table for the thirty huntsmen was laid in the shade of a little avenue. Already the *crêpe*-makers from Quimper, renowned through all the country, were laying their fires upon the ground under the trees, and I must pause here to describe this Breton dish. A carefully compounded batter, flavored either with vanilla or malaga, was ladled upon a large flat pan and spread thinly out to its edge with a wooden implement rather like a paper-cutter. By means of this knife the *crêpes,* when browned on one side, were turned to the other with a marvelous dexterity, then lifted from the pan and folded at once into a square, like a pocket-handkerchief, for, if allowed to cool, they cracked. They were as fine as paper—six would have made the thickness of an ordinary pancake, and were served very hot with melted butter and fresh cream, of which a crystal jar stood before each guest, and was replenished by the servants as it was emptied.

The *crêpes* were eaten at the end of the luncheon as a sweet, and among the other dishes that I remember was the cold salmon,—invariable on such occasions, salmon abounding in our Breton rivers,—with a highly spiced local sauce, *filet de boeuf en aspic,* York ham, fowls, Russian salad, and the usual cakes and fruits. The huntsmen seated at this feast did not wear the pink coats and top-hats of more formal occasions, but dark jackets and knee-breeches and the small, round Breton cap with upturned brim that admitted of a pipe being tucked into it at one side. And so they carried their pipes, as the peasants did, and the legitimists among them had a golden fleur-de-lis fixed in front. The ladies of the party, in summer dresses and wide-brimmed hats, arrived when the more substantial part of the repast was over, and their carriages filled the high-road outside the precincts of Ker-Eliane. A feast was spread at a little distance for the peasants, and wine flowed all day. After the feasting two famous *biniou-*

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players took up their places on the high *talus* that separated Ker-Eliane from Loch-ar-Brugg and played the *farandol*, the *jabadao*, and other country-dances for the peasants to dance to. The *biniou* is rather like a small bagpipe and produces a wild, shrill sound. The players wore a special costume: their caps and their stockings were bright red; their jackets and waistcoats bright blue, beautifully embroidered; their full white breeches of coarse linen. Like all the peasants at that time, they wore their hair long, falling over the shoulders. It was a charming sight to see the peasants dancing, all in their local costumes. The women's skirts were of black or red stuff, with three bands of velvet, their bodices of embroidered velvet, and they all wore a gold or silver Breton cross, hung on a black velvet ribbon, round their necks, and a *Saint Esprit* embroidered in gold on the front of their bodices. Among the coifs I remember several beautiful tall hennins. What a day it was! Landerneau talked of it for years, and I have never forgotten it. We children had our luncheon sitting on the grass near the big table, and afterward there were endless games among the heather and bracken. My little sister Eliane appeared, carried in her pink basket, and seemed to look about her with great approval.

Later on in the day, when the dancing had begun, we went to look on at that, and I wanted very much to dance, too; but nobody asked me, for I was too little. I must by that time have begun to get very tired and troublesome, for I remember that *maman* promised me a little wheelbarrow if I would be good and allowed Jeannie to take me back to Ker-Azel. I was already sleepy, as I had drunk a quantity of champagne, with which the servants had replenished my little liqueur-glass, and I allowed myself at last to be carried away by Jeannie, and fell asleep in her arms.

(To be continued)

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East Africa

By JAN CHRISTIAAN SMUTS

Commander-in-Chief of the British Forces in East Africa

IN the strenuous days of the Boer War I learned to know my South Africa from the Indian to the Atlantic Ocean as one learns a country only under the searching test of war. I came to know the unfrequented paths, the trackless parts of the bush, the wastes where people do not often go. I believe it is generally admitted that I covered more country than any other commander in the field on either side—and my movement was not always in the direction of the enemy!

When the present war broke out, I proceeded once more on my extensive travels, and I became something of an expert in the waterless, sandy wastes of the southern half of German Southwest Africa. As for the Kalahari Desert, over which the movement of men and transport was supposed to be quite impossible, we did not rest until we had sunk bore-holes for water for hundreds of miles, and until we had moved a large force of thousands of mounted men across an area in which it was thought no human being could ever move. One of the reasons of our success in that campaign was that, moving through the Kalahari Desert, we struck the enemy country at its very heart. The travels of Livingstone, of Selous, who was a comrade of mine in this war, and of other illustrious men in those vast solitudes of southern Africa were as joy-rides to what we had to undergo in conducting a big campaign against the enemy, and still more against nature.

When that campaign was over, and I thought my traveling days were past, the call came to East Africa, and 1916 was spent in traveling over the vast tropical expanses of that fascinating country. I need scarcely say that a military commander has often very special opportunities of learning geography. He has to study the country with the eyes not of the scientist or the traveler or the hunter, but of the soldier responsible for the lives and the movements and supplies of large masses of men. It is one thing to follow the track of the elephant or to stalk the lion or antelope or to collect butterflies or other gorgeous things; it is quite a different and, from the point of view of learning geography, certainly a far more enlightening, task to lead a large army over those virgin solitudes, where your problem involves the careful study not only of topographical features, but of all the numerous natural conditions which affect your progress. To provide for the needs of a small *safari* may be a light or delightful task; but the difficulties and requirements of a large force, moving forward against an alert, ubiquitous foe, compel you to probe into everything: the nature of the country, with its mountains and rivers, forests and deserts, for scores of miles around; its animal and human diseases; its capacity for supplies and transport; its climate and soil and rainfall. And one of your first discoveries is that the books of the travelers are mostly wrong. What to them was perhaps a paradise of plant or animal life is to you, moving with your vast impedimenta, a veritable purgatory. You soon come to agree with Scripture that all men are liars, and from this rule you do not even except the missionaries who write with their heads in the clouds; nor do you except the writers of intelligence books compiled in Whitehall from the hunting-tales of the travelers or the fairy-tales of the missionaries, and marked "very secret."

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But these secrets are like most secrets of the African continent, very disconcerting to the simple, trustful soul.

These campaigning experiences were unique. Probably never before in the history of the world had such things been seen: the stillness, the brooding silence of the vast primeval forest where no, or few, white men have ever been before, and the only path is the track of the elephant; the silence of the forest, stretching for hundreds of miles in all directions, broken by the tramp of tens of thousands of armed men, followed by the guns and heavy transport of a modern army, with its hundreds of motor-lorries, its miles of wagons, its vast concourse of black porters; while overhead the aëroplane, or, as the natives call it, the "bird," more dreaded and more feared than even the crocodile in the river, passes on swiftly with its bombs for the foe retreating ahead. And what an effect this movement, continued for many months over many thousands of miles, produced on the minds of the native population, looking on in speechless awe and amazement at the mystery of the white man's doings! I have often stopped to wonder at the natives' state of mind. It must have been not unlike what is told of one of my simple countrymen, on whose farm an aviator descended with an aëroplane, never seen or heard of before, and who calmly walked forward to shake hands with the heavenly visitant, whom he believed none other than the Lord! And since horses, because of the fly, are virtually unknown in most parts of the country, the natives were dumfounded by our mounted men, strange centaur-like animals that they called "Kabure," after my mounted Boer forces, of whom at first they were mortally afraid. Even bodies of well-trained armed native soldiers have been seen to throw away their rifles and run for dear life into the bush at the first sight of mounted men.

The whole east of the African continent from the cape in the south up to Abyssinia in the north, and, I believe, farther, is marked by one persistent feature, the existence of several more or less parallel mountain-ranges rising in tiers from the coast. At the top of the last and highest mountain-range lies the great elevated inland plateau, stretching like a broad back along the continent. The first line of hills or low mountains runs at a distance of from ten to fifty miles from the coast of the Indian Ocean, and all the country between it and the sea forms a low coastal belt, which seldom rises more than a few hundred feet above sea-level, with a distinct coastal climate and vegetation. Between these coastal hills and the next range lies the second belt, called in South Africa the low veldt, again with a climate and rainfall and vegetation of its own. Next and last, at a distance of from a hundred to one hundred and fifty miles from the Indian Ocean, runs a mountain system, often rising to great altitudes, on which rests the great elevated inland plateau from four thousand to six thousand feet above the level of the sea. This plateau continues for hundreds of miles westward, and then begins to slope toward the Atlantic Ocean in the far distance. Sometimes, as in Central Africa, the slope to the west is very sudden, and another range of mountains forms the western buttress of the great central plateau. All the great rivers of Africa, with the exception of the Niger, rise on this plateau or on its mountain-flanks, which have a very high rainfall. The bush, or great forest, which is almost impenetrable in the coastal belt, becomes somewhat more open in patches in the middle belt, while on the plateau open, park-like country alternates with treeless, grassy plains, and the forest is confined to the deep valleys or the mountain-slopes. The rainfall, which is fair on the coast, becomes very light in the middle belt, which in consequence tends to have an arid character; on the plateau it is high or very high. Because of these marked differences the economic character of the three regions varies considerably. Semi-tropical products, such as maize, coffee, cotton, and millet, can be raised on an almost unlimited scale on the plateau; while rice, rubber, sisal, and copra are raised in the two lower belts.

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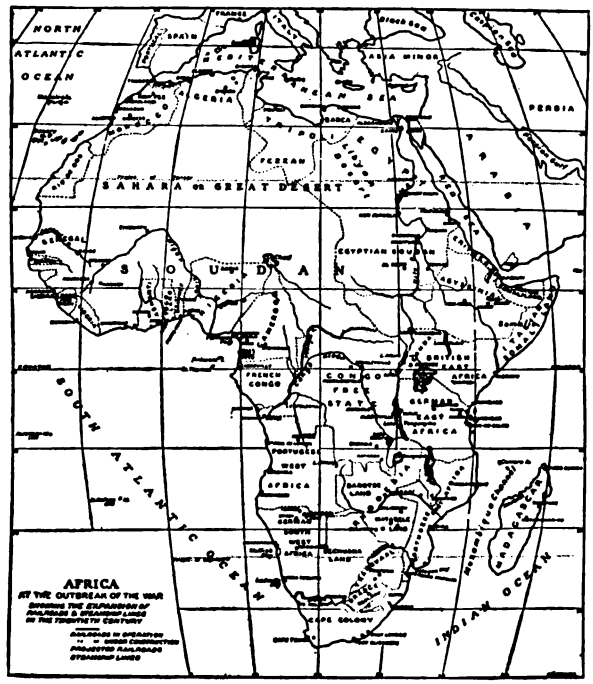
All along the mountains which mark the western edge of the high plateau one will notice a chain of lakes, from Nyasa in the south through Tanganyika and Kivu to Lake Albert in the north. In prehistoric time some convulsion of nature broke the African continent all along its spine, and formed this system of lakes. Another break occurs on the high plateau, from Portuguese East Africa in the south to British East Africa in the north, along the Great Rift Valley, with its magnificent escarpments and weird scenery, prolonged through Lake Rudolf to the Red Sea and on to the Dead Sea and Jordan Valley. Great volcanoes, now mostly extinct, though some to the north of Kivu are still active, are a still later feature of the country.

I have referred to these lakes and to the great mountain-chain along the lakes because they formed the western boundary of German East Africa, and from the point of view of defense made a magnificent frontier so strong that the Belgian forces moving from the Congo found it impossible to invade the enemy territory from the west, and had to be moved in large part northeast before they could strike south. Once there, with their usual dash they did their work remarkably well.

As soon as this northern column had reached Kigali, the capital of the lofty Ruanda Province, the German forces fell back from the neighborhood of Lake Kivu, and the remainder of the Belgian army was able to advance from the west across the mountain barrier. Simultaneously, and in coördination with their advance, strong British columns were moving southward to the west of Victoria Nyanza. As soon as we had reached the southern shores of the lake, a new concerted forward movement by the British and Belgian columns was begun both from Victoria Nyanza and from Tanganyika, where in the meantime the German armed vessels on the lake had been bombed and destroyed by seaplanes, and Ujiji on the eastern shore had been occupied. This movement did not stop until Tabora, with the central railway, was occupied early in September, 1916.

At the same time a great movement



was made in the south by General Northey, who advanced from the line between Lakes Tanganyika and Nyasa across the mountains flanking the great plateau on the west. This is a very mountainous region; but he got over the mountains, and moving north, took Bismarckburg, Neu Langenburg, and afterward Iringa, where our main forces joined hands with his. These advances, all carried out with great skill and energy against very great physical difficulties, were subsidiary to the principal attack, which was being executed from the northeast, in the neighborhood of Kilimanjaro.

The southern boundary between German East Africa and Portuguese East Africa was formed by the River Rovuma, which, coming from the high plateau and the mountains to the east of Nyasa, is one

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of the large African rivers. Except in its highest reaches near Lake Nyasa it is not fordable, and makes an admirable strategic line. However, as Portugal came into the war after most of the German colony had already been occupied by us, this river acquired strategic importance only toward the end of the campaign, and then in a sense adverse to us, as General Van Deventer has found to his cost. After the remnants of the German native forces had been driven across the Rovuma at the beginning of December, 1917, our forces found the swift pursuit across the river a difficult task. We are, however, now operating against the roving bands into which the enemy force has split, and if ever they try to break back to their occupied colony, they will find the line of the Rovuma a very serious barrier.

The eastern boundary of the colony is the coast-line of the Indian Ocean for almost five hundred miles, with some very beautiful harbors, and it was dominated by our navy from the day that war was declared. The Royal Navy has played a very active part in our African campaigns, and one of the most fascinating episodes of the war was the search for the *Königsberg,* lost after she had destroyed the *Pegasus* and done much damage in the Indian Ocean. She was discovered in a most secluded branch of the Rufiji River, and ultimately destroyed by seaplanes and monitors in her impenetrable lair. Yet, though destroyed, she made her voice heard over all that vast country, for her ten big naval guns, each pulled by teams of four hundred stalwart natives, accompanied the enemy armies in all directions, and, with other naval guns and howitzers smuggled into the country, made the enemy in many a fight stronger in heavy artillery than we were.

From a strategic point of view, the northern frontier was the most difficult of all. It passed north of Kilimanjaro, to the west of which is a desert belt. East of this desert belt and Kilimanjaro the enemy colony was protected by an almost impassable mountain system, with a very narrow, swampy, dangerous gap between the Usambara and Pare Mountains, and another gap of about four or five miles between the Pare Mountains and Kilimanjaro. It was impossible to move an army through the first gap; the second gap at the foot of Kilimanjaro was the place where the enemy had located himself early in the war on British territory, and with patience and skill had dug himself in, with very extensive fortifications, surrounded by dense forests and impassable swamps. Here he lay waiting for eighteen months, threatening British East Africa. From here he was driven in March, 1916, and by the end of that month our forces had conquered the whole Kilimanjaro-Meru areas. It was at this stage, and after our initial success, that the rainy season set in; and that is another great feature of German East Africa. I had read much about it, and I had heard more; but the reality far surpassed the worst I had read or heard. For weeks the rain came down ceaselessly, pitilessly, sometimes three inches in twenty-four hours, until all the hollows became rivers, all the low-lying valleys became lakes, the bridges disappeared, and all roads dissolved in mud. All communications came to an end, and even Moses himself in the desert had not such a commissariat situation as faced me.

When in the latter part of May the rains subsided, the advance against the enemy was once more resumed. In order to create the maximum difficulties for our advance, the enemy chose as his line of retreat the great block of mountains which I have referred to as forming the eastern buttress of the great central plateau. For the next three and a half months our forward movement continued with only one short pause until by the middle of September we had reached the great valleys of the Rufiji and the Great Rwaha in the far south, and across the Rwaha we could link up with General Northey at Iringa in the southwest.

It is impossible for those unacquainted with German East Africa to realize the physical, transport, and supply difficulties of an advance over this magnificent, but

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mountainous, country, with a great rainfall and wide, unbridged rivers in the regions of the mountains, and insufficient surface water on the plains for the needs of an army; with magnificent primeval forest everywhere, pathless, trackless, except for the spoor of the elephant or the narrow footpaths of the natives. The malaria mosquito is everywhere except on the higher plateaus; everywhere the belts are infested with the deadly tsetse fly, which makes an end of all animal transport; and almost everywhere the ground is rich black or red cotton soil, which any transport converts into mud in the rain or dust in the drought. Everywhere the fierce heat of equatorial Africa, accompanied by a wild luxuriance of parasitic life, breed tropical diseases in the unacclimatized whites. These conditions make life for the white man in that country sufficiently trying. If in addition he has to perform hard work and make long marches on short rations, the trial becomes very severe; if, above all, huge masses of men and material have to be moved over hundreds of miles in a great military expedition against a mobile and alert foe, then the strain becomes almost unendurable. And the chapter of accidents in this region of the unknown! Unseasonable rains cut off expeditions for weeks from their supply bases. Animals died by the thousand after passing through an unknown fly-belt. Mechanical transport got bogged in the marshes, held up by bridges washed away, or mountain passes obstructed by sudden floods. And the gallant boys, marching far ahead under the pitiless African sun, with the fever raging in their blood, pressed ever on after the retreating enemy, often on reduced rations, and without any of the small comforts which in this climate are real necessities. In the story of human endurance this campaign deserves a very special place, and the heroes who went through it uncomplainingly, doggedly, are entitled to all recognition and reverence. Their commander-in-chief will remain eternally proud of them.

When in January, 1917, I relinquished the command to my successor, General Hoskins, we were across the Rufiji River in the southeast, and in the great valley formed by the principal tributaries, the Ulanga and Ruhuje rivers in the west; but the rainy season which set in shortly afterward stopped all advance until the following June.

Five months later our advance was resumed, and by the beginning of December, 1917, the last remnants of the enemy's forces had evacuated German East Africa across the Rovuma, while our forces were operating against the enemy bands far south in Portuguese territory, as I have already stated.

In economic value this region ranks very high among the tropical countries of the African continent, and probably no part of all Africa has a climate or soil more suitable for the production on an immense scale of copra, cocoanuts, coffee, sugar, sisal, rubber, cotton, and other tropical products, or of such semi-tropical products as maize and millet. In common with the rest of tropical Africa, its full development is still retarded by the undefeated animal and human diseases, especially malaria. But the time is not far distant when science will have overcome these drawbacks, and when Central and East Africa will have become one of the most productive and valuable parts of the tropics. But until science solves the problems of tropical disease, East and Central Africa must not be looked upon as an area for white colonization. Perhaps they will never be a white man's country in any real sense. In those huge territories the white man's task will probably be largely confined to that of administrator, teacher, expert, manager, or overseer of the large negro populations, whose progressive civilization will be more suitably promoted in connection with the industrial development of the land.

It is clear from their practice in East Africa that the Germans had decided to develop the country not as an ordinary colony, but as a tropical possession for the cultivation of tropical raw materials. They systematically discouraged white settlement; the white colonists, with their

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small farms, gradually building up a European system on a small scale, who are a marked feature of British colonies, were conspicuously absent. Instead, tracts of country were granted to companies, syndicates, or men with large capital, on conditions that plantations of tropical products would be cultivated. The planters were supplied with native labor under a government system which compelled the natives to work for the planters for a certain very small wage during part of every year; and as labor was very plentiful, with seven and a half millions of natives, the future for the capitalist syndicates seemed rosy enough. No wonder that under this *corvée* system East Africa and the Kamerun were rapidly developing into very valuable tropical assets, from which in time the German Empire would have derived much of the tropical raw material for its industries. The Germans realized better than most people that the value of tropical Africa lay not in any openings for white colonization, such as are being developed next door to their colonies in British East Africa, but in the plantation system, where white capital and black labor collaborate to establish an entirely different order of things. Harsh as the German system undoubtedly is, I am not prepared to deny that it is perhaps the more scientific one, and that in the long run it is the more profitable form of exploiting the tremendous natural resources of the tropics.

With regard to tropical Africa, so vast in area, so great in resources, the first desideratum for its development is the opening up of communications. The lakes, the Nile, and the Congo form the principal natural links in any chains of communication with the seaboard; and the question is, how far railways have come in or will come in to complete these chains.

Two railways built during the war in the Congo territory have largely extended the communications from east to west, and from the center to the south. These two railways have opened up many routes in Central and East Africa, and it is now possible to travel from the Indian Ocean at Dar-es-Salaam by the German Central Railway to Ujiji on Lake Tanganyika; by steamer across the lake to Albertville; thence by train to Kabalo; by steamer on to Kongolo; train to Kindu, and on by steamer and rail down the Congo to the Atlantic Ocean.

Now, as to the communications in the south, one can travel from Cape Town by rail to Bukama, and thence by steamer and rail either to Boma on the Atlantic coast, or by rail and steamer to Dar-es-Salaam on the Indian Ocean. Besides these through lines, there is the Uganda Railway from Mombasa on the Indian Ocean to the Victoria Nyanza, and there are in contemplation two other railways from the east coast to Nyasa, one from Kilwa, and one from Porto Amelia, in Portuguese East Africa. A railway is also under construction from Lobito Bay on the Atlantic to the Katanga copper areas, already reached from the south and east by the railways from Cape Town and Beira.

The question remains as to communications northward to the Mediterranean. One can travel to-day from Alexandria by rail and river to Khartoum, and thence by steamer up the Nile to Rejaf, near the Uganda border. From Rejaf to Nimule, a distance of one hundred and fifty miles, the Nile is impracticable for river transport, and therefore over that distance a railway will have to be built. But from Nimule the river is again navigable up to Lake Albert. The problem is to connect Lake Albert with the Central and South African systems.

Three routes are possible, one wholly Belgian, one partly British and partly Belgian, and one wholly British. That is on the assumption that German East Africa remains British after this war. The Belgian project is to construct the railway from the Congo bend at Stanleyville over the gold-fields at Kilo to Mahagi on Lake Albert. The British project would be to construct a line from the south of Elizabethville to Bismarckburg, at the south of Lake Tanganyika, to proceed thence by steamer to Ujiji, thence by

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the existing railway to Tabora, to construct a line from Tabora to Mwanza on Lake Victoria Nyanza, and a line from Entebbe on that lake to Butiabwa, on Lake Albert. The third or mixed Belgian-British line would proceed by way of Butiabwa, Entebbe, Mwanza, Tabora, and Ujiji, on Lake Tanganyika, but from there would make use of the existing line to Kabalo on the Congo. It is probable that by one or other of these three routes through communication from South Africa to the Mediterranean may be established within the next ten years. With this vital industrial aspect of tropical Africa there is wrapped up the equally important political aspect, and these two problems are certain to make of tropical Africa one of the great problems of future world politics.

THE GERMAN CONCEPTION OF "MITTELAFRIKA" AND THE POLITICAL DIVISION OF THE CONTINENT BEFORE THE WAR

Now, the Germans are not in search of colonies after the English model, and those that they have in East and West Africa had no white population to speak of before the war. Quite apart from the fact that tropical Africa would be no suitable territory for white settlement, they have no colonists to spare, since for the sake of their industrial and military future in Germany they desire the largest concentration of population possible in the fatherland. As Baron von Rechenberg, formerly governor of German East Africa, has expressed it:

> Just as we lack suitable land for settling, so we lack suitable German settlers. . . . For a number of years immigration into Germany has been much greater than emigration from Germany. . . . Even in times of peace German agriculture had not a surplus, but a shortage, of labor, and it cannot possibly accord with our interests to increase the shortage by encouraging emigration. . . . Regrettable though it is, there can be no question at the conclusion of peace of acquiring extensive territory for settlement. There is no appropriate country, and there are no farmers to settle on it.

German colonial aims are really not colonial, but are entirely dominated by far-reaching conceptions of world politics. Not colonies, but military power and strategic positions for exercising world power in future, are her real aims. Her ultimate objective in Africa is the establishment of a great Central African Empire, comprising not only her colonies before the war, but also all the English, French, Belgian, and Portuguese possessions south of the Sahara and Lake Chad and north of the Zambezi River in South Africa. Toward this objective she was steadily marching even before the war broke out, and she claims the return of her lost African colonies at the end of the war as a starting-point from which to resume the interrupted march. Or, rather, as appears from Count Hertling's recent pronouncement, she claims a reallocation of the world's colonies, so that she may have a share commensurate with her world position. This Central African block, the maps of which are now in course of preparation and printing at the Colonial Office in Berlin, is intended

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in the first place to supply the economic requirements and raw materials of German industry; in the second and far more important place, to become the recruiting-ground for vast native armies, the great value of which has been demonstrated in the tropical campaigns of this war, and especially in East Africa; while the natural harbors on the Atlantic and Indian oceans will supply the naval and submarine bases from which both ocean routes will be dominated, and British and American sea-power will be brought to naught. The native armies will be useful in the next great war, to which the German General Staff is already devoting serious attention, as appears from the book of General von Freytag, the deputy chief of the German General Staff, recently published here under the title "Deductions of the World War."

The untrained levies of the Union of South Africa would go down before these German-trained hordes of Africans, who would also be able to deal with North Africa and Egypt without the deflection of any white troops from Germany; and they would in addition mean a great army planted on the flank of Asia whose force could be felt throughout the middle East as far as Persia, and who knows how much farther?

This is the grandiose scheme. It is no mere fanciful picture, but based on the writings of great German publicists, professors, and high colonial authorities, and chapter and verse could be quoted in full detail for every feature of the scheme. The civilization of the African natives and the economic development of the dark continent must be subordinated to the most far-reaching schemes of German world power and world conquest; the world must be brought into subjection to German militarism. As in former centuries again the African native must play his part in the new slavery. Dr. Solf, the present German Colonial Secretary, in the "Colonial Calendar" for 1917, made the following pronouncement as to the organic connection of German colonial aims with her other aims of world power:

> The history of our colonies in this world war has shown what was hitherto wanting in the German colonial empire. It has shown that it was not a proper "empire" at all, but merely a number of possessions without geographical and political connection, and without established communications. . . . How greatly would the power of resistance of our colonies have been increased if they had not been isolated! . . . These experiences show what direction our aims must take. We shall achieve the fulfillment of our desires if we remain conscious that the colonial-political aim is not something which stands alone by itself, but must be regarded in organic connection with all other aims which we are determined to attain by the world war.

Prof. Delbrück, in a recent number of the "Preussische Jahrbücher," thus sketches the new African Empire:

> If our victory is great enough, we can hope to unite under our hand the whole of Central Africa with our old colony Southwest Africa; Senegambia, Sierra Leone, the Gold Coast, Dahomey, well-populated Nigeria with the port of Lagos, Kamerun, the rich islands of San Thomé and Principe with their splendid ports, the Katanga ore district, Northern Rhodesia, Nyasaland, Mozambique, and Delagoa Bay, Madagascar, German East Africa, Zanzibar, and Uganda; and in addition the great port of Ponta Delgado in the Azores—one of the most important and most frequented coaling stations—and Horta, one of the most important centers of the transatlantic cable system. At present the Azores belong to Portugal, which is at war with Germany. Portugal also owns the Cape Verde Islands, with the port of Porto Grande, one of the most frequented coaling stations in the Eastern Atlantic.
>
> All these territories together have over 100,000,000 inhabitants. United in a single ownership, and with their various characteristics supplementing one another, they offer simply immeasurable prospects. They are rich in natural treasures, rich in possibilities of settlement and trade, and rich in

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men who can work and also be used in war. To demand them is not unjust, and does not offend against the principle of equilibrium, since Germany would thus only be obtaining a colonial empire such as England and Russia, France and America, have long possessed.

Franz Kolbe, in the "Deutsche Politik," a year ago thus described the future rôle for raiders in the South Atlantic:

The whole coast of West Africa from the mouth of the Cross River to the mouth of the Orange River would be in German possession. When one only remembers what immense achievements were performed by the *Emden* in the Indian Ocean and by the *Karlsruhe* in the Atlantic, without any naval base, without any possibility of replenishing in port their supplies of munitions, food, etc., it will be realized what the fortification of half the West Coast of Africa would signify for Germany and for England! As soon as, in the new war, the Suez Canal is closed against England by the Turks, all traffic between England and India, Australia, and South Africa must go round the Cape of Good Hope. But then all the shipping must pass the coast of German Central Africa. It would be impossible for England any longer to concentrate her whole fleet in the North Sea and to menace Germany. She would be compelled to station a considerable fleet in South Africa for the protection of her trade, and that would mean a not inconsiderable weakening of her forces in European waters.

In the same review Emil Zimmermann explains the rôle of German East Africa in the future scheme of world power:

German Africa, which will find allies at once in Abyssinia and in Mohammedan freedom movements, will make the employment of black troops against our European frontiers impossible. German Africa alone will give us a balance of power in the East and in Africa. It will remove the Egyptian pressure on Asia Minor. German Africa will make us a world power by enabling us to exert decisive influence upon the world political decisions of our enemies and of other powers, and to exercise pressure on all shapings of policy in Africa, Asia Minor, and southern Europe.

And in another article in the "Preussische Jahrbücher," he says: "Nearer Asia cannot continue to exist without this covering of its flank. That is the meaning of the German colonial question." In other words, Berlin-Bagdad is not safe without a great German Central or East African Empire.

The point of view of the British Empire is very different indeed. In the first place, it has never had any military ambitions apart from the measure of sea-power essential to its continued existence; in Africa it has never militarized the natives, has always opposed any such policy, and has tended to study the natives' interests and regard their point of view with special favor, often to the no small disappointment of individual white settlers. Indeed, no impartial person can deny that, so far from exploiting the natives either for military or industrial purposes, British policy has on the whole, over a very long stretch of years, had a tender regard for native interests, and on the whole its results have been beneficial to the natives in their gradual civilization. In shaping this wise policy British statesmen have had a very long and wide African experience to guide them, and in consequence they have avoided the very dangerous and dubious policies which the German new-comers have set in motion. Among these not the least dangerous is to regard the native primarily as raw material to be manufactured into military power and world power.

In the second place, the objects pursued by British policy on the African continent are inherently pacific and defensive. It desires no man's territory; it desires only to live in peace and develop the great African territories and populations intrusted to its care. And looking at the future from the broadest points of view,

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looking at the magnitude of its material African interests and the future welfare of the vast native populations, and its difficult task of civilizing the dark continent; looking further upon Africa as the half-way house to India and Australasia, the British Empire asks only for peace and security—internal peace and security of its external communications. It cannot allow the return of conditions which mean the militarization of the natives and their employment for schemes of world power; it cannot allow naval and submarine bases to be organized on both sides of the African coast, to the endangerment of the sea communications of the empire and the peace of the world. And it must insist on the maintenance of conditions which will guarantee through land communications for its territories from one end of the continent to the other.

The British Empire is not like Germany, Russia, or the United States, a compact territorial entity; it is scattered over the globe, and entirely dependent on the maintenance of communications for its continued existence. In future these lines of communication should proceed not only by sea, but also by land. One of the most impressive lessons of this vast war is the vulnerability of sea-power and sea communications through the development of under-water transport, and the immense importance of railway communication. In fact, to be really effective the two should go hand in hand. Nor are we at the end of the chapter in discovering new means of transportation. It is not only conceivable, but probable, that aërial navigation may revolutionize the present transport situation.

As long as there is no real change of heart in Germany and no final and irrevocable break with militarism, the law of self-preservation should be considered paramount: no fresh extension of Prussian militarism to other continents and seas should be tolerated; and the conquered German colonies can be regarded only as guaranties for the security of the future peace of the world. This opinion will be shared, I feel sure, by the vast bulk of the young nations who form the Dominions of the British Empire. They have no military aims or ambitions; their tasks are solely the tasks of peace; their greatest interest and aim is peace. Voluntarily they joined in this war, and to their efforts is largely due the destruction of the German Colonial Empire, and the consequent prevention of the German military system being spread to the ends of the earth. They should not be asked to consent to the restoration to a militant Germany of fresh footholds for militarism in the Southern Hemisphere, and thus to endanger the future of their young and rising communities who are developing the waste places of the earth. They want a new Monroe Doctrine for the South as there has been a Monroe Doctrine for the West, to protect it against European militarism. Behind the sheltering wall of such a doctrine they promise to build up a great, new peaceful world not only for themselves, but for the many millions of black folk intrusted to their care.

The enemy's stubborn defence of his last colony has not only been a great feat in itself, but is also a proof of the supreme importance attached by the German Government to this African colony both as an economic asset and as a strategic point of departure for the establishment of the future Central African Empire to which I have referred. At the conclusion of peace our statesmen will be bound to bear in mind these wider and obscurer issues, fraught with such consequences to the world and to the British Empire in particular. Perhaps I may be allowed to express the fervent hope that a land where so many of our heroes lost their lives or their health; where, under the most terrible and exacting conditions, human loyalty and human service were poured out lavishly in a great cause, may never be allowed to become a menace to the future peaceful development of the world. I am sure my gallant boys, dead or living, would wish for no other or greater reward.

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Cobbler's Wax

By ACHMED ABDULLAH

Author of "Feud," etc.

Illustrations by Tony Sarg

"THE upper and lower jaws mutually assist each other," it says in the Tso Chuan. "If the lips shrivel, then must the teeth catch cold," a quotation which leads directly, if you be a yellow man, indirectly, if a white, to the fall and rise of P'i Hsiao.

THEY called him P'i Hsiao, or Cobbler's Wax, in Pell Street, because, to quote Nag Hop Fat, the soothsayer, "he is soft, being helpless; hard, being proud; and his skin is dark."

The latter statement was not exactly true. The man's complexion was not dark. It glowed coppery red, stamping him as one apart from the waxen-faced Cantonese whose lives were pinched between the Bowery and Mulberry Street like a thin wedge of Asia driving apart bartering, narrow-chested Russian Jews and shrill Sicilians, and who understood the necessity of putting new twists into their Mongol brains in order to meet the beggar competition of Europe's back stairs. Which they did, to the confusion of the latter and the sound enrichment of certain accounts carried under various picturesque ledger headings by the Hongkong & Shanghai Banking Corporation, thousands of miles away.

But there was no credit entry headed by the square Chinese ideographs that correspond to P'i Hsiao, though the bearer of the name had come to America twenty-five years earlier.

The tale of his coming is a clanking and spirited Odyssey. It has never been told, and never can be. It would implicate too many people on both sides of the Pacific; for there is on the books of the republic a law called the Asiatic Exclusion Act, which puts the yellow man beneath the black in human worth and civic respect, and to circumvent which the yellow aspirant after American coin must travel hard roads and pay exorbitant "squeezes."

Cobbler's Wax traveled the roads. He paid gold to many. To name them all would give an ethnographical chart of the world's less desirable breeds and a sociological survey of many of the far East's gaudy rogues.

But let us pick out a few. There was the half-caste innkeeper in Shanghai whose patronymic was aristocratic and melodious,—something like Da Silva de Villareal da Costa,—and who, aided and abetted by a Kamsuh brave on whose shaven poll had been a blood-price ever since the Boxer affair, met Cobbler's Wax and thirty other prospective yellow emigrants in a first-chop chandoo place west of the Ta Kao Tien Temple. Came secondly a ruffianly Finnish skipper, wanted for murder in Riga and for arson in Palermo, who took Cobbler's Wax and associates to Vladivostok and into the tranquil presence of a Nanking compradore with gold-incased finger-nails and a charming taste in early Ming porcelain. This gentleman passed the adventurers through yet two more middlemen to a Japanese skipper who flaunted British

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naturalization papers and called himself Macdonald Ichiban. He was supposed to clear from Vladivostok direct for the Golden Gate, but managed to cruise off the British Columbia coast — "contrary head winds, half a gale," he wrote in the log, and lied—until a narrow-flanked clipper shot out from the fogs of Queen Charlotte Sound and took away the living freight, only drowning four. The remainder had an interview the next day with a provincial government inspector in Victoria, British Columbia, who drowned his Scotch conscience in his Scotch greed.

Came a stormy night and a chugging motor-boat trip across the Straits of San Juan de Fuca; a dumping overboard into the greasy, swirling sea a mile from land, near a floating buoy the lights of which, for the occasion, had been changed from red to green; a great screaming wave that swallowed all the merry band of Mongol rovers with the exception of Cobbler's Wax; the latter's swim ashore, and his yellow hand reaching out from the stinking water and gripping the slippery piles at the foot of Yeslerway, in the city of Seattle.

All this for a reason which, years later, gurgled in a woman's death-cry, and the toil of endless months to pay back the debts incurred by the way, with interest piling on interest. Rightly so, since the different gentlemen, from the Shanghai innkeeper to the engineer of the motor-boat, had done their shares of the transaction on spec, and most of the profits had already been wiped out through the inconsiderate wholesale drowning at the end of the journey.

"Pay! pay! pay!" was the cry, with the heavy hand of the Chinese masonic lodge in San Francisco squeezing and bullying and striking when spirit rebelled or pocket-book flattened.

Those were the years when Cobbler's Wax worked up and down the slope, from Seattle to San Diego and back, in canneries and lumber-camps, in a forgotten Idaho placer claim, in California wine-vats and Utah chuck-wagons through to Chicago, clear through to New York, to the warm, spicy, homelike reek of Pell Street. Two decades of toil, a yellow man's toil.

And then one hazy, lilting spring evening he stood near the corner of the Bowery, free from debt, smiling, ready to strike out for himself, to labor another eighteen or twenty-eight or thirty-eight years in order to forget the thing which was calling him back to China in the watches of the night. On that particular evening a drunken Irish policeman chanced to be homesick and to turn into Pell Street, singing an ancient and riotous stave of the County Armagh.

"Down by the tan-yar-rd soide," quavered his sentimental, alcoholic hiccough, and as he passed beneath a scarlet-and-gold Chinese sign-board, bearing in archaic Mandarin characters the naïve legend: "No credit given. Former customers have taught caution," he brushed against Cobbler's Wax, who was looking up at the cloud-whipped moon, a slow smile curling his lips.

The song broke off and gave way to a belligerent query:

"An' what may ye be grinnin' about?"

Cobbler's Wax had little English. So he winked a heavy-lidded eye with amiable intent at the foreign devil.

"What may ye be grinnin' about?" repeated the latter, with a gesture of his hickory. "An' is it maybe the pitch of me tenor ye 're takin' exception to?"

Still the other smiled.

"Tsieh-kwang — hai — tsieh-kwang?" he singsonged, politely inquiring if he was in the gentleman's way.

But the policeman misunderstood.

"Pokin' fun at me, are ye?" he asked. "Faith I 'll wipe that smile off yer dirthy mug, ye yellow haythen!" and *whang* sobbed the point of the hickory.

Cobbler's Wax was taken unawares. He raised his right to defend himself, and the Irishman fell upon him with fist and stick and heavy-nailed boots, striking and kicking in blind, murderous fury.

He saw red, and struck again and again and again with all his brute strength.

The chances are that, with the whisky

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fumes cleared from his brain, regret followed. For instead of arresting Cobbler's Wax, he let him lay where he had collapsed, a bleeding, broken, moaning bundle, and contented himself with reporting at the station that he had been set upon by three large and ferocious haythen Chinks; but that, faith, he gave 'em the edge of his club an' the toe of his boot an' by the rock of Cashel! what did them damned, dirty haythens do but run away, bad luck to 'em! Wherefore he received praise.

"THEY CALLED HIM P'I HSIAO, OR COBBLER'S WAX"

As to Cobbler's Wax, the results of Celtic homesickness mixed with Celtic whisky were far-reaching. He became a cripple for life, his right elbow shattered, his neck twisted to one side and giving him the look of a hunchback, his left eye-socket staring empty, his lungs affected, his health ruined. Hereafter he was an object of Pell Street charity, which is akin to Pell Street humor, which latter is identical with Pell Street cruelty.

"Paper tiger!" the little almond-eyed urchins shouted after him, since a tiger made of paper cannot bite and, by the same token, a man whose hands are palsied cannot strike.

"Hey! a hunchback bowing! What exaggeration!" Nag Sen Yat, the opium merchant, remarked with ready wit when he saw him make obeisance in front of the crimson-stained joss house.

"When one is eating one's own, one does not eat to repletion; when one is eating another's, one eats till the tears run," was the sententious comment of Nag Hong Fah, the pouchy proprietor of the Great Shanghai Chop-Suey Palace, when he gave to him a bowl filled with left-over salt duck, pickled cabbage, and soy.

It would be a ludicrous hunting after sentimental effect to say that these small amenities of Mongol life touched Cobbler's Wax morally or ethically; for he, too, was a yellow man. He knew that Pell Street was right in its treatment of him and that he would have done likewise had the positions been reversed.

"I am a cripple," he said to Miss Edith Rutter, the Social Settlement investigator, through the intermedium of Liu Kuang, the court interpreter, when the little lady stopped him and tried to pour the healing oil of Anglo-Saxon pity into his wounds. "A cripple is like yourself, a barren spinster," Liu Kang edited this, "fit only to wipe the children's noses and break the household pots."

Of course one feeds and clothes a helpless unfortunate in order not only to gain merit with the goddess of mercy at the time of the Feast of Universal Rescue, but also to help the departed spirits of one's ancestors. For these may have been inferior in caste to those of the man to whom one gives alms, and thus, by the posthumous act of largesse, become the latter ancestors' equals in the gray, whirling world of ghosts.

Yes, one gained face by giving; but what particular face-gaining was there in a kindly word, in sympathy?

"A word," said Yung Long, the wholesale grocer, "is a breath of wind. A word is dirt. A word is an infidel act. The deed is the thing, food is the witness, and a full stomach the divine arbiter."

Pell Street would have been well pleased had Cobbler's Wax done the de-

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cent thing and committed suicide. They even told him so in roundabout manner, and one Friday when the cripple was burning Hung Shu joss-sticks in front of Sakya Muni Buddha, Yu Ch'ang, the priest, mentioned to him casually that the price of coffins was rising. After which delicate preamble, and using the questionable support of ponderous, long-winded quotations from the Book of Threefold Duties, he told him that Pell Street would gladly contribute hundreds of dollars to ship his earthly remains to China and to bury them there, in a large and comfortable red-lacquer coffin, on the side of a hill, facing running water, and with a charming view over the rice-paddies.

"Your spirit will thoroughly enjoy himself," wound up the priest. "Also will your respectable ancestors be made happy, for your funeral shall be a white affair. Fifteen mourners shall be hired, and shall have little balls of wool suspended from their hats to represent tears."

But Cobbler's Wax preferred remaining a live cripple to a corpse buried in the state of a mandarin of the second class. He was not a Westerner, given to dissecting his soul and screwing his emotions into test-tubes. Had he been, he would have discovered that it was pride which kept him from joining the spirits of his sires by an act of his own hands—pride, though his body was shrunk and his soul growing wizen and mean as the days swooned into weeks and the weeks into the pitiless swing of years.

Pride—the pride of the gray, brooding centuries, the pride of blood, the pride of name; for Cobbler's Wax was only his nickname. His real name was Tong Fu-hsang, a name by right of which he had the reddish, coppery glow beneath his skin; a Manchu name of the stony, contemptuous North, reminiscent of the days when the steel-clad men on horseback swept out of the central Asian plains, conquered the Chinese, who outnumbered them a thousand to one, and imposed on them the *tow-chang,* the pig-tail, in sign of subjection and disgrace. A name which proclaimed him to be a gentleman in his own country, and the others, the men of the clans of Nag and Yung and Yü and Liu, dirt beneath his feet.

He used to say so to them when they bought him samshu whisky and tobacco and an occasional opium-pill in the back room of Nag Hong Fah's Great Shanghai Chop-Suey Palace, which was for yellow men only and bore the euphonic appellation, the Honorable Pavilion of Tranquil Longevity.

First they would fill his cup, then they would hold a charcoal ball to his bamboo pipe, then they would ask him questions in gently modulated voices:

"Tell us about your honorable ancestors. Tell us about the honorable Manchus who rule us pigs of Chinamen."

And Cobbler's Wax, knowing that he was speaking the truth, knowing, too, that the others knew it to be the truth, would begin with his father.

"A *chen-shih* he, who received the degree of eminent doctor at the Palace of August and Happy Education, to the west of the Ch'ien Men Gate, in the Forbidden City. A most respectable gentleman who wore the white sheet of repentance and burned the candle of expiation, never shaving his forehead for three hundred days, when the Emperor Tao-Kuang ascended the dragon and went to heaven."

"Good! good!" gurgled Nag Hong Fah into his opium-pipe and slapping his fat knees very much like a tired New York business man at a vaudeville show. "And your esteemed grandfather, tell us about him." Whereupon the cripple would continue, giving the history of his family, from his grandfather, who had been captain-general of the Eighth Banner Corps, to his great-grandfather, who had been Taotai of the Imperial Circuit, "an *aisin cioro* he, an imperial clansman, a cousin-in-blood to the Son of Heaven; a *nurhachi*—an iron-capped prince."

At which there was always a general outburst of mirth:

"Ho, Manchu!" "Ho, iron-capped prince!" "Ho, great Buddha!" and hearty slaps on his twisted, hunched spine and coarse remarks that the offal which

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dropped from the sty of Cantonese pigs was plenty good enough for the honorable guts of a Manchu conqueror. A Chinaman, after all, is a democrat who, far from home, enjoys the disgrace of an hereditary aristocrat fully as much as the hyphenated American who has made his pile and can pay for the trick likes dining in a Broadway restaurant and bullying and tipping the pale, yellow-haired, hook-nosed waiter who back in the old country had a *von* in front of his name.

Cobbler's Wax understood, but he would answer as he was bid for two reasons. One was that by refusing to reply he would lose face, since it would make it appear that he was ashamed of his family; the other being that by playing the mountebank, the fool in cap and bells and motley, he was paying for his food and raiment.

It was only when just before the breaking up of the social evening Yung Long would ask his customary final question that the cripple remained silent.

"Why have you left China?" Yung Long would ask, propping his elbow on a hard pillow covered with ancient temple brocade that seemed woven of star-beams and running water. "Why have you, the gentleman, come to the land of the foreign devils, just like me—" complacently—"me, a tail-less pig of a Cantonese coolie?"

No answer, though they tried to bribe him with samshu and opium. No answer, though the purplish light in his right eye eddied up in a slow flame, though even the empty left socket quivered with rage.

Then again gurgling laughter, and somebody remarked that doubtless a woman was at the back of the mystery, while somebody else, by a Chinese play on words which even the most careful editing cannot render unblushingly into English, suggested that it was time for Cobbler's Wax to play at *laoh-shin-fang,* the ancient Chinese game of teasing the bride.

It was on a day in late August—one of those New York days when the whole city, from the Battery to Yonkers, seems washed over with the lazy gold of the tropics, and the sky-scrapers and church spires soar eagerly toward the heaven as if to look for moisture and coolness—that a glimmer of the reason why Cobbler's Wax, the Manchu, had come to America like any coolie penetrated into Pell Street. Only a glimmer, quickly dulled by steel and blood and a woman's cry.

The tale of her beauty had been bruited about Pell Street long before her coming. For when Yung Long, twelve months earlier, had decided to "sip vinegar,"—this being a Chinese euphemism for taking a second wife,—he had furthermore decided, as a sound business man, that it would not do to hide the fact of her beauty in the cloak of decorum.

"Only a rich man can afford two wives," he said to Yu Ch'ang, the priest. "Too, then, it may be that I shall love her."

"She is young?"

"No. Youth to the vaporings of youth. To the wise man of years the carved crystal of knowledge, the polished emerald of satisfaction, the cooling fan of the many accomplishments. The matchmaker in San Francisco, an honest woman with whom I have had dealings before, writes that Si-Si is of most honorable family, that she is a precious casket filled with the arts of coquetry, and that thirty-seven summers have only increased her charms thirty-seven times. She has small feet,—what the foreign devils call deformed feet,—real golden lilies, each worth a *kang* of tears. It is said that when she washes her hands she scents the water. I wonder what my respected first wife will say." He gave a little shudder. "Her mouth is like a running tap."

"Stop the tap with your fist," advised the priest.

The matchmaker had spoken the truth: Si-Si was indeed beautiful.

She was of a dead-white complexion, and her lips, painted a deep crimson, were like a sword-wound. Her large, keen, almond-shaped eyes seemed even larger than they were through the curved frame of her immense black eyebrows and the

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heavy lower lids, which had that suspicion of coarseness speaking of passion and the trained knowledge of passion. The small ears were close to the head. She had the true walk of the woman whose feet have been bound since early infancy, swaying, undulating—"skipping daintily over the tops of golden lilies," as the ancient poet has it.

Side by side with her lord she walked through the greasy, packed wilderness of the Chinatown streets, while he pointed out the sights to her from the elevated structure which rushed past the bottle-like opening of Pell Street with a great, rumbling, steely sob, to the Chinese Baptist Mission Chapel, which was mantling its face in a veil of drab dust and grime

". . . AND THE IRISHMAN FELL UPON HIM WITH FIST AND STICK AND HEAVY-NAILED BOOTS, STRIKING AND KICKING IN BLIND, MURDEROUS FURY"

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as if grieving at the gaudy, thaumaturgical monstrosities of the joss temple just across the way.

Down the street they strolled, with Yung Long's first wife leaning from the window of her apartment and hurling the full-flavored abuse of Canton at Si-Si:

"O Calamity-on-which-money-is-lost!" she shrilled. "O Ought-to-have-been-a-dog! O illegitimate duck egg! O great and stinking shame!"

"Shuey-kee!" ("Water-fowl!") retorted the second wife, thus effectually choking her rival's recriminations in a hot flood of tears, since water-fowl is a nickname for the sampan girls who work the river during the day and play at light-o'-love during the night. After which husband and wife proceeded on their stroll, pleased with themselves, with Pell Street, and the world in general.

They met Cobbler's Wax at the corner of Mott. That which followed cannot be told in honest American newspaper language or in the trained phraseology of American magazines.

A dramatic thing, to be sure; but, paradoxically, the Chinaman is never dramatic in dramatic moments. His drama lies in the slow, proud agony of repression, in smooth words woven close to the loom of lies; also, in unsaid words, then suddenly leaping out in a stony, incontrovertible fact.

"P'i Hsiao" ("Cobbler's Wax"), said the smiling Yung Long, waving a careless, introductory hand at the cripple. "An honorable Manchu who has condescendingly come among us to fill his honorable belly with our refuse. *Lai"* ("Come here"), he added.

The cripple came, his head bowed deep on his chest, his twisted limbs moving clumsily, like those of a maimed spider.

"Cobbler's Wax is not my name," he said in a sort of meek, querulous whine, for that evening he had partaken too freely of heady number-one opium. "I am a Manchu, a *nurhachi,* an iron-capped prince."

"Oh, yes," drawled Yung Long. "Your real name is—I forgot. Tell us."

"Tong Fu-hsiang," came the answer, matter-of-fact and slow, like the response in an oft-repeated litany; and immediately the harsh Northern name was echoed by Si-Si's crimson lips:

"Tong Fu-hsiang?" with utter incredulity. And as the cripple looked up, a haggard moon ray bringing his wizen, grimacing features into stark relief, she repeated it. "Tong-Hsiang!" with fatalistic Mongol certainty.

Cobbler's Wax stared at her. He studied her from the elaborate seed-pearl head-dress to the tips of her tiny, embroidered slippers.

"Yes," he said, "I am Tong Fu-hsiang. And it seems that I cannot escape you, Crusher of Hearts!" And, speaking in a voice as even and passionless as Fate: "Look at me! Look at me well! Am I not a handsome lover? Am I not comely and strong and sweetly scented? *Ahi,* Crusher of Hearts, look at me!"

She did not utter a syllable. Something like a wave of immense, breath-clogging sensations leaped up in her eyes, issuing from the past, returning to the present, trying to blend both past and present, and shuddering in the hopeless chill of the task. Shadowy, it seemed, and gentle and cruel and very unhuman; and, forgetting the world about her, forgetting her husband, forgetting the reek and riot of Pell Street, she stretched out her hands.

"I—I waited, waited, waited," she stammered finally.

"You lie!" came the cripple's low retort. "I was poor and a gentleman, a scholar. And the other was rich—rich with riches dishonestly earned, and you—"

"No! no!" There was anguish in her words, but her eyes were scanning Cobbler's Wax's face intently as though, straight through the anguish in her own soul, she was watchful of the effect on him, a woman to the last. "That day when you wrote me—when I came to meet you in the Street of the Ten Thousand Refreshing Breezes—I waited until—"

"Be quiet, Leaky-Tongue!" came the

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cripple's curt command. He spoke with a strange dignity, and Si-Si kowtowed and obeyed.

It was very odd, this scene in Pell Street—the woman in her gaudy bridal finery kowtowing not before the cripple, but, as it were, before somebody who had died, an invisible personality, an inseparable partner of her and his past, whatever it had been, and silent, slightly trembling.

And then the silence was splintered by Yung Long's voice:

"Speak, Si-Si! Tell me!" He laughed. "For many moons have we chased the slippery tail of Cobbler's Wax' mystery. Speak, Si-Si!"

Yung Long had understood at once. Si-Si and Cobbler's Wax had been lovers. But what of it?

The thought of this human derelict having in former years possessed her did not disturb his massive equanimity. Rather, it gave a keener tang to his own desire and might of possession. A Manchu, the other; and he himself was a Cantonese, a despised Southern coolie, and his the woman who once had held this broken descendant of iron-capped princes in her arms.

A jest—a fit jest made by the grinning gods of life and death! Subtle it seemed to him, and momentous and delicious; and he smacked his lips like a man drinking warm rice liquor of venerable age and rich, oily bouquet.

"Speak, Si-Si!" he insisted as the woman did not reply. "Give me the great and terrible secret why this Pekinese scholar and gentleman has trodden the thorny path of labor, why he has come to the land for the foreign barbarians, like any coolie. Tell me the gorgeous jest!"

It was never known if the woman intended to obey her lord or if, still unaware of his presence, of his very words, she was trying to reach to the heart of the broken cripple whom, to her feminine heart, woe and loveliness and suffering had made desirable once more.

"Tong Fu-Hsiang," she said, "I am speaking the truth. Together with Chi-li, my old nurse, I waited, as becomes a woman. Then, when you did not come, when your honorable mother told me that —when she cursed me on the street, giving me black names, calling me a shameless one—"

Cobbler's Wax cut off her words with a gesture. It was more than a mere gesture. It seemed like a dramatic shadow falling swift and pitiless.

"The tale is ended," he said. "Perhaps you speak the truth, perhaps you do not. It is easier to measure the depth of the ocean with a jackal's tail than to probe the heart of woman. One thing only is certain: I am—Cobbler's Wax, and you are Si-Si—and the bride of Yung Long."

Yung Long, looking from the cripple to Si-Si, picked up the words and tossed them to the lowering, murky Pell Street sky with an avalanche of gurgling laughter:

"The bride of Yung Long! The bride of the grocer, the Cantonese coolie, the pig! *Ahi,* my bride!" He drew her to him with a sweep of his stout arms, and crushed her wedding finery against his breast. "My bride!" he repeated triumphantly, "and once she was the bride of a Manchu, a *nurhachi,* an iron-capped prince! Is that the great secret, hunchback?"

Cobbler's Wax had already turned to go, but he stopped. He looked at Yung Long for five long seconds. A smile curled his thin lips.

He stood very still. His neck was twisted, his limbs palsied. Yet something seemed to grow within his soul, softly to infold him, casing his outer being with shining, glittering glory, with a crowding, terrible sense of strength and pride. It seemed that the strength, the pride, whatever it was and however it had come, was moving to and fro within the maimed, shattered walls of his body, working subtly, steadily, mysteriously, to bring about a transformation of the man.

He lifted his left hand with a gesture that was prophetic and colossal. His seeing eye flamed with something eternal,

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"'WHY HAVE YOU, THE GENTLEMAN, COME TO THE LAND OF THE FOREIGN DEVILS, JUST LIKE ME—' COMPLACENTLY—'ME, A TAIL-LESS PIG OF A CANTONESE COOLIE?'"

racially eternal, racially vital and indestructible.

"You are right," he said. "Once she was my bride, the bride of a gentleman. Then she met a low-caste, a man even like yourself, rich, filling his belly with greasy food and his dull brain with unclean thoughts. I killed that man and I had to flee. Thus, by the inexorable swing of fate, I came here. I became what you see me, a cripple, maimed, helpless—"

"And living on our alms," laughingly interposed the grocer.

"Indeed." Cobbler's Wax gravely inclined his head. "But—I am still a *nurhachi,* still—"

"A lover?" came the mocking query.

"Perhaps," said the other, and he

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turned his eyes away from the grocer and looked at the woman, who was staring at him wide-eyed, as if seeing the specters of the past. In his look there was groping after eternal, tremendously important secrets and a boundless, challenging assurance; furthermore love—love which was both sweet and harsh, love somber like the dawn

name of the blessed Lord Buddha. For I love you, Si-Si. Can it be that you have forgotten?"

It is difficult to tell afterward with accuracy the many minute details which make up a comedy or a tragedy of life; but though it all happened in a few moments, the picture of it projected itself on

"'TONG FU-HSIANG,' SHE SAID, 'I AM SPEAKING THE TRUTH'"

winds of a thousand forgotten sunrises.

"Si-Si," he said in a great, clear voice, "can it be that you have forgotten the days that are past, when I made a carpet of my heart for your little golden feet, when your soul was a stainless mirror in which I saw my own, when your heart was the well of my love, and my heart the stone of your contentment? My life is but a blackened crucible, but my love for you, Crusher of Hearts, is the golden bead at the bottom of the crucible."

He stepped close up to her, disregarding Yung Long, who was torn between fury and laughter and amazement.

"Crusher of Hearts," he went on, and it was not the cripple speaking, the outcast of Pell Street, the taker of alms, the butt of rough coolie wit, but a Manchu, a scholar, a poet, "I love you. To have you again I would curse the memory of my honorable ancestors and spit on the Yung Long's mind with the fidelity of a single, unforgetable fact.

He felt Si-Si squirm and turn in his arms. He felt her bracing her arms against his chest and tearing herself away. He saw the cripple gather her to him.

"I have not forgotten, Tong Fu-hsiang!" she murmured. "I have not forgotten, Beloved!"

"And I, too," came the cripple's sibilant reply—"I, too, have not forgotten. I have not forgotten that once you lied to me, that you gave up my love for the love of riches. I have not forgotten, Crusher of Hearts, that I am a cripple who cannot earn his own bread or that of the woman he loves, he still loves. I have not forgotten the pride of race and—" Suddenly he turned to Yung Long, who stood like a statue. "Take ye another woman unto yourself, Grocer! This you cannot have!"

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With utter swiftness his palsied right hand shot beneath his dirty shirt. It came out with a glitter and crackle of steel that found her heart, and she fell backward with a low cry at the feet of her lover, her blood trickling slowly, dyeing the green and rose of her silken bridal finery with splotches of rich crimson.

The next moment, even as Yung Long jumped forward with a hoarse cry of rage, the point of the cripple's knife gleamed again in the yellowish half-light like a crescent of evil passions.

"Love is a flower," he said. "When it is withered it is hay, and the oxen eat it." He struck his own heart with a straight, downward blow of the dagger.

He fell across Si-Si's body.

Cobbler's Wax lay there dead, with arms outstretched, as if to protect his dead love against Yung Long, against the reek and riot and cruelty of Pell Street.

A Casualty List

By MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

There was always waiting in our mother's eyes,
Anxiety and wonder and surmise,
Through the long day and in the longer, slow,
Still afternoons, that seemed to never go,
And in the evenings, when she used to sit
And listen to our casual talk and knit.
And when the day was dark and rainy, and
Not fit to be abroad in, she would stand
Beside the window and peer out and shiver,
As small, sleek raindrops joined to make a river
That rushed, tempestuous, down the window-pane,
And say: "I wonder what they do in rain?
Is it wet there in the trenches, do you think?"
And she would wonder if he had his ink
And razor-blades and tooth-paste that she sent;
And if he read much in his Testament,
Or clean forgot, some mornings, as boys will.
But always the one wonder in her eyes
Was: "Is he living, living, living, still
Alive and gay? Or lying dead somewhere
Out on the ground, and will they find him there?"
She closed her lids each night upon that look
Of waiting, as a hand might close a book,
But never change the words that were within.
And when the morning noises would begin
A new day, and a young sun touched the skies,
Again she woke with waiting in her eyes.
But that is over now. She does not read
The lists of casualties since that one came
A week or two ago. There is no need.
She 's making sweaters now for other men,
And knitting just as carefully as then.
There is no change except that as she plies
Her needles, swift and rhythmic as before,
There is no waiting in our mother's eyes,
Anxiety or wonder any more.

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MARIE OF RUMANIA AS HONORARY COLONEL

Photograph by Paul Thompson

Rumania's Soldier Queen

By WILLIAM T. ELLIS

THE following article was written in the early summer of 1917, while the author was in Rumania. The events that have occurred in that unhappy country since then must be well known to all Americans. Under threat of complete annihilation, Rumania was compelled to make a peace containing such shameful and brutal conditions and surrender of territory as seldom in history has one nation imposed upon another. The two recent parallel cases that come to mind are Austria's ultimatum to Serbia in July, 1914, and Turkey's murderous treatment of the Armenian peoples. Betrayed by the Stürmer faction in Russia, her one-time ally, a condition which makes Rumania almost entirely surrounded by enemies, the Allies being unable, owing to her geographical situation, to get supplies and soldiers to her, she was forced to capitulate in the face of danger of inevitable famine and threatened destruction. A paragraph from a letter addressed by the Queen of Rumania to the American people will explain why this valiant nation is no longer able to fight on the side of the Allies for the cause of liberty and democracy.

In these days when the whole world is aflame, when those who struggle for an ideal see such terrible and inexplicable things, I, the queen of a stricken country, raise my voice, and I make an appeal to those who are always ready to aid where disasters and sorrows have penetrated. Here in Rumania there are disasters and suffering without end. Death in all forms has stricken the country; the sword, flame, invasion, famine, and sickness. Our land has been taken away from us, our hope destroyed, our cities and villages devastated.

In the spring of this year the American State Department received the following message to be transmitted:

Secretary of State,
Washington, D. C.

Nineteenth.

From Jassy: "Eighteenth. For Department 58, March 18, 1918, 1 P. M. At the request of Queen of Roumania please transmit to Doctor Dinsmore T. Ellis, Swarthmore, Pennsylvania: 'Fate has hit us cruelly, a dreadful and inacceptable peace is forced upon us.

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Being without defense, we are strangulated and no one can come to our aid. This may be the last time that I shall be able to communicate freely with you. I want you to know that I count upon you as a friend who will not give up the work he promised to do for me and my country even if a long deadly silence is imposed upon me. Marie, Queen of Roumania.' Minister Vopicka."

HORTON.

The American people cannot fail to appreciate the causes that led Rumania to her present situation. When a general peace comes, her great efforts and sacrifices will not be forgotten, and this unhappy country will once more take her just place among the free nations of the world.—THE EDITOR.

WHEN one has breakfasted and lunched and dined and motored and gone through regal functions with a queen, and has spent quiet hours in conversation concerning—literally, except for the sealing-wax—

> Ships and shoes and sealing-wax,
> And cabbages and kings,

it is a bit difficult to make a beginning of the story for American readers. For her Majesty Marie, Queen of Rumania, is a story-book queen, so variously gifted and so altogether regal in her charm that one who writes of her must fear the accusation of flattery. Even a few minutes in her presence enable one to understand why all Rumanians, and the foreigners who have met her, glow in praise of the simplicity, naturalness, warm-heartedness, and talent of this queen who is kinswoman to many other queens and kings, and who has lived all her life in the purple. The womanliness of the queen and the queenliness of the woman have made her the idol of a kingdom.

Since Bukharest, with two thirds of Rumania, is in the hands of the enemy, the court has moved to the quaint old city of Jassy, near the Russian border, a cruelly congested community, sheltering four or five persons where one lived before; a city the stores of which are empty, so that nothing from boots to bonnets, from beef to bonbons, may be purchased; a city gone gray with the dominant hue of soldier uniforms; a city that is a real military post, since it is the seat of the general staff and within a few hours of the trenches. Arriving at Jassy at one o'clock in the morning, I was received the evening of the same day for a forty-minute interview just prior to her Majesty's visit of a week to the front, where, at her request, I later followed her.

At the outer gate of the palace stood two private soldiers in their simple blue-gray uniforms, men who might have come straight from the trenches. Within the grounds were the palace guards, with their shining spiked helmets. At the entrance itself liveried servants took one's coat and hat, while another showed the way up the stairway into what in peace times doubtless would be called the ball-room.

Here came the first surprise. The room was cluttered up with boxes and bales and piles of goods. "Moving," was the instinctive surmise. Had I stumbled upon preparations for the further flight that hangs like a black cloud over all Rumania? In person, over in Russia, I had inspected the palace that had been prepared provisionally for her Majesty in just such a contingency. A second glance at the apartment was reassuring. It was not moving day in the palace. All the apparent disorder was due simply to the fact that the ball-room has been transformed into a workshop for the making of garments and hospital supplies for soldiers and orphans. Yonder sewing-machines were for the use of royalty and of the ladies in waiting. The heaps of cloth were to be converted into sheets and blankets and hospital garments. Boxes of

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thick, coarse woolen caps and socks and gloves of a sort seldom seen in palaces had right of way over the grand piano. Interest in the soldiers is no mere sentiment here. Throughout our conversation the queen's fingers were busily knitting on a heavy, brown cap.

While I was observing the ball-room, with its queer commingling of state and industry, a functionary swung open the wide doors to the left and announced, "Her Majesty, the Queen!" Inside the door stood a soft-spoken lady in gray, greeting me as informally as if I were dropping in upon a neighbor; so that the kissing of her hand seemed less a court usage than the natural following of the prevalent custom of the people. Later, after I had come to know her Majesty better, and had seen that hand kissed by all sorts and conditions of people, from sticky-mouthed peasant children to generals in brave array, I ventured to suggest that if all the kisses that have been placed upon it were one kiss, what a noise there would be! Leading the way to a corner of the large room adorned like an Oriental divan, her Majesty seated herself amid the pillows, and while she talked it was possible to appraise her appearance.

Why is it that gray, not purple, is in the minds of many persons associated with queenliness? It seemed natural that the queen should be dressed all in gray, a rather loose gown of soft crape and of the plainest design, while her hat, crowded well upon her head, was a gray toque, with a band of gray flowers around it. She wore a string of pearls, ear-rings each of a single large pearl, while another pearl to match was on her finger. The gray singularly set off the soft creaminess of face and throat and harmonized with her blue-gray eyes.

For the Queen of Rumania is a woman of remarkable beauty, gifted alike in feature and texture of skin, the whole played upon by the glow of a charming graciousness of manner and spirit. No picture is adequate to portray the unique quality of her loveliness. When she speaks, it is not only with her lips, but also with the swift play of her countenance, the flash of her eyes, the motions of her head and body, and the gestures of her hands. One's thought turned instinctively to the delight that Queen Victoria would have had in the beautiful blossoming of this one of her granddaughters. Queen Marie is the mother of a son of twenty-three years, but she is only forty-two years old, having been married at seventeen.

Three sides of her Majesty's nature were shown that first evening: the literary woman, keenly interested in the craft of writing and in the public to whom it ministers; the queen, with a regal part to play in her nation's most tragic hour, and with the spirit of one who said, "My people," in a tone of tenderness and responsibility; and the mother, with a good-night kiss for her son and a passionate interest in her children. While we talked, the fourteen-year-old Prince Nicholas appeared in his Boy Scout uniform to bid his mother good night and farewell. A fine upstanding youngster, avowedly eager to go to America, as other Boy Scouts of Rumania hope to do, for the duration of the war, he was in his mother's arms for a loving embrace as they separated for a week. Later in the evening I was presented to Princess Elizabeth, the artist and eldest daughter, who is also at the head of a war-work for children. Subsequently I met his Majesty, the Crown Prince Carol, and Princesses Marie and Ileana.

I had already secured from the queen her Majesty's book, "Rumania through Her Queen's Eyes: The Heart of a Nation at War," through a friend; Mr. A. C. Hart, the head of the soldier service and European war prisoners' work of the International Young Men's Christian Association; therefore it was natural that we should talk of her literary work and of the plight of her people, who, magnificently at bay before the enemy on the west, are pressed upon by Russia's disorganization on the east.* For want of accessibility and transport, the nation faces the possibility of actual starvation within two months. The daring initiative and

* This article was written in 1917.

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efficiency and resourcefulness of the Rumanian troops, which have won the admiration of all military experts, are not more noble than the smiling courage of this undismayed queen, who will not talk of betrayals and disloyalties and all the sore besetments that make Rumania's present fate tragic, but who perceives vast spiritual gains to a people purged of dross and playing a difficult part with heroic spirit.

"Somehow I had the feeling before ever America entered the war and before you had sent these fine commissions that America would be Rumania's great support. All the Americans I have known have led me to form that opinion of your country —that it is a nation eager to help the smaller nations. Now, shut off from our western European allies, America is our only hope." That quotation gives the key to her Majesty's oft-expressed attitude toward the great republic overseas.

My second meeting with her Majesty came a few days later, when I had gone to the front, stopping first at the Regina Maria Hospital, a practical building of many wards, with hundreds of wounded soldiers. This is only one of four field hospitals and three movable hospitals bearing her Majesty's name and under her direct oversight. Hundreds of motor-ambulances are scurrying around near the

Photograph by Paul Thompson

THE QUEEN OF RUMANIA

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front, which, alas! means all of Rumania not at present occupied by the enemy,—and each bears the coronet and initial M, which mark them as the queen's own enterprise. To my embarrassment, before I had left the automobile, and travel-stained as I was, word came that the queen was visiting the wards and desired me to join her straightway. In the uniform of a nursing sister, and wearing the white-enameled Cross of Marie by an orange ribbon about her neck, her Majesty was going up and down the long lines of cots, giving with her hand a remembrance to each patient, and often speaking at some length to individual men. She had her special favorites and old acquaintances among the very ill or the very young, and with these she would converse freely, stroking their heads or cheeks the while. Some men asked for crosses or icons, and these came from the capacious pocket of her apron. Commonly, the gift was a package of cigarettes and a selection of psalms and prayers, or a post-card portrait of herself. Special cases got white bread or biscuits and jam, carried in a basket by an attendant, and sometimes cut with the Scandinavian sheath-knife that dangled from her Majesty's belt. With the queen was one of her favorites, of whom she spoke fondly several times, a venerable Sister of Mercy, an Italian Roman Catholic, although the queen herself is a Protestant, and her children are being brought up, as required by the law of the land, in the Rumanian Orthodox Church, while her husband is a Catholic. Her own sincerely religious nature expresses itself in her writings. In addition there were present on the tour of the wards two nurses, the wife of a French officer, and the invaluable A. D. C., Colonel Ballif. Also there accompanied us the queen's two favorite dogs, whose acquaintance I had made at the palace in Jassy, when we had shared the queen's hospitality at evening tea, one a superb Russian wolf-hound, and the other a pampered black spaniel. To the very last man in the hospital we visited, each one received personal attention, a heavier morning's work than most women know.

From the hospital, with scarcely time for ablutions, we proceeded to the quaint little chalet of the queen for luncheon. It is a tiny dwelling, nothing more than a cottage, but attractively finished in unpainted wood, and with the note of simplicity prevalent in all the decorations, which were chiefly flowers and leaves and winter berries. The building is perched on a knoll amid the hills, with glorious autumn views such as the queen and Princess Elizabeth love. We had an additional touch to the interest of out of doors that day, for we three stood on the veranda and admired the beauty of the bursting shrapnel with which the Rumanians greeted a tiny wasp of a German aëroplane, high up in the air, that was visiting us. "The beast," the princess called it, and it must be confessed that there was real disappointment that it escaped unscathed. The queen and princess have bitter memories of Bukharest days, when the Germans repeatedly bombarded the civilian population, slaying as many as three hundred persons in a single day, chiefly women and children, of course. For hours we were honored by this attention from the enemy, and Colonel Ballif was greatly concerned when, later, her majesty insisted laughingly upon beginning our long motor ride while the shrapnel was exploding directly above us. At the luncheon-table that day,—a simple meal of three or four courses, served by two men servants—there were eight of us. A cabinet minister sat on the queen's right, with the American on her left. In the evening, at dinner, the American had the seat of honor on the right of her Majesty, between her and the Princess Elizabeth. The next morning the princess presided at the breakfast-table, her Majesty breakfasting in bed.

There was no time for a siesta in that day's royal program, for straightway after luncheon, and after some amateur photography by the princess and the American visitor, her Majesty donned a gray traveling-dress, retaining, however, the nurse's head-dress, and we were off together in her motor to visit a village and its orphans, and also to see some Tran-

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sylvanian troops who had got away from Austria and followed their hearts to the Rumanian colors. The reunion of the Rumanians of Transylvania with the land of their own people is the dearest political dream and desire of Rumania. Colonel Ballif shared the front seat of the motor, and her Majesty and the American were in the tonneau, with the pet spaniel tucked in between us. Talk ranged freely on that long afternoon's ride: at least my watch said it was long, for it lasted for five hours over many subjects, from the three cousins of her Majesty, King George, Emperor William, and the deposed czar, together with related royalty and nobility; the life of boys in America, food supplies for the army and for the civil population of Rumania; the drift of modern social life; the effect of the war upon the character of the nation; religion's new hold upon battle-taught nations; reminiscences of Carmen Sylva and old King Carol; books and writers and the queen's own literary activities; the beauties of an autumn day in the mountains; and the characteristics of Rumanian peasant life—all the topics that one would expect to hear a cultivated, alert modern woman talk about. The queen spoke ever with vivacity and the deft touch of such a trained conversationist as a monarch must be. Withal, one had no feeling that this was a queen talking, so entirely lacking was all formality and self-consciousness. Her Majesty is as naïve as only a simple and sincere spirit can be, and she herself has consciously held fast to her English directness and candor despite the rather trying days in King Carol's court, when the old monarch tried to compress her into a German mold.

QUEEN MARIE AND ONE OF HER CHILDREN

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Queenliest of the royal qualities revealed that day were the quiet, matter-of-course cheerfulness and courage of her Majesty. Her task is to set an example of serenity and optimism to a nation in sore straits. Defeat, disaster, and death have smitten little Rumania. More than a quarter of a million of men have been lost in battle. A hundred thousand persons perished last winter in the epidemics of typhus and other diseases. Three quarters of the country, including the capital, is now in the hands of the Germans, who are sowing no one knows what sort of seeds of Prussianism among the people. Rumania's remaining food supply has been taken by the Russians. She is completely shut off from all her allies except sorely disorganized Russia. All munitions and clothes and food must come in over the one mismanaged Russian railway. If ever a ruler had cause for bitterness and railing it is the Queen of Rumania; yet her Majesty does not complain or lose her cheerfulness or show any traces of discouragement. Instead, she moves freely among the people, everywhere radiating courage and steadfastness. That is her task as queen, and royally she fulfils it. She does not preach optimism; she simply exemplifies it. Thus from a purely strategic point of view, it has come to pass that this one woman has been worth a whole army corps to Rumania.

That, however, is a digression from our motor-ride to a distant village—one does not name places in war-times—where a food station for orphans was to be opened. As the machine passed an aërodrome, two aëroplanes took flight and flew above us, like guardian angels, until our destination was reached, where they hovered over the queen and the multitude in great circles until the function was over, that no German machine might come near. Her Majesty expressed interest in the identity of the pilots, for she knows all the Rumanian airmen personally. Before arriving at the scene of festivities, the motor halted that another, carrying the gifts for the children, might arrive. As we waited, a sunny-faced urchin came up, bearing a few pathetic flowers to the queen, whom he had recognized. He was bursting with pride over the fact that he had met her once before, and told her so, with glowing face. Her kindly chat with the boy encouraged other youngsters to appear from unseen places,—one dirty little Gipsy without a shred of clothing upon him!—and each received a handful of candies.

Entering the village of our destination, we found garlands and green wreaths and inscriptions of welcome stretched across the streets, all rather primitive, but showing the touch of loving, loyal devotion. The whole community was *en fête,* and the commonest symbol of this was the hanging of all the gay-colored carpets and rugs in the place out on the fences and bushes to brighten the scene. The people themselves had all massed in the center square, but before we reached them we came to a double line of soldiers perhaps a quarter of a mile long. Her Majesty alighted, throwing off her furs, and, attended by a staff of officers, walked in front of the troops, inspecting them, and bowing and smiling in response to their military salutes and shouts. First came the Russians, who cheered as they saluted, but with somewhat a note of uncertainty in their voices. Then the Transylvanians and other Rumanians, all in the steel helmets of the trenches, voiced the heavy "Hoo-raw! Hoo-raw!" that is like a salvo of artillery.

At the village square the wife of the commanding general presented a wreath of flowers; the mayor of the city bore a tray of bread and salt, of which her Majesty partook; and the village priest, in full vestments, made an address of welcome, and presented the Bible and the crucifix for the queen to kiss. Then she proceeded, to the music of songs of welcome by the village children, to a designated place for the formal review of the troops, stopping for a moment to receive another bunch of flowers from a scared youngster, who had to be prompted at almost every sentence by the schoolteacher behind him, and whose gestures

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were those of Mrs. Jarley's waxworks. Quite different was the self-possession with which a pretty, blue-eyed lass of ten or twelve made her presentation of flowers at a later stage in the proceedings. The child never will know how greatly the queen admired her eyes.

For twenty or thirty minutes her Majesty stood alone, reviewing the soldiers, who are close to the trenches; and all the while our guardian aëroplanes circled closely above the square. It was entirely a military spectacle, except that the pampered royal spaniel entered into an acrimonious discussion with a village dog about the latter's right to a share in the proceedings. After the military review, her Majesty publicly received the officers of the various regiments and, significantly, a deputation of private soldiers from the Russian troops. I wonder if she enjoyed the embarrassment of the men, who kissed her hand in all sorts of clumsy fashions, as much as did the American? Next came the distribution of candies to the children and of bundles of clothing to the orphans, each bundle marked with a name. The new quarters wherein the orphans are to have their meals were visited, and crosses were given the children. At a formal tea for officers and dignitaries which followed, the queen gave an autographed photograph of herself, signed on the spot, to each guest. A new bath for the troops, up among the village wells, the great sweeps of which, rising and falling, gave them the appearance of a flock of giant herons, had to be inspected, and the first meal of the orphans honored by the presence of her Majesty.

It was dusk when we again entered the automobile, and in all reason her Majesty should have been too tired to talk or listen. Not she, though. Her spirits were not dimmed in the slightest by the strenuous day; and when in the darkness we were halted in a village by tire trouble, the resourceful Colonel Ballif reported that the place was celebrated for its bread, and a chunk was brought forthwith, and divided with me and eaten on the spot, with jest over sharing a crust with a queen. Pickles, too, it appeared, the village produced, and they were good pickles, I can testify. Upon the queen's declaring that the bread was better than that served at her own table, a loaf was forthcoming, and we had it for dinner, which was served at eight o'clock, half an hour after our arrival.

Conversation at that meal was entirely in English, most of those present understanding that tongue. It touched lightly upon many subjects, the one seriously discussed theme being American writers and books in general. Her Majesty grew enthusiastic over Mark Twain's "Joan of Arc," and spoke with special appreciation also of Bret Harte and O. Henry. She had questions to ask about who is who in American literature, her acquaintance with our contemporary writers being only fragmentary. There was the inevitable discussion of Wells. Kipling is a warm favorite with both the queen and the princess; I have never met an admirer of Kipling who talked with more intelligence and intimacy of his works than her Majesty. While she talked, I observed. Not until this meal had I seen the queen with uncovered head. Her wealth of shimmering chestnut hair is sufficient coronet. She wore an evening gown of creamy white and a braided necklace of small pearls, pendent from which was a large diamond cross, the stones being of rather unusual size, the gift of her mother at marriage. At a subsequent luncheon in the palace at Jassy I noted that while all the guests ate from silver plates, the members of the royal family drank from embossed golden goblets, set with jewels.

At this luncheon in the palace the talk ran largely to hospitals and supplies. Each of the ladies had spent the morning at her hospital, and the burden of the wounded was heavy on their spirits. How, in a country largely denuded of cattle, to get milk for soldiers whose jaws have been shot away, and who cannot eat solid food, was one of the acute problems. There was much balancing of the claims of the tubercular patients over against those of these wounded; for both cannot be supplied with the precious milk, since the babies,

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too, must have some share. Condensed milk is almost impossible to secure. The sympathies of the queen, who is naturally the arbiter, are sorely torn. As she said at the table, the government officials naturally put first the military needs; but to the queen, who must have a mother heart for the entire people, the claims of the hungry, and especially of the wounded and the sick, make the strongest appeal. Because of the lack of food, and especially of milk, many of the men who are healed of their wounds fall prey to tuberculosis, which is rapidly increasing in Rumania.

Her Majesty is greatly interested in her own literary work. She talks of her writings freely, and in a detached sort of fashion, with the naïveté that is possible only to royalty or to an unspoiled child of nature. Disclaiming all pretensions to professional literary ability, which, however, she really possesses to a marked degree, she writes, as she said with an animated gesture, "from the gush of my heart." Morning, before arising, is her time for literary work, and she has produced fairy-tales and nature studies and interpretations of Rumania. Before she discovered her gift with the pen, the queen, like her daughter after her, expressed her love of nature with the brush. "I think in colors," she said. As her writing shows, she is an artist first, observing accurately, and reproducing both the spirit and the letter of a place or a scene. It was Carmen Sylva who encouraged her Majesty to write for print. The Rumanian translation of her work—for it is in English that she writes and thinks—has become very popular with the people.

Now, as queen of a country that is one of the most afflicted of all those at war, she has taken up her pen to try to interpret her Rumania to America, the nation that will not misunderstand her open speech and her unveiled heart. Before the war she had written a little book for publication in Great Britain; but this is a better one, because her pen has been dipped in blood and in tears. With that spiritual strength which is woman's peculiar inheritance, her Majesty has been able to wear a smile as she has moved among her people, a ministering servant and a regal leader.

Courage, a quality which rulers must possess, is instinctive with Queen Marie. Not for naught is she of Great Britain's brave line of royalty. In all the terrible days of last winter, when plague and death ravaged the remnant of Rumania, she visited the hospitals, going among the smitten ones, indifferent to infection. Always she rides about without an armed escort. Her laughing disdain of the anti-aircraft shrapnel which rained about us from the skies on the motor ride is of a piece with her complete disregard of all considerations of her personal safety. Two days after my visit with the queen at the Regina Maria Hospital I went to the front-line trenches, though with endless difficulty, because the commanders did not want an American killed while their guest. It chanced that I saw the very trenches where a few days earlier her Majesty had approached to within fifteen yards of the Prussians, so that her companions conversed with them, without betraying, of course, the presence of visitors. For a journalist the venture was right and proper, for it is in his day's work; but for the queen it was too grave a risk. The road by which she approached was under fire and torn by big shells. I found that she had gone not only into the first-line trench, but also out into the observation-posts. How constant is the peril was illustrated by the fact that when the Germans heard an officer and me talking, they exploded a hand-grenade to try to catch us. Yet on speaking to me of her visit to the front, the queen had mentioned only its interest, never its danger.

What soldiers think of such a queen was apparent at this front. All the trenches through which she had walked have been artistically railed and lined and paved with white birch branches, and placarded, "Viva Regina Maria." Such is the queen who in the hour of her country's most desperate need turns with confidence and expectancy to America, the land of the understanding heart.

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What shall We Win with the War?

By ERNEST HUNTER WRIGHT

IN material gain we do not ask a groat's worth from the war; that is understood. We shall give billions for freedom, but do not want a cent in booty. We are ready to pour out our blood that the world may be rescued, but we would not barter a drop of it for patches of territory. If the words in which we renounce the spoils in advance have grown common with us to the point of triteness, that very fact is truly remarkable. Except that we would avoid the semblance of satisfaction, at present, of all times, we might pause to wonder how often hitherto such an ideal as this, now commonplace, has moved a people of free choice to an equal strife and sacrifice. What nation before has offered all the gold and all the lives that may be needed solely that an idea may prevail? But let the question be anything except a boast. It implies a mere fact, accepted as self-evident among us, and we have not thought to plume ourselves upon it. Not we, but the world, has learned it. It is one great thing that we have already won out of the war.

Of immaterial things there are also a number that we do not ask. We crave no vengeance. Less than twenty years ago millions of us made patriotism vocal in the cry, "Remember the *Maine!*" Now, despite hymns of hate turned finally against ourselves especially, no one is urging us to remember the *Lusitania.* We are not trying to forget it, but we have no need to spur our zeal with slogans clamoring for penalties unpayable for deeds irreparable, done to us or done to others. Nor are we in the lists to win mere honor. We would not lose it; we dearly hope that when the clouds of battle pass we shall have as ample a measure of it as our friends in the struggle have already gained. Yet we should never have plunged into a national duel, any more than our citizens engage in private ones, to settle a point of honor solely, however important that may be. On the contrary, even in humiliation we were willing to endure, as in settlement we stand ready to propose "any unprecedented thing" that promises to make the world safer. It is solely because safety will come in no other way that we commit ourselves to fight to the last ounce of our manhood for its preservation. Whoever hopes for less than that, or whoever lusts for more, is not of us. Of that we are certain.

And yet it may be that, if we fight like men for that cause, we shall win much more. That we do not demand more is the best reason for believing that we may receive it. Mainly the gain may come, as is usual with immaterial gains, unsought, inevitably; but we may possibly do much to speed its coming and assure its permanency if we form some anticipation of it. Changes of vast extent are certainly coming upon us. The body social cannot be stirred and shaken in unprecedented action only to relapse into its former habitudes. Ancient questions reviewed by us in this crisis will some of them receive new answers, and new questions will arise. We shall have need more than ever to "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good." May we, then, with our eyes still fastened on the one goal that must be won, consider for a moment, even thus early, what other winnings may be ours?

We may win unity. To many of the more discerning among us, of whatever social creed, the lack of it has long seemed

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one of our failings. *"La France,"* in Michelet's appealing phrase, *"est une personne";* and lovers of that land have always felt the term as something more than a figure of speech. Hardly could the warmest admirer of the United States have used it of his own country a year ago. America was not a "person"; she was an aggregation. We had begun as disunited colonies uncommonly diverse in social or religious or economic aims, and the crisis that made us free came far short of making us one. Contrarieties persisted through the years when each State was going its own precarious way, and, when the intolerable result forced a closer federation, burst into flames of antagonism that were smothered with difficulty, and only partly, by the compromises of the Constitution. For two more generations they smoldered on, and then flared up in a wall of fire searing its wide way between the two camps of hatred into which it had parted the land. The first of our crises failed to unite us, and the second was disastrously divisive.

All that is over now, we say, and thank Heaven. Well, yes, if we mean that the notion of secession is dead and that the memory of Mosby on the one hand, or of the March through Georgia on the other, is all but obliterated. But if we mean that, in the mass of the people especially, no prejudice hangs over from the ancient time, that none arises out of the still different social ideals of New York and Charleston, or out of the far more different interests of the Southern planter and the Northern banker and merchant, we might be nearer to the truth.

Whatever was happening in Massachusetts, south of the Potomac boys even of the second generation after Appomattox were brought up in considerable distrust of the offspring of the Yankee. I can vouch for it that the scion of the newcomer from the North had a hard time in school in my day in the nineties. Many a day we sent him home blubbering his r's to his mother, and the principal was not very hard on us for it. One morning we had a holiday to see the soldiers go off to Cuba. We sped them on their way with clamorous patriotism, and when the train was out of sight we turned our surplus energy to pummeling the little carpet-bagger from Vermont. A few months later the President passed through our town, and in a speech gave thanks that a common cause had at last made us into "one country and one people." But it was not quite true, as the little carpet-bagger had reason to know later; the cause had not been great enough, the struggle intense enough, to bring unison. There was still a North and a South.

More strikingly there is an East and a West, or several Easts and several Wests. A land so vast and so diversified has enforcedly developed different types and clashing interests, and its rapid growth has left its people little leisure to reason themselves into like-mindedness. And state governments have aided physical geography in this matter. In one State you may do business for which in another you would go to jail; in one you may be married and crazy, in another single and sane. In the intelligent society of certain regions a young man who has no socialistic leaning is in danger of being considered unthinking, while in another region to confess to socialism would be to court the estate of outcast.

However little we may habitually think of it, the differences betwen the Californian and the Vermonter, the Mormon and the South-Carolinian, are rather extreme for a country so young and perfectly at peace with itself. Think of the charges and countercharges we have heard recently from one part of the country accusing another part of apathy toward the Great War, think of the campaigns launched in one region with the purpose of "waking up" another. The spectacle of a prominent author in New York challenging a Kansas bishop to raise a thousand dollars for a war charity, and offering in that glad case to retract her charges against Kansan hebetude, is a case in point.

The more disquieting sight of many delegates in Washington representing one

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region of the country as against or at the expense of the whole, with the pork-barrel as their perfect work, is only too familiar. Just as these words are being written, the morning paper brings a pronouncement from a congressman that clamors for quotation. The legislator points out that ten Southern States are now controlling thirty-one out of sixty chairmanships in the House, that four of these States alone control eighteen chairmanships, and that the South should keep this power at great costs.

He continues:

> But it won't be able to do so if these ten Southern States vote almost solidly against the Federal Suffrage Amendment. The South has everything to lose by such a short-sighted policy. . . . I speak as a Southern Democrat. . . . The Democratic party is now in control of all branches of the Federal Government. Almost every committee assignment, so far as the chairmanships are concerned, is held by Southern Democrats. . . . For the Southern Democrats in Congress to say to the millions of patriotic women of the nation that suffrage shall not be given them would bring down upon our heads such condemnation from the suffrage States that we would be driven from power.

No pleading for or against suffrage here, no inquiry as to whether even the South wants it, nothing but unashamed nudity of sectional grasping—in the ninth month of the war! Our illustration happens to be furnished by a Kentuckian, but others as impressive might be quoted from deputies of every State. The thing would be amazing if it were not so American.

But even such differences are unimportant, most people will agree, in comparison with those of social or of economic class. Oregonian and New-Yorker can get along together when they meet, though we must remember that the vast majority of them never do meet; but what about the miner and the coal baron, the I. W. W. in the lumber camp and the broker on the exchange? The piece-worker in Allen Street and the negro bent over the cotton in Mississippi have about as little as is possible in common with the manufacturer who more or less directly pays them both.

Of course we share class problems with every other nation, and with some for whom they are more perplexing than for us; but the rapidity of their growth in this land of plenty is rather remarkable. The contrast here between the four hundred and the four million, between dollars and muscle or inheritance and brains, has grown apace for a country where nature left much for all. Twenty or so years ago Coxey's Army was a joke; today it would be at least a symptom, and the difference measures a development of class consciousness. With us, also, the contrast is likely to be between inordinate wealth and dire poverty. In this respect we are very like England, where enormous fortunes exist side by side with bitter penury, and we are much worse off than France, where colossal private wealth is rarer and where unmitigated poverty is all but unknown. In any large city in America a single block often separates families living under conditions more extremely different than could well be found in all France. And to emphasize these class distinctions, we have imported, mainly into the four million, men from every quarter of the globe, and made up in two thirds of the States a piebald population unparalleled in any sizable area of the Old World. Most of the so-called mixed races of Europe are fairly pure in comparison not with the people of New York City, but with those of the Wisconsin plains.

But all these incongruities have never brought a clash? The melting-pot has never boiled over? Well, there have been mutterings. There are some thinkers, and not excitable ones, who have foreseen a race war in store for us or for our children. There are others who fear a new secession as the land fills up if interests grow more contradictory. There are far more who prophesy a conflict of classes amounting to revolution. Possibly we need fear none of these forecasts,

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though any one of them might have seemed plausible four years ago by the side of a prediction that we should now be at war in Europe.

Whatever may be the danger of the future, the fact that we have had so little friction in the last fifty years has been due mainly to the circumstance that we were all too busy to stop and make trouble. Each tenth of us was too hard pushed to worry overmuch about what the other nine tenths were doing. Few people want a revolution when they are too rushed to take the time off for it, and on the whole too prosperous to feel the need of it. But quiescence may be apathy, not unity. The mere indifference of most of us to the rest of us might be a main reason for our drifting apart. So far there has been more than a man's work for every man, with little time to interfere with other men. But what will happen in the day approaching fast when there is less? How will our sectionalism, our class antagonism, our individualism, measure in that day against our cohesion as one people?

There is no intention here of borrowing trouble from the future. We are not worrying about a clash that may or may not come; we mean solely to mention some of the splendid changes now taking place in regard to our unity as a people. The answer to the questions just propounded no one knows, of course, though every one has hopes. But the one sure fact is this: that its first crisis having failed to weld it into one, and its second having riven it asunder, our heterogeneous half-continent has had to wait for this its third and most portentous crisis for a great common cause. We have met a problem and a piece of work dwarfing anything that we ever thought would fall to us.

It has come home to every one of us, of whatever region or whatever class. We know that we shall stand or fall together, and all the more because we have now seen the one other country of our size in the world fall before our enemy because divided. A hundred million of us are facing Washington, facing Flanders, facing life and death; and the result in national unity already surpasses all expectation and all precedent among us. Ten million men and women have opened their purses to lend the nation money; not an act of high virtue at a four-per-cent profit, though the refusal would have been vicious, but a tie of no mean force among those people and between them and the Government. Ten million more will share in the partnership later. Millions more of men and women who little dreamed a year ago of deviating from their daily round at the country's call have gone to camps and hospitals and trenches. There the nephew of Lee has taken the hand of the grandson of Grant, the White Mountain boy is keeping step with the Hoosier, and the young millionaire is swapping anecdotes and "makings" with the plumber — unless the plumber has won his spurs. We have never had a school of equality approaching a draft army facing common work and common peril. It is as democratic as the Subway and as unifying as the college, without the bad air of the one or the manufactured sentiment of the other, and it gives also a fine training in order, precision, rightness that hardly any other American institution affords.

Those who are not yet called to this onerous service are getting at home an appreciable lesson in fraternity. It takes a stringent time like the present to put individual men and classes on their mettle in confederate effort. And classes are approaching each other. A lady throws open her parlors to a congress called by her butler to consider food-saving. In general—for the exceptions, though noisy, are few — capitalist and laborer stand shoulder to shoulder straining to do their best. In general labor gains increasingly for its services, and capital pays the larger bills of the war, a fact that few of the right-minded will deplore. And if the small-salaried man feels the pinch more than either, the tightening of his belt will probably not impede a desirable expansion of his better sentiments. The few

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who stand aloof and "strut their uneasy hour" are growing lonelier every day. If any one thinks that they are many, a little reading in the history of the Civil War on either side will soon alter his opinion. He will easily convince himself of the prime fact that never before, not in the war for independence, not in the war for the union, or at any other time or over any other question, has America enjoyed such unanimity.

Based on free consent, a unanimity like this is of incalculable value. It need not interfere with a high degree of diversity in non-essential matters, and human nature may be amply trusted to see that it does not. Small as she is, for instance, that nation whom Michelet loved to call a "person" because in the hour of need she could be of one mind, rejoices in a larger diversity of personal or local habit concerning things not fundamental than we enjoy in this country. If we can preserve the unity we have now gained, and are still to gain, upon non-essentials, or that portion of it that is consonant with freedom of opinion in periods of smaller strain, if we can make permanent that sense of interdependence between each tract of the country and all the rest, between each social group and all the others, we shall have won a great good fortune out of the war.

The measure of all this that we shall preserve doubtless depends largely on the firmness and wisdom with which we prosecute the war and solve the problems that will arise when we have won it. At least we have an opportunity that we have never had before. Is it too much to hope that we may come out of the war deserving some such phrase as that with which Michelet crowned his country? Without that single-mindedness in the face of danger which distinguishes our gallant ally possibly above all other peoples, the Battle of the Marne would never have been won, our aid might never have been possible, and the history of centuries might have been reversed. One could hardly wish a larger gain for his own country than that she, too, prove worthy of the title so fitly given to happy France.

We may win in cosmopolitanism. For unanimity at home is no foe to cordiality abroad, but rather, in all ordinary times, its firm ally. And whether or not we have enjoyed a satisfactory harmony among ourselves, it is all but universally agreed that we have been slow to understand and to appreciate our sister-nations. Here again we had too much work at home to worry greatly as to what was happening elsewhere. We also had a strong tradition of aloofness, wise in its origin among three millions depending on the sailing-ship for their connection with the outer world, but dubious indeed in its application to a hundred millions furnished with steam and wireless. But whatever the reasons, no one can well profess that we have been a cosmopolitan nation, while many would argue that we have been the most isolated of all great peoples; and this despite the fact that in racial origins we are about the most international of all and great globe-trotters to boot.

One of our distinguished ministers to a foreign country was saying the other day that in general our diplomats are admired and esteemed abroad as upright gentlemen of fine capacity, but that for years they have astonished the statesmen of the continent by their ignorance of what was really going forward in the chancelleries of Europe, or their indifference to it. At home we have produced noble statesmen of whom we are justly proud, but hardly an international figure. In business and finance we have had potentates in plenty, but few whose influence has reached far beyond our own shores — few Rothschilds or Rhodeses. For the protection of South American republics and of our own we have upheld a Monroe Doctrine for a century; and how much do we know about those Southern countries under our wing? Pitifully little. The British, French, Spanish, Germans, could give us lessons about our nearest neighbors.

If this is true of Ecuador, what, say, of the Balkans? How many of our minds

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went absolutely void, a few years ago, at the mention of them! Many Parisians of some education could have drawn us a pretty good map of them, sketched their history, named their present rulers, and told us a little about their population and their industries. The stolid indifference of many Americans, especially of those at some distance from centers of discussion, through months and years of the present war, the feeling so humiliating to some of their compatriots that the war was a squabble between powers across the ocean who ought to have had sense enough to keep the peace, and that it was none of our business except as it raised our prices and possibly our incomes, — the feeling which, translated into a thousand placards, read, "No war talk here,"—all this was evidence of an insularity unflattering to America. It is useless to multiply the uncomfortable illustrations. In one word, we were a great people apart.

Well, we are going to get over a great deal of that, and it is high time we were doing so. History does not tell a very reassuring tale of peoples that have striven to live apart, any more than memoirs give a comforting account of recluses. The comparison is not perfect, of course, but it is certain that no nation can cut itself off from the world without stunting its material and spiritual growth. For the nation as for the individual man, "A talent is developed in solitude, a character in the current of the world." Is it permissible to hazard a suspicion that while we had talent in plenty, especially in practical and in inventive efforts, if less in pure science and in the arts, the American character, compared, for instance, with the French or the British, was a little undefined and possibly a bit loose-jointed?

Perhaps, if true, this is no more than the awkwardness of adolescence, and if so, experience is the remedy. And we are now beginning a full experience of those world problems which have been the common heritage of European peoples. Questions once all but academic here have become vital to us as full citizens of the world. We are sharing with the nations that lead in culture and achievement a cause perhaps the greatest that has actuated effort in all time. And our own part in the effort will be large, however slight it may of necessity remain as yet. Our blood and our counsels will mingle with our friends', we shall share in their triumph, and solve with them the problems of settlement that ensue. Our one hope is to do well.

But in the meantime we may gain much that is of great price, and much that is beyond price, out of the association. We may batter down that wall of American misprision and of British disdain that has separated us from the English. We shall surely demolish, if we have not already done so, that notion once so prevalent among us that the Frenchmen of to-day are only anemic descendants of their lusty forbears, that notion that led a prominent American magazine a few years before the war to conduct a long debate as to whether the French were a decadent race or not. We may put an end to one belief about ourselves, unmerited, if ever reputation was, yet singularly strong in the opinion of most foreigners, that we are a people who live for money. We got the reputation because there were such fortunes to be made here and so many people making them; and no prodigality or philanthropy, though in both we led the world, did much to palliate it. Whole-hearted contribution to a war not for ourselves alone, but for the world, may wipe out the last vestiges of that prejudice. Clearing away a thousand misunderstandings like these, we may conceivably hope to cement in national friendships the foundations of enduring peace.

We may win in modesty. It is a gift which visitors among us from abroad and observers of our own travelers in foreign countries have not been prone to take as typical of us. To have founded a country on principles so new, borrowed though they were from thinkers of the Old World, and to have made a wilderness into a world power within a century, give us natural reason for pride in ourselves.

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But the most reasonably proud Americans —and the present writer would fain be counted among them — have not infrequently smiled or blushed, according to their temperament and the occasion, at irrational exhibitions of boastfulness on the part of their compatriots.

To the thoughtful traveler abroad in other days, perhaps, these words will best commend themselves, for few of us have got as far as Southampton without wondering where the particular boat-load of Americans who shared the voyage could have been collected; and the wonder grew as we kept meeting parties from the boat at strategic points for sight-seeing on the Continent. People like us abroad, of course, especially in France; we are the most generous of their visitors (unless this be a boast!) and we are so happy-go-lucky that we are easy to get along with. But although they give us a warm welcome, they have an honest feeling, more of amusement than of malice, that they must expect a good deal of bragging from us. And we ourselves, when we speak of "spread-eagleism," are usually thinking of our own country. One of our weeklies that has of late been so ferocious on the trail of unwise patriots as to leave too little space to mention the other kind was itself guilty recently of saying that "What distinguishes the statesmanship of President Wilson from that of the other leaders of the Allied cause . . . is nothing but superior rationality." Only that! Even if obviously true, the statement would be exceptionally raw. So far as the present writer knows, America is the first of the Allies to print such a statement. Supposing that an English review had said it of Lloyd George or a French paper of Clémenceau, how should we feel about it?

Possibly we do not fully deserve the notable reputation for spread-eagleism that we have gained, but in view of the illustrations it is only fair in candor to plead guilty to having lighted a good deal of fire under all the smoke. We could hardly have savored the famous "Yankee in King Arthur's Court" so much if we had not seen ourselves, however caricatured, in him. Many of us have been a little like him, whether in a court abroad or in the bank or grocery at home. We were the people, the brave and the free. We had the red blood, let the blue flow through whose veins it chose. We had the ships and the guns—or we should get them the minute the need came, if it ever did. We thought the French were effete; there is no use denying it, however much we may have had our eyes opened. We thought the English were stupid, more or less *Dundrearys,* and we stopped only too infrequently to ask how *Dundrearys* could manage such an empire so harmoniously. We were the clean-cut race of quick brains. We could lick the world, if the world ever required it.

To be sure, we had a good deal of dirty linen to wash at home. We had political corruption of a scale unknown in the two countries just mentioned. We had poverty undreamed-of in the first mentioned of them. We were coming to hate a captain of industry as much, and as indiscriminately, as we hated a lord. Such things we would debate among ourselves, but let a foreigner approach us upon these topics, and we turned to him our American front and proceeded to show him how, despite any little injustices, our land of promise enjoyed a certain superiority over his own outworn country. Not always did we do this, but too frequently. We may honestly disclaim arrogance; we can hardly prefer a claim to modesty.

But much of that we may now learn. The silence of French heroism may lead us to emulation. The honest confession of British muddling may teach us to acknowledge ours, if we must. The arrogance of Prussia may impress upon us the amiability of its opposite. Congestion on railroads, delays in ship-building, shortages of ammunition, of uniforms, of coal, may set us all so busy mending faults that we shall have time neither for boasting nor for writing articles in deprecation of it.

Far more important, the powerful enemy that confronts us will demand

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every ounce of strength that is in us and will leave us little breath for words of self-gratulation. A brigand armed with the panoply of wealth and science is holding the world at bay. We shall find him mortal, we shall overpower him, and rid the world of his menace; but we shall know that we did not do it alone, that against him we should have been all but powerless alone, and the lesson will be a good one for our self-esteem. Learning from the British and Gallic veterans, as we must, we shall come to esteem them as we would esteem ourselves. And our foe will so tax our powers before we overcome him, will so rudely shake any overconfidence we may have felt, that in the victory we shall probably feel thanksgiving without vainglory. What veteran victor over Prussia will want to come back and teach his children any form of goosestep? There may have been a little of that when we declared war, — not much, for we had learned a great deal in three years,—but there will probably be less when it is over. There was some of it in and after our clash with Spain, because that was more like an excursion than a war. But the heroes that return from Belgium will be soberer, and despite the acclamations with which we shall receive them, they will find us soberer. Let it be hoped that our modesty and our valor may be equal.

That we may win a great deal more than has been suggested here, or than can be comprehended by one mind considering so large a question, need hardly be intimated. To mention one material benefit, not of the kind, however, that was waived in our first sentences, we may learn enough about economy, personal and national, to add greatly to our well-being. At the least we may hope never again to hear—what some of us used to feel a sort of pride in—that one could feed Paris with the food that New York wastes. At the most we may expect that the education in saving which will come to people of all classes in our spendthrift nation through the Liberty Loans will endure to our benefit long after the war and possibly within a generation offset the huge cost of the struggle.

We may gain in physical manhood, despite heavy losses, by inuring millions of men to work and air. Until one sees a regiment of raw recruits, and remembers that they are chosen men, one scarcely realizes how far physical training has been the affair of the minority in colleges and gymnasiums. For ourselves and from our Allies we may learn a good deal about organization. If we have thought well of ourselves in this respect hitherto, we were usually considering private organizations rather than governmental. Foreigners have often marveled how we could operate a trust so well and a city or state so badly, and many of us have marveled, also. With the Government assuming a large share in the greatest war, in which the control of railroads and of other enterprises is a detail, we shall be more stupid than we should like to believe if we do not reach a higher mark in corporate management.

For many further benefits we may reasonably hope, and doubtless others have occurred to the reader. It may be better for us not to make our prophecies overspecific. Certainly general gain may be predicted a good deal more confidently than this or that particular reform. But if the specific prophecy is the more precarious, it is perhaps also the less important. To say that gain in general, over and above the attainment of our prime and inalterable purpose in the war, may come to us out of all our tribulation and despite all our losses, to state this for our comfort somewhat expressly in reply to a vague opinion still persisting despite of history, that no nation ever goes to war for any reason with results other than damaging, has been the main purpose of this article. And not for our comfort merely, but rather that we may form and foster some idea of what good may come to us, in the belief that its coming and its permanence may be more probable if we receptively anticipate it for the land we love.

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IN THE MARKET AT MERV

Courtesy of the Christian Herald

The Rug Market at Merv

By EDWARD ALSWORTH ROSS

FOR eight months rain has fallen neither in the oasis of Merv nor in the Afghan hills to the south, where springs the Murgab, on which the oasis depends. Even last spring the river was so low that the land served by the upper irrigating-ditches was left unsown. From scantness of summer watering, the cotton-fields are brown, when they should be white with bolls of fiber, while the grain crop turned out so badly that already in October wheat sold at one ruble, forty copecks a pound. Moreover, the continuance of dry weather is quenching the hope of a redeeming crop in 1918. These conditions conspire to force upon the market the one reserve product of the Tekke-Turkoman, so that of late the rug market is something the like of which has never before been seen in Merv. There are two market-days in the week at Merv, and formerly fifteen or twenty men would turn up on a market-day, offering, perhaps, two hundred and fifty carpets. Now twice a week there will be three or four thousand carpets haggled for under the cloudless sky of Turkestan. From Moscow and Baku and Tiflis buyers have hurried hither like fishermen who hear that the salmon are running.

In October the simple Turkoman took the ruble seriously, being quite unaware how its purchasing power is being silently sapped by the flooding of Russia with enormous issues of paper money to keep the Provisional Government going. But the competition of buyers, munitioned with these cheap rubles, has doubled the price of rugs, and stimulated the nomads to rush their rugs into the market. "Four weeks ago," said a Moscow buyer for a big American carpet house, "I came here with a hundred thousand rubles. I have exchanged them for carpets which at to-day's prices are worth two hundred thousand rubles."

The rug market is only a section of the fair held on the outskirts of Merv every Monday and Thursday in the season. The grounds are spacious enough to ac-

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commodate a sheep market, a wool market, a felt market, a leather market, a camel-trimmings market, and various other exchanges of primary native products. Besides these, there are streets of booths displaying the goods of the artisan and the importer. When Abdullah has sold his flock of fat-tailed sheep, one lane invites him with foot-wear—tapestry socks, slippers, soft leather boots, and overshoes. Another lures him with gay, embroidered skull-caps to wear under the sheepskin shako which the Turkoman never abandons even at a temperature of 196° in the sun, such as was experienced here last summer. A third beckons with the striped red or pink stuff that enters into his quilted *khalat* and the bright fabric he knots into the sash holding his dagger. You see hawkers with trays of thin disks of native bread; sweetmeat-sellers offering tempting candies, which prove to be painfully deficient in sweetness now himself on a mat, and is handed a dozen sizzling spits. The mutton keeps coming hot until he passes up his handful of bare spits as token of sufficiency. On leaving, he pays five copecks a spit. His bread has served as table-cloth and napkin. There are no tables, chairs, dishes, waiters, dish-washers, or cashier; only two men to spit the morsels of mutton, and one to toast.

Nothing in the setting of the rug market prepares one to expect the beauty that comes forth. It is hemmed in by piles of sheepskins, bales of fleeces, sacks of camel fodder, and stacks of charcoal. The visitor threads his way among carts, burdens, and pack-animals, wary of the front end of the camel and the rear end of the horse, but ignoring the donkey, pacifist at both ends. To the American eye the camel persists in seeming theatrical. On contemplating this animated clothes-frame, slightly upholstered, one understands the old farmer who, after his first look at

THURSDAY RUG MARKET AT MERV

that sugar is half a dollar a pound; melon-dealers in booths yellow with the incomparable cantaloupes from Chargui, each hanging in its sling of withes; and restaurateurs toasting spitted mutton over a long trough lined with coals. The customer, bringing his disk of bread, seats a giraffe, turned away with the remark, "There ain't no such critter." A desert, with a herd of camels cropping sage-brush, looks as "stagy" as were the Alps to *Tartarin*. As he does not lie on his side, the camel can rest under his load. His ends settle down alternately, after the fashion

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WATCHING A RUG DEAL

of the Moslem at prayer, who drops to his knees, then sits back upon his heels, and finally falls forward upon his face. Even when a colt, the camel never frisks, and the light in his eye is far from benign.

In the English fairs of olden time there was a tribunal of prompt justice known as the *Court of Pie Poudry*. The name was a puzzle until some one divined it was Norman French for *pied poudré,* or "dusty foot." It was a court where one went in without stopping to brush up. In Merv, after eight months of drought, it was not hard to imagine why the man at the medieval fair was known as "dusty foot." Dust, however, does not discourage the display of carpets. The finest products of the loom, brilliant with the perishable aniline dyes, which have replaced the old immortal vegetable hues, are flung open upon the ground, and soon have footprints all over them. But a little brushing with the hand, and there 's your color again.

At seven-thirty in the morning carts are discharging rugs, and the nucleus of the market is here; but not a soul is in sight other than Turkomans, either producers or local buyers. Within an hour, however, the game is on. Sarts in turbans, Bokhara Jews in velvet caps fringed with brown fur, Persians in black caps of short lamb's wool, and a few Russians in derby hats go from seller to seller, picking out the rugs they care for, having them piled up, and making a bid for the lot. Often when we pounce upon a rug we find that it is in a lot that is being haggled for and not for sale by itself. By noon the activity has spread over a space the size of a city block, and carpets enough to sink an argosy are afloat, or slowly drifting into the dozen booths where the big buyers store their purchases. Perhaps two hundred and fifty Turkomans stand or squat by their wares, while nearly two thousand buyers, bargain-hunters, and curious onlookers drift among them. Small buyers go about with their precious acquisitions tucked under their arms, while small sellers parade with a rug draped picturesquely over the shoulder. Any one who will may snatch it off his shoulder to examine it. In a moment there will be a circle about them to listen to the bargaining.

Perhaps one rug out of eight or ten is old. One that has lain long on the floor shows unmistakable signs of wear, but even the carpet that has been hanging against a wall or serving as a partition in a *kibitka* has a beautiful mellowness of tone that one never sees in a new piece.

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Smoke has something to do with this softness, perhaps sun and air. Some of the choicest bits of carpet are those forming the outer, or public side of saddle-bags, which have long been carried on camel-back, stuffed with household belongings. One way to pick up a good thing is to visit the black tents of a nomad group or watch a train of camels stalking by, and when you see something that you like, go after it with a display of ruble-notes.

The Turkomans set great store by their bright new fabrics, and find it hard to understand cranky Americans who turn away from aniline colors as emphatic as a bursting shell to fondle a rug that has been polished by stockings or soft boots until its nap has a sheen like rippled silk. Once they learn your fancy, however, they shake out the family heirlooms and call courteously to you as you pass: "*Gospodin, posmotrete! Stary! stary!*" that is, "Look, sir. Old! old!" Many of them cannot name their price in Russian, but can show it to you on their abacus, while always some onlooker, obeying a bargain-helping instinct akin to the match-making instinct in women, is eager to interpret.

"'LOOK, SIR. OLD! OLD!'"

The symbol of agreement is shaking hands. But, mark you, the right way is to strike the palms smartly together. Here, no doubt, we have the origin of the phrase, "Strike a bargain," for our English ancestors seem to have used the same symbol the Turkomans use to-day. The would-be buyer makes an offer, and in his eagerness to close the bargain seizes the other's hand, meanwhile talking persuasively. The other man gently disengages his hand unless the offer suits him. Often, while two are shaking hands, a doubt comes into the eyes of one; he shakes his head, and the hands fall apart. So you will see them standing, robed hawk-faced Turkoman and sleek Persian, by a pile of carpets, shaking hands, strangely breaking apart, and coming together again. What looks like "Hearts-of-Oak" drama is merely the pantomime of trade. When the strain on the spectators becomes too great, some graybeard friend seizes the hands, places them one on the other, and holds them together, while he turns from one to the other, persuading him to make concessions, until a final vigorous shake signifies the deal is closed, and the circle breathes an *ah-ah-ah* of relief. The consummation of the bargain comes when, after the ruble-notes have been counted by each, the men shake hands, with the money between their palms.

Presently caterers, with trays filled with chinaware pots of hot tea, appear, bringing refreshment to those on guard over their rugs. Or they clear the dust from their throats with the melons of Chargui, which, owing to some property in the water or the soil there, are famed as far away as Petrograd, and throw quite into the shade the yellow *diña* of Bokhara or Khokand. Then a man carrying a narghile goes about, letting who will take a good suck at it for five copecks. By the middle of the afternoon the market has become languid. The dealers lounge with their friends upon piles of folded rugs, sip tea, smoke cigarettes, count their money,

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EXAMINING RUGS

and gossip. The present plethoric market is a climax, and will soon be a memory. The rugs number thousands, and their value is not less than six hundred thousand rubles. In one old Turkoman's hand I saw twenty-four thousand-ruble notes. The homes of the middle class, as well as the poor, are being cleared of their carpets in order to meet the exigencies of the hour. Only the rich can keep their rugs.

The making of these Tekke, miscalled Bokhara, rugs is probably a very ancient art, handed down, perhaps, from the Iranians Alexander the Great found here. Certainly no such technic springs up in a century or two. The best wool is selected for yarn, and goes through ten or twelve processes. Even the coloring of the yarn takes more than a year. Before the invasion of the European chemical dyes, the colors were drawn from different quarters, red from Bokhara, blue from Afghanistan and India, while the yellow was made here. Owing to the need of light, the weaving must be done in the open, and hence rug-making stops during the cold season.

The art is confined to women, for a man will no more weave carpet than a woman will tend camels. Every girl must learn to weave, and when she is married she takes with her all the carpets she has made. The richer her outfit, the greater the price her father demands for her. Before the warp, taut between stakes in the ground, the woman sits, twists the yarn among the threads in a certain way, pulls it tight, and cuts it off with a knife. She draws her yarn from as many balls as there will be colors in the rug. When she has three rows of tufts, she drives them down with a mallet and shears them even. Thus, by the ends of knotted yarn, two to a knot, is built up the marvelous nap that is the life of the rug. No wonder the cleverest worker cannot make more than one and a half square feet of ordinary Tekke in a week.

On the back of a rug count the number of knots in a linear inch. Square this, and you arrive at the number of knots and the comparative laboriousness of making carpets of different grades. A common Tekke, such as the bazaar merchant sits on, shows, perhaps, ten threads to the inch, a fine one twenty, the finest twenty-five. The number of knots to the square inch will be as 100 : 400 : 625. Knowing the dimensions of a rug, a moment's calculation shows the total labor that has gone into weaving it. This one represents, say, six

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hundred thousand operations by a woman's fingers; that one perhaps a million. The native or Persian rug merchant, with only his abacus to go by, stands in awe before such exploits with paper and pencil. When one of them discovered that in a minute I could tell him the approximate number of tyings in making a certain carpet, he brought piece after piece to me to get the figure, with the idea, no doubt, of using it as a "talking point" in his business.

The best Tekke rugs are doubtless the most exquisite fabrics man ever put under his foot. The Persians attempt more intricate designs, but the handiwork of the Tekke-Turkoman woman is superior in richness of color and velvety softness. Yet the passion these lovely things have inspired in Americans is reacting destructively upon the art. Once they were made to use; now they are made to look at. They are in such demand that the women cannot turn them out fast enough. So they buy coal-tar dyes and use less care in selecting and coloring the yarn. What is worse, the American furor over these rugs is cheapening the breed as well as the art. The Tekke-Turkomans are a tall, strong, handsome race, built up by natural selection. But now their daughters are prized as rug-weavers rather than as mothers of men. The swifter and defter the girl's fingers, the higher the price demanded for her. Not infrequently the father asks so much that she remains through life a spinster. Why should he worry at keeping such a money-maker in the family? Moreover, the rich monopolize most of these women, because only they can find the two or three thousand rubles that buys her and her skill. So the common Turkoman must content himself with buying for wife a cheap girl of a different breed, Sart or Kirghiz or Tajak, who knows nothing of rug-making. As for the poor, they go wifeless altogether, so that a system of prostitution has grown up to meet their needs. Thus the short-sighted greed of the Turkoman fathers threatens at once the destruction of a noble art and the disappearance of a fine race.

HELPING TO STRIKE A BARGAIN

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Steam Heat

By GERTRUDE M. SHIELDS

Illustrations by
Oscar F. Howard

MRS. DENNIS AND THE TWINS

ON the night when the blizzard struck Alston, Mrs. Dennis gave out all the extra blankets and comforts in the house to the roomers, of whom there were six, and recommended that they bring their coats and bath-robes into service as a top layer on beds that were not likely to get warmer during the night. At eleven, with the twins safely asleep in the bedroom off the living-room, she listened cautiously at the down-stairs' radiator, and discerned a faint whistling in the pipes leading to Mr. Simons's room. At intervals it deepened to a rumbling. At length she shut her lips resolutely, but with a smile creeping through, and with a reluctant, but firm, step went upward through the cold hall.

A tap on Mr. Simons's near-oak door brought a throaty "Yes?"

"You 've got your radiator still turned on, have n't you, Mr. Simons?"

"I guess!" said that gentleman, with strong indication in his tone that there was no guessing about it. "Believe *me,* I have. It 's some cold!"

"Will you turn the end tap off, then, Mr. Simons? That runs up the meter, and really don't give you any more heat. It just lets the steam escape."

"All right. You know; but I think it keeps the pipes hotter. What 's the matter with the heat, anyway? I 'm about froze'."

Mr. Simons's tone was not so jovial as usual. Saturday was not his pleasantest day at the Fair Department Store. His voice was, indeed, at the moment reminiscent of generations of easily irritated ancestors who had been commercially pleasant, but captious in personal intercourse.

"I don't know why the heat is n't better. Maybe it *is* a little low, but this is an awfully cold night. That northwest wind is awful."

"Believe me, I know it. Did n't I walk up from the store against it?"

"Maybe you 'd better leave your heat on all night. If the house once gets

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cooled off, it 'll be awful' hard to get it warmed up to-morrow."

"I 'm goin' to leave *mine* on, Mrs. Dennis. Good-night." He added slangily, "You betcha!" His voice followed her as she descended the icy stairs.

With all the radiators turned on full, and the meter in the basement steadily creeping up the figures, the house on Sunday morning was not what Mr. Simons, even in a holiday mood, or Miss Griggs, the bookkeeper, or Mr. Kent, the five-and-ten-cent-store manager, or the two little stenographers in the half-finished attic-room, or the twins, aged four, or Mrs. Dennis herself, called warm. If you wanted to be pessimistic— But no one was.

Mr. Simons emerged from his Sunday morning bath and shave rosy as to cheeks, but cold as to the major portions of his anatomy. When he came down-stairs he was buttoned up in an overcoat with an astrakhan collar, and wore a cap with muffs which concealed his chief racial feature.

"I put on wool socks this morning, believe me," he told Mrs. Dennis as he stopped to hold his gloved hands over the very luke-warm radiator in the lower hall. "I got a pair last night at the store. This is *some* morning, ain't it? I bet the thermometer 'll run down twenty points below the round mark this morn' in the wind. What d' yuh say? Believe me, it 's some cold morning!"

Mrs. Dennis did not argue the matter. She had worn a worried frown ever since, at four A. M., she had arisen and tiptoed an arctic passage to the radiators in the sitting-room and found them warm only in one coil.

"I guess this 'll be the coldest day we 've had in years."

"Breakfas' warms a fella up, though; but I kind o' hate to go out to get it," Mr. Simons said, but went, no matter how unwilling to risk his nose to the embraces of the north wind. He hurled the door shut and lowered his head as the sharp snow crystals, blown from the layer of white covering the steps, were hurled against him. He crunched off into the silence of the brilliant winter Sunday morning.

The twins were eating their oatmeal from a table improvised by laying the bread-board out of the kitchen cabinet over the radiator when Miss Griggs, the bookkeeper at the Arvac Manufacturing Company, came down-stairs. She, too, was wrapped up as to neck and ears. Her rather oldish-looking face was serious and not pretty, but there was a trimness about her small figure which made her seem younger than her eyes said she was.

"Awful' cold, is n't it?" Mrs. Dennis called to her cheerily from the kitchen. No use being disconsolate, even if the thermometer in the warmest corner of the kitchen registered fifty, and only one end of the radiator was hot, and "hot" was an extravagant term for that one end.

"Terrible," agreed Miss Griggs, with less cheeriness and a pronounced shiver. "I hate to go down-town for breakfast, but I get the headache when I go without coffee in the morning."

"Wish I 'd thought. I 'd have brought you up a cup, and you could have read in bed all morning. Your hands would of froze' holding a book, though."

"Thanks just the same. I 'll run along now." She tripped out, with a pause as the wind struck her full and drove her back momentarily against the closed door.

Mr. Kent was next. He mimicked, to the great delight of the twins, a popular screen hero as he came into the kitchen.

"How do you like this for a sample of what old winter can do for Indiana?" He laughed, rubbing his hands together close in front of each four-year-old's face in turn.

"Were you warm enough last night?"

"Well, now, that 's an indelicate question! Not just suffocated, you know. I had two sweaters, a bath-robe, and my overcoat on the bed besides *your* contribution. I guess at that I did n't just suffer from the heat." Then he slapped his hands over two sets of juvenile ears, and slipped on his gloves and his soft felt hat. "I 'm off now. Better watch out, boys.

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Old Jack Frost 'll get you if you don't watch out."

A draft of air, which brought a shiver from Mrs. Dennis and a hasty search for the twins' old sweaters to supplement newer ones already on, followed his exit from the back door. He could be heard whistling his way around the house and down the street.

The two young stenographers from the third floor did not appear, although at eleven the voice of one called down from the second floor that their radiator was stone-cold.

"We 're nearly froze," came the complaining whimper.

By afternoon there was no heat in the house except in the gas-range oven, and the twins, wrapped in layers of woolen clothing, brought their red fingers to be kissed into warmth after a cold attempt at playing train through encyclopedia tunnels on the kitchen-floor.

Mrs. Dennis called up the Alston Citizens' Heating-Plant.

"A boiler 's busted. We 'll try to get some heat out to you by evenin'," sang out a brusque, undaunted voice over the wire. Later, when the gas in the range was in danger of disappearing altogether, she tried to telephone the gas company in desperation, but there was no answer to her call.

Miss Griggs had gone to bed with a book immediately upon coming in from church, but at four, fully dressed, and wrapped in her plush coat, she shivered her way down-stairs and into the kitchen.

"Would you mind if I read down here?" she queried plaintively. "I 'm so cold!"

MISS GRIGGS

"Sit right down there by the gas-stove and stick your poor feet up by the oven. The gas 's 'way down, and one boiler 's bursted in the heating-plant. I don't see why they did n't attend to those boilers long ago. Everybody in Alston's been talking all winter about those rusty boilers down at the plant. I don't see how we 're going to get through the night. I 'm worried about the babies."

"Did the girls upstairs go down-town?"

"Yes. I told them they 'd better get a room down-town. Even on days when the steam 's booming it 's hard to keep *their* room warm, and they did n't have a speck of heat this morning. I don't know what to do about the rest of you."

"Could n't we get a stove and some coal some place?"

"I 've been thinking of that. If one of the men was only here, I 'd send him down to my sister's to get a little laundry stove I know she has in the cellar; but I doubt whether he could get coal any place." Mrs. Dennis tied Bunny's shoestring, contemplatively. "If Mr. Kent would come, I know he 'd go. He 's so nice about doing things."

As if in answer to her wish, Mr. Kent thrust open the hall-door, closed it with a vigorous slam against the blizzard, which had set in again in earnest, with a driving snow and a higher wind, and hurried in to them.

"I should say I 'll go after coal and a stove. I 'm not brute enough to watch babies freeze—not while I 'm freezing, too, anyway." He tickled the fatter member of the twinship into hilarity, and left on his search.

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Later in the day he telephoned back: "Simons there?"

"No; he has n't been home. I 'spect he 's at the hotel."

"I 'll get him there. I can get two bushels of lump at the Southern Yards, but I have to carry them. I want him to help."

"I hate to have him ask Mr. Simons," Mrs. Dennis said to the bookkeeper when he had rung off. "Mr. Simons 's queer about doing things for people."

Miss Griggs nodded.

About six o'clock, when the wind screamed wildly and rattled the windows and sent chills creeping up and down backbones in every house in Alston, a great hubbub arose in the kitchen of Mrs. Dennis's house. The clang of tin against tin—the erection of the stovepipe—caused Miss Griggs to thrust cold fingers into her ears, and the twins to dance themselves into warmth. When the rusty stove was in place, Mr. Kent was not satisfied, and got up repeatedly on a chair to examine the fittings at the chimney-hole. Kindling from a packing-box in the basement made a roaring fire, which threw glaring tongues of light on the ceiling through the open holes from which Kent had taken the lids. Smoke poured out into the room, but no one minded except Kent, who seemed to feel himself responsible. The fire had to be quenched to a chorus of demurs while a still cheerful jack-of-all-trades took down the pipe and thrust a burning newspaper up the chimney to clear out the flue; but every one felt warmer by suggestion, having viewed flame. Every one, even Mr. Simons, who wanted to go to the hotel for the night, but for financial reasons resisted such an expensive inclination, smiled when the kindling flared up and caught the coal Kent charily applied. And every one, including Mrs. Dennis, too used to the amazing feats of her offspring to take proper delight in their display, laughed when Bunny tried to sit in the low, temptingly warm oven, and had delicate parts burned with a suddenness that surprised him out of immediate tears.

"Believe me, it 's some cold night," reiterated Mr. Simons, that having been the burden of his song ever since his seizure from the hotel. But heat began to radiate from the stove, and his humor thawed. "Readin' again, Miss Griggs?"

Miss Griggs glanced up from her red-bound book.

"Yes. This one is rather interesting," she said in her quiet, reserved way.

"Some like to read," Mr. Simons asseverated; "but I always said readin' don't get *me* no place. I got a brother that always used to read a lot. Reads plays now for some New York manager. I have n't thought of him for a long time. Just happened to think, seein' you readin'. I went down to New Haven oncet to visit him after he 'd worked his way through college. I guess I had him in hot water oncet or twice. He had to give me a little advice on the side about how to talk to the guys at his club. I ain't exactly polished, like a college fella, of course. I ain't had the advantages he 's had. I 've worked since I was ten." He made a clucking noise with his teeth, and watched his diamond ring sparkle in the gleams of light which escaped from around the stove-lid. "You and him would of liked each other, Miss Griggs—both always readin'."

Miss Griggs went on with her story, one foot poised on an oven-door, and her plush coat now thrown back from her neat serge dress. Kent stood in back of the stove, his gaze on the joint of pipe above his head, and whistled under his breath. Mrs. Dennis set the twins to work with scissors and a Chicago dry-goods catalogue, and began darning a stocking apologetically.

"I can't get time to darn on week-days," she said.

Silence settled upon the kitchen, broken by the snip of the scissors and the crackling of the fire, until Sonny complained that he had "teared" his paper, and Kent hastened to the rescue, and prevented tears by cutting dancing men, with feet and hands connected, from folded newspaper.

"I guess Miss Heaton 'll be sorry she left town on a cold week end like this,"

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Mr. Simons essayed after a while. Miss Heaton was the sixth roomer.

Kent glanced up quickly at the speaker from his position on the floor, and a smudge of color which might or might not have been caused by his exertion in stooping, splotched his brown, boyish face.

"Where did she go this week—to Indianapolis?" asked Mrs. Dennis as she bit off her darning cotton and folded a diminutive pair of stockings together.

"No; Chicago. I was waitin' for a party down at the station—Frank Selig, the Kern cloak salesman—and I just happened to see her get on the train he got off of. She 's what I 'd call perty gay, ain't she?"

"The rich people here like her. She goes around to everything here—parties and dances. She always has, ever since she came here from the East to teach chemistry in the high school."

"She don't exactly look like a schoolteacher, now, does she? She 's what I 'd call a swell dresser. And she don't buy nothing from us, either," Simons said and chuckled.

Kent arose to shake the ashes down, and the splotches of red had spread over his face. Then he proceeded to send Sonny and Bunny into spasms of mirth by gripping the poker in both hands as if about to strike an unsuspecting Mr. Simons, placid in his ignorance of impending danger, to the floor. The latter, still unaware of the poised poker, went on:

"She 's a little snobbish with we common people, though, ain't she? She come in the store one day, and I was extra nice to her on account of us roomin' in the same place; and besides, she 's influential here, and if she buys a certain thing, there 's always a pile of people ask for it right afterward. But that day she was just polite and hurried out. I guess we did n't have no linen to suit her. Believe me, a man would n't want to marry her, would they? She 'd be hard to suit about things—just a trifle. Not that I 've got marryin' on the brain. I 'm too busy to think much about marriage. Women ain't all so easy to pick off the tree, and if they are, why, they ain't generally worth the pickin'. That 's right, ain't it, Mrs. Dennis? No offense to Miss Griggs here. We 're all friends here, ain't we? We all know Miss Griggs could of had some nice young fella if she 'd 'a' wanted him. But what I mean is, I got my kind of life goin' good: no responsibility outside my business, which needs me bad, and a poker-game now and again down to the hotel for recreation. I 'd be down there now if it was n't for Kent wantin' some help with his coal. Not that I was n't glad enough to come and help, understand. I like my city jaunts once in a while, too—cabarets and the usual stunts." He winked slyly at Kent, but was unobserved, because Kent was gazing abstractedly at the unshaded electric-light globe dangling in the middle of the room. "I like my life well enough. Miss Heaton runs around to the city a good deal, don't she? That man Canton she runs up to Indianapolis with to shows ain't noted for his good reputation, either, is he? The clerk down at the hotel was tellin' me just the other day that—"

But the noise Kent made pouring half a bucket of coal unexpectedly into the stove drowned the news volunteered by the hotel clerk and exploited by Mr. Simons, and when the clatter had died down, Mrs. Dennis was searching out apples for the twins to roast in the hot ashes dropping into the open space below the fire, and Miss Griggs was again absorbed in her book.

During the commotion caused by the new sport of roasting apples the front door was opened and closed. Mrs. Dennis ran to the door leading into the hall and opened it.

"Better not try to go up to your own room, Miss Heaton," she called. "A boiler at the heating plant 's bursted, and so the heat 's off. We 've got a fire in a stove down here in the kitchen. Better come right in. Don't even stop to carry your bag up. It 's awful' cold, is n't it?"

"Oh," said Emily Heaton in clear, soft tones as she paused on the stairs; but there was a hint of repressed irritation in her

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voice. "It 's dreadful out. I 'll come in."

She emerged into the warmth of the glowing kitchen with an expression of surprise mingled with her dissatisfaction.

She smiled at every one, and attempted to take off her gloves. Failing to unfasten the clasps, she held out her fingers over the stove.

"I 'm so cold!" she half gasped, as though the heat made her know how uncomfortable she was. "There was no taxi, and we couldn't get one. Mary Hale and I had to plow our way through the drifts against that terrible north wind." Her cheeks were glowing, and she spoke gaily after the first acknowledgment of her discomfort had escaped; but she continued to bite her lips nervously even after she was able to get off her gloves.

"'SOME LIKE TO READ,' MR. SIMONS ASSEVERATED"

Kent was watching her. He leaned against the sink at the opposite side of the room. She glanced at him, although her words were addressed to Mrs. Dennis, and he lowered his eyes quickly and leaned down self-consciously to pull at a bit of leather protruding from the sole of his shoe.

"Set down, won't you?" jested Mr. Simons, pointing to Miss Griggs's chair, the only one in the room.

Kent spoke up.

"I 'll get you one," he said.

"Thank you," she replied smilingly.

"Playin' the little gentleman to-day?" Simons said, and laughed as Kent brought in a big rocker from the living-room.

"You must be very cold," Kent said in setting it down for her.

"I am. You 're very kind."

He reddened again, and withdrew to his former position.

"Cold in Chicago?" Mr. Simons asked.

"Chicago is always colder than any place in the world when it *is* cold," she answered, but directed her words to the group in general.

"Appo! Appo!" burst out Bunny, and it was Kent who rescued the smoking orb and placed it in a safer spot.

"There was hardly any heat in the train, and we were over two hours late," Emily Heaton went on. "We all suffered, and I 'm sure a baby would have frozen if a man had n't given the mother his sweater."

"The world is full of polite young gentlemen," simpered Mr. Simons, casting mocking eyes toward Kent. "Now, all of us business men knows—"

"I suppose Chicago really does n't change much," Kent interrupted, with simulated eagerness. "I have n't been up for a long time, not since—" His voice wavered and died into nothingness, and he became immediately concerned with the apples in front of the hot ashes.

Miss Heaton touched her gray kid shoes.

"They are drying beautifully," she said to Mrs. Dennis. "Mary and I bought rubbers in Chicago yesterday, but they really were n't much of a protection."

"It 's a wonder you did n't freeze your toes. It 's an awful' cold night out. I should n't wonder if there was more than one set of frozen toes in town this night."

"It 's so irritating, this blizzard. I was going to Martha Klexfer's to tea and to

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stay all night; but they have city heat. Everybody has city heat. One must just content oneself, I suppose."

"You don't much like children, do you, Miss Heaton?" Simons suddenly inquired.

She looked at him with puzzled wonder.

"Why?"

"Oh, I 've just noticed. You don't ever pay much attention to the twins, do you? Most of we roomers kind o' like 'em."

A faint frown appeared on her face and passed.

"I—I don't think much about children, but I do like them."

"Oh, we 're most of we busy ones that way. *I* know. I don't pay a lot of attention to 'em myself except now and again. I s'pose we 'd care about our own, though. Eh, Kent?"

Miss Heaton turned to Mrs. Dennis.

"There was no dinner on, and Mary and I had had no breakfast. It was dreadful."

Miss Griggs had let her book fall into her lap, and with one finger between the leaves was looking thoughtfully at the dancing glare on the floor in front of the stove; but soon she resumed her reading.

"How about food for everybody, Simons?" Kent suggested suddenly. "I guess we 're all pretty hungry, and Mrs. Dennis can't feed this army."

"*I* had something before I came home," said Mr. Simons.

"Well, be a sport. Come on down and get some for the rest of us," Kent persisted. There was a hint of nervousness in his voice.

"All right. There 's nothin' cheap about me. I 'll go. What 'll it be, ladies? How about beer, and cheese on rye?"

"Get your furs on," Kent urged with a laugh. "We 'll arrange the menu on the way down. Don't touch your apple until it gets done," he advised Sonny before they left.

"I guess hot coffee 'll taste good with supper," Mrs. Dennis said when they returned. "I 'll put on the percolator. Who 'll see to the oysters?"

"I 'm the original little oyster-stew chef," Kent said with a note of joy in his voice. Color had settled permanently into his cheeks, and there was a glow in his eyes that made Mrs. Dennis examine him curiously as he poured the oysters into a pan.

Emily Heaton sat watching them from her place in the warm corner. She closed her eyes, and tried to smother the dull irritation which again assailed her at being shut up in a stuffy rooming-house kitchen with a Jew and a five-and-ten-cent-store clerk and a negligible little female bookkeeper, the latter given to reading assiduously, as though ignorant of a social law which only those to the manor born had the right to infringe. She moved her hand from the chair-arm into her lap when Sonny came over to stand by her side, and laid his warm little one, sticky with the remnants of his apple, over it. She smiled faintly at him, and Sonny, being uncannily discerning as to whether people liked him or not, backed away toward the comfortable roundness of Bunny for solace.

A card-table was produced by Mr. Simons, and chairs were brought in from the dining-room. The oyster-stew steamed from the soup-plates.

"Draw up," commanded Mr. Simons to the accompaniment of a grandiloquent gesture.

Even Miss Heaton lost her bored intolerance in the midst of the good-humored jollity that attended the eating of supper. Only Mr. Kent was silent, although the glow did not die out of his eyes.

"Thaw out, old sphinx!" recommended the life of the party. "This ain't no funeral, Kent, old top. This is kind o' jolly, *I 'd* say. It ain't every night in the week us common fellas gets to eat at the same table with Miss Heaton of the ee-light of Alston, Indiana, and the honorable Miss Griggs, best bookkeeper of the same burg, and the charming Mrs. Dennis, owner of these here premises. A treat, I 'd call it. Believe me, the honor 's all mine, ladies." He stood up, wobbling the card-table dan-

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gerously, and bowed in turn to each. "Dern good coffee, too," he added as he sat down.

"Now all the rest of you just sit down and be comfy while I wash these dishes up in a hurry," Mrs. Dennis told them when the meal was finished. Kent was assiduously tending the fire. "I 'll help," he said quietly, and he received a smile from Emily Heaton. She could not have told why she smiled at him except that she felt more amiable now, and he was the least objectionable of the party. He was rather handsome, too, with his high color and his curling hair, which was clipped very short.

"No, you *won't* help. You 're going to get your violin and give us a little music before these blessed children are put to bed at eight-thirty o'clock. So run and get

"FAILING TO UNFASTEN THE CLASPS, SHE HELD OUT HER FINGERS OVER THE STOVE"

the fiddle. Did you people know he used to play at concerts in Chicago before—"

"Oh, now, Mrs. Dennis!" Kent interrupted her warningly, with a short laugh.

"Before what?" Miss Heaton said curiously, but Mrs. Dennis put her finger across her lips and shook her head at her.

"I should n't have said anything," she murmured into her dish-water when Kent had gone into the dining-room to replace some chairs.

In examining him when he returned, Emily noticed for the first time that he always kept his left hand in one of his pockets.

"Get the fiddle, kiddo," urged Mr. Simons. "I would n't mind a little dance myself if Miss Heaton would favor me," he added with a grin.

"Not to-night," she said. "I 'm going to wipe the dishes now."

"Oh, all right. I know I ain't one of the swell fellas like J. C. Canton."

Simons stood with his back to the stove and whistled a fox-trot gaily while Kent and Emily disposed of the warm dishes despite the unremitting remonstrances of Mrs. Dennis. The girl noticed that the inside of his fingers and palm were a bright red and that he seemed to bend his hand stiffly and with difficulty.

Afterward they all drew up in a circle around the stove. Great waves of heat radiated against their faces, although the chill crept up their backs. The stove was making a gallant fight, but the onslaught, to judge from the scream of the night wind and the clink of ice particles against the window-panes, was mighty. Kent brought down his violin and twanged at the strings, while Sonny and Bunny gazed on him delightedly from the security of their mother's arms. Emily Heaton gazed with enhanced curiosity at the long lashes which swept Kent's cheeks. He was almost handsome. But she could not keep from glancing at the scar on his hand. It was quite horrible. He was really rather a presentable young man. One could almost forget that he worked in a five-and-ten-cent-store.

"I can't play anything any more," he apologized as he fingered the strings.

"Of course you can," Mrs. Dennis remonstrated. "And if it were n't for that burn, you 'd be as good as Kreisler."

Kent did not glance up from his instrument.

"What shall I play?" he asked.

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"Do you know 'Annie Laurie'?" ventured Miss Griggs, with a blush.

"Feelin' sentimental?" Mr. Simons demanded. "Well, you 're pretty enough when you get pink like that, to be allowed a little of the soft stuff. Play ahead, boy."

The twins cuddled close to their mother. Miss Griggs turned away her head and seemingly became intent upon the long gleams of light playing up and down the wall. Simons tapped time on his knees with his stubby, well-kept fingers. Emily Heaton watched the changing shadows in the piece of nickle decorating the corner of the oven-door.

"Betcha I could guess what the little reader 's thinkin' about," Mr. Simons broke in upon the silence which fell over the group when the strains of "Annie Laurie" died away.

Miss Griggs bit her lips and laughed self-consciously.

"Stop it, Mr. Simons," commanded Mrs. Dennis. "You 're fussing her. Can't you see?" She propped up the babies in her lap.

"Are n't they heavy? Could n't I take one?" Miss Heaton asked with unexpected gentleness.

"Why, yes; I 'd be glad if you would," said Mrs. Dennis.

Kent laid down his violin to transfer Sonny to new arms, where he nestled contentedly and blinked at the electric light.

"Let 's have the light out and make everything like old times," Mrs. Dennis then suggested. "I wish you 'd play 'Swanee River' now, Mr. Kent," she went on when the light had been switched off.

Kent played Mrs. Dennis's favorite with a tremolo wail to the chorus that made her apply Bunny's curls to her eyes. The light from the stove continued to flicker uncertainly up and down the brown walls, casting huge, misshapen shadows from the figures in the circle. Some coals fell down on the front projection of the stove, and alternately glowed and paled until gradually they subsided into gray ashes. The wind rose to a louder wail and died again.

"What next?" murmured Kent.

"KENT WAS WATCHING HER"

"Could you—would you play 'Just a-Wearyin' for You'?" Emily Heaton asked, and turned her eyes full upon Kent's. His wavered and fell.

He played it softly, and repeated it while the girl hummed the chorus.

"Please sing the words," he urged, screwing up his courage to look at her.

"I have n't sung since," she answered—"since before I went away to school. We used to sit around the fireplace at my grandfather's in the country and sing old-fashioned things—my cousins and I."

"Not you from the country!" Mr. Simons ejaculated.

The girl nodded.

"I always lived in the country until I went East to school." But her smile was for Kent.

"Let 's see, I guess none of my folks have lived in the country since Papa Jacob's time, Joey having went to Egypt at a tender age," grinned the Jew. "I guess that 's why I ain't so familiar with this soft music stuff."

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"We used to sit around the logs at *my* father's," Mrs. Dennis began reminiscently, "and toast apples and pop corn and crack nuts. We used to sing, too, and the boys always had to end up with kissing-games, of course." She laughed. "I remember one night when Jim—that was Mr. Dennis's name—when Jim and I had to go to the back porch after more nuts, and he grabbed me in the dark and kissed me. Jim was a nice young boy—and a good man."

Kent moved restlessly, and put down his violin to lay another lump of coal on the fire with the tongs.

"I did n't live in the country," he said when he sat down again. "I 've always wished I had. In Chicago we had stoves before we had a hot-air furnace—air-tight stoves that got red in spots on the sides when you built a hot fire. I used to try to get my father to unseal the one grate in the house we lived in when I was fifteen. I was crazy about open fires. But my mother would n't let me have one. She said they were too dirty. People are more —more *familied* in the country, are n't they? I mean—"

"Yes, they are," put in Mrs. Dennis. "Families stick pretty tight in the country. They have to."

"It was fun living in the country, too, was n't it?" Emily Heaton ran her fingers through Sonny's hair and smiled at Kent again. "Remember the taffy-pulls? I 'll never forget the first one I ever went to. I did n't put enough butter on my hands, and I had to retire outside the door —it was snowing, too!—and eat the taffy off my fingers. I was ashamed to stay inside, because I knew the big boys would laugh at me. One of them—his name was Jim, too, Mrs. Dennis, Jim Stanton. I have n't thought of him for years and years. He died—found me out there in a kind of orgy of taffy, and pulled me inside, where they all laughed and laughed."

Mr. Simons rose from his comfortable chair and picked up the book which had slid from Miss Griggs's lap.

"Thank you," she said kindly.

"Say," he said to the rest of the group, "in a minute you people 'll have me writin' to my brother in New York that I ain't seen for twelve years or so. And the shock might kill him."

Mrs. Dennis stood up slowly, with Bunny asleep in her arms.

"I 'm afraid to put the babies to sleep in that cold room. I wonder if you would bring their beds and put them in the corner over here—would you, Mr. Kent?"

Mr. Simons was on his feet at once.

"Me, too," he insisted. "There ain't no reason for rejectin' *me* as a helper, is there? And then, say, Kent, could n't you play us another tune while the babies is bein' undressed?"

Afterward, while Emily undressed a sleepy Sonny, Kent sat near her, a half-smile of dreamy content on his face, his violin across his knees, his scarred hand in his pocket.

"It 's all—all this, I mean—rather nice, is n't it?" he had the courage to say to her when the others were not listening and Sonny lay on her lap in his striped flannel pajamas.

She nodded.

"I hope you will play for me again sometime. I like your music. I had no idea you could play."

"I don't play much now."

"I am sorry," she said. "Perhaps some day you can play again in Chicago."

He shook his head.

"No." Then he drew his upper lip down over his lower one, and followed her with eager eyes as she placed the baby in Mrs. Dennis's arms.

"Good night, Sonny," she said softly.

"Come on now, play! Can't you, Kent?" Simons demanded; but Kent sat watching the fire, where it gleamed from between the bars of the stove-grate, after Emily had resumed her chair.

Miss Griggs sat dreaming over her closed book. Simons became silent, while Mrs. Dennis hummed over the twins.

"It would n't be so bad always livin' like this, would it?" the Jew finally mused aloud.

"Could I throw my sweater around your shoulders?" Kent inquired.

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"SHE SMILED FAINTLY AT HIM"

"Please do," she answered smilingly.

When he put it around her, she smiled up at him dimly.

Suddenly a clanking of pipes and a bursting gurgle of steam brought a cry of joy from Mrs. Dennis.

"The steam 's coming on! I 'm certainly glad. They said they 'd maybe have it on by this evening. My, I 'm relieved! Now the pipes will be all right, I guess."

Emily Heaton stood up with a short laugh and a quick movement.

"Relief? I should say it is! I can call up Klexfers' now and run down there to stay all night." She was radiant.

Kent, too, stood up.

"Could I take you over?" he said. "It 's dark."

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She turned away. A clerk in a five-and-ten-cent-store. What would the Klexfers say? She laughed to herself at the thought of Martha's amusement.

"No, thanks. You 're very kind. It 's only a short distance, and I 'm not at all afraid." Her hand was on the door-knob.

"You 'd better not be in too much of a hurry," cautioned Mrs. Dennis. "The rooms won't be warm for a long time yet."

Emily ran over to the radiator.

"See, one pipe is hot already, and the Klexfers probably have an open fire downstairs, anyway. So I 'll run on. Thanks for the supper, everybody! Good night!"

Kent watched her as she got into her out-door clothes. They heard her on the stairs and in her room. Then her footsteps came down again, her voice was heard over the telephone, and the front door slammed.

"Well, this is some live town," complained Simons, stretching himself. "Guess I 'll run down-town to the hotel and have a game, now that I know my room 'll be warm to come home to." He straightened his tie and his coat, and slipped into his overcoat. "When I die, I hope I 'll go to ole New York." He was gone, whistling a popular song as he went.

"KENT PLAYED MRS. DENNIS'S FAVORITE"

Miss Griggs arose and switched on the light. Then she returned to her crimson-backed book. Kent poked at the fire needlessly. At last he, too, rose, and placed his violin in its worn case.

"Could I move the babies' beds into the bedroom for you before I go?" he asked when he had buttoned up his overcoat.

"You going, too? Well, yes, if you would, Mr. Kent. The heat 's coming on strong, and I guess none of us will freeze to-night. Much obliged."

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"Good night, Miss Griggs. Good night, Mrs. Dennis," he called as he went out the back door.

"I wonder why he took his violin," Mrs. Dennis wondered audibly. "He 's a nice boy," she added to Miss Griggs. "You ought to set your cap for *him,* Miss Griggs. He 's a gentleman."

The bookkeeper laughed.

"I guess he has his cap set for somebody else," she commented. "Miss Heaton almost thawed out to-night, did n't she?"

"Miss Heaton? Oh, yes; she 's real nice when she wants to be."

The night watchman for the five-and-ten-cent store jingled his keys in the front door at eleven, and peered in.

"Hello! That you, Kent?"

"Yes; don't worry. I thought I 'd better come down and see if the radiators were all right. The heat came on suddenly, you know, And, say, Comstock—"

"Yes?"

"Ever get a violin for your boy?"

Comstock set down his lantern on the floor and himself on a shrouded table.

"Well, it was like this, Mr. Kent. Fiddles are high. The boy wanted one, and I told 'im if he wanted it he could jus' get to work and earn it. So he 's workin' Saturdays, and I 'spose we 'll have to add enough to get 'im one."

"I have a good one here I want to give away," Kent said.

"How 's that?"

"Take it to your boy with my compliments. I 'm too old to fiddle. Poor case, but a good violin. Good night."

General Order Number 38

By CHARLES D. STEWART

UPON what basis, in view of the rights guaranteed us under the Constitution, can there be any greater restriction of freedom of speech in time of war than in time of peace?

More specifically, can a man be arrested and thrown into prison, constitutionally, for making remarks in time of war which would be quite within his rights in time of peace? Is there one rule for peace and another for war?

There was and there is. Lincoln stated it in his ruling on General Order Number 38.

Always, in time of war, the opponent of the Government has tried to hide behind the constitutional clause restricting any "abridging the freedom of speech or of the press." The traitor waves the flag, poses as a defender of the people, and becomes a so-called strict constructionist.

In 1863, General Burnside was in command of the Department of the Ohio. In view of the presence in his department of the kind of patriots above mentioned, he issued the following order:

> . . . All persons within our lines who commit acts for the benefit of the enemies of our country will be tried as spies or traitors, and if convicted will suffer death. . . . *The habit of declaring sympathy* for the enemy will not be allowed in this department. Persons committing such offences will be at once arrested, with a view to being tried as above stated or sent beyond our lines into the lines of his friends. It must be distinctly stated that treason, expressed or *implied,* will not be tolerated within this department.

The italics are my own.

The first person to be caught in this net was Vallandigham, the leading proponent in Ohio of "free speech." In 1863 he was just out of Congress, in which he had served since 1856, and he now saw a chance, as a defender of popular rights, to reinstate his political fortunes.

Promptly, as if it were a challenge, he took it up in a speech at Mount Vernon, Ohio. He was known as an anti-war man, and his remarks in the speech were rather intemperate.

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He was arrested, court-martialed, and sentenced to prison for the period of the war, at Fort Warren, in Boston harbor.

The President was now appealed to through a set of resolutions adopted by a convention at Albany.

Lincoln upheld and vindicated the view of the military court in regard to this sort of "free speech." The point was, whether words not sufficient to cause a man's arrest in time of peace may properly send him to prison in time of war. In his ruling Lincoln stated the matter as follows:

> I can no more be persuaded that the government can constitutionally take no strong measures in time of rebellion, because it can be shown that the same could not be taken in time of peace, than I can be persuaded that a particular drug is not good medicine for a sick man because it can be shown not to be *good food* for a well one.

Always, in time of war, the enemy of the Government is a stickler for that particular clause in the Constitution. It gives him latitude in which to work.

We are repeatedly told that the Government "is founded upon the Constitution." But if the Government were defeated in war, there would be no Constitution. It would fall.

It is therefore much truer to say that the Constitution is founded on the Government. That is the rule in war, at least. It is a rule which follows the facts. It held good during the Civil War, and Lincoln stated it in a way which can be understood for all time. The Constitution was not intended for the benefit of traitors.

That American classic, "The Man without a Country," was suggested by the Vallandigham case. Edward Everett Hale, in an article written in his latter years, said that the sensational episode in Ohio was what gave him the idea. More ultimately, when we view the facts of history, it was the result of General Order Number 38, the contention as to what constituted free speech, and Lincoln's interpretation of that point.

The President commuted the prison sentence to expulsion from the Union, and Vallandigham was delivered by soldiers to "his friends." He seems not to have liked it among his friends, for soon we find him in Canada, sitting at Windsor, where he could look across the river to Detroit.

A republic is most jealous of its right of free speech, and rightly so. The reason is that it enables us to come to wise decisions. Every man must be heard, and his arguments taken for what they are worth. But in time of war the republic has already *come* to a decision, and once we have come to the decision to engage in war, it is only safe to fight.

Even more dangerous than the out-and-out traitor is the man who will try to make political capital for himself at the expense of the unity of the people. The false rumors, fallacious arguments, and specious championship of popular rights are not to be tolerated under any mere constitutional guise.

When Vallandigham made that speech which caused him to be arrested, how did he begin? Over him was flying the American flag. He pointed to it and said that it was "the flag of the Constitution, the flag that has been rendered sacred by Democratic Presidents." There we have the political traitor in a nutshell. Upon that basis he expected to be allowed to engage in the domestic manufacture of traitors.

There are many among us who imagine that in the present war, for the first time in our history, "free speech" is being given a restricted interpretation. They think that this interpretation is specially aimed at the kaiser and his sympathizers here.

On the contrary, it is a well-established rule in this country. The rule, as presented in General Order Number 38, and upheld and explained by Lincoln, was directed against Americans. A man who was American born, a member of Congress, and candidate for the office of governor, was to receive the penalty.

So far there has been more "free speech" tolerated in this war than in any war in our history.

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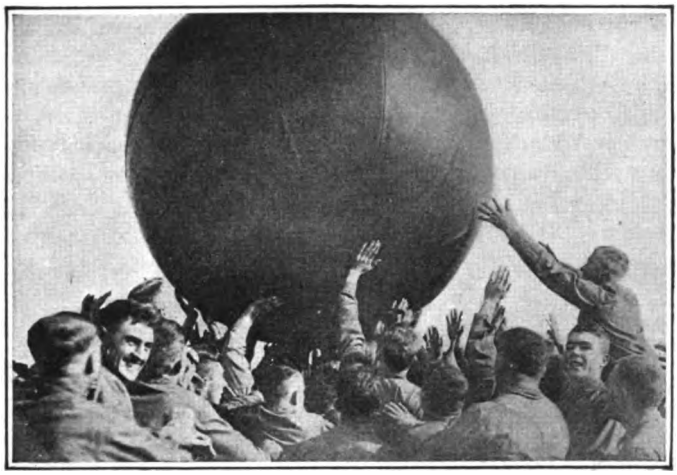

A GAME OF PUSH-BALL

Athletics for the Army

By RAYMOND B. FOSDICK

and

EDWARD F. ALLEN

THERE are over a million men systematically engaged in athletic activity in the military training camps of this country, and the primary purpose of it all is to educate the men to be better fighting organisms. Incidentally, of course, there is a recreational value to athletics. Indeed, it might be generalized that the aim of athletics in the training camps here is to *make* the men fit to fight, while "over there" it is a matter of *keeping* them fit to fight. In France and on the foreign seas, where the career of the soldier and sailor is extremely strenuous at times and deadly monotonous at others, the recreational value of sports naturally becomes more important than the training value. Men just out of the trenches after nerve-racking days amid flying bullets and bursting shells turn instinctively to athletics for diversion. But at first the problem is distinctly one of educating the body together with the mind along lines of offensive fighting.

Through the Commission on Training Camp Activities the Government is encouraging and directing athletics in more than thirty-five army camps and half as many naval stations. The department of athletic work for the army is organized under the direction of Dr. Joseph E. Raycroft, professor of hygiene in Princeton University, and the responsibility for the organization and conduct of the work in each camp is delegated to carefully selected men of skill and experience. These were at first recognized as civilian aides on the staffs of the commanding officers, and their salaries were paid from government funds; but later many of these athletic directors were commissioned as officers of the regular army. There is close coöperation between them and the athletic representatives of the Y. M. C. A. and the Knights of Columbus who are working in the camps. Similarly, Walter Camp, the eminent foot-ball authority, has charge of the athletic work for the Navy Department Commission on Training Camp Activities.

It is a big work, this organizing and directing the athletic activities of forty thousand men, and each of the divisional athletic officers has a man's size job. But

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the reactions are remarkable. Foot-ball, base-ball, basket-ball, soccer, boxing, track and field athletics—in fact, nearly all the sports known to Americans—are indulged in by all the men in training. Never before in the history of this country has so large a number of men engaged in athletics; never before has its physical welfare received such a stimulus. Narrow-chested clerks are making three-base hits on the same base-ball teams with college athletes, and lean-visaged philosophers are learning how to use their fists. The bookkeeper and the street-car motorman come to grips on the foot-ball gridiron. Men are learning to get bumped, and not to mind it. The quality of persistence is being developed. High school and college men who have played upon foot-ball teams and the rest of the comparatively few among our young men who know what it is to be in personal conflict with another man are simply receiving further instruction in something which they have already experienced; but to the vast majority of the men in the army and navy it is something brand-new. To the mountaineer and the boy from the farm it is particularly a novelty. The contribution of athletics toward the developing of an aggressive fighting spirit is tremendous, and the development of this spirit, to say nothing of the purely physical benefit which the men get from the exercise, is a real addition to the military efficiency of those soldiers.

The Government has provided part of the equipment, and the rest has been furnished by camp organizations and private persons. The commissions have furnished over five hundred boxes containing the following equipment:

AN OBSTACLE RACE

Six base-ball bats, twelve base-balls, one chest-protector, one catcher's mask, one first baseman's glove, six association foot-balls (can be used for soccer, volley-ball, and basket-ball), two extra bladders, four extra laces, one pump, and needles for lacing; two Rugby foot-balls; two sets of quoits with posts; six playground-balls; four playground-ball bats; two six-pound medicine-balls; three officials' whistles; one rubber-patching outfit; ten sets of boxing-gloves; official rules for base-ball, soccer, volley-ball, basket-ball.

The most encouraging part of it all is that the men enjoy athletics keenly, and the coöperation of the officers is another factor that makes for its success. In this connection I give the following close paraphrase of a memorandum issued from the headquarters of one of the camps by order of the brigadier-general:

To provide an opportunity for every soldier in the camp to participate actively in at least one organized athletic sport and to provide

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a daily recreation period to vary the regularly prescribed physical drill, men engaged in any of the five sports composing the all-point contest—that is, tug of war, basket-ball, volley-ball, soccer, and playground-ball—will be excused from participation in the daily physical drill, provided that at the same time they are engaged in games under the provision of the all-point contest.

The games will take place at the same time, and only for the period scheduled for physical drill. In order that too much time may not be wasted in going to and from the playing-fields for various games, athletic directors are authorized to confer immediately with regimental and organization commanders with a view to laying out playing-fields adjacent to the areas upon which organizations hold their physical-culture work; and further to assist the athletic directors, it is requested that organization commanders furnish them with a copy of the weekly schedule of military duty showing times when all physical drill work is scheduled.

WRESTLING IN THE AIR MAKES HAND-TO-HAND CONFLICT ON TERRA FIRMA SEEM TAME AND EASY

Men forming these various teams will be required to be present for the games as regularly as if participating in the prescribed physical work.

Thus with better bodies are developed more alert minds. And if a spirit of emulation is fostered in competitive athletics, what will the result be on the battle-field? Nothing coördinates the personal faculties needed in warfare like the team-work that goes with organized athletics. In the inter-regimental and inter-company athletic contests one finds the same variety and concerted effort and team enthusiasm that characterize the college foot-ball game. There is one great difference, however, between college athletics and athletics in the army and navy. In the former it is the exceptional man who derives the benefit, while among the fighting forces it is everybody. University athletics develops champions; army and navy athletics develops the mass.

"The sports included in the camp curriculum, such as boxing, foot-ball, and other personal-contact games," says Dr. Raycroft, "have been selected primarily to prepare the men for the struggle to come, and the value of the athletic training they have received will be fully realized when they go 'over the top.' When the commission first began its work in this direction there was prevalent a well-defined belief that a soldier could be made by putting a man in uniform and teaching him the manual of arms. Our experience of the last ten months has proved that athletics increase a man's fighting efficiency, and naturally wholesome recreation follows.

"The value of work of this sort cannot be overestimated. In addition to the obvious physical benefits which are derived from participation in competitive athletics, there are three considerations of particular importance that are not generally understood:

"Boxing has great value in developing in the individual man the sense of confidence and aggressiveness that is generally desirable in a soldier, while it gives better than any other form of training a sound foundation for modern bayonet-fighting. Participation in recreative activities of an

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athletic nature is most valuable as a means of counteracting the necessary monotony of the professional training work and as a means of developing a group spirit and solidarity in the various units; while it was recently characterized by one of the leading authorities on mental and nervous diseases as one of the most important factors in preventing the occurrence of the condition known as 'shell shock.'

"A large percentage of the casualties on the modern battle-field are classified as 'shell shock,' though fewer than half are due to the immediate effect of concussion from high explosives. A considerable proportion of the men suffer merely from what is called the development of 'the anxiety state'—a state which we sometimes call getting stale, and which displays itself in a man in irritability and loss of appetite. Many soldiers go through pretty much that kind of experience. They lose their discrimination. Instead of being able to tell whether a shell which is going through the air is going to drop fifty yards away or near them, they are at a loss. They get 'jumpy.' They do not sleep. They do not eat. Gradually they lose their power to work and are dangerous persons to have about. It is dangerous to intrust them with any responsibilities if they are officers. It is extremely difficult for them to recover from such a state. One of the important factors in the prevention of the development of this condition is the opportunity for, and the habitual participation in, athletic activities. These do not have to be highly organized, but they must be of the kind that stirs one up and takes him out of himself."

In one of the Western cantonments there is a big field where sixteen base-ball diamonds have been laid out, and it is not uncommon for sixteen games to be going on there simultaneously. Try to visualize this scene and what it means simply from the angle of clean sport, and then picture the activities of these men as fighters. What bomb-throwers those pitchers will make! How resourceful those first basemen will be in battle! How keen the catchers! Here is first aid to discipline, self-discipline at that. As an index of public interest, it is only necessary to mention a foot-ball game between teams representing two Western camps that brought in gate receipts of forty thousand dollars.

At another camp there are twenty-six foot-ball gridirons, with a seating capacity of eighteen thousand. Multiply the en-

A BOXING MATCH IN CAMP

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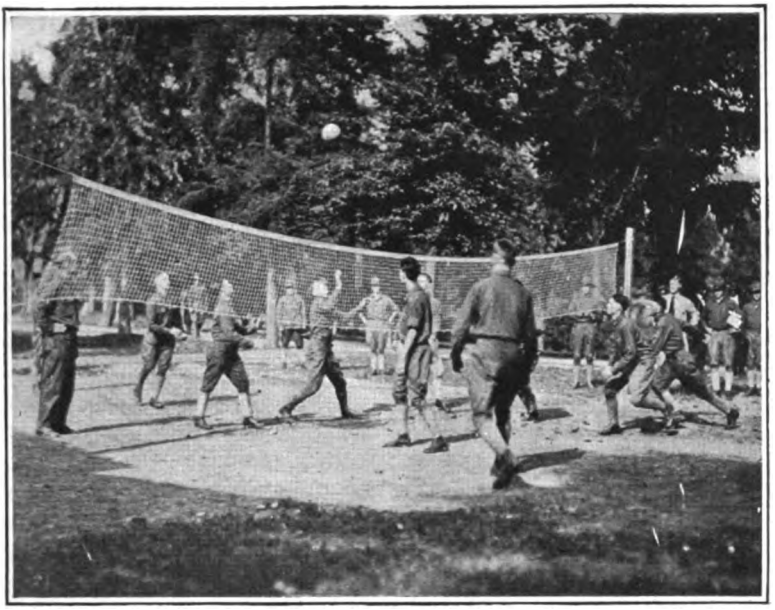

VOLLEY-BALL. SEVEN THOUSAND MEN TOOK PART IN THIS GAME IN A WEEK AT ONE CAMP

thusiasm of a single game by twenty-six, and consider its effect on the morale of participants and the enthusiasm of spectators. Sports to-day are indeed being promoted on a scale that is unparalleled in history, and new conditions have given rise to a new emphasis on mass athletics. Games of soccer have frequently occurred in which four hundred players have participated, with from eight to ten balls in use. Two thousand men run cross-country races at one time. Within a week three thousand men in one naval station played base-ball.

Among the divisional athletic officers are some of the foremost athletic coaches in the country. To a man they are skilled organizers and directors, and many of them have been star athletes in their undergraduate days. As might be expected, the caliber of these leaders is high. In civil life they were engineers, architects, deans of universities, lawyers and important men of business.

The inspirational value of playing needs little exposition, but the parallel between playing and fighting may be illustrated in a number of ways. While playing soccer a man must be ready constantly to strike at the ball with either foot. In this way he naturally acquires a short gait and a balance that will serve him in good stead in traversing the churned and furrowed surface of no-man's-land. It is a highly exhilarating game, combining the maximum of exercise and recreation with a training that will be exceedingly useful to the men when they meet the enemy.

The science of boxing, as Dr. Raycroft has pointed out, is intimately related to the business of bayonet-fighting. The sport of boxing develops the science. Incidentally, it is one of the most popular sports in camp and one of the cleanest. At a well-known New York club devoted to the arts one of the regular weekly dinners was followed by an informal discussion on the subject of boxing. It was a hobby of one of the members, and to prove his contention that it was not a brutalizing sport, he had arranged a few short bouts for the edification of those present. Among them was a clergyman, a middle-aged man, who had followed the discussion with interest, but looked as though he had no acquaintance with the subject at first hand.

After a five-round bout between two young middle-weights, the master of ceremonies turned to the clergyman.

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"Well, what do you think of it?" Is it brutal?" he asked enthusiastically.

And the clergyman replied with equal enthusiasm:

"It 's worth a ten-dollar bill to see a man who can take a blow in the face without getting mad."

Boxing teaches the manly art of self-control as well as that of self-defense. It also makes better bayonet-fighters. Nearly every blow and position has its counterpart in bayoneting. I have seen boxing lessons in camp given to one thousand men all at once, the class being directed by a man on a high stand. One thousand boxing lessons at the same time! I said to an officer standing by:

"How many of those men do you suppose have ever struck another man since they were boys?"

"Not ten per cent.," he answered, and I think he was right. The boxing which these men did in friendly bouts later taught them what personal conflict was. One of these days the quickness and aggressiveness developed in this boxing will be the means of saving their lives.

The attack known as the "long point" in bayonet-work, for instance, corresponds to a "left lead" in boxing, and a blow of the butt of a gun to a "right-hand counter." The leg-work in executing a "chop" with the bayonet is very similar to what is known as a "Fitzsimmons shift." The men learn to be quick on their feet. Nor is this merely theoretical. The Canadian troops who have been at the front report that the agility and quickness of eye gained in boxing is a valuable part of the soldier's equipment.

Detailed groups of men who have had previous knowledge of this sport have been trained by the boxing instructors to become their assistants. In many camps from two hundred to four hundred of these assistant boxing instructors have been developed and are giving instruction. The system reaches out to every man in the service. "I feel that the boxing instructor's place is with the division until we are ready to occupy the trenches, and indeed afterward, to keep up their spirit and desire for personal combat among the men whenever quartered in billets; for his work among the men has reached their fighting spirit more than any one realizes at this time," said the commanding officer of one of the big army camps in an official report.

Moving-picture films that show in the most graphic manner possible the relation between boxing and bayonet-fighting have been prepared by the War Department Commission on Training Camp Activities and distributed for exhibition in the various National Army and National Guard cantonments to facilitate the work. The world's champion boxers posed for the pictures which illustrate in detail the proper way of starting and landing the different blows and how to put the full force of the body behind them. Their counterparts in bayoneting are demonstrated. "Bayoneting is boxing with a gun in your hands," is one of the expressive subtitles of the film, and then a famous boxer is shown starting a "left hook" for the head of another pugilist, while at the same time the bayoneteer uses the same movements in sending his bayonet toward the neck of an armed antagonist.

One of the boxing instructors—there is one in nearly every large training camp—marvels at the manner in which the men respond to this instruction.

"It 's incredible," he says, "the way boxing has taken hold of the men. They 're simply wild over it. In the classes where I am explaining the blows and positions they hang on to every word and watch my movements as a cat watches a mouse. The results of the instruction are plainly seen in the bouts the men hold in their barracks and camp-recreation buildings. Instead of lowering their heads and whaling away wildly in windmill fashion like novices, they square off and sail into one another with heads erect and their guards up just like real professionals."

Are you thinking that this training for bayonet-fighting may brutalize the men, your son or your husband, perhaps? Richardson Wright, in his "Letters to the Mother of a Soldier," says:

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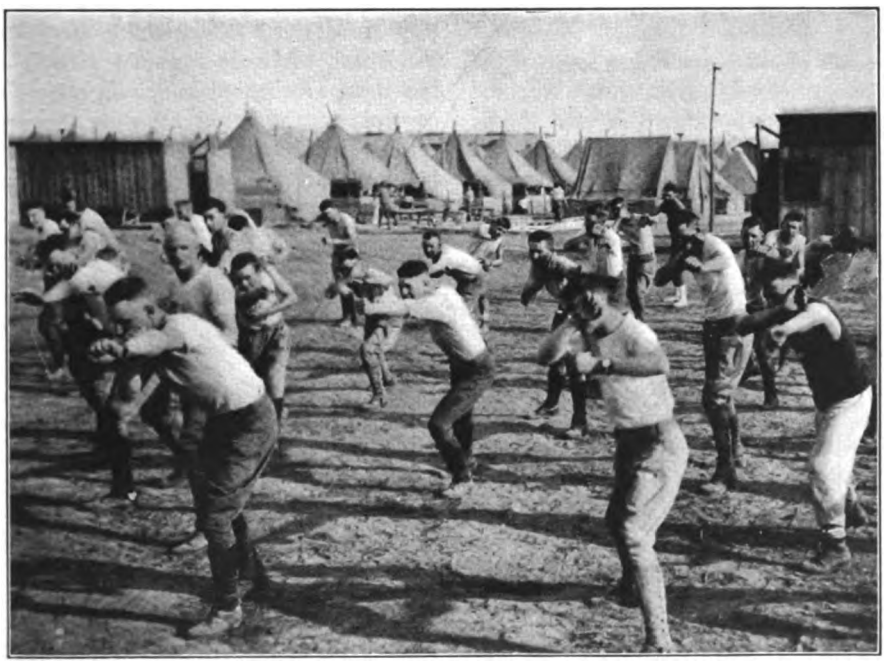
"If you feel that jabbing six inches of cold steel into Germans will make brutes of Harry and his fellows, what would you think about him if he refused to do it? In times of peace the man who refuses to defend his fellow-man against the unjust and murderous assault of a thug is called a coward. How much more is he a coward who sees the bleeding and mutilated forms of outraged men and women and the ruins of their homes, and does not rush to their defense? This sort of bravery is what you gave the boy yourself . . . you taught him tenderness, unselfishness, loyalty, laughter, courage, and endurance, and with these things to play the great game. Put a bayonet in such a man's hands and tell him to kill the foe. He will kill not because he has a lust for blood, but because of the righteousness of the cause.

Besides the better-known sports, there is a great variety of games: volley-ball, push-ball, medicine-ball, quoits, cross-country running, fencing, and, at the naval training stations in particular, swimming. At one of the stations it was found that more than fifty per cent. of the men were unable to swim, so the best instructors available were engaged. At least one-half of the cantonments boast tennis-courts, and there are other evidences of the initiative of the various divisions, regiments, and companies that are in the same category. When the camps are in Northern climates, the men indulge during the winter in such sports as skating, skeeing, and tobogganing. All of these indicate a concerted tendency toward healthful, worth-while diversions, fully as pronounced as, if not more than, in the universities.

One phase of camp athletics is hardly touched by the colleges—laughter-compelling games. This is important, for good humor is one of the vital elements of discipline. The games are popular, too. Then men get a particular wild delight out of "swat tag." Twenty or thirty of them form a circle, standing with their hands behind their backs, palms up, facing toward the center of the circle. The man who is "it" holds a cotton-stuffed canvas bag about eighteen inches long by two inches thick.



BOXING DRILL IS AN IMPORTANT PART OF THE FIGHTERS' TRAINING

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As he walks around the outside of the circle he places the bag in the hands of any of the players. As soon as a man has the bag thrust upon him he strikes with it at his neighbor on the right. The idea is for the right-hand neighbor of the man who thus becomes "it" by receiving the bag to race around the circle and back to his former place before he is struck. The man who is "it" has the privilege of placing it in the hands of any of the players.

What does this simple game do for the men? It develops an extreme physical alertness. I have seen the game create a perfect wave of nerve tension among a circle of thirty newly drafted men. There was a big stimulus to avoid being hit. It put every man of them on his toes. Some of them were nettled, stung, when they were caught. To many of them it was a new sensation. One man was continually the butt. He was always getting thumped, and he reacted accordingly. He developed quickness; he developed a fighting spirit.

Another of these games has some of the same elements of boyish fun combined with real military value. A man stands in the center of a circle of troops and swings a twelve-foot rope with a weight on the end around the circumference as rapidly as possible. Each man in the circle has to jump as the rope approaches him, and if he does not jump high enough to clear it, his legs get entangled, and he is thrown to the ground. It sounds simple, and it is; but I wish that you could see it done. Men get hysterical in their laughter when they see it, and, in fact, all of these games are equally mirth-provoking. They play leap-frog, prisoners'-base, and a dozen others their younger brothers have forgotten, and they heartily enjoy them.

There are plenty of games of this sort that, besides promoting good feeling, develop self-control, agility, mental alertness, and initiative, all bases on which to build military efficiency. Moreover, men whose boyhood ended all too soon have an opportunity to play as they never played before.

It must not be forgotten that all this is a part of military training, and that the pleasure derived is something more than incidental. Muscle counts for little unless there are behind it driving force and control; apathy in an army or a navy is fatal. But the fighters who play and who laugh as they play are irresistible.

PREPARED FOR THE SPORTS OF WINTER

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The Germans in South America

By CLAYTON SEDGWICK COOPER

Author of "The Brazilians and Their Country," etc.

WE have distrusted, however, because back of all the lines of navigation, the industries, and the contracts with the state, we have discerned an absorbing, dominating policy, which desired to subject the country to its exclusive influence, which sought to Prussianize it, forgetful of its character, its traditions, the genius of its race, and its well-established prerogatives of nationality.—Señor Carlos Silva Vildósolo, for many years director of "El Mercurio," the leading newspaper of Santiago.

The influence of Germany in South America has been called a "penetration." The word was well chosen, for there is scarcely a realm of life connected with these republics which has been free from a more or less systematized plan by the Germans to get a firm foothold and to make predominant things and thought "made in Germany."

By sending his German professors and teachers, the Teuton has endeavored to impregnate the youth and the school systems of the republics with the method used in Germany. By a thorough training of her traders and manufacturers even before they left their own land, the attempt has been made to suit Latin American conditions in the matter of language, credits, packing, and kind of articles needed. The German officers who have trained the military in a number of the republics have made a deep impression upon the army contingents of these South American nations, and in dress and deportment, as well as in arms made in Germany, the soldiers of such countries as Chile, for example, might almost be mistaken for Germans. In this latter country especially, where there is a strong native inclination for fighting, the German military propaganda has been more influential than the professorial mission, though the later developments of the war have reduced the enthusiasm for German types of militarism.

The founding of German colonies in South America has also entered into the German scheme of penetration. The three hundred thousand or more Germans settled in the temperate climate of southern Brazil and the large German settlement in the region of Valdivia, in southern Chile, are two notable cases where the Teuton ambition has looked toward permanent holdings in a new German Empire in South America. In such regions as these I have visited schools that in the outward appearance of teachers and curriculum might have been in Hamburg or Berlin, and in certain of the towns in Santa Catharina, Paraná, or Rio Grande do Sul,—Joinville, for instance,—I was

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told by responsible people that it was really difficult for any person who did not speak German to get work in the community.

Commerce has been the particular avenue through which the German has endeavored to penetrate Latin America, and in this realm his progress, especially in the last forty years, has been remarkable. He has established large banks in the cities and larger towns; he has founded business houses directly in touch with his home-land, and evidently under the close supervision of the German Government; he has imitated and manufactured at low cost almost every native product the South Americans desire or use; he has built hotels and restaurants in replica of those found in Germany, and it has been clear that no detail in clubs and social organizations, newspapers and literature, pleasing to the Teutonic mind and habits, has been omitted, in order that the colonizer and trader might duplicate as far as possible home environment.

At the opening of the war the German commerce throughout South America had reached such flourishing proportions that even Great Britain, the arch-trader of the world, with all her extended hold on the trade of Latin America, found some difficulty in keeping her lead in South American business, while the relation of exports from the United States and Germany were in the ratio of seven per cent. to twenty-five per cent. in Germany's favor.

In every conceivable way the Teutons sought to ingratiate themselves into South American favor. They did as the Romans did, revealed a studied politeness in bows, handshaking, and hat-lifting, learned to use excellent Spanish and Portuguese, flattered and fawned where it seemed to their advantage to do so, even intermarried with the native peoples, and were careful to exhibit at least a show of loyalty to South American governments and institutions.

No privations were too great to be undergone for the sake of winning trade and prestige. The traveler is surprised to find the German in such isolated countries as Bolivia, where he has gone Germanizing fourteen thousand feet above the sea. To this mountain republic Germany sent a few years ago a committee of experts to study the market even in the most insignificant details, taking back to Germany complete sets of samples of every article that it was possible to imitate and send to these out-of-the-way populations. As a result, if one goes to a shop in the Andean region to purchase a poncho, that picturesque blanket that every Indian or cholo of the lofty Cordilleras wears in place of an overcoat, he will need to be a close student of such articles to distinguish a poncho made by the Indians from one manufactured and dyed to suit the native taste, exported from Germany.

Other Indian products have been treated in the same way, and if one is privileged to attend the great fair held in January at La Paz,—the "Alacitas,"—where great pride has been shown in the exhibition of innumerable native articles, he will find the people, especially in the last few years, carefully examining the products, since the majority of them have been made at short notice by the alert German manufacturer. It is commonly reported in all parts of South America that these German-made imitations are fine to look at, and resemble so closely the original native articles that one can scarcely note the difference, but the quality of the manufacture is said to be inferior in most cases. One South American, in buying a sewing-machine, informed me that he knew he would be obliged to get another machine within the year, but the low price suited his pocket-book at the time being.

I found that in this region the German manufacturer would make changes in his exported products, and often without additional charge over the price submitted with the samples. If the South American merchant asks for a red shirt in a purple box, he is sold a red shirt; the German does not tell him that he makes only blue shirts and incloses them in green boxes. He caters to his client's taste in every respect. Furthermore, if a German once gets a client, he will go to all possible

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lengths to hold him, although in many lines, especially in hardware, farming machinery, and mining tools, it is a well-known fact that the American goods are superior to those of German manufacture.

Another hold the Teuton has upon trade in the mountain states is due to the fact that, in addition to extended credits and the adaptation of goods, he has made himself thoroughly familiar with the somewhat unique methods of transportation.

Bolivia, for example, is an interior country, having no seaport, and secures her supplies though the far-away ports of Mollendo, Peru, or Arica and Antofagasta, Chile. From these points imports must at times be hauled over the Andes on rack railroads, sometimes over five or six hundred miles of thirty-inch gage railroads and over very steep grades; in other cases the goods are shipped on boats across Lake Titicaca. These trans-shipments need to be borne in mind by the shipper, as the products are submitted to the roughest of handling, from steamships to lighters in open roadsteads, thence to railroads and inland steamers, and often in parts of their progress are carried by llamas and mules, with all the consequent loading and unloading of the animals on the long trails when they are stopped for rest.

Such details as the size of packages are extremely important, since a llama, for instance, is extremely sensitive to weights of over one hundred pounds, and literally lies down and forcibly objects. This matter has been scrupulously considered by the German manufacturer, who adjusts the weight of the cases so that the shipper can at once tell the best means to be employed for sending the goods into the country districts. The packing-cases are made of the best quality of wood to stand the treatment, and in many instances, as I noticed, they were strengthened at the corners with slats of the same thickness as the boards of the boxes. An obstreperous llama may roll down a hill, but the goods will not be scattered over the surrounding country, as I have at times seen American products decorating the bleak slopes of the Andes.

A Chilean importer told me that for several years he had discovered certain of the American shirts and socks shipped to him from the United States adorning the persons of the flotilla-men who had appropriated them when the boxes from the States popped open as they landed in their lighters.

The Bolivian and Peruvian markets in the high mountain regions, because of the rich mineral and land wealth of this sequestered region, are sure to be increasingly important. Germany has seen that the people here want merchandise of the cheapest make, and that the poorer classes, for the most part agriculturists and miners, buy eighty per cent. of the total imports of the republic. To this constituency the best expert thought has been given, with results that have placed German products generally in the hands of the people.

In recent years German propaganda in various lines has made great headway in Chile. As I sailed into the picturesque harbor of Valparaiso, I was impressed by the large number of ships on all sides, and remarked to the captain of our ship that I had no idea Valparaiso was such a vast shipping port. The captain smiled and said:

"It is n't. Those thirty ships that you see about us are all German vessels interned. The crews evidently thought this was one of the most favorable ports in South America in which to get stranded. They are here for the simple reason that they can't get away."

I noted in this German merchant marine fleet sixteen sailing-ships. These ships had about half-crews, and the men, who have now lain on these ships for nearly three years, do not give the impression that they enjoy the enforced vacation. One large importer told me that he had been invited to go on board one of the largest of these German vessels, where he saw a fine pump which he coveted for his own use on shore.

"I 'll give you seven pounds for that

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pump," said the importer to the German captain.

The captain was indignant and fumed.

"Why, that pump cost twenty pounds, and, furthermore, do you think I would sell any apparatus connected with my ship?" he replied.

"You would be a fool if you did n't," returned the importer, "since you know that this ship will never leave this harbor under your flag. You had better sell all of the furniture you can while the selling is good."

The bulky German nearly exploded in his patriotic wrath; nevertheless, two days later the importer received the pump.

Many of the Germans in Chile are connected with the Valdivia colony, founded in the middle of the nineteenth century in the fruitful section of southern Chile; others have been called in to train the soldiery or are teachers and business men. The Valdivia Germans are the sons of old Germany who left their land in that political and economic crisis of 1848, when the older idealism of that nation was exchanged for the military ambitions of modern Prussia. These people do not belong to the modern penetration movement, and live peaceably and industrially, as farmers chiefly, allying themselves with the native people in a free land.

During the last thirty years the German movement has depended particularly upon the Teuton professors who were sent to Chile under contract with the Chilean Government, and the German military officers whom General Korner, a German ex-captain, engaged as instructors for the army. This German captain, Korner, by reasons of his connection with the country's civil war of 1891, became almost an arbiter of Chilean military institutions.

In the wake of these pioneer propagandists for Germany came a new diplomacy, a fresh inflow of capital from across the seas, German banks and industries, together with large firms for doing business on an increased scale. As one Chilean described the condition:

"The interest which the emperor, the Government, and the people of Germany felt in Chile was proclaimed with all formality."

The militarists were more effective for the German penetration than were the teachers. The militant Catholics combated the latter as a peril to national religious unity, while much popular sentiment was reflected in the campaign waged in the press by one of Chile's well-known poets against the German professors, accusing the authorities, who were responsible for engaging Teuton teachers, of being infected with "German enchantment."

The avenue to Chilean conquest was easier for the Germans by the way of the military, the Chilean being predisposed to such matters, a fact not overlooked by the Teutons. The army system was Prussianized as one might say overnight, with little regard for adjustments fitted to the republic. Señor Vildósolo, whom I have already quoted, writing in the "South American," declares:

> The Prussian regulations were translated and applied, the military life was changed to its foundations, and it was all done with an unheard of precipitancy, without adapting, without ascertaining if it was best or not for the country, by means of copying mechanically.
>
> On a certain good day the Chileans beheld their soldiers uniformed in Prussian tunics, with green, red, and yellow borders, with many adornments and much gold braid; dark heads covered with helmets terminating in a point, filed past with that parade step which caricature has made known throughout the world.
>
> This exact reproduction of the regulations, the methods, the uniforms, and even the utensils for the use of the army facilitated the other aspect of the reform, which consisted in the acquirement by the Government of Chile, in Germany, of whatever might be necessary for the army, from the Krupp cannon and Mauser rifles to the shoes for the horses and the cloth of divers colors with which the soldiers should clothe themselves according to the Prussian usage and tradition.

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Naturally, there was protest on the part of the Chileans, and a band of famous Chilean generals were retired because they censured this rapid manner of Germanizing Chile. Later the nation rose more generally against the high-handed measures of these military and political and commercial agents of Germany. A noted professor who was found too insolent was returned to Germany, an undesirable German engineer who had been given supervision of the railways was sent home, and gradually the nation became aware of the difference between Prussian methods and those of a republic. Despite all the strenuous German effort, it is safe to say in the words of a Chilean, "the Germans have never been able to penetrate the Chilean soul."

Here, as in Brazil, there arose a racial distrust of the Germans. Their conscious superiority, their insolent pride at times, and a lack of sufficient imagination to fit themselves sympathetically to the Latin temperament did not augur well for the final subjugation of South American peoples by Germany even before the European War opened. With the opening of the war the latent love for France sprang up, and the conduct of the German raiders of commerce, together with such events as the treatment of Belgium, the sinking of the *Lusitania,* and the general policy of the Prussians in waging war, were further proofs to the Chileans, as they were to South Americans generally, that Germany was not inherently *simpatica* with Latin-America. It seemed to be a popular instinct wherever I went in these countries, outside the immediate German circles themselves, that South America should be pro-ally.

There was also a growing feeling in Chile even before the breaking out of the war that European nations did not understand that country, and the national pride was frequently hurt by slighting references to Chileans as fit topics for comic opera and fun-making. There seemed to be a tendency on the part of the sturdy descendants of the Araucanians to draw within themselves and retain the isolation which their peculiarly shaped land had given them geographically. There is no doubt that the sentiment toward the United States, which has not always been the best in Chile, has been improving in late years, and the part we are taking in the war has certainly increased the favorable feeling of Chileans toward the United States.

When I arrived in Chile the British "black-list" had just been put into operation, and there was considerable complaint among all classes, particularly among Germans. It was observed with strictness from the start, for English, Irish, and Scotch influence comprise much foreign power here, the Britishers being connected with the old Chilean families both by ties of marriage and also by reason of many services rendered the country by seamen, statesmen, and traders.

I was walking on the street of Santiago one day with an Englishman and was about to take him into a restaurant for lunch when he stopped short at the sign over the door.

"German! Nothing doing for me!" my British friend exclaimed, and drew away. At that time this discrimination against the German and his works seemed a bit childish to many Chileans, I am sure, but later acquaintance with the foe now of nearly the whole civilized world has greatly changed opinion. The reasons are too patent to need enumeration here. When a quiet lover of peace and nature like John Burroughs appears in print with the signed resolve that he will never again look into a modern German book, it is small wonder to find the Chilean point of view changing with that of other nations, whose people have tried in vain to feel and act with neutrality.

I would not give the impression that Chile was then, or in fact is at present, ready to take up arms on the side of the Allies and use her two hundred thousand soldiers, German trained, to fight the Boche. Here, as in every other South American state, the Prussian emissaries were busy from the very opening of the war, using the press of Chile when they

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could, and especially the pro-German, conservative, and clerical organ, "La Union," to distribute among the people a one-sided view of affairs in Europe.

The army, too, was a center for the Germans to practise all kinds of depredations upon Chilean neutrality. German agents established a newspaper and called it "La Gaceta Militar," with the design to carry the idea outside Chile that this organ was the mouthpiece of the army. Two Spaniards were placed in charge of this propaganda, and it soon became necessary for Chile to make known the true nature of this sheet, disavowing that it represented in any sense the beliefs or the convictions of the military authorities.

At first the press in general was neutral and colorless in its presentations, but as the paralyzing of Chilean commerce grew apace, and as the raids of German warvessels about the coasts of Chile and South America began to disarrange the sailings of the British merchant marine, upon which Chile was now largely dependent for her commerce, there was a noticeable change of tone. No one knew better than these people that the long, unprotected Chilean coast, a stretch of 2485 miles, with its maze of passages, small islands, and deserted regions in the south, was a first-class hiding-place for German raiders, which obtained their coal supplies from Chile by some kind of connivance, contrary, of course, to all known neutrality laws. When, therefore, the British squadron destroyed these German cruisers in the naval battle off the Falkland Islands and Juan Fernandez, Chile breathed a sigh of relief, and her commerce began to revive.

From that time the German propagandists began to speak in lower tones, and the convictions of the people, even though not always expressed openly, leaned decidedly toward the realization that two great principles of civilization were held up for choice, the rights of men and of nations on the one hand, and the subjection by military power as the other alternative.

Whatever the Chileans may see fit to do about alining themselves alongside Brazil, the United States, and other South and Central American republics against the enemy of liberties of small nations, it may be taken for granted that the mass of public opinion in this state is in line with the following testimony given not long ago by one of the ablest Chilean exponents of the press in that republic:

> Most of the people of Chile recognize that there are judicial reasons in the interests of civilization and humanity, in the defense of the constituent principles of all democracies, and in order to save from destruction the Latin civilization to which we belong, for desiring the triumph of the Allies and the suppression of German militarism.

The witness for the Chileans then proceeds to say in a summary of the reasons why we are engaged in this combat:

> A consensus has been reached regarding certain fundamental points that may be summed up in the following manner:
>
> 1.—That Germany provoked this war when it suited her, after having prepared her people during a labor of forty years, by means of an education and an organization whose only object was to attack Europe for the purpose of conquest.
>
> 2.—That a mentality like hers, capable of subjecting an entire nation with a view to aggression and conquest, is opposed to modern ideas of liberty, human fraternity, and moral progress.
>
> 3.—That the triumph of a nation that proclaims military necessity as a sufficient reason for violating treaties, in which might is set up as the only source of authority, in which their essential liberties are denied to nations, would be the greatest peril that could be encountered by modern democracies and all those principles upon which American independence was established.
>
> 4.—That all the methods heralded by German writers, sanctioned in their military regulations and applied to the war, are contrary to the notions of humanity which Christianity diffused through the world, and

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do violence to the engagements entered into by civilized peoples to remove the elements of useless and barbarous cruelty of the primitive ages.

5.—That there exists at the heart of this struggle a conflict between the two philosophical and political tendencies that have disputed for the domination of peoples and the inspirations of their movements; one based upon right and the other upon force; one upon liberty and the other upon subjection; one upon fraternity and the other upon hatred cultivated as a sacred and almost mystical principle.

Such a pronouncement of opinion, in accord, we believe, with the inner sentiment of the Latin Americans generally, excepting Germans themselves and their intimate Germanophile satellites, on the west coast as well as in Chile, cannot be especially flattering to either the method or discernment characterizing German propaganda in these regions. Perhaps it was not wholly the fault of the Teuton spies and press-agents. They had a *dramatis personæ* to advertise and explain that would have taxed the brains and ingenuity of a greater race than the Germans, not noted for imaginative perspective or humor; the villainous German elements in this world tragedy overbear all palliative explanation. The almost constant fracture of all known principles of humanity and civilization which the most advanced races have known and been guided by in the past have given Germany's most sympathetic adherents in the Americas a melancholy "quarter of an hour."

When we come to the conditions of things German on the east coast of South America, the attitude of the people toward the Teuton propaganda has been revealed in the decision of Brazil to break her neutrality because of the wrongs done to her shipping and the strong sentiment of the Brazilians relative to the justice of the Allied cause.

I was in Brazil immediately before the declaration of war of the United States against Germany. There was then a decidedly nervous feeling of distrust of the Germans on the part of the native inhabitants. Repeatedly one could hear the phrase the "German menace," and by these words the people referred to the fact that the German colonies of Santa Catharina, Paraná, and Rio Grande do Sul especially, where the German language was freely spoken and German thought and institutions were well established, were not in keeping with the ideas of a republican nation. "Every one of the thousands of Germans in southern Brazil is a trained soldier, and these people seem at heart as loyal to the kaiser as when they were in Germany," said a prominent public official of Brazil. "Despite the fact that the Germans," continued this high authority, "have given us credits and adapted themselves in a superficial way to our modes of doing business, we don't like the Germans here in Brazil. Their spying and methods of dealing in war-times have made the people suspicious."

The German ships interned in Brazilian ports were being closely watched. The British black-list was keeping the issues of war prominently before the business community, and though the German business agents had been carrying on a flourishing trade with Teuton firms in the United States, the handicap of this black-listing of things German was evidently very general and tended to weaken German commerce and the regularity of transactions. This branding of the houses and banks of Germany in Brazil, as all along the east coast, affected American concerns and was especially felt in shipping lines, a fact which Germans were making the most of in the attempt to array the foreigners as well as the native inhabitants against the Allies.

The press gave large space to war telegrams, and the people were well served with the news from the different fronts of the war. No one could travel over Brazil in those days without realizing the growing tenseness of the commercial situation, and the sympathy for the Allied cause was apparent among the leading men in almost all walks of life.

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When the *Lusitania* was sunk, a vote was immediately passed in one of the most prominent clubs frequented by foreigners in the federal capital of Rio de Janeiro, asking the resignations of all Germans and Austrians. Frequent rumors of German raiders along the east coast accounted for the presence at times of war-ships of the Allied forces.

The riots which occurred a little later in southern Brazil, and which were speedily taken in hand and quelled by Brazilian troops, increased the suspicions of the Brazilians as to the loyalty of the large German colonist population. Rifle-companies and squads of young men, members of commercial firms, marching and drilling, called forth great crowds and much patriotic enthusiasm.

It was heard repeatedly that the plan of Germany to found in southern Brazil a German South American empire, choosing therefor one of the richest garden spots of the earth, must be frustrated by Brazilians. No one can appreciate until he has traveled through this rich agricultural region, comprising the vast areas of Paraná, Santa Catharina, and Rio Grande do Sul, how strategic and well founded was this German dream. It is a territory with a temperate climate not unlike that of central Europe, with cattle land where upward of twenty million cattle are even now grazing on the rolling prairie-lands. These lands are capable of raising virtually every known product of the temperate zone, and possess valleys by the sea where *maté*, coffee, bananas, and many tropical fruits find their home alongside waving corn-fields. It is a prolific lumber region, the home of the Paraná pine and varied kinds of valuable Brazilian woods, which are being exported to Uruguay, Argentina, and other South American republics that are poor in timber.

This wide-reaching and hitherto only sparsely developed region, as large as a dozen of our Western States combined, contains resources sufficient to maintain with abundant provision the entire European nations lying about the Mediterranean Sea. Such an acquisition would have been many-fold more valuable to Germany than all her colonies, and in fact would have held the promise of being even a greater Germany across the seas, as Brazil has become a greater Portugal, and as the United States, by reason of her great territory and industrial development, gives the earnest of future possibilities surpassing anything to which the English mother country is capable.

The general favorable sentiment of the Brazilians toward the United States was placed on record when the Northern republic declared war against Germany. From that moment the war sentiment in Brazil grew with great rapidity. This country's speedy decision, her progressive plan in connection with guarding the South Atlantic coasts, thus relieving ships of the Allies for other service, her military aims set in motion for the enlargement of her army, which have been so decisively pursued as to arouse particular notice in Argentina especially, where it has been suggested that Brazil's war measures are greater than is necessary for keeping under control three or four hundred thousand inhabitants of German descent—all this is indicative of the strong feeling expressed to me recently by a prominent Brazilian, "Never again will the Germans gain a foothold in Brazil."

In Argentina, where pro-German sentiment has been stronger among certain of the influential people of the country, the issues have been somewhat more complicated. German propaganda has been doing its best here to keep its grasp on one of the largest and richest lands of South America. Here, too, for some reason the president of the republic seems to have been playing into German hands. I have been told by reputable Agentiños that President Irogyan is not so much pro-German as radical and wilful, and that it was only a question of time when this republic would also join the forces of free states that are battling against German militarism.

Anyhow, Germany has given this nation sufficient cause to act, and if the present indications have any meaning or

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are filled with omens for the future, the Brazilians have destroyed once for all German ambitions in their country. It is said that at present any person who is found speaking German in a town of Brazil finds himself in peril.

The Argentine press freely stated that there had never been seen in Buenos Aires such a manifestation of public sentiment and patriotism as followed the Luxburg exposé, when more than two hundred thousand of the leading citizens of the republic marched through the streets of the capital with banners and cries for war against Germany. Senators left the senate halls to join in the procession, and united with a commission of deputies and senators from Uruguay who had come down to bring to their neighbor republic the sympathy and the wish of the Uruguayan people for a rupture with Germany.

One of the features of the demonstration was a flag 230 feet long and as wide as the streets through which it was borne by two hundred men. Behind this huge ensign were carried three hundred large Argentine flags and a hundred flags of Uruguay. Those who heard the songs of the multitude of marchers, national patriotic songs mixed freely with the battle-hymns of the Allies, or heard the jeers for the German Government on this occasion, would be left in small doubt as to the popular attitude toward Germany. One of the ensigns borne in this procession read, "No more German spies, traitors, and assassins!"

The demonstrations of good-will made before the British and American legation and embassy, the order preserved, and the character of the speeches, all served to put Argentina on record as decidedly opposed to the methods with which Germany is carrying on the war. It would seem difficult to think of the Government of Argentina withstanding long such evident desires of the people as this demonstration revealed.

German friends in Latin America seem to be diminishing. As it stands at present, three of these nations have declared war on Germany, Cuba, Panama, and Brazil. Eight countries have broken off relations with her, in the following order: Bolivia, Costa Rica, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Nicaragua, Peru, and Uruguay. Chile revoked her neutrality last June, and the will of the people of Argentina has been plainly shown.

Among the professedly neutral countries are included Ecuador, Paraguay, Salvador, and technically Argentina; also Colombia, Venezuela, and Mexico. Of the last three countries, Colombia is said to be influenced by doubtful feelings toward the United States rather than by any sympathy with Germany; Venezuela, the only autocracy left in the Americas, is ruled by General Juan Vicente Gomez, who is thought to be friendly with Germany; and Mexico is still too busily engaged with her own domestic problems and the distractions of recent warfare to be a certain quantity on either side.

Despite this seemingly growing antipathy to Germany and her plans in Latin America, the fact must be kept in mind that this idea of Prussianizing a large portion of the Southern Hemisphere has been one of Germany's great dreams and ambitions.

The American Defense Society has published a pamphlet in which Mr. W. H. Gardiner, an American engineer, has gathered and exposed the gist of various writings presented, chiefly in 1915, by Teuton bibliographers, statesmen, and professors relative to the ambitious projects of a victorious Germany in the Americas. "These plans are so amazingly ambitious," says Mr. Gardiner, "and are founded on such an utterly cynical and ruthless disregard of the rights and liberties of all non-Germans, that for the first ten or twelve years those men who first caught their sinister trend were discredited."

A brief summary of these plans of Prussian conquest, as given by Mr. Gardiner, may be pondered with advantage at this time by those who are interested to know about the Germanizing of Latin America:

The lower half of South America Prus-

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sia planned to acquire by peaceful penetration, revolution, and political intrigue.

As to the progress made to date on these lines, note that in the very small section of Brazil south of Tropic of Capricorn there are now over 400,000 native-born Germans, and that native-born Germans are largely in control of the finances and commerce of Chile and Argentina; note that since 1916 there has been a German rebellion in Southern Brazil; and also note the equivocal positions of the Government of Chile and Argentina at the same time.

Realizing the overwhelming prestige which the complete accomplishment of her plans in Africa and Asia would give her, Prussia believed that Venezuela, Bolivia, Peru, and Ecuador, and possibly Colombia, would come under her sway by whatever combination of a peaceful penetration, rebellion, and political corruption might be called for.

In holding this opinion the Prussian autocrats realize the high degree of commercial and political penetration now actually accomplished in these countries.

In passing it is worth noting that in his "War," published in 1906, Klaus Wagner suggests (p. 170) that the "inefficient" non-German population of South America be exported by Germany to reservations in Africa, "where they may crawl slowly toward the peaceful death of weary and hopeless senility."

As an index, sufficient for the moment, of the control Prussia thought she had over Mexico, and incidentally over Central America, note the terse proposal Herr Zimmermann made to Mexico that she attack the United States and that she, as the agent of Germany, get Japan to join her in the attack.

On the 25th of May, 1917, Secretary Franklin K. Lane said that Germany "would certainly demand from an overwhelmed England, Canada on the north by way of indemnity." And he might well have added Bermuda on the east and all the British West Indies on the south, none of which have the means or facilities to conduct a successful modern defense without outside assistance.

To the Teutonic mind this plan for an actual world dominion was as axiomatic as that two and two make four — provided France could be crushed, Russia eliminated, and then Great Britain crushed.

A few years ago the very statement of such wild ambitions would have seemed like the vaporings of one who dreams. But as almost every passing month since the beginning of the European War has revealed some new and incredible indication of Prussian ruthlessness and underhanded diplomacy and intrigue, such plain narration of German aims on this continent is worthy of careful thought.

Two things are inevitably certain regarding the German penetration and conquest in Latin America. First, it never will happen as long as Great Britain, France, and the United States retain any power or influence to object, and, second, even if these three great powers were rendered impotent, Latin America, with its seventy million or more indigenous and partly indigenous races, is too large and too distinctly Latin either to be colonized by Germans or to be assimilated with peoples whose ideas and ideals are radically antipodal to their own.

Furthermore, whatever advantage has been gained by Germany in the last thirty years in Latin America, by reason of her trade and well-laid schemes, is being daily diminished at present by her own acts and her bungling, thick-witted diplomacy and propaganda. There is no doubt of German ambitions in this region. There is also no doubt of German influence, financial and industrial, there. But the eyes of the South Americans are being opened wide to the facts, and no nations on earth are more jealous of their national rights and territories than are the people of these Latin American lands. Prussia has thus become unwittingly the best servant that a real Pan-Americanism has ever possessed. The Monroe Doctrine is no longer a mere political paper shibboleth. It is a tie to bind together in mutual safety and progress the peoples of the free Americas.

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Sister Eloise

BY EDITH BALLINGER PRICE

Illustrations by the author

THE gray-walled convent garden lay hushed and warm in the sunlight of noon. Its gentle silence was scarcely shaken by the thunder of the guns, which had now become, within those sun-flecked walls, as accustomed a sound as the tiny booming of the bees among the flowers. The cedar that stood at the corner of the wall, stretching out dark, adventurous boughs into the outer world, cast moving splashes of shadow on the grass. From a yellow rose beside the paved path three petals fell, hovered momentarily down the still air, and touched the worn stones like three kisses.

But the dreaming garden became suddenly a place of small laughter, of little cries and excited chattering. From the shadow of the cloister arches into the gilding sunshine came scampering hand in hand a troop of little children, very happy that it was time for the recess. They were children of the village of Nichy, four miles to the northward, and since that thundering of the guns had been so ominously steady, they had lived in the convent, studying their lessons with the sisters and playing in the high-walled garden. Somewhere their fathers fought for France, and there in Nichy their mothers clung fiercely to the cottages that might at any moment be taken from them. Some of those good fathers were already huddled into forgotten graves or stretched under the sky in no-man's-land, but the children still laughed in the garden of Sainte Scholastique, confident that papa would very soon return *en permission,* with presents bulging from his pockets, and a Boche helmet to clap on a proud little head.

Behind the children, with her hands folded under her wide sleeves, walked Sister Eloise, the heavy rosary at her girdle swinging rhythmically with a faint click. Sister Eloise was no longer young, nor had she ever been beautiful. Her round, steel-rimmed spectacles had made an ineradicable line upon the bridge of her nose, and from behind them her wide hazel eyes peered out with a gently surprised air. She had entered the convent at the age of nineteen, because her firm convictions and a true religious devotion would let her do nothing else, but also partly because she had thought herself too plain and too timid to make her way in the more difficult world. Now, after thirty years, she would certainly have believed this to be quite as true, if she had ever thought of it at all since then. Plainer than before, she would undoubtedly have said, and more timid also; and she would have dismissed the matter from her mind in haste, with none of the heartburning of her youth. But Sister Eloise had not entertained such thoughts for many years, and as she followed the children into the sunshine, her eyes, dazzled for a moment by the sudden splash of light, expressed only a faintly anxious solicitude.

The children, after a gleeful scamper

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about the garden, came by twos and threes to stand at her knee, where she sat on a bench by the cedar-tree; for they all loved her dearly. She it was who invented games for them in the recess, and gave them more porridge when the mother superior was not looking, and came to kiss each occupant of the row of little beds after Sister Denise had carried away the lights. She never gave them hard lessons to do, like Sister Félicité, or kept them alone in the school-room because they could not spell difficult words like *fenêtre* and *escalier*. (Were not Antoine and Jean-Marie kept in at this very moment for that very same reason?) Indeed, she never gave them any lessons at all, for it was the duty of Sister Félicité and three others to teach the little school. They stood much in awe of the mother superior, for she was very tall, and she had a large nose, and eyes that looked into one's inside heart if one had been naughty. When they were naughty she struck their hands twice with a long ebony ruler, but she patted their heads afterward. And Sister Eloise was always waiting behind the door to kiss them and wipe their eyes, and give them a very small *confiture,* which she produced mysteriously from her large pocket.

Now, in the garden, the children clustered about her, all talking at once.

"My papa sent me to-day a *carte-postale!*" cried Virginie above the others. "Look, Sister Eloise! How splendid he looks in his uniform, how beautiful he looks!"

"My papa looks more splendid than the papa of Virginie," shouted Gustave. "He is a sergeant, he is."

"My papa sent me yesterday a bracelet made from an *obus,*" cried Jeanne, thrusting a rather thin little arm, adorned with the trophy, before Sister Eloise.

"Oh, how charming, how enchanting!" said the sister. "But, no; the papas are ***both*** good and splendid soldiers, fighting for our dear France. Do not climb into the tree, Martin; it might be that it would break," she added, trying to admire, answer, and admonish in one breath.

Michel came and put his hand on her knee. His gray eyes were faintly apprehensive.

"Listen," he said. "Is it not that the guns are nearer to-day? Are they not every day nearer?"

The children listened, silent. To the north the constant booming was now sometimes broken by a sharper sound, a crackling crash. Sister Eloise laughed a little.

"It is so still to-day, so hot," she said, "the sound comes very clearly to us. It is many, many miles away. Run, *mes petits;* run and play, and make yourselves hungry for the luncheon."

They ran, laughing, but Michel sat under the cedar-tree with his chin in his hands, and he was trembling a little. His father had been killed the week before.

Sister Eloise was about to gather her little band together to march them two and two into the convent. She arose, and called to them, shading her eyes and beckoning. She was facing the blinding glare of the sun on the wall and could not see, but she heard overhead a sudden noise, and saw something hovering; then the sky rushed down on her with an annihilating crash, and the world was swirling black, torn with fire and slashed with screams.

A flying sliver of stone had gashed Sister Eloise's forehead. She sat up, wiped the blood from behind her spectacles with her apron, and then stood up dizzily. The children were huddled in the corner of the wall under the cedar, with white faces turned toward her, and horror-stricken eyes looking beyond her. She turned to follow their fixed gaze, and saw.

The Convent of Sainte Scholastique had been stoutly built, but it was also very ancient, and its destruction had not been a difficult matter. Some of its old buttresses still stood erect, with fragments of arched windows clinging between the shattered piles. More than half of the roof had fallen in, and a great, unrecognizable mass of shivered stone and splin-

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tered beams marked the refectory and the main hall. Part of the cloisters, with the little stairway to the chapel, was standing bravely, but the chapel door lay prone, torn from its hinges. A whitish dust was settling slowly throughout the ruin.

Sister Eloise turned to the stricken group under the cedar. The third time she tried to speak she was successful.

"You are all here? All?" she asked, and counted on her fingers, looking from one white face to another. "Gustave, Michel—where is Antoine—and Jean-Marie?" she cried suddenly. Michel ran to her, pointing.

"They were there," he said scarcely audibly. "They had tasks to do. Sister Félicité gave them tasks till luncheon. They were in the schoolroom."

Sister Eloise gently detached her hand from Michel's.

"Stay quietly, children," she said; "I will return quickly to you."

They surged toward her with little moans, and she put out her hands to stay them.

"Nothing will hurt you now. Sit quietly on the grass. I will return quickly."

She left them, the great skirt of her gown rustling softly across the paved path. At the little stairway which led to the chapel she turned around and waved her hand to them. They saw her wipe her forehead with her apron, and then she crept over the fallen door on her hands and knees and disappeared.

Part of the roof of the chapel had fallen in, and part of the wall. The golden candlesticks of the altar were lying twisted in the debris on the floor. Sister Eloise, standing upright again, instinctively blessed herself before the painted statue of the Virgin. It had fallen half forward, and was caught against a pillar, unbroken. In this leaning position, the eyes of the Child in the Virgin's arms seemed gazing toward a spot on the pavement behind a fallen choir-stall; His uplifted hand seemed to bless something there. In that place lay the mother superior. Her eyes were open, and her thin hands were clasped tightly over her crucifix. Sister Eloise picked up two of the battered candlesticks and set them at her head among the wreckage. She bent, closed the mother superior's eyes, and went on.

"AND SISTER ELOISE WAS ALWAYS WAITING BEHIND THE DOOR"

The door into the passage that led out of the chapel was blocked to half its height. Sister Eloise brought a bench and climbed over. She felt her way down the passage and into the entrance hall, where the roof was gone and there was light. As she went she called the names of the other nuns, but there was no answer,

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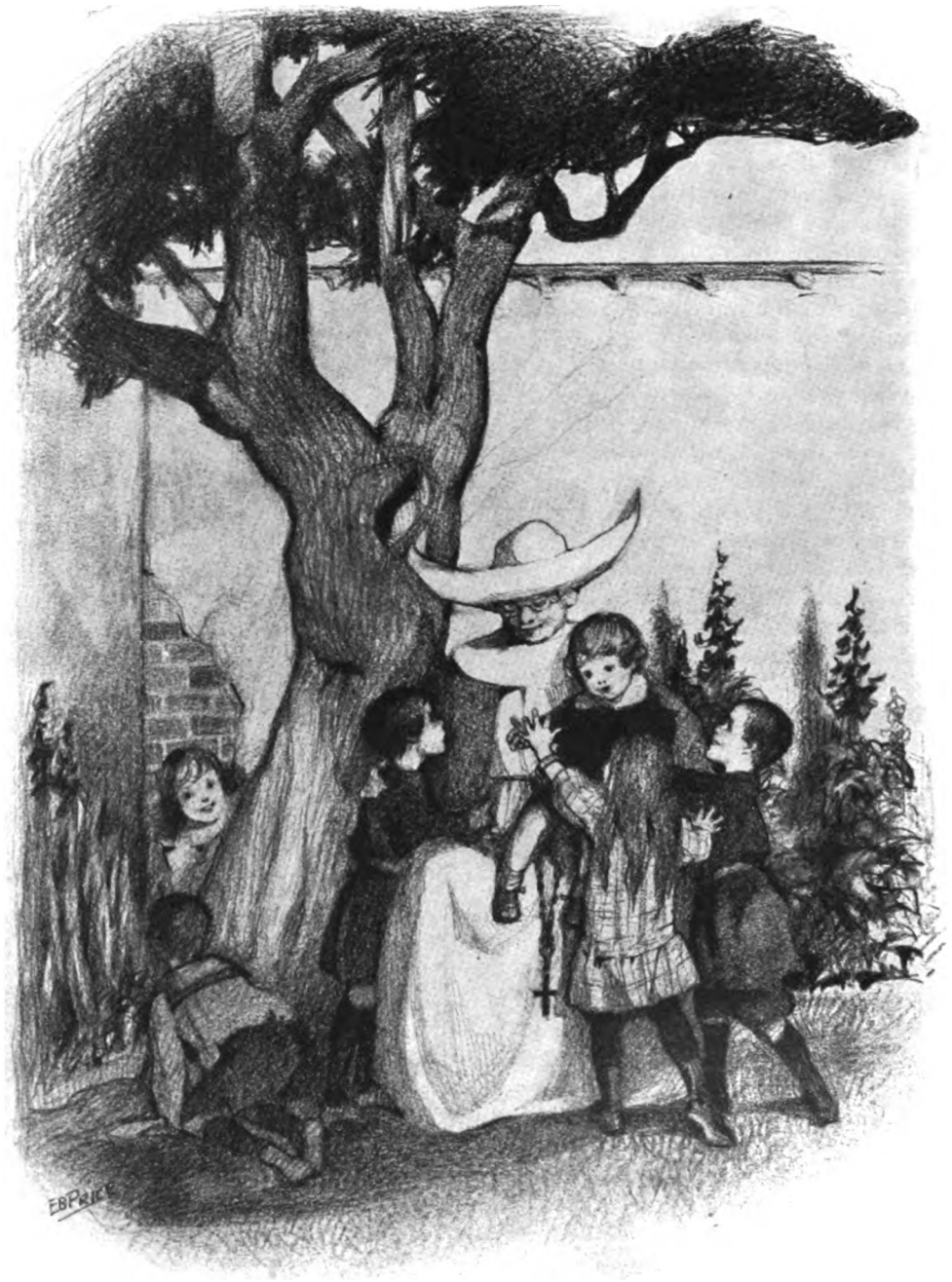

"NOW, IN THE GARDEN, THE CHILDREN CLUSTERED ABOUT HER"

no sound but now and then the crack of small pieces of stone and mortar falling somewhere throughout the ruin.

"If I can only reach the school-room!" gasped Sister Eloise as she struggled through the hall, and then, as a sudden thought came to her, *"Sainte Vierge!* all the others,—the mother was at prayer,—

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but the others were without doubt in the refectory. It is the very hour of the luncheon." She had seen the shattered heap of stone that was the refectory.

"But Antoine and Jean-Marie, perhaps they had not quite yet been called from their tasks."

She went on. When she reached the door of the school-room she found it wedged between two fallen beams and buttressed with heaped bricks. Sister Eloise pushed back her wide sleeves, and raised in her arms a long piece of timber. She swung it back and battered the door with it, but the door did not give way.

"Seigneur, aidez-moi!" she prayed in little gasps as she battered.

At length the beam on the other side, which had not been firmly wedged, was jarred away and slipped off. The door fell in with a crash, and the light poured through the rising mortar-dust. Sister Eloise entered the school-room.

Between the overturned desks papers fluttered among the bricks and debris, and pools of ink spread and trickled darkly across the cracked pavement. The globe of the world was upset, with its legs pointing grotesquely upward, and the large map of France hung down in two strips from the wall behind Sister Félicité's desk.

Antoine lay on his face near the door. Beside him was his slate, and as Sister Eloise stooped down, she read on the unbroken part: "3 + 8 = 12. Trois et huit font douze," very carefully written, and underneath, in a sudden scrawl, "Vive la France!" Sister Eloise saw that she could do nothing for Antoine. As she stood up she saw Jean-Marie. The stone lintel of the window had fallen upon him, and lay across his legs. Sister Eloise put her hands under it and raised it up an inch.

Jean-Marie was six years old. He it was to whom Sister Eloise was wont to give *two confitures* when the mother superior punished him, which was often; he for whom she saved the largest *tartine* when Sister Félicité kept him in to finish his lesson, which was oftener; he whom she kissed most of all when Sister Denise had left the dormitory.

She dragged at the stone till she had raised it six inches, and propped it there with a brick. When she had lifted Jean-Marie she wrapped him in the corner of her great gray cloak, through which a dark spot spread slowly. She turned and climbed over the littered threshold.

It had been almost an hour since she had left the children in the garden. They were sitting silently, with their faces turned toward the chapel door.

"Where is Antoine?" asked Michel.

"Antoine has gone away. He is not hurt," said Sister Eloise. "Come, *mes chéris;* we will go away from here."

She gathered Jean-Marie in one arm, and took Georges by the hand. He was the littlest one.

"I am hungry," said a little girl.

Sister Eloise led the way through the garden-door into the road, and turned toward Nichy.

"We will eat presently," she said. "Here there is nothing to eat."

The way was along a straight road bordered on each side by a line of trees, and when they had walked for perhaps more than a mile, many of these trees were broken off short, and some of them lay across the road, with their great tangled branches withering in the dust. Sister Eloise helped the children over.

"It is not much farther to walk," she said. "Soon you will see your dear mothers, and we will eat. Is this not amusing, climbing over the trees? Let us pretend that it is a great river that we are crossing by means of logs and rafts. Hurry, Virginie! *vite!* The torrent will catch you."

Virginie scrambled over with a will, and they trudged on.

At the end of the third mile Jean-Marie opened his eyes.

"Why are you carrying me, Sister Eloise?" he asked. "I am too heavy. I will walk."

"Mais non," she said gently; "you are not heavy." As she looked down at him he tried to cling to her.

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"Something hurts," he whispered, and lost consciousness again.

As Nichy became visible on the hill-top, Sister Eloise wondered a little at the brightness of the sunset behind it. Then almost immediately she thought:

"But no, how can it be? Nichy is in the north; it is the north we are facing. The sun sets behind the wood of Saint Monique."

When they had walked for a few moments longer, she saw that Nichy was in flames, and that against the sky-line were black cages that had been houses, and from them burst long waves of fire leaping into the sky. High overhead a shell droned through the air. Some of the children whimpered a little, and clustered around Sister Eloise's skirt.

"We must hurry," she said, "and we must be quiet. Do not be afraid."

She led the way back along the obstructed road. Presently she turned with certainty into a little lane that wound across the fields and through a wood in which many of the trees were splintered and fallen.

"I am too tired," sobbed Virginie.

"And I."

"I, too," cried several faint little voices.

"We will rest here for a little while," said Sister Eloise, looking about her and listening. "Lie on the grass, my children; do not be afraid. Hear the thrush singing so beautifully."

Indeed, there was a thrush singing, and a star had come out, and was hanging like a paler spark over Nichy.

Sister Eloise sat down upon the grass, holding Jean-Marie in her arms. Georges went to sleep with his head on a corner of her skirt.

When they were a little rested, they went on again, and all at once came to a dark farm-house. The windows were all broken, and there was a great hole in the roof; but three walls were standing firmly, and all was silent and deserted.

"Now we have arrived!" cried Sister Eloise, cheerfully. "Wait here a moment, I fetch a candle."

A disordered bed stood near the door, and on it she laid Jean-Marie. Then she peered about through the rooms until she found an overturned candlestick, with two or three fusees beside it, where they had all fallen from a shelf.

She came to the door, shading the candle with her hand, and the orange light flickered up across her spectacles and her great white coif. The children trooped in stiffly, and Sister Eloise set the candle on the mantel-ledge, from other rooms brought mattresses and blankets, and spread them on the floor, enough for each child to have a bit to lie on.

"You promised that we should eat soon," said Jeanne.

"You shall eat now," said Sister Eloise.

From the store-room she brought a ham, and gave them each a small slice of it, smoked and dry. It was only a small slice, for there was not much food in the store-room.

"Something to drink, too," said Michel, for the ham was very salt.

Sister Eloise went in search of the well, and found it at length, buried beneath the fallen wall of the house, with immovable heaps of wreckage encompassing and filling it.

"There is no water here," she said when she had gone back to the children, "but I will bring some. Do not be afraid if I leave you. There is nothing to fear."

"But if you did not return!" cried several voices in agony. "Do not go away! Do not leave us!"

"I will return to you. Try to sleep, and do not fear."

She hesitated for a moment, and then, smiling, took from her large pocket some little *confitures,* and gave one to each child. Then, taking up two wooden pails, she blew out the candle.

The next farm was almost two miles away across the fields, but the well was unharmed, and the water was sweet and pure. The farm-house was deserted, but it had not been destroyed.

"It would perhaps be a better place for them here, if we could come to-morrow," thought Sister Eloise. "I could bring the

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"SHE TURNED AND CLIMBED OVER THE LITTERED THRESHOLD"

food little by little if there is none here."

As she was considering how best to manage it, she heard clearly in the night air the sounds of guttural voices not a hundred yards away, and then a terrific crash and recoil. A big enemy gun was concealed in the little copse behind the farmhouse, and was finding its range for the new French position. Sister Eloise, skirting the wall cautiously with her full buck-

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ets, gained the shelter of a tall clump of bushes, from which the ground sloped down sharply, concealing her well enough for the next stage of her journey, till she should be completely covered by the darkness and distance. It was a journey, she now saw plainly, to be taken at night only, and then with great care. That the children must have water was apparent, and that there was no other place in which to get it for many a stricken mile she knew very well, so that she trudged back across the fields with no doubt at all as to what must be done. It was possible that with another change of the French line the big gun might be removed; but in any case water must be brought, from under its muzzle, if necessary.

Some of the children were awake when she returned, but most of them were asleep, worn out with their weary tramping. To the wakeful ones she gave a little water to drink, after lighting again the candle on the mantel-shelf. Then she went to Jean-Marie. He was wholly conscious, and held the skirt of her gown very tightly while she washed his wounds, and bound them with strips torn from one of her great linen petticoats. She sat beside him then, holding his hand in the darkness, and patting it when he whispered:

"Why do I hurt, Sister Eloise?"

It was very still, because the heavy firing had ceased, and small night noises could be heard. Jean-Marie's hand clung very close, and the dawn was long in coming.

One day was much like another in the broken farm-house. At first Sister Eloise dared to let the children run about in the sunshine outside the door, but there came a time when that could not be. Enemy aircraft drifted overhead too constantly, and the guns were battering their way ever nearer. Nichy was taken and retaken, though of that Sister Eloise knew nothing. She knew only that shells came pounding now and then into the field before the farm-house, tearing great wounds in the earth, and splintering the trees in the orchard. She moved her little flock into the cellar, letting them out for a little while every evening after dusk, when there was no danger of their being seen by an airplane. In the cellar there was no light either by night or day, for they had no more candles. The mattresses and blankets were put down there, and some hay also, which she had found in a shed. With a blanket over it, the hay was softer than a mattress. She also brought down there what food remained.

The children complained at nothing. They sat quiet, gazing with a sort of indifference at the shafts of dusty light which penetrated the cellar. They had accepted everything, since the moment when they had huddled together there in the convent garden, in the same bewildered silence. They feared only that Sister Eloise might leave them, and sometimes followed her as she moved about the cellar, plucking at her gown. Their eyes, dilated in the constant twilight of the place, wore a piteous, haunted look.

Every night when the children slept, Sister Eloise went across the fields for the water. The German gun was still in the little wood, and she was very cautious in her approach to the well. One night, as she peered from behind the angle of the wall which made her last shelter before creeping fifty feet in the open, she saw the glint of helmets at the well, where three German soldiers were drinking, and she lay motionless for an hour, while the men talked and smoked, before they walked slowly back into the wood.

Every night she went, creeping behind the same bushes as she neared the farm, running the same open places, crouching behind the wall, noiselessly drawing the water, and then back to the other farm-house, where it loomed, a hardly palpable shadow in the night, with square patches of sky seen faintly paler between its yawning rafters. At the entrance to the cellar she always paused, listening. Through the utter dark she could feel their breathing. Sometimes, despite herself, a wild thought seized her heart.

"If some one had come while I was away, if the children had been taken out,

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"IN THE DOORWAY STOOD SISTER ELOISE"

if it were German soldiers that breathed there in the darkness!"

And then from the silence would come a little inarticulate sound of fright, and she would be there instantly, holding to her a trembling little child, half awake and already comforted.

To Jean-Marie, whose cry it most often was, she came as the only thing of comfort and security in a world of darkness and terror. For him the pain had become one with the dark and the roar of the guns, nothing even as conscious as a nightmare, but merely a whole hideous fabric of unbelievable existence. He understood nothing which had happened, and nothing was real to him, not certainly the children, whose faces he could scarcely see as dim, white ovals in the darkness, whose low voices he heard about him. Sister Eloise was the only reality. He heard the swirl of her gown and saw a glint of light on her spectacles as she bent over him, and her arms, as she lifted him, were warm and real and very comforting. He did not understand why she washed and bound his legs every day, or connect it with his increased suffering at the time; but he understood her words: "Mon brave! Mon chéri! Ah, Jean-Marie!"

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Michel followed Sister Eloise always.

"If my papa were not killed, he would take us out. He would come and take us out," he said over and over. "Why do not the other papas who are not killed come for us?"

"They are trying to," Sister Eloise would say. "They are fighting for us now that we may come out."

But they stayed on in the cellar.

The moon had risen fair and full over the little wood and stood above it, making all the meadows about silver-gray and bright. The trees and the edges of shell-holes threw sharp, dark shadows, and of these Sister Eloise availed herself as she crept forward with her buckets. Lying prone at last behind the wall, and praying that the moon might quickly be veiled by a cloud, she caught again the gleam of helmets and heard low voices at the well. Then all at once she saw that they were not German, but the steel trench-helmets of France. As she sank back, hardly daring yet to believe, and waiting to look again that she might be sure, one of the buckets fell over, thudding against a stone and rolling for a few feet, with its bail clattering. There was the click of a rifle being cocked, and a quick voice cried out:

"Qui vive?"

"Sainte Vierge, can it be true?" she whispered. *"C'est moi,* only I," gasped Sister Eloise as she stepped into the moonlight.

Within the farm-house a colonel of artillery and two captains were bending over a litter of papers on a table. Two or three lieutenants sprawled and smoked in a corner. A candle stuck in a bottle burned gustily on the table, dribbling tallow on the documents below it. The officers straightened their tired backs and looked around quickly as the shaky door was banged open by the guard and a flood of moonlight streamed in. In the doorway stood Sister Eloise, her stained gray cloak drawn around her, and her rumpled white coif shimmering in the pale light. From behind her large spectacles her eyes, somewhat bewildered, rather anxious, and very much relieved, gazed at the colonel, who cried:

"Diable!"

Then he jumped up suddenly, pulling off his cap.

"Where can you have come from, Sister? This is n't a healthy place," he said.

Sister Eloise told him in a very few words what had brought her there.

"The water must be had, Monsieur le Colonel," she explained. "They must all drink, and one little one is badly hurt. It is necessary to wash very often his wounds, you understand, for he has had no proper medical care."

"And how long do you say that you have been living in this hole with these children?" asked the colonel.

"I do not know, Monsieur le Colonel," said Sister Eloise, frowning a little and considering. "Perhaps something more than six weeks. Perhaps as long as two months. I cannot be sure."

She glanced suddenly around the room, and took a step toward the door.

"You must excuse me, Monsieur," she said. "If I may now draw the water, I must return to my children."

I saw Sister Eloise not long ago in a big hospital near Paris. She put down the tray she was carrying and came forward, smiling, when she heard of the *jeune Americaine* who was eager to meet her. She took my hand and held it in hers, while her eyes shone with pleasure behind her large spectacles.

"How brave you are, *chère* miss!" she said, "to come across the sea when the submarines of the enemy are so dangerous. I admire greatly the *grande courage* of all the American young ladies, *vous autres,* who so bravely come to help our dear France. Me, I am timid; I have lived always in the convents, you understand; I have not the courageous heart."

I could say nothing. My stammered words seemed more than senseless. She held my hand a moment, and then, catching up her tray, hurried off down the corridor, her great skirts rustling, and the rosary at her girdle clicking faintly.

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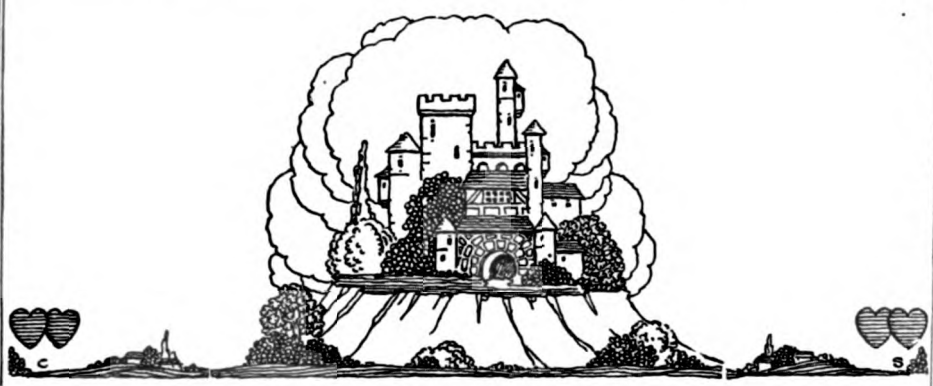

A Ballad of Doris Ritter

By RUTH COMFORT MITCHELL

Decorations by Charles K. Stevens

NEIGHBOR, put your knitting down!
There 'll be rarer fun;
They lash a wanton through the town.
Neighbor, neighbor, run!

Her braids were the color of ripe-corn silk;
The skin of her body was white as milk;

The sheen of her hair was fouled with mud;
Every flick of the lash drew blood;

And the first, fierce, age-long hour dragged by,
But she did not beg and she did not cry,
And her delicate, yellow-crowned head was high.

Now they 're turning Linden Lane!
Neighbor, what 's she done?
They say she dared to love the prince!
Run, neighbor! run!

Cast down, cast down your over-bold eyes,
Over-bold lass of low estate,
From that young Frederick, that proud prince
That men shall presently hail the Great!

And if your love be proper and meek,
And if your love be fresh and clean,
Then what shall the baron reck of that?
The baron is old and cold and mean.

But swift he shall hie him to the king,
And his black words he will not mince:
They fear the sway of a maid low born,
For that you have dared to love the prince.

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'T is you might warm a regal young heart
Until it melted frigid laws;
'T is you might kiss a regal young ear
And trickily plead the people's cause.

They see the thing they looked to see
Who will not, cannot, read the truth.
A maid must smart for a wrong undone
(They may not punish a royal youth).

"But she shall not die," the baron says,
"For that would leave the prince forlorn;
She shall not die, to live in his heart,
But she shall be made a thing of scorn,

But she shall be made a thing of shame
To every vulgar, ogling eye,
With a stinging lash too light for death.
'T is she shall live, but his love will die."

See the sinful pride of her!
Neighbor, neighbor, run!
But she 'll hang her shameful head
When this day is done!

And the minutes crawl, and the hours creep,
But she will not faint and she will not weep;

And the minutes creep, and the hours crawl,
But she will not moan and she will not fall.

She will not plead and she will not moan
For blow or jeer, for mud or stone.
The man with the lash must scratch his head,
And the carter curses, "Let her alone!"

O day that dawned as happy days do,
To have a black and bitter noon!
Cruel little birds that met the morn
With such a giddy and heartless tune!

Carriage folk and commoners afoot,
Gaping crowd in the market-place,
'T is you shall hunt through the throng and lack
For the sight of one believing face.

Prim dames in their snugly wedded scorn,
You see a meek nun pale and wince;
White horror felt for a thing forsworn,
For that you have dared to love the prince.

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(They have tied her fast, and they see her feet
Blackened and bruised on the cobbled street;

They have run her hard, and they see the breath
Blow from a mouth that is slack as death;

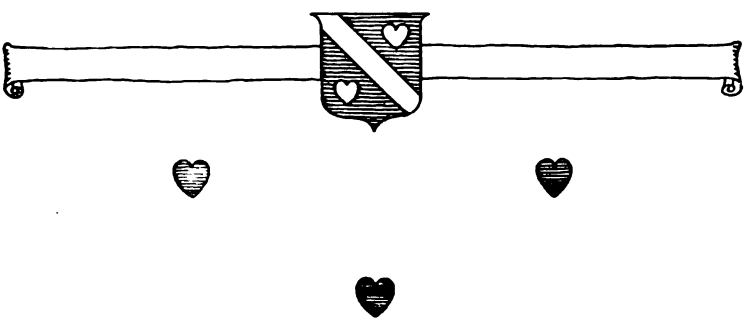
They have lashed her well, and they see the blood
Clotting dark on the darker mud.)

Neighbor, I 've my beds to make
And I've a shirt to sew;
Floors to scrub and bread to bake.
Let the hussy go!

She is so strangely, coldly still
The carter shrugs with a sense of chill;

She is so deep in a witch-like calm
He blinks his eyes with a sense of scare,
And his fingers grope for his comfortable charm.
The man with the lash must rest his arm,
Weary of work that has gone so ill,
For his stout blows and the crowd's stare
Have not achieved to do her harm,
Nor the wind's bite nor the sun's glare.
They cannot reach her; she is not there.

Dull carter, thin-lipped burgher's dame,
White nun, how blind you were!
A glory burnished all the shame
For that pale prisoner;
A rapt remembering blest the blame,
While a healing dew put out the flame,
And a heart's voice named her a secret name
Because the prince loved her.



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A PENNSYLVANIA CURB MARKET

Local Production and Distribution from the War Garden

By LEWIS and MARY THEISS

"DEMOCRACY, defended by the sword," said an American writer, "shall be saved by the plow." Generically speaking, that is true; specifically, as shown by a former article in this magazine, the plow will have to be supplemented very largely by the garden spading-fork, and the garden spading-fork will have to be supplemented by machinery for distribution—machinery that at present we very largely lack, just as we lack sufficient facilities for making ships, big guns, and the hundred other articles indispensable in modern warfare.

Some one has said that it is not enough for a man to be good. He must be good for something. Similarly it is not enough for the gardener merely to wield the spading-fork. He must wield it for a purpose. He must not merely raise food for himself, but help feed some one else. As long ago as the twenty-third day of last December the French minister of provisioning announced that there remained in France only wheat and flour enough to sustain the civilian population for three days. Since that time France has literally been living from hand to mouth. If America should fail for one single week in her duty to France, there would ensue, in the words of Lord Rhondda, "that starvation which is followed by disease and death." The only way we in America can escape the mark of Cain is for us to give France a greater portion of our inadequate supply of meat, wheat, sugar, and fats, and to live more and more on the things we can grow in our gardens. The landless, like the poor, are ever with us, and if the landless are to have vegetables to eat in place of meat, wheat, sugar, and fats, the persons who do have land will have to produce those vegetables for them.

But production is only half the solution. Solomon tells us that it is the *little* foxes that spoil the vines. The little foxes that spoil the vine of our national food-supply are the innumerable petty wastes. Separately, these tiny wastes are no bigger than the little drops of water and little grains of sand that we read about in nursery days. Yet even then we learned that those same tiny particles

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were the constituent parts of the mighty ocean and the pleasant land. We have got to hark back to that point of view with regard to our garden surplus. We have got to regard our back-yard vegetables as the Federal Grain Corporation considers wheat. "With us," said Julius H. Barnes, "grain has ceased to be measured as a business in terms of bushels or barrels or dollars, and it has been borne in upon us that it should be measured actually in the terms of human life." Henceforth we must consider the vegetables in our gardens in terms of human life. The flag in front signifies nothing if it is not also waving over the back-yard garden. And the greatest necessity in the back-yard garden is to stop waste, to utilize what is produced, to gather up the fragments in order that nothing may be lost.

And to gather up the fragments we shall have to have in every village and town and city district distributing machinery of some sort to collect all the excess and pass it on to those who lack.

What, then, is this machinery of distribution? In Wilmington, North Carolina, it took the form of a county court-house, and J. P. Herring, the county agricultural agent, was the man who transformed it into a market. The housewives of Wilmington were surrounded by truck-gardens, but could hardly get a fresh vegetable for canning. The local merchants refused to handle the truckers' products even at low prices, and the farmers did n't know how to get into touch with those desiring garden products. Food was wasting by the hundredweight when Mr. Herring convinced the county authorities that the court-house, like the Sabbath, was made for man, and that man in Wilmington most needed a vegetable market. So they allowed him to open a market, and gave him a clerk to help run it. Every morning this young woman telephoned to the farmers to learn what they had for the housewives and canning-clubs. Then she got into touch with the women and inquired as to their needs. In many cases she arranged for future deliveries, to the great benefit of both farmer and housewife. A very short trial proved that the market was serving its purpose admirably.

"Anybody could get up a market if he were an agricultural agent," you say, "and had a court-house at his disposal." In Brookline, Massachusetts, they had no court-house at command, yet they needed a market badly. Brookline had responded loyally to the appeal for war gardens. Not only were the back yards and vacant lots put to work, but the owners of large estates placed considerable areas of ground at the disposal of the public. Mr. Daniel G. Lacy of the Department of Forestry and Selectman Ernest B. Dane, president of the Brookline National Bank, took the matter in hand, and secured the use of an unoccupied Sunday-School building.

Here were brought the excess products from big estates, from back yards, and from school gardens. Producers who chose to sell their own products could rent a table for a trifle, while for a small commission on the sale price the market committee sold the products of others. The market was strictly regulated and supervised. All produce was sold by weight. Combinations in restraint of prices were forbidden. Despite the number of war gardeners in Brookline, the market was sold out in an hour and a half. For the second session the stock of vegetables was greater, yet the result was the same. So it went all summer long. The huge surplus that would largely have gone to waste but for the market was absorbed at every session before the closing hour. What that meant in the way of saving wheat, meat, sugar, and fats it is impossible to say accurately; but the saving was large.

"Easy enough," you say; "but I am not a bank president, and there is n't any vacant Sunday School I can borrow, or any other empty building available in my town."

Certainly there is a vacant lot in your town. Here is what the Homemakers' Association of Roselle, New Jersey, did with a vacant lot. We quote from the

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letter of Mrs. J. L. Warner, president of the Homemakers' Association:

We had a market during August and September, and we think it was successfully operated. The market committee of our association managed it. There was no financing. We asked the use of the land for Wednesday and Saturday mornings. The owner, considering the market a good thing, gave us the use of the land free of charge. Our borough council offered to see that it was kept in order.

Our committee then visited the farmers in the vicinity of Roselle and invited them to bring their products. School-children who had gardens also brought what they raised. Last year (our first) we did not charge anything for the space occupied by the wagons. This year we shall charge a small rental.

Fruit, vegetables, and poultry were sold. Little boys came with their express-wagons and delivered for five cents the purchases of those not having automobiles who did not wish to carry their purchases home. No hucksters were allowed.

We had a publicity committee. We advertised through our local papers, on signboards, etc. Our conservation committee purchased in the market, and our transportation committee took the purchases to the school kitchen to be canned by volunteer workers under the direction of our domestic science teacher. Eleven hundred jars were put up, and are being sold to the public this winter.

Possibly there are no vacant lots in your town that can be borrowed. Very well. You have streets, have n't you? In Lancaster, Pennsylvania, they have one of the most successful markets in the country right out in the street. In fact, the Lancaster curb market has been in existence for more than a century. It is located in the very heart of the city, and held two mornings a week between the hours of four and ten o'clock. Each farmer backs his wagon or automobile up to the curb, and places on the sidewalk a small table on which he displays his goods, leaving sufficient space for himself between the table and the tail of his cart. Each farmer has a space of eight feet along the curb that is reserved for him, and in return for this reservation he pays to the city a rental of from four to fifteen dollars a year, according to the location of his space.

Lieutenant-Governor Frank B. McClain, who is an enthusiastic supporter of the market, wrote:

I should estimate that the number of farmers who sell at the Lancaster curb market approximates two hundred each market-day. This is the best plan for getting food products from purchaser to consumer promptly and cheaply that I know, and I can imagine none better. The curb-market prices are from fifteen to twenty-five per cent. below the prices charged in the regular market-house owned by the city, as well as in the privately owned and operated market-houses.

"To be sure the Lancaster curb market is a success. It is an old institution," you say. "We could n't start one to-day with any chance of success. People would n't patronize it."

Perhaps you are right, more likely you are wrong. Sometimes local hucksters are hostile to the establishment of a curb market and resort to various expedients to make such establishments difficult. Sometimes it is the local grocers who try to discredit such a movement. Both of these possible sources of hostility are to be reckoned with in planning a curb market. But particularly the backers of a curb-market scheme should make certain that there is a demand for such an institution before trying to create one. If there is a genuine demand for a market, if housewives really desire such a source of cheap fruit and vegetables, then it is safe to proceed. But the wise promoter will do what any other person of good judgment does in establishing a new business—take a careful account of stock, make a careful survey of the field, and secure the widest possible coöperation. If the back-

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ing of business men generally can be secured, the hostility of a few grocers cannot prove harmful enough to hurt; and such backing can be secured by pointing out that the greatest benefits to the greatest number of inhabitants, which will result from the move, should be the determining factor for or against such a market, and not the money-making desires of a few food-purveyors. The one makes for general prosperity; the other, for the gain of a few persons. And that is what the women of Atlantic City did when desiring to open such a market. They were told that the town had no room for such an institution.

When the storm of war broke and the food situation grew threatening, the Woman's Conservation Committee of that community proposed to establish a curb market. But first they laid their plan before the Hotel Men's Association and secured its backing. The hotel men are a power in Atlantic City. They soon enlisted the city officials, and a site was granted to the women along a portion of the curb fronting on city property. Later a more suitable spot was found.

Meantime the market was organized by Director Robert D. Maltby of the Atlantic County Vocational Schools. Through the members of his staff he requested a number of the best and most reliable of the neighboring producers to attend the market. The Conservation Committee made sure of a good attendance of housewives at the first session. Director Maltby meantime drew up rules for the conduct of the market. One of his subordinates was present at every session to enforce them. Twenty farmers attended the opening of the market. Purchasers were numerous. Products were fresh and reasonable in price. Trading was brisk. The market was a success from the start. Later a covered platform was built to protect purchasers from sun and storm, and so popular did the market become that the housewives wanted the market committee to find winter quarters for it. More than twenty thousand dollars' worth of fresh vegetables were sold in a few weeks, a large part of which would otherwise have been wasted.

It is not conceivable that you fail to have a street in your town, but it is quite conceivable that you have town authorities who will have none of your markets in the public thoroughfares. Very well, you certainly have a back yard, and if you do not believe that a successful market can be run in a back yard, listen to the story of the achievements of a canning-club Joan of Arc from Wichita, Kansas. We quote from her letter:

The Mother-Daughter Canning-Club found great difficulty in securing fresh vegetables to can. Especially was this true of peas, which must be canned on the same day they are gathered from the garden. Yet there were many gardens in and near Wichita.

As my house (the birthplace and boyhood home of Victor Murdock) is centrally located, I offered the use of my yard to the Mother-Daughter Club as a housewives' market. The newspapers were our loyal supporters and advertised us royally, free of charge. From the first we had more buyers than we had stuff to sell.

We made no attempt to set prices. We simply put consumers and producers in touch. A committee of five women, including myself, had charge. We spent no money, but gave our time and labor from nine to twelve every Friday morning.

The market proved such a success that the city manager opened a municipal market. This helped the canning situation somewhat. But by this time I had such a list of customers that whenever a small gardener telephoned me that he had vegetables for canning, I could always dispose of them and be sure they were canned. We simply tried to get everybody's garden-stuff into somebody's cans.

About Wichita grows an abundance of sand plums. The back-yard market commissioners encouraged the gathering of this manna. During the season they sold three hundred bushels of this fruit. They held rummage sales, as it were, of vege-

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table fragments. On one occasion they urged every one to bring in the remnants of his rhubarb patch, and the drops and grains of rhubarb so collected enabled them on that one day to sell two thousand pounds of that produce.

But, after all, you may have no back yard. Many people have none. Or you may live in the country where seemingly neither street nor yard nor yet a vacant building would be of the slightest assistance in helping you and your neighbors to save surplus. In such case you might find a cross-roads sign-board useful. Farmers, you must understand, are just as much specialists as city people are. One produces milk, another grain, and a third fruit. Each has an excess of some products and a dearth of others. Largely this excess goes to waste, and the dearth is not overcome. But in some communities it will be so no more. The Ganges Grange put into operation the plan for marketing by means of the bulletin-board. Here the various members of the grange paused in passing and wrote down lists of their excess products, stating the quantities that would be for sale and the times when they would be available. And those needing things wrote down what they wanted and when they wanted them. The result was a lively business.

If you have not even a sign-post, possibly you have a telephone. By telephone the Burbank Federation, an organization of rural women near Boise, Idaho, did a thriving business in surplus products with their urban neighbors. One member is chairman of the market department. To her the other members report whatever products they will have for sale, stating when such products will be ready for delivery. The chairman has a large list of customers who prefer to buy direct from the producer. By telephone she offers the week's products and arranges for deliveries. Thus the producer utilizes all her surplus, and the consumer secures at fair prices better and fresher food than she can get in almost any other way.

But, after all, these things — courthouses, vacant lots, and telephones—are mere adventitious trappings. None of them is really an essential to successful traffic, at least under certain conditions, as the farming community at Glenwood, Kansas, discovered. A few years ago it might reasonably have been asked, "Can any good thing come out of Glenwood?" The community was discouraged. The farmers were trying to sell their lands and get away. Yet the same riches that to-day make the Glenwood community prosperous and proud of itself were in existence then. The difference is that they were not utilized. Each farm at once suffered from an embarrassment of riches and a dearth of necessities. Then Otis E. Hall of the Kansas Agricultural College came to Glenwood and opened the eyes of its people. They started many new practices, and one is their system of exchanging surplus products.

They appointed a committee which set a price on each sort of farm commodity, and therefter commodities were exchanged at the rates thus established. Such rates, of course, were subject to revision from time to time. Thus the housewife who lacked cabbages for kraut and had a superabundance of poultry, swapped hens for cabbages with some neighbor who lacked poultry, but had a successful garden.

It is a simple scheme. It is merely a primitive method of barter. It is a return to the days of simple things, which, unfortunately, we have despised. Yet the success of the plan has been so pronounced that it is hailed with delight by agricultural leaders who have learned of the plan. Mr. Hall wrote:

I can see a big future in a plan of this kind. The Glenwood Club is a strictly rural club and has no good market for a large number of products. The exchange was so complete that nearly every family could have a full and well-balanced cellar or pantry. I know of one instance, for example, where there is not a fruit-tree on the farm, and yet this family had an abundance of fruit that was received in exchange for vegetables and poultry.

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The universe is built upon an immutable law of cause and effect. Create the cause, and you cannot escape the effect. The waste we have been guilty of has resulted in the high prices we have been groaning under for years. President Charles Lathrop Pack of the National War Garden Commission calls attention to the fact that while bread-stuffs rose in price last year more than a hundred per cent., the price of vegetables increased only twenty-two per cent. The reason was that the three million war gardens of the country made vegetables more abundant than they had ever been before. Had we been able to utilize all that was produced, the increase in the price of vegetables would have been far less than twenty-two per cent.

The systematic efforts that are being made to increase garden production in America this year are certain to result in a huge total of food-stuffs. If we are to benefit by this production, we must prepare to utilize the last ounce of it. And no matter what the conditions may be, it is possible, as we have endeavored to show, to bring about such utilization.

Mr. R. W. Merrick last summer organized a market at Quincy, Massachusetts. He had stalls for farmers' wagons and tables for back-yard gardeners. So successful was his plan that six other towns in the county patterned after Quincy, and in those seven markets alone surplus products worth almost fifty thousand dollars were sold. Now Mr. Merrick has been asked to organize a large part of the State, and at the time this is written he has created markets in forty-five Massachusetts towns. The value of the products that will thus be saved will be enormous. No matter what the conditions may be, the man with a vision can accomplish his food-utilization ends.

But to create a market, to establish a food center, calls for common sense and hard work as well as vision. If conservation or utilization of surplus is to be accomplished, it must be made easy. The easiest way is the road the multitude travels. It must be made profitable. Make it easy for the gardener to dispose of his surplus; make it worth while. In this hour of France's extremity, in this time of dire peril to the world of decency, the man with a hoe stands charged with a terrible responsibility. And he is going to make good. Upon the rest of us devolves the duty of carrying on the work he begins, of utilizing that which he produces. If we do that, then in truth shall Democracy, defended by the sword, be saved by the plow.

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The Boomerang

By DAVID GRAY

Author of "Gallops," etc.

Illustrations by Norman Price

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I–VII.—Gerald Sumner of Elmford, Connecticut, has been traveling and loafing about Europe for several years on the pretext of finishing his study of medicine. One day at Flüelen he is forced by his two companions, Marchbanks and Mildway, to prescribe for a woman with a sprained ankle, talking with her niece through a closed door. That night he receives a letter from his father urging him to return to Elmford and practice medicine. "Jerry" knows that he has lost what medical knowledge he ever had, but he decides to go home and face the music. On the voyage he treats a Mrs. Tyler, who has an attractive daughter Grace, for what she calls a heart attack, and cures her of seasickness. Arrived home, he is greeted with delight by his father and Marion, his sister, who show him with great pride the new wing of the house that they have fitted up as an unusually complete doctor's office and laboratory. Jerry hires Virginia Xelva as office nurse. Budd Woodbridge is in love with Grace Tyler, and is growing morbid because he is jealous of her favors to Preston De Witt. Jerry promises to cure him by means of a serum for jealousy.

CHAPTER VIII

BUDD'S state of mind as he walked home from Jerry's office, to put it mildly, was confused. When he had gone to see Jerry, torn and anguished with the experience of the night before, he would have submitted cheerfully to anything that promised to remove Grace from his memory, even cerebral surgery. Now that Jerry assured him of a cure, he could not bring himself really to want it. He had the feeling that if he only gave her enough devotion she would care for him in the end. Without her, life was utterly empty. Even since De Witt had come on the scene they had had delightful evenings together at which Budd would be translated to the seventh heaven and go away on fire with happiness. Then the next day something would happen: he would do or say something which Grace would resent, and for a week he would nurse a bleeding heart. As he reached the corner and turned toward his mother's house, it flashed upon him that in some way it was all his own fault. He was too easily hurt; he demanded too much; he lacked the requisite patience. A girl as beautiful and perfect as Grace was a law unto herself. Who was he to complain or criticize? He resolved to begin over again and be perfectly strong, perfectly patient, perfectly cheerful and devoted no matter what happened. He made a solemn vow to that effect.

As he turned down Connecticut Street an automobile horn squawked vehemently,

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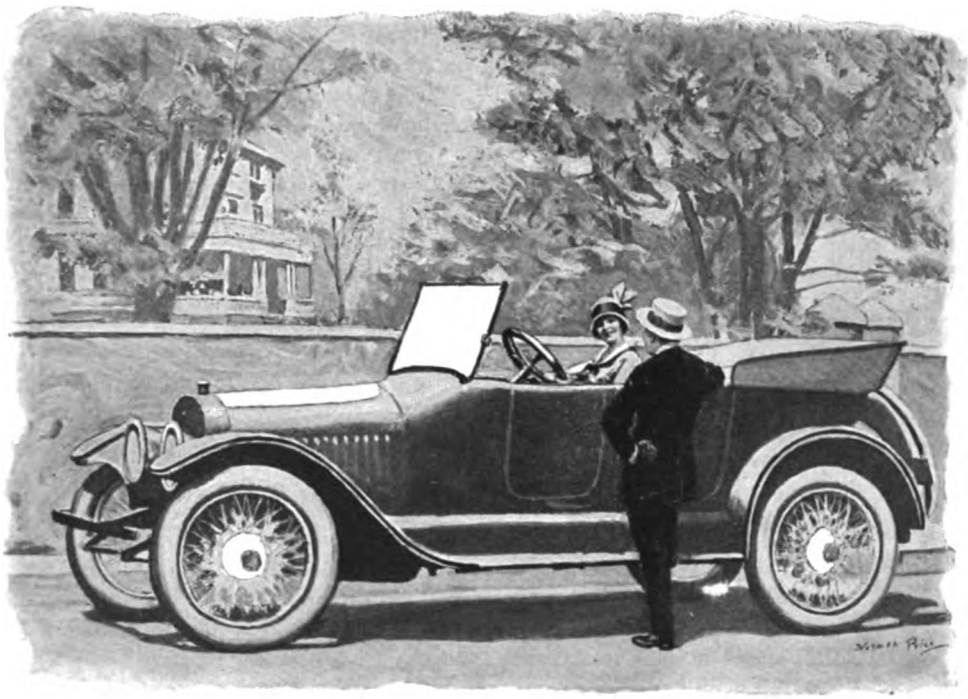
and looking up, he saw Grace driving her mother's car and smiling radiantly at him. She drew up at the curb and waited for him. Budd's heart beat joyfully.

"Hello!" he called and dashed across the street.

"Want a lift?"

"I was just going home," he answered. that mother thought I ought to stay home."

"Well, I 'm glad of that," she said sympathetically. "I was getting worried. I had n't seen you for days and I wanted to thank you for the bridge-scores. Where on earth did you get them? They were just what I wanted."



"BUDD'S HEART BEAT JOYFULLY"

"Well, I wanted to see you about something," she said. "You 've been very bad." She looked at him with a sort of coy motherliness. "You 've been sick and have n't let me know about it."

"It was nothing," he answered depreciatingly; "just a little cold."

"But it kept you from the office."

"Who told you that?" he demanded.

"Why, I think it was Preston," she answered. "We wanted you to make up a foursome."

At the name of Preston it was as if the sunlight had suddenly gone out. Budd stiffened. He remembered his newly made resolutions, however, and forced a sickly smile.

"I was all right," he said. "It was just

The sun began to come out again.

"I sent to New York for them," he answered. "I 'm awfully glad they were right."

"Tell me about the party," she said smilingly. "I hear you left early."

The ice began to form again somewhere in Budd's interior.

"Yes," he said shortly.

"Was n't it fun?"

"I don't know," he answered. "I thought you were going to be there."

"I did expect to. Your flowers were too lovely, Budd."

"But why did n't you come?"

"I don't know. Somehow I did n't feel quite up to it. You know how one chucks at the last minute."

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"Yes, I can understand," he said bitterly. The words had slipped out, and his resolutions were forgotten.

"What do you mean by that?" she demanded.

"I passed by your house on my way home," he said significantly.

"But that was n't on your way home."

"I went around that way to ask if you were ill."

"Did you come to see me last night?" she demanded.

"I did n't stop because I saw you were engaged. His runabout was outside."

"Well, what of that?"

"Nothing; only I knew then why you did n't come to the dance."

"But I 'd given up the dance long before Preston called. I had n't the slightest idea he was coming."

"But he must have known you 'd given it up."

The lines of Grace's mouth tightened.

"Now you 're beginning again," she said sharply, "and, as I 've told you, I won't stand it."

The boy looked at her miserably.

"I did n't mean to say anything," he faltered.

"Well, you did," she answered hotly. "You may not mean it, but you always do. And I tell you once more, I won't have it. I 've a perfect right to do what I please and see whom I please. You said you understood that."

"I do understand it. But lately you seem to be with Preston all the time."

"That 's not true," Grace exploded, "and you know it. And if it were, it 's entirely my own affair. And I won't have you always reproaching me and making scenes."

She pressed her foot on the starter, the car shot forward, and Budd was left dumbly standing in the street, with a lump in his throat and his whole being numb with heartache.

The next day at half-past two he came into Jerry's office looking like the ghost of misery.

"I 've decided," he said. "I 'll do as you say."

Jerry suppressed a smile.

"That 's the right spirit," he said cheerily. "In a month you won't know yourself. You 'll be feeling like a two-year old."

Budd looked at him dismally, but said nothing.

"Well," Jerry went on, "we 've got the serum ready." His hand went out to a small bottle of colorless fluid that stood on the desk. "That 's the stuff."

"But I can't see," said Budd, "how medicine can cure jealousy."

"That 's natural," said Jerry, "and you can't see why because you don't know what 's brought on the jealousy. Now you think it 's Preston De Witt, but it is n't. Preston De Witt never would bother you if it were n't that your nervous system had been attacked."

"By what?"

"Bugs," said Jerry, gravely. "Germs, microbes, millions of them. They get you down, and that 's what made you nervous, and your neurasthenia, as we call it professionally, made you jealous. If you were in a normal condition, as I am, for example, you would n't know what jealousy was. You would never give Preston a second thought. You 'd snap your fingers at him."

Wonder tinged with envy showed in Budd's gaze, and it was hard for Jerry to keep a straight face.

"I wish I were like you," he said.

"You will be after we get through with you," said Jerry. He touched the bell, and Miss Xelva answered it. "We 're all ready," he said.

Miss Xelva disappeared, and Jerry took a medicine-dropper, filled it from the vial of colorless liquid, and dropped three drops in a glass of distilled water.

The boy watched him eagerly, and suddenly burst into hysterical laughter, ending with a kind of sob.

"There go the bugs at work on your old nerves," said Jerry.

"It 's the idea of my being full of germs," said Budd, controlling himself. "It 's funny."

"Everybody 's full of 'em," continued

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Jerry, putting the cork back in the vial. "Most of them, you see, are harmless, but you 've got some bad ones. But we 'll knock 'em out. Now, the treatment may be a little hard for you, especially at first. Do you think you can stand it?"

"I 'll stand anything if it cures me. The harder the better."

"That 's the way to go at it," Jerry said encouragingly. "Do you drink?"

"Not much."

"Smoke?"

"Yes; quite a little."

"You must cut 'em both out. You must n't even look at a high-ball. Why, one teaspoonful might spoil the effect of all the microbes in that glass, something like three hundred millions."

"You 're going to put microbes in me?" Budd asked.

"Billions of them to fight your nerve bugs. That 's the principle of modern medicine."

Budd gazed at him in awe.

"All right," he said meekly.

"Now, the next most important thing after cutting out drink and tobacco is exercise. Exercise and the course I 'm going to lay out for you gives our beneficent organisms the proper chance to do their work. You must be up every morning at six, rain or shine, and take half an hour at a brisk dog-trot. Then a cold shower and breakfast. In the forenoon two hours' work in the gymnasium, and no loafing about it. After lunch a long walk, six or seven miles, and in the evening, if you feel up to it, a short go at the punching-bag, another bath, and bed. In other words, all the exercise you can stand, and"—he paused impressively—"for one month absolutely no social engagements. Do you know what I mean by that?"

"Keep away from—her?"

"Exactly; and from all your friends."

The door opened, and Miss Xelva came in with a surgeon's tray on which were a lighted alcohol-lamp, a hypodermic syringe, a bottle of alcohol, absorbent cotton, forceps, and other instruments.

"And now we 'll go ahead with the serum," Jerry continued. "Take your coat off, roll up your shirt-sleeve, and sit in the operating-chair."

While Budd was obeying instructions, Miss Xelva deftly disinfected the hypodermic needle in the flame and filled the syringe from the solution in the tumbler. Then with a piece of cotton soaked in alcohol she rubbed the spot on Budd's arm where the injection was to be made. As she finished she glanced up furtively, and Jerry nodded approval.

"I 'm going to have Miss Xelva do this," Jerry explained, "because she will give you your daily treatments. All ready, Miss Xelva. It won't hurt you," he added. "Just a quick jab, twitch it out, and it 's all over."

The girl set her mouth, took the syringe in one hand and Budd's arm in the other.

"I do hope it won't hurt," she said sympathetically.

"I don't mind," said Budd.

"You won't hurt him if you jab it quickly," said Jerry.

Budd closed his eyes as if he had been facing a firing-squad; the girl, pale, but determined, suddenly pressed the needle home, and the deed was done.

"Was it very bad?" she asked excitedly.

Budd opened his eyes.

"I did n't feel it."

"It 's nice of you to say so," she murmurmed.

"Come along," said Jerry. "Press it down slowly—give it time. That 's the way! Splendid! Now out quickly! That 's very neatly done, Miss Xelva."

She wiped the spot with the cotton and proceeded to rub it with the palm of her hand.

"Feeling a little dizzy?" Jerry asked.

"No," said Budd, doubtfully. " I don't think so."

"You will. Getting several million germs pumped into you is quite a shock, but it will pass off presently. I would n't try to stand up just yet. You should always lie down for five minutes after each treatment. Miss Xelva will help you into the operating-room, and you lie down on the couch."

"But I feel all right," said Budd.

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"Better submit to assistance," Jerry suggested. "Think of those bugs and don't take any chances."

Five minutes later Jerry went into the operating-room.

"Feeling all right?" he asked. "Dizziness passed off?"

The boy sat up.

"I really don't think I felt any," he answered. "If I did, I did n't know it."

"That 's splendid," said Jerry. "You 're going to react favorably. I can see the treatment will succeed. Now, you know yesterday we were speaking of a nurse for you. Well, I 've arranged for one."

Budd's face fell.

"I have n't got to have a nurse, have I?"

"It 's absolutely essential," said Jerry, impressively. "I would n't take the responsibility of the case without one. But no one need know about it. In fact, it 's better that no one should suspect that you are ill."

"I should prefer it that way," said Budd.

"Well, that 's the way it will be," said Jerry. "If you don't go to the office or see people, that 's your own affair. In a few days no one will think anything about it. Miss Xelva will go on the case. She 's a very capable woman. I 'll arrange about it with your mother. You won't need her during the day, but it will be best to have her live at your house and see that you get up in the morning and go through your work. Also she 'll keep your chart. During office hours she 'll be here as usual and will give you your serum treatment."

"Just as you say, Doctor," said Budd.

"And now," said Jerry, "as a parting word remember the bugs that have been making all this trouble, and help the good little microbes that are working for you to win. In a month you 'll have forgotten what it was to be jealous."

"I don't suppose," said Budd, timidly, "that you have ever been jealous yourself."

Jerry laughed.

"I 'm afraid that 's an experience I shall never have, Budd. I just naturally happen to have good nerves. But you will, too, and you 'll laugh to think that a fellow like Preston De Witt could ever have given you a bad night."

Budd gazed at him admiringly and departed.

When Jerry was alone he rang the bell for the office attendant.

"You were bully," he said; "went through it without a hitch."

"I can never thank you enough for taking so much trouble to teach me," she answered. "It must be wonderful to know as much as you do."

Jerry laughed.

"If we had a show-down," he said, "you 'd find out that I know just as much about doctoring as you do about nursing."

She looked at him a little shocked, as if he had uttered a mild blasphemy.

"It 's the truth," he went on. "This is my first case, just as it 's yours, and I 'm depending on you to help me put it through. Together I think we can do it, but during the next month most of the work will fall on your shoulders. Tonight you 'll go to the Woodbridges'. I 'll see Mrs. Woodbridge this afternoon. She 's a very nice woman and will, I know, make you comfortable."

A shadow crossed the girl's face.

"Then I 'm not to come to-morrow?"

"Why, of course you 're to come," he answered. "Did n't you understand that? Your duties won't interfere with our office hours."

"I 'm glad of that," she said. She gave a sigh of relief and dropped her eyes.

"Now I 've explained to you about keeping his chart," he went on. "You really won't have to do much except put the thermometer in his mouth and write ninety-eight and two fifths. Is there anything else you want to know?"

"There 's one thing," she said anxiously. "I 'm awfully afraid I 'll make some mistake in giving him his serum. Suppose I give him too much?"

"Don't let that worry you," said Jerry. "The serum is distilled water, with three drops of distilled water added to it."

She looked at him in amazement and then burst out laughing.

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" 'YOU WON'T HURT HIM IF YOU JAB IT QUICKLY' "

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"You see, there are tricks in every trade but ours," said Jerry. Mentally, he was making note of the way she laughed. In a long experience he had observed that few women are attractive when they laugh. This girl was one of the few.

"I feel very much relieved," she said. "I was afraid I might kill him."

"No danger of that, you see; but in any case I 'd take a chance on you. The way you take hold of this thing is amazing. Have n't you ever done anything of this kind before?"

"A very little," she answered, "and only as an amateur; but it interests me."

She went back to the little room where her desk was, and a moment later he heard her speaking to Emile in French. He went to the door and listened. French evidently was as much her native tongue as English.

"I wonder what brought that girl to Elmford," he said to himself. "There 's something odd about it. A girl with Paris clothes and a high-grade French watch is n't usually found looking for a chance to take care of a doctor's office in Elmford, Connecticut."

CHAPTER IX

THE establishing of Miss Virginia Xelva at the Woodbridges' in the capacity of trained nurse was not so simple a matter as Jerry had supposed. As soon as Budd left the office, Jerry telephoned Mrs. Woodbridge and arranged to see her privately after lunch. He suggested that Budd be got out of the house, and Mrs. Woodbridge said she would invent a business errand. Shortly after two he received word that the coast was clear, and he set out for the Woodbridges'. His announcement that he had made a satisfactory diagnosis of Budd's condition and could promise a probable cure was received by Mrs. Woodbridge with almost tearful gratitude. The nature of the diagnosis, however, he kept to himself, explaining merely that he had found a nervous condition which, he was confident, would yield to treatment. Then he broached the subject, of the nurse, and to his surprise met with immediate opposition. Mrs. Woodbridge wanted to take care of Budd herself.

Jerry shook his head solemnly.

"I 'm sorry," he said, "but I can't take the responsibility unless I have a nurse on the case."

"But if we have a trained nurse in the house," she answered, "everybody in Elmford will know that Budd is ill, and you know how that will annoy him."

"It is n't necessary that anybody should know. You can explain her as a secretary or companion."

"But is the nurse you are sending the kind of person that I can take into the house in that way?" she demanded.

"Of course I only know her as a nurse," Jerry answered, "but she is a lady, quite young and, I suppose, rather pretty. Naturally a doctor does n't think of that sort of thing in regard to nurses."

Mrs. Woodbridge still hesitated.

"If you 're afraid of her having designs on Budd's young affections," he said, "I don't think there 's any ground for it. In my opinion he 's safe for the present."

She shot him a quick look.

"You think he 's interested in some one already?"

"You ought to know better than I do," Jerry answered not altogether ingenuously.

"I had an idea that he was," she answered, "but since he 's been ill he 's been very strange. He 's seen very little of her."

"So much the better," said Jerry. "My advice is that Budd shall see nothing of *her*, if there is a *her*, or any of his old friends for a month at least. In fact, that is part of the treatment that I have prescribed. For this reason it is all the better that there should be some young person in the house that he can talk to. He must be kept as cheerful as possible, and every effort made not only to break with old associations, but to establish new ones."

"I suppose you know best," said Mrs. Woodbridge, resignedly. "Does the nurse live in Elmford?"

"No," he answered; "she 's a stranger."

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Mrs. Woodbridge revived a little.

"I 'm glad of that," she said. "There won't be any gossip. What is her name?"

"Xelva. Miss Virginia Xelva."

"Hardly an American name."

"I believe she is of foreign parentage."

"Of course you know all about her?" Mrs. Woodbridge asked significantly.

Miss Xelva's childlike blue eyes seemed to be turned on him. "Confound these suspicious women!" he thought resentfully.

"I am ready to take full responsibility for her," he answered.

Mrs. Woodbridge sighed resignedly.

"Well, we shall be ready for her this afternoon," she said, and Jerry departed.

A little after four the subject of this discussion, having finished her office duties for the day, put on her hat and turned her steps toward Willow Street. Before a shabby, pretentious brick house she stopped and turned in. An iron deer stood at bay upon the neglected front lawn and bore out the general suggestion that the Perkins mansion had seen better days.

At the moment of Miss Xelva's approach Miss Perkins was visiting with Miss Twombly, for many years the star boarder, in the up-stairs front room. As the click of the front gate sounded, two pairs of eyes behind the muslin curtains were leveled at the approaching figure.

"Speaking of angels," said Miss Twombly, significantly.

"All I can say," observed Miss Perkins, as if repeating a remark just uttered, "is that she looks very much like a lady."

"But you admit you know nothing about her," said Miss Twombly, triumphantly. "You can't tell me that it 's natural or accidental, for that matter, for a girl with clothes like that to appear in Elmford with seven trunks and take a position in Gerald Sumner's office the same week that he gets back from eight years in Paris."

"I don't know why not," said Miss Perkins, weakly.

"You know perfectly well."

"But what can I do about it?" demanded Miss Perkins.

"That is for you to decide, Sarah," said Miss Twombly; "but if the responsibility were on my shoulders, I should certainly have a talk with her."

"But what can I say to her? She never goes out in the evenings."

"You can ask her where she comes from? She gets no mail."

"She gets one letter."

"With a French postmark on it," said Miss Twombly, scornfully. "It seems to me that if I were in your place, I should have a plain talk with Addison Sumner."

"Perhaps I ought to," said Miss Perkins. "But she seems like such a sweet girl."

"Adventuresses all do. Of course it 's not on my account. Thank goodness, I 'm old enough to look out for myself. But with three respectable young men boarding with you besides Anna Hawes, you 've got to know about the people you take into your house."

"I suppose that 's so," Miss Perkins said humbly. "I 'll sound her a little."

They listened as Miss Xelva came upstairs and shut the door of her room.

"There 's no time like the present," said Miss Twombly. A few minutes later Miss Perkins, depressed and irresolute, withdrew to carry out her conscientious mission. Miss Twombly, grim and virtuous, went on with her knitting. Ten minutes later the door opened again, and Miss Perkins returned, obviously in triumph.

"Well?" said Miss Twombly, apprehensive lest all should be right.

"She 's going," said Miss Perkins; "that is, for a month. She wants to keep her room, leave her baggage, and pay her board just as if she were here."

"But I don't see that that 's finding out anything about her," said Miss Twombly, her wilted hopes rising.

"You 'd think so if you knew where she was going," said Miss Perkins. She paused as an orator pauses to obtain his effect, then added, "She 's going to Caroline Woodbridge's as a companion and secretary."

Miss Twombly was staggered, but not defeated.

"Caroline Woodbridge is a particular

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woman," she admitted, "but all the same I should feel more comfortable if I knew something about the girl. If I were in your place, I 'd certainly speak to her."

"If she 's good enough for Caroline Woodbridge to take into her house, I 'm satisfied," said Miss Perkins with spirit. "If you 're so anxious, you can speak to her yourself."

An hour later an expressman called for one of Miss Xelva's seven trunks, and shortly afterward Miss Xelva followed it to the Woodbridge mansion.

Though, as Miss Twombly had said, Mrs. Woodbridge was indeed a particular woman, she was also a kind one. After she had reconciled herself to the idea of having a nurse in the house, there was no question in her mind about making the nurse welcome.

The September dusk was falling when Miss Xelva rang the bell and was ushered into the family living-room. The shades were drawn and the lamps lighted. As Mrs. Woodbridge came forward and extended her hand, the new-comer's face was in shadow.

"I am glad to see you," Mrs. Woodbridge was saying. "Dr. Sumner has told me pleasant things about you."

"I 'm afraid he 's told you more than was true," the girl answered.

"I 'm not anxious about that," said Mrs. Woodbridge. "Do sit down."

As the girl seated herself the light fell upon her face. Mrs. Woodbridge started, and a little exclamation escaped her.

The girl looked up wonderingly. The older woman was still gazing at her.

"You look so much like an old friend," she said, "it gave me a shock, as if I had seen a ghost."

The girl laughed softly.

"I seem to be one of the people who are always being taken for some one else," she answered. "You know there are such people. I suppose it shows that I have n't any character of my own."

Mrs. Woodbridge smiled.

"I don't think it shows that at all. Just the reverse. You have so much character that you 're a little like every one else. But I must n't keep you now. We dine at half-past seven. I suppose you 'd like to go to your room and get unpacked." She rang a bell, and a man servant appeared. "Hartley," she said, "please show Miss Xelva to her room and send Margaret to her."

Virginia hesitated, then turned, and held out her hand.

"Please let me thank you," she said, with a little choke in her voice. "You are so good!"

As she went out, Mrs. Woodbridge followed her with her eyes. The contour of the slim figure, the way it moved, recalled more sharply than before that haunting resemblance that had startled her. A moment later, yielding to a mastering impulse, she went hurriedly up-stairs and knocked at the girl's door.

"Do you mind coming to my room for a minute," she asked. "I want to speak to you. Margaret will unpack."

Miss Xelva followed her, wondering. The two women went into the room. The door closed behind them. An hour passed before Virginia came out again.

What took place between them they told no one, but at dinner Mrs. Woodbridge addressed the girl by her first name.

"You see," she said to Budd, "we 've taken Virginia into the family."

If Miss Twombly had been witness to this scene, her mind might have been relieved. On the other hand, her suspicions might have been intensified, her theory being that really dangerous adventuresses wear the mask of virtue.

CHAPTER X

THE next morning Budd began his new régime. By six Virginia had taken his pulse and temperature for the chart, and he was out in flannels and a sweater for his half-hour's dog-trot. He came back somewhat out of breath, but glowing from the exercise, ready for his bath and breakfast. After breakfast and a half-hour with the morning papers he got into flannels again and repaired to the old gymnasium that had been fitted up for him in the attic

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when he was a boy, and began working with chest-weights and dumb-bells. Jerry had prescribed a somewhat severe course of exercise, but Budd was young and muscular, and the physical work seemed from the beginning to relieve the emotional strain that he had been undergoing.

At eleven-thirty he appeared at Jerry's office, whither Virginia had preceded him for the day's office hours, and was given his serum treatment.

"I think you 're looking better already," said Jerry, cheerfully. "Miss Xelva tells me that you 've taken hold like a bulldog. No bad results following yesterday's serum?"

Budd shook his head and grinned. Jerry's personality acted like a tonic. A man immune from jealousy and the weaknesses that ordinary mortals are subject to was a continuing inspiration.

"I 'm getting along fine," he answered. "In a week I won't know myself, thanks to the microbes."

"Well, that 's the way to look at it," said Jerry. "I think you 're going to be a conscientious patient, and if you are n't, I 've got a watch-dog to keep track of you. Miss Xelva has instructions to be merciless."

Budd grinned again at Virginia, who was disappearing with the tray on which reposed the miraculous serum and implements of inoculation.

"Do you think you are going to get along with her?" Jerry asked as she closed the door.

"Oh, fine!" said Budd. "You ought to see how mother has taken to her. Calls her 'my dear' and 'Virgie' already."

"Of course I knew she would," said Jerry, "but I 'm glad to hear it." His gratification was deeper than his manner suggested. The truth was that after he had installed his office attendant with Mrs. Woodbridge he had had some misgivings. It had dawned upon him that it was one thing for a bachelor doctor to engage an attractive young woman without references, but entirely another thing to place her in a household like Mrs. Woodbridge's. He had no doubts or suspicions himself. A girl with eyes like that could n't be anything but all right, but he realized that he could hardly expect Mrs. Woodbridge to see the matter from the same point of view if the facts had been explained to her.

"She fits in so well," Budd went on, "that I don't think even the servants suspect she 's come to look after me. I 've told Hartley that I 'm going into training so as to be in shape to play hockey this winter, and that 's all there is to it."

"That was a good idea," said Jerry, "and we 'll have you ready for hockey or ten rounds with McGiven before the month is out. And as for old George Jealousy, you 'll forget there was any such person."

Budd smiled, and retired to the operating-room for the siesta that followed the serum.

When the door closed after him, Jerry's cheerful countenance became thoughtful. Inwardly he was not feeling the confidence he avowed. He realized that if Grace had ever cared for Budd in a serious way, his disappearance would shortly have its effect, and he believed that a girl like Grace would not let him slip away from her without making some kind of effort to keep her hold on him. Of course, if she was seriously interested in Preston and had made up her mind to marry him, she might be glad to have Budd disappear; but Jerry was far from being convinced that such was the case. At all events, it was "her move," and he looked forward to it with more anxiety than he would have confessed. Budd's chances of getting what his heart wanted, if not of getting back his health, depended on it.

In the main Jerry's first impressions of Grace were being borne out. She had the making of a fine woman if the right man came along to develop her. But, as he expressed it to himself, her trouble was that she was something more than a hundred per cent. female. Her curiosity as to the opposite sex was insatiable. She simply had to give every man she met a trial, and investigate pretty thoroughly all that showed promise. It was all very well to

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call this the fundamental impulse of woman and the basis of feminine attractiveness, but with Grace it needed to be regulated. Given a free hand, it resulted in atrocities upon the male heart compared with which the cat's practices upon the canary were tenderness and consideration. If Budd could learn how to deal with it and protect himself, all would be well. If not, he would be much better off blighted at once or comfortably buried.

During the afternoon on the links Grace made no reference to his patient, an attitude which Jerry interpreted as a good sign. After the scene which Jerry divined had taken place, she would have been more apt to have made some reference to him if his three days' disappearance had not made an impression upon her.

The fourth day Budd's affairs were to some extent driven from Jerry's mind by a sudden and unexpected influx of new patients. The influx amounted to only four, but by comparison it was none the less an influx. It appeared that Mrs. Woodbridge was responsible for it. She did a great deal of charitable work among the employees of the plow works of which her husband had been president, and as the result of her weekly visiting tour, a woman with a sprained wrist and a child with whooping-cough appeared at Jerry's office. He was also called by telephone to visit two sick people, the second of whom proved to be suffering with typhoid. The circumstance that they had no money to pay him added to his interest. To be helping people who needed help proved a new and agreeable experience.

Thus it happened that he was not in the office when Budd appeared for his treatment on the sixth day. He had slipped out a little after eleven to visit the typhoid patient. When he returned just after twelve he found Budd still waiting for him.

A glance at the boy showed that something had happened. His mouth was set. The old look was in his eyes.

"Well," said Jerry, cheerfully, "you seem to have something on your chest. What 's new?"

"I promised you that I would n't see any of my old friends," Budd answered solemnly, "but what am I going to do about this?" He reverently laid on the desk a note in a handwriting that Jerry recognized, and began to pace the floor.

"Am I to read this?"

The boy nodded.

"'DEAR BUDD:'" Jerry began aloud, "'Where are you *keeping* yourself?'"

"It 's 'where *are* you keeping yourself,'" corrected Budd. "She 's got a line under the 'are.'"

Jerry gave him an amazed look and went on.

"'I 've been afraid you were ill—and was so—'" He paused in difficulty over the next word, but was promptly assisted by Budd from the other side of the room.

"That word is *'glad,'*" he said. "It read, 'I 've been afraid you were ill and was so glad to hear you were out walking yesterday.'"

"Letter-perfect," observed Jerry, following the manuscript. Then he read on: "'I 'm giving a bridge party Thursday evening, and you must come, As ever, GRACE.'" He paused thoughtfully. Grace had moved. This was her play.

"There 's some more on the next page," said Budd. "'P. S. Come early.'"

Jerry turned the page, verified Budd's announcement, and smiled.

"You seem to have a fairly correct idea of the contents of this epistle," he observed. He tossed it back to Budd, who replaced it tenderly in his breast-pocket. Jerry regarded him in silence, considering the situation. Obviously Grace was not ready to let Budd slip away; in all probability it indicated two things: first, that she was not engaged to Preston, and, also, that she liked Budd more than she allowed him to believe. At the same time if she could whistle him back like a dog whenever she pleased, the matter would be where it was a week ago. The trouble was that Budd gave every indication of being anxious to be whistled back.

"Well," said Jerry at last, "what is your idea about this party? Do you want to go to it?"

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"Don't you think it might be a good thing? Just this once? I 'm so much better, you see—"

"Then your idea would be to write: 'DEAR GRACE: It is very good of you to think of me. I shall love to come'?"

"Something like that," said Budd. "It would show I was getting well again."

"The first person you 'd meet would be Preston De Witt. Grace would be civil to him, and in five minutes you 'd throw a fit and want to strangle him, and you 'd ask Grace what she meant by having him at the party. She 'd hand you some plain talk, and then you 'd be back here on the run asking for a double dose of bugs. Is n't that right?"

Budd made no answer. His eyes brimmed, and he turned toward the window.

"No," said Jerry, kindly; "this is n't the time to accept invitations. This is our one best chance, Budd. The bugs for curing the jealousy are all right, but they can't do it all off their own bat. We 've got to help 'em. Here and now you 've got to learn the first principles of dealing with that most dangerous of animals, the female of our species. It is n't that my nerves are so much better than yours that I 've escaped from your disease, but because I use a little common sense and realize what I 'm up against."

"I suppose you 're right," said Budd, despairingly; "only if you have n't any common sense, what can you do?"

"Take the advice of a good doctor," said Jerry, with a grin, "just as you 're going to do. Now we 'll attend to this correspondence of yours as it ought to be done. The great thing in a situation like this is to keep the other fellow guessing. If you come running when they whistle, it 's all off; but if they 're not sure about you, it adds interest. Never forget that the lady is a hunting animal, and if you want to get along comfortably with her, it 's a good thing to keep her busy hunting. My idea of an answer is something like this." He took a pencil and began to write on the scribble pad, reading aloud as he went along:

" 'GRACE DEAR'—You see, you want to be friendly," he explained.

Budd smiled a sickly smile.

" 'So nice to hear from you—don't count on me for Thursday, but you know I 'll come if I can. Awfully busy. Affectionately and hurriedly, BUDD."

Budd listened without enthusiasm.

"Is that all?"

"It 's enough. What do you think of it?"

"Well," said Budd, "it does n't sound very much like my letters."

"Of course it does n't. That 's the point of it. Henceforth you 're a new and different Budd, much less easily picked and therefore much more desirable. Some day you can explain to her how the nice little bugs have made you over into a new and wiser man."

"All right," said Budd, resignedly. "I 'll copy it off." He took Jerry's draft and started for the door.

Jerry appeared to be lost in thought, but before Budd got out, he called him back.

"Just a minute," he said. "While we 're at it we might as well get number two off our chests."

"Number two?" Budd asked in perplexity.

Jerry nodded.

"Yes, our next effort. You won't go to the party; so the day after it will be only civil to send a line calling attention to the fact in case she has n't missed you." He wrote:

DEAR GRACE: Awfully sorry I missed the party. Can you forgive me? Terribly ashamed. Forgot all about it. BUDD.

Budd regarded him in shocked amazement.

"But what will she think!" he gasped.

"That 's what we are going to learn."

"But she 'll never speak to me again."

"Well, you wanted to be cured, did n't you?" said Jerry. "If she never speaks to you again, that 's one way of doing it; but it 's just possible that she won't take it that way. If by any chance you should hear anything from her, come in and tell me about it."

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Budd sighed.

"She 'll never write me again," he faltered, and started for the door.

"Do you want to bet on that?" Jerry asked, but there was no answer.

A week passed, and Budd's daily visits to the office were solely for the purpose of receiving the treatment administered by Miss Xelva. Jerry met him once as he passed through the hall to speak to a patient in the waiting-room and noted that he was looking well and seemed to have recovered from his temporary setback. He had no time to stop and talk, for the waiting-room was half full of new patients. His success with the first four, not improbably assisted by the circumstance that he declined a fee from the family with the typhoid sufferer, sent the whole of Milltown flocking to his office; so for the first time in his life he was really hard at work. The result was to drive Budd's problem to a certain extent out of his mind and make him rely on the reports that Virginia brought him daily.

On the following Thursday, however, just after Budd had had his treatment, Virginia came in and announced that her patient wished to see him.

"Well," said Jerry, "I suppose you want to tell me you 've been gaining weight. How much is it?"

"Five and three quarters this morning," Budd answered; "but that is n't what I want to tell you."

"Out with it, then. What is it?"

Budd grinned sheepishly.

"I 've had another letter."

"What did I tell you?" said Jerry.

Budd grinned again. His hand went to his breast-pocket, and he laid the missive on the desk.

Jerry opened it and read:

MY DEAR BUDD: You 're a bad boy—and I 'm dreadfully angry with you. But for once I 'll forgive you—just because you 've asked me to. Is n't that good of me? If you 've nothing better to do drop in to-morrow for tea. GRACE.

P. S. Be here at four. There are some people coming at five.

Jerry considered this epistle with a satisfaction which he made an effort to conceal.

"You see, I was right about her forgiving you," he said.

"I think it was awfully good of her," said Budd. "It was fearfully rude to write that I 'd forgotten about the bridge party."

"It was," said Jerry, "and I 've every hope that we 'll make a real rude man of you yet, with the assistance of the good little bugs. But I suppose all this goodness has upset you again."

"No," said Budd; "only I really do think I ought to go just this once."

"I suppose so," said Jerry. He turned his eyes upward and gazed at the ceiling as if doing a problem in mental arithmetic.

"Just seeing her once could n't hurt me," Budd ventured. "I 'm so much better now."

Jerry, apparently having solved his problem, turned on him suddenly.

"Do you know where she is now?" he demanded.

Budd flushed guiltily.

"I saw her motoring out toward the country club about half an hour ago. She did n't see me. It was just as I was coming over here for my treatment."

"Good," said Jerry. He picked up the desk telephone. "What 's her number?"

Budd gave it.

"Here," Jerry said as he handed him the instrument, "call up the house, ask for her, and when you find she 's out, leave word that you can't possibly manage to get in to-morrow, but that you 'll explain later."

Pain showed on the boy's countenance.

"But why should n't I go just this once?" he faltered. "It won't interfere with my walk."

Jerry picked up the letter again.

"I 'll tell you why. Perhaps you did n't notice that she advised you to come at four because some people were coming in at five. Have n't you imagination enough to tell you who 'some people' means?"

For answer Budd took the instrument.

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"Give me five four six three Elm," he told the operator.

"That 's better," said Jerry, and smiled approvingly while Budd spoke his piece and rang off.

"But when shall I explain why I can't come?" Budd asked.

"You 're young," said Jerry. "You 've got a lifetime to explain in. Don't be in a hurry about it. There is nothing that will interest Grace as much as things that are unexplained. As I 've told you, your job is not only to get well, but to become interesting."

Budd gazed at him, misery mingling with admiration.

"I wish I were like you," he said, and departed.

CHAPTER XI

ALTHOUGH Miss Xelva's installation at Mrs. Woodbridge's entirely satisfied Miss Perkins as to the propriety of her social status, Miss Twombly clung to her doubts. Naturally she knew nothing of what passed between Mrs. Woodbridge and Miss Xelva on the evening of the lat-

" 'OF ALL THE OUTRAGEOUS, INFAMOUS, FILTHY, ROTTEN SUSPICIONS,' HE BURST OUT, 'THIS IS THE WORST' "

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ter's arrival, but she knew that she was much more a woman of the world than Miss Perkins, and hence more responsible for the morals of the community. For the ten days following Miss Xelva's departure from the boarding-house she directed her morning walk up Elm Street in the hope of meeting Colonel Sumner. It so happened that she encountered him on the morning that Jerry had discussed with Budd Grace's invitation to tea. Just what passed between them or how she managed to satisfy her public-spirited conscience is immaterial, but that evening after Marion had gone to bed the colonel lit a fresh cigar and began with a diplomatic indirection that indicated that something was on his mind.

"Jerry," he said, "I want to tell you that the way you 've been taking hold of your work has pleased me more than I can say. Frankly, I did n't expect it so soon. It 's all very well to say that Caroline Woodbridge has sent these people to you, but if you were n't making good they would n't come."

"I 'm sure I 'm glad that you 're glad," said Jerry. "I 've certainly had good luck."

"It 's more than luck," said the colonel, warmly. "I 'm proud of you."

"You can go as far as you like," said Jerry, cheerfully. "I 've got quite a back account to settle before I 'm in danger of getting much of an idea of myself. But there is one thing this town ought to have," he added, "and that is a proper hospital. If I make good, I 'm going to try to see to it that it gets one."

"You 're right about that," said the colonel. "We 'll have to take hold of it one of these days."

"If we could touch some one for about a million."

"We 'll get it," the colonel assented.

There was silence, and he flicked the ashes of his cigar in the direction of the fireplace.

"By the way," he said casually, "that little office nurse of yours seems an intelligent, capable sort of girl."

"She is," said Jerry. "I don't know how I 'd get along without her. She looks after these poor people that come in with little surgical cases as if she were father, mother, nurse, and house surgeon all in one. She 's a wonder. And besides all that, she 's looking after Budd on the side. That 's confidential," he added. "I told you that he 'd been in to consult me, but Mrs. Woodbridge did n't want it known that he was under regular treatment."

"I see," said the colonel, congratulating himself that the subject had opened so naturally. "Is it anything serious?"

"Nerves," Jerry answered. "He 'll come through all right. But I wanted some one on the job to keep tabs on him. The fact is that Miss Xelva is supposed to be at the Woodbridges' in the capacity of secretary to Mrs. Woodbridge. She does n't want it known that Budd is a patient."

"I see," said the colonel again. "You were lucky to find a trained nurse that you could send to the Woodbridges' in that way. Where did you get hold of her?"

"Just turned up. Dropped from heaven."

The colonel looked somewhat gravely at his son.

"Of course that 's a figure of speech," he said. "Her references must have told you something about her."

"I never asked for her references. She 's a lady, and that 's enough."

"But you must know *something* about her. You could n't very well put her in Mrs. Woodbridge's house without knowing who she was."

Jerry met his father's eye.

"What has happened?" he demanded quietly.

"Nothing has happened."

"Yes, there has," said Jerry, firmly, "Some one has been talking. Is it Marion?"

"Marion has never mentioned Miss Xelva to me except when she first came. I recall her saying that you had engaged a very nice-looking young woman as nurse and office attendant."

"Has Mrs. Woodbridge said anything?"

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The colonel shook his head.

"She 's never spoken of her to me."

"Well, somebody has been talking to you," insisted Jerry, "and I won't have it. That girl is more nearly a saint than anybody I 've ever known, and I 'm not going to have anybody making insinuations."

"Still, you must be reasonable," said the colonel. "You come back from abroad, and just as you start practice a very attractive young woman, apparently a foreigner, appears in Elmford without apparent reason, and you take her into your office and assign her to a peculiarly confidential case in Mrs. Woodbridge's house. Just let me finish. If you say it 's all right, that ends the matter as far as I am concerned; but you must see, my boy, that a young doctor just starting to practise in a place like Elmford has to be exceedingly careful. It is n't fair to Miss Xelva and it is n't fair to Caroline Woodbridge."

Jerry rose, his eyes flashing wrathfully.

"Of all the outrageous, infamous, filthy, rotten suspicions," he burst out, "this is the worst! You might just as well talk this way about Marion, and I don't know but what you might have a great deal more reason. She 's always doing outrageous things; but this girl—why, Father, if you knew Virginia as I have come to know her and depend on her during the last three weeks, you 'd be ashamed of the very thought. I never saw any one as fine and with as much character and sheer goodness. Just one look face to face with her is enough to satisfy anybody. Mrs. Woodbridge is crazy about her, calls her by her first name, and treats her like a member of the family."

"I don't doubt that all you say is true," said the colonel. "Only the fact remains that you don't know anything about her, and the circumstance that Mrs. Woodbridge has taken to her puts all the more responsibility on to you. It ought to be perfectly simple to find out something about her if she is half what you say she is, and all I am asking is that you take the simple precautions which common sense and convention demand."

Jerry controlled himself with difficulty and was silent for a time. Then he said:

"I 'll see Mrs. Woodbridge, but I wish you would tell me who 's been talking to you. Is it any one in this house?"

"It was no one in this house," the colonel answered. "More than that I can't say. But don't think that I don't quite agree with you about Miss Xelva. But in fairness to her you ought to get her references and find out why she is doing something which from what I have gathered seems somewhat different from what she has been accustomed to. Can't you see that this is the reasonable course?"

"It may be," Jerry answered, "but it makes me sore all the way through. However, I 'll have a talk with Mrs. Woodbridge to-morrow."

"That 's all I ask," said the colonel.

The next afternoon a little after five Jerry started on foot for the Woodbridges'. He was still angry and indignant, though he now had himself in hand and could see the force of his father's contention. What fortified his indignation and made it righteous in his own eyes, at least, was his attitude toward the girl. If he had ever thought of her except as he might think of his sister or as a father might think of his daughter, he would not have been so sure of himself. But Jerry knew the world too well to be taken in. If Virginia was not what she appeared to be, he knew that he would have found it out. Mr. Emerson exclaims, "How can a man be concealed?" Jerry knew that it would be even more impossible for a woman working daily in his office. She had always faced him with the same frank, trustful eyes that had appealed to him the day that she asked him for a position. He always thought of her as a child rather than as a woman; yet as the days passed, her judgment, capability, and quickness of perception made him rely upon her as he would have relied upon a man.

Just how much he had come to rely upon her he first realized during the conversation with his father, when the possibility of doing without her had passed through his mind. As a matter of fact,

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she had not only helped him at every turn, but he could see now that it was her fine enthusiasm for helping suffering that first made him see the possibilities of his profession and led him to take himself seriously. The results of a few short weeks of this new attitude toward his work had been so fruitful that he felt himself under deep obligations to her already. All this intensified his resentment at the village gossip that was evidently beginning to spread about her. At the same time a day's reflection had made him realize that the situation was one that demanded treatment with a light hand.

The girl obviously had been brought up in an atmosphere of good breeding and at least a degree of luxury. It was also evident that something had happened to throw her out upon the world, dependent upon her own efforts for a living; but until she chose to speak of these things, they were her own affair. He was resolved not to subject her to the humiliation of answering leading questions. He was also resolved to protect her from the Elmford gossips. The only way that he saw of accomplishing this was to talk frankly with Mrs. Woodbridge.

As he reached the latter's house, he noticed a half-familiar runabout standing by the curb. He turned in and went up the walk toward the front door. Just as he reached the veranda, the door opened, and Preston De Witt came out. If it had been the kaiser, Jerry's surprise could not have been greater.

"Hello, Preston," he said.

"Hello," Preston answered and passed on.

Jerry rang the bell and stood gazing at the young man. Here was a new angle in the situation.

Hartley, the butler, opened the door.

"Is Mrs. Woodbridge in?" asked Jerry.

"No, sir," said Hartley. "She 's out in the motor. Any message to leave, sir?"

Jerry hesitated a moment.

"No," he said. "Is Mr. Budd in?"

"Yes, sir. Do you wish to see him?"

"No," said Jerry, "not now." He turned and went down the steps.

The next morning Jerry left word with Virginia that when Budd came for his treatment he wished to see him. If Budd and Preston had been having a set-to he wanted to know about it. Just before noon the boy came into his office. Jerry scrutinized him for evidence of a nervous setback. Budd's color was good, his general appearance more normal and cheerful than any day yet.

"Weight still going up?" Jerry asked.

Budd grinned and nodded.

"The fat man's class for me," he answered.

"Any more letters?"

Budd grew serious and shook his head.

"I guess you 've fixed that," he said.

"Don't worry about it," said Jerry, reassuringly. "You 'll come out all right. What I wanted to ask you about was this: If it 's not indelicate, what were you doing with Preston yesterday?"

"Preston?" Budd repeated.

"Apparently he favored you with an afternoon call," said Jerry. "I thought he might have dropped in to leave you a box of rat poison or an invitation to a duel."

A look of comprehension came into the boy's face, and he smiled shrewdly.

"No," he answered. "Nothing doing with me. I heard he called, though."

"Friend of your mother's?"

Budd shook his head.

"No; he was calling on Virginia."

"On Virginia?" A sudden blankness came over Jerry's face. "Oh, I see," he said, although he did n't see at all. He changed the subject and began to ask Budd what he thought of the chances of the Giants in the World Series. When the boy had gone, he rose and paced the length of the room and back.

Why in the name of heaven was Preston De Witt calling on Virginia? Where had he met her? Had some of this talk that his father had picked up come to Preston? Did he think he could play with her?

Jerry felt the blood throbbing in his temples. His hands clenched. At that moment if Preston De Witt had entered

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the office convicted of the unamiable intentions that Jerry attributed to him, in all likelihood he would have departed in an ambulance.

As Jerry realized the absurdity of these mental dramatics, his tension relaxed, and he laughed. It was unlikely that Preston had heard anything about Virginia. The probability was rather the reverse, since Preston enjoyed the reputation of being one of those young men who always fall in love with ladies who happen to be rich and socially conspicuous. The chances were that Mrs. Woodbridge had taken Virginia to the country club, Preston had been presented to her, and had supposed that she was visiting Mrs. Woodbridge. When he found out the true situation he would call no more, which would be just as well. Although Jerry had not contemplated Virginia marrying any one, now that the idea had been suggested to him, he did n't want the man to be Preston. The best man in the world would hardly be good enough for her.

"I suppose I can understand a little how a father feels," he said to himself. "If I were Virginia's father, I 'd certainly wring the neck of any little shrimp like De Witt that tried to butt in."

Late that afternoon he found Mrs. Woodbridge at home. Before he had a chance to get started she began about Budd.

"It 's wonderful what you 've done for him," she said. "He 's a different boy. He 's more himself than he 's been in a year. When I think how our dear old Doctor Kales and all the rest of them could n't help him, and then realize what you 've done, I want to tell everybody."

"You 'd better not hire any halls," said Jerry. "You 've sent me enough patients already. I don't want to ruin my health."

"And you were so right about insisting upon the nurse," she went on. "I never can be grateful enough to you for sending Virginia to us."

"I want to speak to you about that," said Jerry. "Of course I 'm glad she 's been satisfactory. I knew she would be, but I want you to remember that I recommended her as a nurse. The secretary and companion business was—well—is another order. You understand?"

"I understand that we did n't want people to know that Budd was ill," said Mrs. Woodbridge, "but I don't quite see what you 're driving at. Virginia has been as satisfactory as a secretary as she has been as a nurse."

"What I mean is this," said Jerry, bluntly. "As a nurse I could speak for her, but when you introduce her socially, you must do that on your own responsibility. I don't know anything about her family. I 've never asked her about it, and she 's never chosen to tell me."

"Do you suspect that socially she 's not quite—" She paused, and an amused look flashed in her eyes.

"I do not," said Jerry, hotly. "I think that socially and every other way she 's O. K., but I 'm just telling you that I don't know anything about her people. You women are so fussy about such things that I want to have a clear understanding. That 's all—what lawyers call getting it on the record."

Mrs. Woodbridge gazed at him gravely, but her eyes danced.

"I think you 've behaved with great caution, Gerald. However, as Budd would say, I 'm ready to take a chance on Virginia. I can't tell you about it yet, and you must n't mention my referring to it, but the fact is I think we 're going to have a little surprise for you."

"That concerns Miss Xelva?"

Mrs. Woodbridge nodded.

"You 're not going to tell me she 's going to marry Budd?" Jerry blurted out.

"I 'm afraid not that," she answered, laughing. "I wish it were that."

Jerry looked at her sharply.

"It does n't concern that fellow De Witt?" he demanded.

It was Mrs. Woodbridge who showed surprise now.

"Whatever put that in your head?" she asked evasively.

"Well, he 's been coming here to see her, and I don't think he 's the kind of young man that ought to be encouraged."

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Mrs. Woodbridge laughed uproariously.

"What 's the matter with you, Gerald? You come and warn me against the child, and now you act as if you were her father, mother, and maiden aunt."

"Simply this," said Jerry: "she 's my office assistant, and in a way I 'm responsible for her. I don't think De Witt is the kind of man that I want to see her playing around with."

"You 've certainly made that quite plain," said Mrs. Woodbridge. "Now I 'll give you a piece of advice. Virginia is capable of managing her own affairs, and if she were n't, I 'm here and ready to help her. As for Preston De Witt," she added, "I think he 's a very intelligent young man, and if he comes here to see Virginia, he comes with my entire approval." She smiled on Jerry in a motherly fashion, but there was a mischievous light in her eyes that made Jerry wonder greatly.

"There 's something peculiar about all this," he said. "What is it?"

"You 'll know nothing more than I 've told you," she answered. And there the conversation ended as far as Virginia was concerned.

As Jerry was going, she stopped him with a question.

"Budd's birthday is next Tuesday. Don't you think I could have a little party for him?"

"Offhand, I should say no," Jerry answered; "but I 'll think about it. I 'll let you know." He took his hat and departed.

(To be continued)

Idyll

By S. FOSTER DAMON

I wandered in the summer wood with Phyllis.
The heat of noon had fanned us from the meadows
With waves of melancholy lassitude;
And so we sought the ever rippling-wood,
Among the ferns and head-high tiger-lilies
To dream awhile, immersed in moving shadows.
But when we reached the spot where none could hear us,
Our secret spot, made fresh with pine-boughs shaken,
We found another had discovered the place;
For there, as lovely as a fallen vase
Lying in flowers, lay an infant Eros
Sleeping as though he never would awaken.
And as a breeze is broken by a trellis,
So the delightful sight muted our laughter.
We moved on tiptoe. The god sighed and stirred.
She hurried to him, light as any bird;
And then, before I knew her motive, Phyllis
Clipped his wings, that he might not fly thereafter.

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Defeating the German Spy System in America

By HENRY ROOD

Author of "The Man in the National Army,", etc.

LONG before the United States entered the war, indeed, as far back as the summer of 1915, those familiar with rapidly developing conditions in Europe and sufficiently level-headed to understand the German menace to America became convinced that should we enter the world conflict, a series of explosions, fires, and other violent acts, especially in seaboard cities, manufacturing towns, munition works, and shipyards might be expected.

Repeated outrages during 1914 and 1915 convinced far-sighted and hard-headed men of the fact that Germany had built up in this country a most efficient spy-system; that one of its main functions would be to throw the whole country into confusion, should we enter the war, and that no measures to accomplish this would be deemed too desperate or too diabolical.

That official agents and volunteer upholders of the kaiser were ready to attempt an era of truly German frightfulness cannot be doubted for a moment by those conversant with the facts. The plans included wholesale murder of hundreds of non-combatants when far at sea. An accompanying photograph shows one of the infernal machines constructed for this purpose. It was found in possession of Robert Fay, who aroused suspicion against himself by running around the harbor of New York in the afternoons and evenings of the summer of 1915. The swift launch he used was carefully observed, and he was kept under surveillance until late in the summer, when, with the infernal machine and two associates, he was taken into custody.

The machine consists of a zinc-lined box about three feet long, sixteen inches wide, and sixteen inches deep. Part of it contains a combination of springs which, when released, would fire two rifle cartridges into a mass of T. N. T., the most powerful explosive known to science. The box contained space for enough T. N. T. to destroy the largest ship afloat. Fay's plan was to attach the machine to the rudder-post of a vessel, where it would remain unnoticed. When the ship finally sailed, repeated action of the rudder, through altering the ship's course, would gradually wind the spring tighter and tighter until at last it would be released, the cartridges would be fired, and the T. N. T. would explode so suddenly and with such overwhelming power that those on board would never know what happened.

Fay and his assistants were arrested, tried, convicted, and he and his chief assistant were sentenced to the Atlanta penitentiary. The assistant is still there; Fay escaped at the end of six months.

Long ago it became apparent that the United States was infested by German spies, German plotters, German propagandists, and active pro-German sympathizers, ranging from high officials of the German Imperial Government, prominent financiers, and well-known business men down to restaurant waiters. The majority, of course, were underlings whose business was to carry out orders from the comparatively few "higher up." Most dangerous of all were the German spies, who, however, did not become spies in the real meaning of that word until [redacted] war with the country [redacted] for a spy is a person w[redacted] the time being in obta[redacted]

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for an enemy. In a technical sense Germany was not our enemy until Congress declared that a state of war existed with that power; therefore such of her secret agents as were engaged in gaining information did not become spies until April 6, 1917. This should be clearly understood. If found on or near a military reservation or base or near a naval station or base, a spy is tried by court martial, and, if found guilty, may be shot. Up to the time this article is written, March, 1918, no spy has been shot.

It is apparent at first glance that no single community, no local committee of public safety, no police force of any one municipality, could cope with a spy system on a national basis. Here and there a man might be suspected of being a German spy; but to grapple with the problem as scattered over the whole United States, something was needed far greater than any local organization. The Federal Government alone could handle it.

There are several departments of the Federal Government which maintain bureaus of detection and investigation. For example, the United States Secret Service is a branch of the Treasury Department. The State Department has its own agents. The army and the navy each maintains an intelligence bureau, and a good many years ago the Department of Justice organized its Bureau of Investigation and employed a considerable number of skilled, experienced agents. These last are the men usually referred to as "Secret-Service" operators, although technically this is not correct.

To facilitate its duties, the Bureau of Investigation has divided the United States into districts, placing in each a district commander with a sufficient number of agents under his control. The various district commanders report to the chief of the bureau, who has his headquarters in the Department of Justice building in Washington. Immediately upon the outbreak of the European War in 1914 the Bureau of Investigation began to increase its force of agents, and did everything in its power to prevent violation of neutrality laws while the United States maintained its status as a neutral. Important assistance was rendered by other intelligence branches of the Government, by corresponding agencies of various governments at war with Germany, and by certain private persons.

As a result of this combined effort the Department of Justice learned of plans for wide-spread conspiracy against the peace and safety of the American people that were being systematically carried out by a multitude of German propagandists, pro-German sympathizers, and potential spies. The police departments of several large cities, including New York, also uncovered evidence of plots and crimes planned or actually committed by order of Germany's officials stationed throughout the country. Consequently, when our own crisis with Germany approached early in 1917, the Bureau of Investigation already possessed a voluminous record of German potential spies, propagandists, and active sympathizers in every part of the land. The spies, of course, would be the most dangerous of all enemy agents, for their business would be to transmit to Germany a continuous stream of information about our military and naval preparations; therefore, in event of war, it would be extremely important to strike such a sudden, stunning blow that the German spy system in the United States would be virtually put out of business. This accomplished, the rank and file of German agents other than spies, who were expected to attempt setting fire to munition plants, etc., and to interfere in every way possible with our preparations, could be dealt with individually as occasion demanded.

Whatever may have been thought by others as to the possibility of war, the Bureau of Investigation had that possibility in mind, and in March, 1917, it sent out from the Department of Justice building in Washington a code message addressed to each district commander of the bureau. This message was brief and simple. It warned its agents throughout the United States to locate certain men and to be

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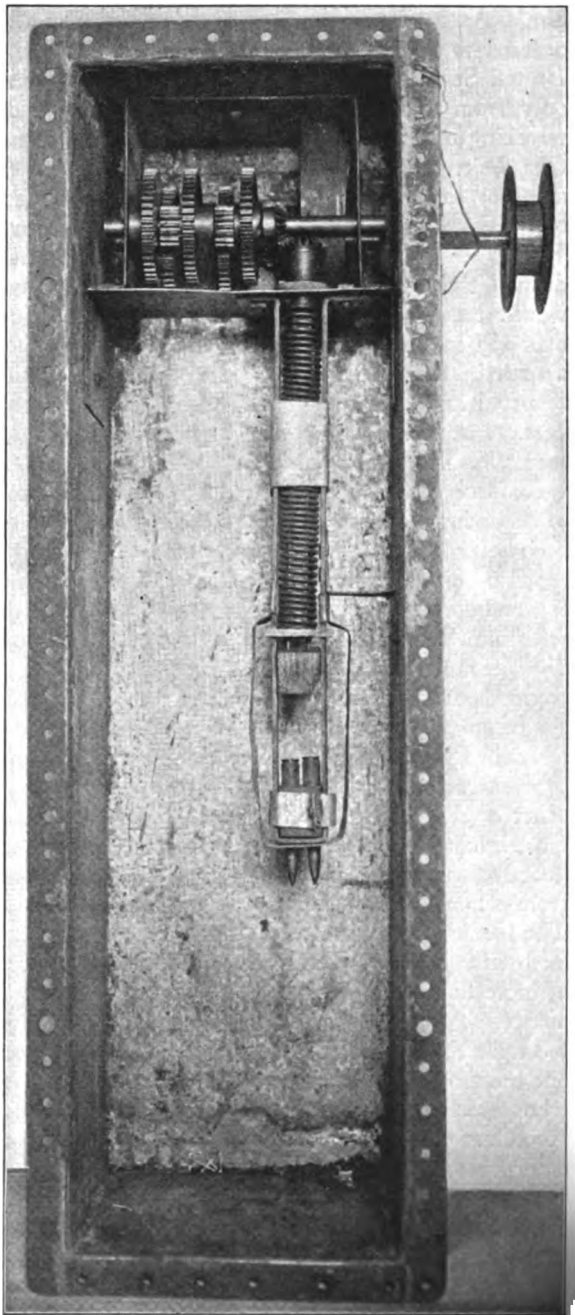
ready to seize them on receipt of a later telegram. The agents for a long time had been carefully watching the entire group of higher German officials here, including Papen, Koenig, Boy-Ed, Rintelen and all of the other principals who had been for more than two years directing their criminal conspiracy against the American people. Not merely were these ringleaders watched, but the Department of Justice had ascertained the names, locations, and business of an immense number of their associates.

On April 2 the Senate and the House passed a joint resolution declaring that a state of war existed between the Imperial German Government and the Government and the people of the United States. This joint resolution was approved and signed by the President on April 6. Instantly the Department of Justice flashed a second code message to its agents throughout the country, and at once every known German spy in the United States was seized and conveyed under armed guard to the nearest military authorities. This was done so quickly that the spies had no time to turn around in their tracks, much less to execute any plans that they may have been directed to carry out.

At this point the question naturally arises as to what became of German spies who had not been discovered, who had not been located, and consequently were not seized in that extraordinary round-up during the late afternoon and evening of April 6.

It was not supposed that every German spy had been discovered. Such a thing would be in the nature of a miracle, considering the secrecy and the comprehensiveness of Germany's system of planting innumerable spies throughout friendly countries. Yet the very elaborateness of that German system, its extraordinary organization, proved its undoing in the hour of crisis.

In a single office of a railway company or other large American business establishment employing one or two hundred



FAY'S INFERNAL MACHINE FOR BLOWING UP STEAMSHIPS

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men there might have been three or four German spies working in the same room for years, and not one of them even suspecting that any of the others was a fellow-spy. In the United States at least, a German spy never knows who is just above him in rank or who is just below him. As a matter of fact, each one is ordered to report to just one man in the United States and to receive instructions only from that man. To understand the wrecking of the system on April 6, 1917, take the entirely supposable case of a German spy located in Omaha who had not been discovered by the Department of Justice, and consequently was not seized during the round-up on April 6. He would have known just one other German spy in the United States, this being a man in Chicago, perhaps, to whom he reported and from whom he received orders. But while the Omaha man escaped arrest, his superior in Chicago was seized. Of course the Omaha spy had no means of knowing that the Chicago man had been seized; all he knew was that after April 6 he did not hear from the Chicago spy and could not get into communication with him. The Chicago man had simply disappeared without leaving a trace of his whereabouts. Here, then, was the Omaha spy completely isolated, still at liberty, but marooned in a foreign land, not knowing or even suspecting the identity of a single other spy planted here by the German Government. He had nobody to turn to, nobody whom he could trust, nobody from whom he could receive instructions. The German spy machine had been organized with such elaborate secrecy that when a single link was broken, the chain fell to pieces.

While the spy system thus fell to pieces, one must not imagine that individual spies who escaped arrest remained inactive. Abundant evidence shows that the more enterprising of these secret enemies of the United States lost no time in taking independent steps whereby, through indirect routes, information of great value could be communicated to Berlin. Many of these methods have been discovered and broken up. Privately owned wireless plants have been dismantled, thousands upon thousands of letters have been examined by experts in detecting and interpreting various code systems, while passengers on outgoing ships and members of crews have not been exempt from painstaking and thorough examination of their personal belongings.

Since the United States entered the war one difficulty after another has arisen, to be disposed of as promptly as possible, and sometimes by sheer ingenuity, because no means had been provided for protecting the country against the machinations of a German spy system. We had not been engaged in a carefully organized, systematic campaign to conquer the world by financial and commercial "penetration," by political intrigue, by implanting in the minds of generation after generation the belief, amounting to a religious obsession, that among all nations of the earth the Lord had personally selected Americans to rule over the whole world. For example, we did not place American secret agents in every nook and corner of Germany to see that children in the public schools throughout that empire were taught English; that the text-books they studied contained passages skilfully woven into various chapters which left in the pupil's plastic mind an almost ineradicable impression that American culture, American statesmen, American writers, composers, painters, scientists, inventors, etc., were superior to those of any others of the human race.

Having no such organization of American secret agents throughout Germany, we went our way, paying no heed to the fact that just across the Atlantic lay a great power which for forty years had been getting its huge military and naval establishment in readiness to strike mercilessly, without warning, and with crushing force. Therefore it was that shortly after April 6, 1917, we found ourselves confronted with numerous and unexpected difficulties, some being of large, some of minor, importance.

One of the latter thrust itself in the

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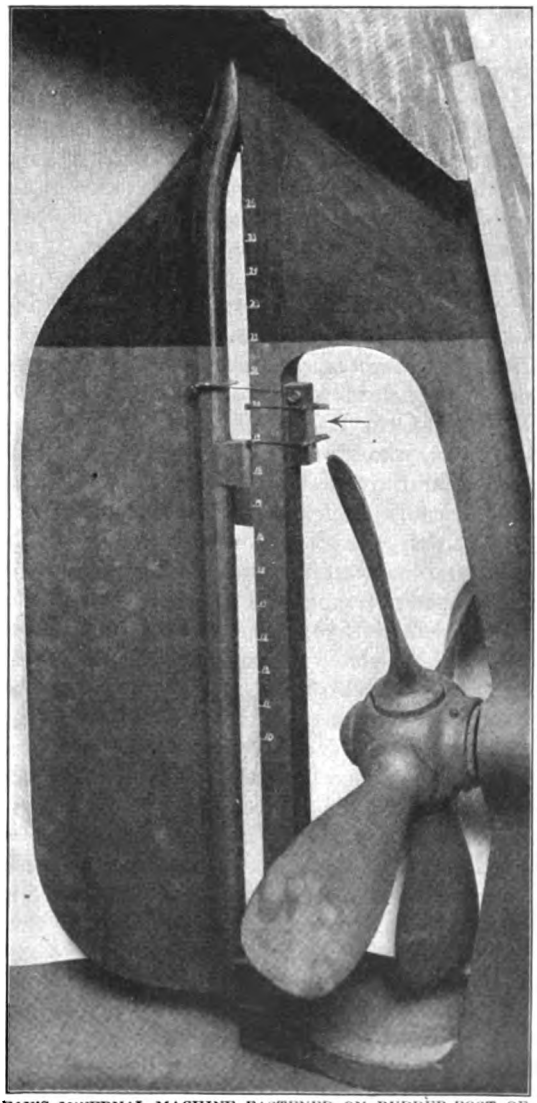
foreground immediately after war was declared by the United States. At that time a large number of German ships lay in various American ports, where they had remained in safety ever since the European War broke out in 1914. Other German ships on the high seas in August, 1914, ran for American ports to avoid capture by British or French men-of-war. Virtually all of them were still tied up in American ports on April 6, 1917. During the period between August, 1914, and April 6, 1917, officers and crews of these ships felt themselves safe in a land where neutrality was observed and international law rigorously adhered to. For the most part they lived on board or close by their ships.

These men had come here on a peaceful errand, that of handling ships engaged in mercantile and passenger service. They could not be classed as enemies seeking entrance to this country in time of war, because they arrived a long time before we were in the war. Yet, although marooned in American ports, they were trained men and virtually all of them German reservists, identified with their fatherland. Notwithstanding the special conditions, however, they could not be allowed to continue at large once the United States was at war with the sailors' government, to which they owed and professed allegiance. They were seized and confined under jurisdiction of the United States immigration authorities for about six months, and then were transferred in relays to Hot Springs, North Carolina, where all sorts of mechanics and artisans, upon arriving in small detachments, were put to work building their own internment camp. The Government supplied the lumber, the German seamen went to work, and in a short time a camp, surrounded by a high stockade, was ready for the sixteen hundred men who were later brought there from different immigration stations throughout the country.

Many do not understand why interned alien enemies are permitted to lead a comfortable life; but it is in accordance with the provisions of the Hague Tribunal framed to protect the prisoner of war. Though deprived of liberty he has certain rights.

At the present writing there are in various internment camps, federal prisons, and military barracks possibly five thousand war prisoners, some of them alien enemies, others enemies who are not aliens. Among the latter are approximately two hundred farmers of Oklahoma alone, tried



FAY'S INFERNAL MACHINE FASTENED ON RUDDER-POST OF SHIP AT LEFT OF PROPELLER BLADE

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and convicted for interfering with the draft and otherwise opposing the Government of the United States. These men are now serving sentences running from seven to twenty years. Avowed anarchists seeking to break the laws, as well as men and women engaged in conspiracy to destroy or to hamper our war preparations, have been arrested almost daily throughout the country. On January 19, thirty-six German agents and propagandists were taken from Ellis Island, New York Harbor, under military guard, to a prison camp near Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia; among them Hugo Schmidt, paymaster of the Bolo-Pacha-Bernstorff plot to debauch the press of France in behalf of Germany; Rudolph Hecht, an able German financier who directed the flotation of German imperial treasury notes in the United States before we entered the war; Baron von Seebeck, son of a German general who helped to overwhelm Belgium in 1914; Otto J. Merkel, a master-propagandist, who spread German-colored information through the assistance of certain friendly professors in colleges and universities. As these men, on a ferry-boat, steamed past the Statue of Liberty they made contemptuous remarks about the emblematic figure and what it stands for; and, to show further their defiance of the United States, sang roaring choruses of German patriotic songs, including "Die Wacht am Rhine" and "Deutschland über Alles."

To indicate the wide-spread extent of pro-German activities in this country nearly a year after we entered the war, three instances may be cited, accounts of which recently were printed in a New York daily paper. One despatch, from Houston, Texas, related that the mayor and ten citizens of a near-by town, Fayetteville, had been arrested for displaying the German flag at the Fayetteville Germania Club. A second despatch, from Philadelphia, told how agents of the Department of Justice had raided the residence of Adalbert Fischer, previously interned at Fort Du Pont, Delaware, and that the raid disclosed large quantities of documents linking Fischer with German activities in this country and with officials high in the German Government. The third despatch, from Cleveland, Ohio, recorded the arrest there of twenty-seven Germans, fifteen of whom had refused to take out zone-permits as directed by the Federal Government, the other twelve being held for failure to have permits in their possession. In order to show the utter contempt this type of German has for the American people, American institutions, and American law, one other instance may be quoted from the same daily, an especially flagrant case of defiance by a German named Paul Jaeger, of Hoboken, New Jersey, who refused to have his photograph taken as the registration act commanded, and calmly walked into police headquarters at Hoboken and asked the police what they were going to do about it. They put him in a cell.

Contempt for American law, defiance of American government, is by no means a new manifestation on the part of Germans residing or sojourning here. From the time hostilities broke out in Europe in 1914, and until the United States entered the war in April, 1917, this country and Germany supposedly were on friendly footing. Ambassador von Bernstorff and his staff, as well as German consuls and consuls-general throughout the land, enjoyed all protection and all privileges accorded representatives of friendly powers. They were official and honored guests in our national household; yet they betrayed our hospitality to such extent, they tried so constantly to disrupt our people, to destroy our industries, to embroil us in bitter quarrels with neighboring countries, that finally we were forced to set detectives on their trail.

The activities of Germany's spy system, Germany's attempts to corrupt public opinion, German conspiracies, and German efforts to destroy our industries during the years from 1914 to 1917, were so great in number as to preclude even a brief listing of them all in a single magazine article; but it is worth while to recall certain items in the long list, certain

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representative instances, and to keep these in mind when once more imperial Germany invites offers of "an honorable peace" from the Entente Allies and the United States. The information which follows cannot be questioned; it is set forth in official documents of the Federal Government.

Koenig, chief of the Hamburg-American secret service, passed under thirty-one aliases while serving as a spy in this country and Canada. He was active in passport frauds, induced Gustave Stahl to perjure himself by declaring that the *Lusitania* was armed, and plotted destruction of the Welland Canal in Ontario.

Attempts to corrupt public opinion in the United States proceeded steadily from the earliest days of the European War. Dr. Dernburg, driven from this country by a wave of indignation caused by his attempted defense of the *Lusitania* crime, previously had been traveling up and down the country, with other professional propagandists, trying to win American support for Germany. Newspapers were started with German money, while others received secret subsidies from the German Government. A check for five thousand dollars was discovered that Count von Bernstorff had sent to Marcus Braun, editor of "Fair Play." A letter was discovered which George Sylvester Viereck, editor of "Fatherland," had sent to Privy Councilor Albert, the German agent, arranging for a monthly subsidy of $1,750, to be delivered to him through the hands of intermediaries, women whose names he abbreviates "to prevent any possible injury." There is a record of three thousand paid through the German embassy to finance the lecture tour of Miss Ray Beveridge, an American artist, who was further to be supplied with German war pictures. German sympathizers tried to obtain control of at least one New York daily newspaper, and about half a dozen weekly papers devoted themselves almost wholly to German propaganda. On January 22, 1917, Ambassador von Bernstorff cabled his Government, asking authority to expend fifty thousand dollars, "in order, as on former occasions, to influence Congress through the organization you know of." This interesting message is one of many at present reposing in the archives of the State Department.

Conspiracies almost without number have been brought to light, guided, directed, financed by Boy-Ed, Papen, Rintelen, Tauscher, and Igel, all of whom were directly connected with the German Government. For example, the federal authorities have in their possession a check made out to Koenig's order and signed by Papen, identified by number in a secret report of the German Bureau of Investigation as being used to procure $150 for the payment of a bomb-maker who was to plant explosives disguised as coal in bunkers of merchant ships sailing from New York. In defiance of our customs regulations, food supplies, coal, etc., were sent to German raiders at sea by Boy-Ed, Dr. Buenz, formerly German minister to Mexico, the German consulate at San Francisco, and officials of the Hamburg-American and North German Lloyd steamship lines.

Papen and Igel supervised the manufacture of incendiary bombs on the *Friedrich der Grosse,* then in New York harbor, which were later stowed away on outgoing ships. Rintelen financed the Labor's National Peace Council, which tried to corrupt legislators and labor leaders. Through an anti-British agitator in New York, one John Devoy, relations were maintained with the Irish revolutionaries, and money was paid to Sir Roger Casement, afterward executed in London for treason. German diplomats in the United States were implicated in the Separatist movement in the Province of Quebec.

A small volume could be written about schemes and plans of German agents to destroy American industries by bringing on strikes and inducing men to quit work. German sympathizers tried to bring about a strike of 23,000 longshoremen in order to prevent ships from being loaded with supplies for France, Belgium, and En-

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gland, and that was not the only attempt. Ambassador Dumba and Consul-General von Nuber published advertisements in American newspapers calling upon all loyal Austrians to quit work in munition factories. German official documents, in possession of federal authorities, exposed a pretended labor bureau as being in reality a branch of the German Secret Service, which had been eminently successful in fomenting strikes and other disturbances in American munition plants. The British, it will be remembered, seized Dumba's letter to Archibald, wherein were explained Dumba's plans to bring about disturbances in the Bethlehem Steel Works.

Two years before we entered the war ninety-eight persons were arrested in San Francisco, among them German consuls and consuls-general, charged with fomenting a revolution in India, recruiting and sending men to India, and obtaining large quantities of arms and ammunition paid for with German funds. Three of the principal German defendants at this trial pleaded guilty.

The most extraordinary of all Germany's efforts to disrupt the United States into several small sections, with the intention later on of conquering section after section, as recently undertaken in Russia, was made public by the secretary of state in February, 1917, through disclosure of a note addressed by Doctor Alfred Zimmermann, then German foreign minister, to the German minister in Mexico. The note is dated January 19, while Germany and the United States were still ostensibly maintaining friendly relations, and twelve days before Germany announced her intention to resume unrestricted submarine warfare. The note proposed that in the event of the United States ceasing to remain neutral, an alliance should be entered into between the Imperial German Government and the Republic of Mexico, whereby Germany was to furnish general financial support, and Mexico was to send armies across the border, attacking and defeating armies of the United States there situated, the Mexican forces to push northward until they had wrested New Mexico, Texas, and Arizona from the Union. The Zimmermann proposal directed the German minister of Mexico to inform the President of Mexico of this plan in the greatest confidence as soon as it was certain that the United States would enter the European War, and included a plan for the President of Mexico to bring Japan into the deal.

Dr. Zimmermann's note is as follows, the text corresponding exactly with that in possession of the State Department:

On the 1st of February we intend to begin submarine warfare unrestricted. In spite of this it is our intention to endeavor to keep neutral the United States of America. If this attempt is not successful, we propose an alliance on the following basis with Mexico: That we shall make war together and together make peace. We shall give general financial support, and it is understood that Mexico is to re-conquer the lost territory in New Mexico, Texas, and Arizona. The details are left to you for settlement. You are instructed to inform the President of Mexico of the above in the greatest confidence as soon as it is certain there will be an outbreak of war with the United States and suggest that the President of Mexico on his own initiative should communicate with Japan suggesting adherence at once to this plan; at the same time offer to mediate between Germany and Japan. Please call to the attention of the President of Mexico that the employment of ruthless submarine warfare now promises to compel England to make peace in a few months.

Despite innumerable proofs of the utter perfidy and dishonor of Germany in her international relations, German propaganda is still being continued insidiously, though often unconsciously, by thoughtless pacifists who are ignorant of the true situation. It is intimately bound up with the entire intricate situation directly affecting the peace and safety of the American Republic.

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To a Sheep

By OLIVER HERFORD

Why is it when we come to recognize
Defects we deemed peculiarly our own
In some one else we are unduly prone,
Instead of pardoning, to criticize?
Why are we ever ready to despise,
Who should, instead, be eager to condone?
Instead of being first to cast a stone,
Should we not be the first to sympathize?
Wherefore men call the sheep a silly beast
Because, manlike, he follows where he 's led,
Manlike obeys a crook, manlike is fleeced,
Like man, too, he has sheep's eyes in his head
To cast upon his kind, and last, not least,
Like man the sheep is honored when he 's dead.

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Gargantua of Gotham

By ARTHUR GUITERMAN

I met a traveler from an antique land,
Who said: "The finest pilaf ever known
I ate in Cairo at the Hotel Grand,
An excellent cuisine, though overprone
To use of garlic. But the ablest hand
In flavoring a goulash to a dot,
Is Samovarovitch of Budapest.

Then, if you 're fond of ices (I am not;
Those lady-dishes don't appeal to me),
Remember, you will always find the best
At Andria's in Rome. While, with your tea
Or coffee, in the Kilmenoff Café
In Petrograd, they serve you pirozhki
That melt upon the tongue and die away."

A Ballade of Ambition

By CORINNE ROCKWELL SWAIN

Short stories lure with promise bright;
The sonnet has a classic grace;
Scenarios pay, if handled right;
And novels hold an honored place.
Uplifters set a worthy pace;
There 's profit in the lowly Ghetto:
But still a madcap hope I chase—
I want to sell a real libretto!

To have my lyrics sung each night
By tenor trim and burly bass;
To hear, in clear soprano flight,
My romance, as the stars embrace;
While from the village populace
My drinking-song lilts, allegretto—
What sorrow could such joys efface?
I want to sell a real libretto!

Few toilers reach that blissful height
Where royalties dull care erase:
Black frosts beset the way that 's white,
And fame endures for briefest space.
E'en those who win have yet to face
The critic, with his keen stiletto;
But wild ambition flames apace—
I want to sell a real libretto!

Envoi

Prince, madness though it be to race
With "Robin Hood" and "Rigoletto,"
My errant steps I can't retrace—
I want to sell a real libretto!

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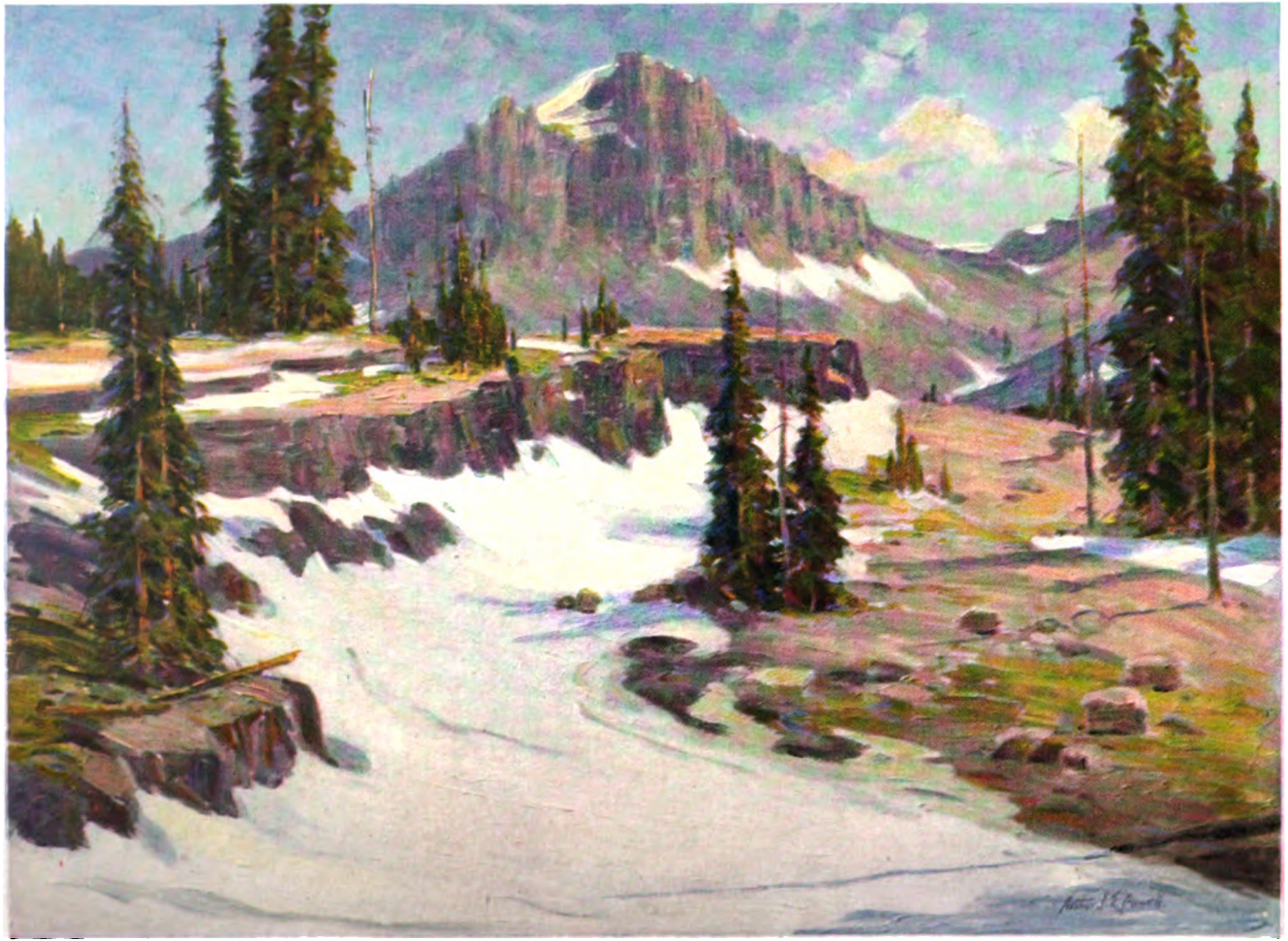

LINCOLN PEAK, GLACIER NATIONAL PARK

From a painting by Arthur J. E. Powell

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THE CENTURY

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Miss Mink's Soldier

By ALICE HEGAN RICE

Illustration by Walter Biggs

MISS MINK sat in church with lips compressed and hands tightly clasped in her black-alpaca lap, and stubbornly refused to comply with the request that was being made from the pulpit. She was a small, desiccated person, with a sharp chin and a sharper nose and narrow, faded eyes that, through the making of innumerable buttonholes, had come to resemble them.

For over forty years she had sat in that same pew, facing that same minister, regarding him second only to his Maker, and striving in thought and deed to follow his precepts; but the time had come when Miss Mink's blind allegiance wavered.

Ever since the establishment of the big cantonment near the city, Dr. Morris, in order to encourage church attendance, had been insistent in his request that every member of his congregation should take a soldier home to Sunday dinner.

Now, it was no lack of patriotism that made Miss Mink refuse to do her part. Every ripple in the small flag that fluttered over her humble dwelling sent a corresponding ripple along her spinal column. When she essayed to sing "My Country, 'T is of Thee," in her high, quavering soprano, she invariably broke down from sheer excess of emotion. But the American Army fighting for right and freedom in France, and the army individually tracking mud into her spotless cottage, were two very different things. Miss Mink had always regarded a man in her house much as she regarded a gnat in her eye. There was only one course to pursue in either case—elimination.

But her firm stand in the matter had not been maintained without much misgiving. Every Sunday when Dr. Morris made his earnest appeal, something within urged her to comply. She was like an automobile that gets cranked up and then refuses to go. Church-going, instead of being her greatest joy, came to be a nightmare. She no longer lingered in the vestibule for those highly cherished exchanges of inoffensive gossip that constituted her social life. Nobody seemed to have time for her. Every one was busy with a soldier. Within the sanctuary it was no better. Each khaki-clad figure that dotted the congregation claimed her attention as a possible candidate for hospitality; and each one that presented himself to her vision was indignantly repudiated. One was too old, another too young, one too

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stylish, another had forgotten to wash his ears. She found a dozen excuses for withholding her invitation.

But this morning as she sat upright and uncompromising in her short pew she was suddenly thrown into a state of agitation by the appearance in the aisle of an unushered soldier, who, after hesitating beside one or two pews, slipped into the seat beside her. It seemed almost as if Providence had taken a hand, and, since she had refused to select a soldier, had prompted a soldier to select her.

During the service she sat gazing straight at the minister without comprehending a word that he said. Never once did her glance stray to that khaki-clad figure beside her, but her thoughts played around him like lightning. Perhaps, after all, if she took the hated step and got it over with, she could regain the peace of mind that had of late deserted her.

The doxology found her weakening, but the benediction stiffened her resolve, and when the final Amen sounded, she turned to the man beside her, and said hardly above her breath:

"If you ain't got any place to go to dinner, you can come home with me."

The tall figure turned toward her, and a pair of melancholy, brown eyes looked down into hers.

"You will excuse if I do not quite comprehend your meaning," he said politely, with a strong foreign accent.

Miss Mink was plunged into instant panic. But it was too late to retreat.

"I said would you come home to dinner with me?" she repeated weakly, with a fervent prayer that he would decline.

But the soldier had no such intention. He bowed gravely and picked up his hat and overcoat.

Miss Mink, looking like a small tug towing a big steamer, shamefacedly made her way to the nearest exit, and got him out through the Sunday-school room. She would take him home through a side street, feed him, and send him away as soon as possible. As they passed down the broad steps into the brilliant October sunshine, she noticed with relief that his shoes were not muddy. Then, before she could make other observations, her mind was entirely preoccupied with a large, firm hand that grasped her elbow, and seemed to half lift her slight weight from step to step. Miss Mink's elbow was not used to such treatment, and it indignantly freed itself before the pavement was reached.

The first square was traveled in embarrassed silence; then Miss Mink made a heroic effort to break the ice.

"My name is Mink," she said, "Miss Libby Mink. I do dressmaking over on Sixth Street."

"I am Bowinski," volunteered her tall companion; "first name Alexis. I am a machinist before I enlist in the army."

"I knew you were some sort of a Dago," said Miss Mink.

"But no, Madame; I am Russian. My home is in Kieff, in Ukrania."

"Why on earth did n't you stay there?" Miss Mink asked from the depths of her heart.

The soldier looked at her earnestly.

"Because of the persecution," he said. "My father he was an exile; his family was suspect. I come alone to America when I am but fifteen."

"Well, I guess you 're sorry enough that you came," Miss Mink said, "now that you 've got drafted."

They had reached her gate by this time, but Bowinski paused before entering.

"Madame mistakes," he said with dignity. "I was *not* drafted. The day America enter' the war, that day I give up my job I have held for five year' and enlist. America is my country; she take me in when I have nowhere to go. It is my proud moment when I fight for her."

Then it was that Miss Mink took her first real look at him; and if it was a longer look than she had ever before bestowed upon a man, we must put it down to the fact that he was well worth looking at, with his tall, square figure, and his serious, dark face lighted up at present with a somewhat indignant enthusiasm.

Miss Mink pushed open the gate and

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led the way into her narrow yard. Leaving Bowinski on the door-step, she entered the house by way of the side door that opened into the dining-room, which was also her bedroom by night and her sewing-room by day. She felt her way through the dark parlor, and, after fumbling with the rusty lock, opened the front door and let in a flood of sunshine. The parlor had been furnished by Miss Mink's parents sixty years before, and nothing had been changed. A patron had once suggested that if the sofa was taken away from the window, and the table put in its place, the room would be lighter. Miss Mink had regarded the proposition as preposterous. One might as well have asked her to move her nose around to the back of her head or to exchange the positions of her eyes and ears.

You have seen a drop of water caught in a crystal? Well that was what Miss Mink was like. She moved in the tiniest possible groove, with her home at one end and her church at the other. Is it any wonder that when she beheld a strange young foreigner entering her abode and realized that she must entertain him for at least an hour, the dreary prospect appalled her?

"I better be seeing to dinner," she said hastily. "You can look at the album till I get things dished up."

Cadet Bowinski, surnamed Alexis, sat on the sofa with knees awkwardly hunched, and obediently turned the leaves of the large album, politely scanning the placid countenances of the departed Minks of three generations.

Miss Mink, moving about in the inner room, glanced in at him from time to time. After the first glance she went to the small store-room and got out a jar of sweet pickle, and after the second she produced a glass of crab-apple jelly. Serving a soldier guest who had voluntarily adopted her country was, after all, not so distasteful, if only she did not have to talk to him!

When they were seated opposite each other at the small table, her worst fears were realized. Neither could think of anything to say. If she made a move to pass the bread to him, he insisted upon passing it to her. When she rose to serve him, he rose to serve her. She had never realized before how oppressive excessive politeness could be.

The one point of consolation for her lay in the fact that he was enjoying his dinner. He ate with a relish that would have flattered any hostess. Sometimes when he put his knife into his mouth, she winced with apprehension, but aside from a few such lapses in etiquette he conducted himself with solemn and punctilious propriety.

When he had finished his second slice of pie and pushed back his chair, Miss Mink waited hopefully for him to say good-by, but instead he asked for a match.

"A match?" repeated Miss Mink, faintly. Was this young man actually purposing to profane the virgin air of her domicile with the fumes of tobacco?

"Perhaps you do not like that I should smoke?" Bowinski said instantly. "I beg you excuse. I—"

"Oh, that 's all right," said Miss Mink in a tone that she did not recognize as her own. "The matches are in that little bisque figure on the parlor mantel. I 'll get you to leave the front door open, if you don't mind. It 's kind er hot in here."

Five o'clock that afternoon found Miss Mink and Alexis Bowinski still sitting facing each other in the front parlor. They were mutually exhausted, and conversation, having suffered innumerable relapses, seemed about to succumb.

"If there 's any place else you want to go, you must n't feel that you 've got to stay here," Miss Mink had urged some time after dinner. But Alexis had answered:

"I know only two place, the camp and the railway depot. I go on last Sunday to the railway depot. The chaplain at the camp advise me I go to church this morning. Perhaps I make a friend."

"But what do the other soldiers do on Sunday?" Miss Mink asked desperately.

"They promenade, always promenade. Except they go to photo-plays and dance-

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hall. It is the hard part of war, the waiting part."

Miss Mink agreed with him perfectly as she helped him wait. She had never spent such a long day in her life. At a quarter past five he rose to go. A skilful word on her part would have expedited matters, but she was not versed in the social trick of speeding a departing guest. Fifteen minutes dragged their weary length even after he was on his feet. Then Miss Mink received a shock from which it took her an even longer time to recover. Alexis Bowinski, having at last arrived at the moment of departure, took her hand in his and, bowing awkwardly, raised it to his lips and kissed it! Then he backed out of the cottage, stalked out into the twilight, and was soon lost to sight beyond the hedge.

Miss Mink sank limply on the sofa by the window and regarded her small, wrinkled hand with stern surprise. It was a hand that had never been kissed before, and it was tingling in the strangest and most unaccountable manner.

The following week was lived in the afterglow of that eventful Sunday. She described the soldier's visit in detail to the few patrons who came in. She went early to prayer-meeting in order to tell about it, and in the telling she subordinated everything to the dramatic climax.

"I never was so took back in my life," she said. "After setting there for four mortal hours with nothing to say, just boring each other to death, for him to get up like that and make a regular play-actor bow and kiss my hand! Well, I never *was* so took back."

And judging from the number of times Miss Mink told the story, and the conscious smile with which she concluded it, it was evident that she was not averse to being "took back."

By the time Sunday arrived she had worked herself up to a state of excitement. Would Bowinski be at church? Would he sit on her side of the congregation? Would he wait after the service to speak to her? She put on her best bonnet, which was usually reserved for funerals, and pinned a bit of thread lace over the shabby collar of her coat.

The moment she entered church all doubts were dispelled. There in her pew, quite as if he belonged there, sat the tall young Russian. He even stepped into the aisle for her to pass in, helped her off with her coat, and found the place for her in the hymn-book. Miss Mink realized with a glow of satisfaction that many curious heads were craning in her direction. For the first time since she had gone forward forty years before to confess her faith she was an object of interest to the congregation.

When the benediction was pronounced, several women came forward ostensibly to speak to her, but in reality to ask Bowinski to go home to dinner with them. She waved them all aside.

"No, he 's going with me," she announced firmly, and Bowinski obediently picked up his hat and accompanied her.

For the following month this scene was enacted each Sunday, with little change to outward appearances, but with great change to Miss Mink herself. In the mothering of Bowinski she had found the great adventure of her life. She mended his clothes and made fancy dishes for him; she knit him everything that could be knitted, including an aviator's helmet, for which he had no possible use. She talked about "my soldier" to any one who would listen.

Bowinski accepted her attentions with grave politeness. He wore the things she made for him, he ate the things she cooked for him, he answered all her questions, and kissed her hand at parting. Miss Mink considered his behavior perfect.

One snowy Sunday in late November Miss Mink was thrown into a panic by his failure to appear at church. She confided to Sister Bacon, in the adjoining pew, that she was afraid he had been sent to France.

"What was his company?" whispered Mrs. Bacon.

"Company C, 47th Infantry," Miss Mink repeated importantly.

"Why, that 's my boy's company," said

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"AT THE MOMENT OF DEPARTURE HE TOOK HER HAND IN HIS AND, BOWING AWKWARDLY, RAISED IT TO HIS LIPS AND KISSED IT!"

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Mrs. Bacon. "*They* have n't gone to France."

The thought of her soldier being in the trenches even was more tolerable to Miss Mink than the thought of his being in town and failing to come to her for Sunday dinner.

"I bet he 's sick," she announced. "I wish I could find out."

Mrs. Bacon volunteered to ask her Jim about him, and three days later stopped by Miss Mink's cottage to tell her that Bowinski had broken his leg over a week before and was in the base hospital.

"Can anybody go out there that wants to?" demanded Miss Mink.

"Yes, on Sundays and Wednesdays. But you can't count on the cars in weather like this. Jim says everything 's snowed under two feet deep."

Miss Mink held her own counsel, but as soon as her visitor was gone she packed a small basket with some apples, a jar of jelly, and a slice of cake. There was no time for her own lunch, so she hurriedly put on her coat and, twisting a faded scarf about her neck, trudged out into the blustery afternoon.

The blizzard of the day before had almost suspended traffic, and when she finally succeeded in getting a car, it was only to find that it stopped at the city limits.

"How much farther is it to the camp?" Miss Mink asked desperately.

"About a mile," said the conductor. "I would n't try it if I was you; the walking 's fierce."

But Miss Mink was not to be turned back. Gathering her skirts as high as her sense of propriety would permit, and grasping her basket, she set bravely forth. The trip alone to the camp, under the most auspicious circumstances, would have been a trying ordeal for her, but under the existing conditions it required nothing less than heroism. The snow had drifted in places as high as her knees, and again and again she stumbled and almost lost her footing as she staggered forward against the force of the icy wind.

Before she had gone half a mile she was ready to collapse with nervousness and exhaustion.

"Looks like I just *can't* make it," she whimpered; "and yet I 'm going to. It ain't as if he had any folks or anything. He has n't got anybody but me."

The honk of an automobile sent her shying into a snow-drift, and when she caught her breath and turned around she saw that the machine had stopped and that a hand was beckoning to her from the window.

"May I give you a lift?" asked a girl's high, sweet voice, and, looking up, Miss Mink saw a sparkling face smiling down at her over an upturned fur collar.

Without waiting to be urged, she climbed into the machine, stumbled over the rug, and sank exhausted on the cushions.

"Give me your basket," commanded the young lady. "Now put your feet on the heater. Sure you have room?"

Miss Mink, still breathless, nodded.

"It 's a shame to ask any one to ride when I 'm so cluttered up," continued the girl, gaily. "I 'm taking these things out to my sick soldier boys."

Miss Mink, looking down, saw that the floor of the machine was covered with boxes and baskets.

"I 'm going to the hospital, too," she gasped.

"That 's good," exclaimed the girl. "I can take you all the way. Perhaps you have a son or a grandson out there."

Miss Mink winced.

"No, he ain't any kin to me," she said; "but I 've been sort of looking after him."

"How sweet of you!" said the pouting, red lips, with embarrassing ardor. "Just think of your walking out here this awful day at your age! Quite sure you are getting warm?"

Yes, Miss Mink was warm; but she felt suddenly old, old and shriveled beside this radiant young thing.

"I perfectly adore going to the hospital," said the girl, her blue eyes dancing. "Father 's one of the medical directors—Major Chalmers. I expect you 've heard of him. I 'm Lois Chalmers."

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But Miss Mink was scarcely listening. She was comparing the big, luscious-looking oranges in the crate with the hard little apples in her own basket.

"Here we are!" cried Lois as the car plowed through the snow and stopped in front of a long shed-like building. Two orderlies sprang forward with smiling alacrity and began unloading the boxes.

"Are n't you the nicest ever?" cried Lois, with a skilful smile that embraced them both. "Those to the medical, those to the surgical, and these to my little fat-faced Mumpsies."

Miss Mink got herself and her basket out unassisted, then stood in doubt as to what she should do next. She wanted to thank Miss Chalmers for her courtesy, but two dapper young officers had joined the group around her, making a circle of masculine admirers.

Miss Mink slipped away unnoticed, and presented herself at the door marked "Administration Building."

"Can you tell me where the broken-legged soldiers are?" she asked timidly of a man at a desk.

"Who do you want to see?"

"Alexis Bowinski. He come from Russia. He 's got curly hair and big sort of sad eyes, and—"

"Bowinski," the man repeated, running his finger down a ledger, "A. Bowinski, Surgical Ward 5-C. Through that door, two corridors to the right, midway down the second corridor."

Miss Mink started boldly forth to follow directions, but it was not until she had been ejected from the X-ray-room, the mess-hall, and the officers' quarters, that she succeeded in reaching her destination. By that time her courage was at its lowest ebb. On each side of the long ward were cots on which lay men in various stages of undress. Now, Miss Mink had seen pajamas in shop-windows, she had even made a pair once of silk for an ambitious groom, but this was the first time she had ever seen them, as it were, occupied.

So acute was her embarrassment that she might have turned back at the last moment had her eyes not fallen on the cot nearest the door. There, lying asleep, with his injured leg suspended from a pulley from which depended two heavy weights, lay Bowinski.

Miss Mink slipped into the chair between his cot and the wall. After the first glance at his pale, unshaven face and the pain-lined brow, she forgot all about herself. She felt only overwhelming pity for him and indignation at the treatment to which he was being subjected.

By and by he stirred and opened his eyes.

"Oh, you came!" he said. "I mean you not to know I be in hospital. You must have the kindness not to trouble about me."

"Trouble nothing," said Miss Mink, husky with emotion. "I never knew a thing about it until to-day. What have they got you harnessed up like this for?"

Then Alexis with difficulty found the English words to tell her how his leg had not set straight, had been rebroken, and was now being forced into proper position.

"It is like hell, Madame," he concluded, with a trembling lip; then he drew a sharp breath. "But no, I forget; I am in the army. I beg you excuse my complain."

Miss Mink laid herself out to entertain him. She unpacked her basket and spread her meager offerings before him. She described in detail all the surgical operations she had ever had any experiences with, following some to their direct consequences. Alexis listened apathetically. Now and then a spasm of pain contracted his face, but he uttered no word of complaint.

Only once during the afternoon did his eyes brighten. Miss Mink caught the sudden change in his expression, and, following his glance, saw Lois Chalmers coming through the ward. She had thrown aside her heavy fur coat, and her slim, graceful little figure, as alert as a bird's, darted from cot to cot as she tossed packages of cigarettes right and left.

"Here you are, Mr. Whiskers!" she was calling out gaily to one. "This is for

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you, Colonel Collar Bone. Where 's Cadet Limpy? Discharged? Good for him! Hello, Mr. Strong Man!" For a moment she poised at the foot of Bowinski's cot; then recognizing Miss Mink, she nodded:

"So you found your soldier? I 'm going back to town in ten minutes; I 'll take you along if you like."

She flittered out of the ward as quickly as she had come, leaving two long rows of smiling faces in her wake. She had brought no pity or tenderness or understanding, but she had brought her fresh young beauty and her little gift of gaiety, and made men forget, at least for a moment, their pain-racked bodies and their weary brains.

Miss Mink reached her cottage that night weary and depressed. She had had nothing to eat since breakfast, and yet was too tired to prepare supper. She made herself a cup of tea, which she drank standing, and then crept into bed, only to lie staring into the darkness, tortured by the thought of those heavy weights on Bowinski's injured leg.

The result of her jaunt through the snow was an acute attack of bronchitis, which kept her in bed for several weeks. The first day she was able to be up she made her plans to go again to the hospital. It seemed as if Wednesday would never come; the night before she brushed and mended her best dress; then she packed her basket and placed it beside the box of carnations that she had extravagantly indulged in. It is doubtful whether Miss Mink was ever so happy in her life as during that hour of pleased expectancy.

As she moved briskly about putting the house in order, so that she could make an early start in the morning, she discovered a letter that the postman had thrust under the side door earlier in the day. Across the left-hand corner was pictured an American flag, and across the right was a red triangle in a circle. She hastily tore off the envelop and read:

Dear Mrs. Mink:

I am out the hospital, getting along fine. Hope you are in the same circumstances. I am sending you a book which I got from a Dear Young Lady who come every day to the hospital. I really do not know what to call her, because I do not know her name, but I know she deserve a nice, nice name for all good She dose to all soldiers. I think she deserve more especially from me than to call her a Sweet Dear Lady, because that I have the discouragement, and she make me to laugh and take heart. I would ask your kind favor to pleas pass the book back to the Young Lady, and pleas pass my thankful word to her, and if you might be able to send me her name before that I go to France, which I learn is very soon. Excuse all errors if you pleas will. This is good-by from

Your soldier friend,

A. Bowinski.

Miss Mink read the letter through, then she sat down limply in a kitchen chair and stared at the stove. Twice she half rose to get the pen and ink on the shelf above the coal-box, but each time she changed her mind, folded her arms indignantly, and went back to her stern contemplation of the stove. Presently a tear rolled down her cheek, then another, and another, until she dropped her tired old face in her tired old hands, and gave a long silent sob that shook her slight body from head to foot. Then she rose resolutely, and, sweeping the back of her hand across her eyes, took down her writing-materials. On one side of a post-card she wrote the address of Alexis Bowinski, and on the other she penned in her cramped, neat writing one line:

"Her name is Lois Chalmers, Hotel Leroy."

This done, she unpacked her basket, put her half-dozen carnations in a tumbler of water, and carried them into the dark parlor, pulled her chair up to the kitchen table, drew the lamp closer, and patiently went back to her buttonholes.

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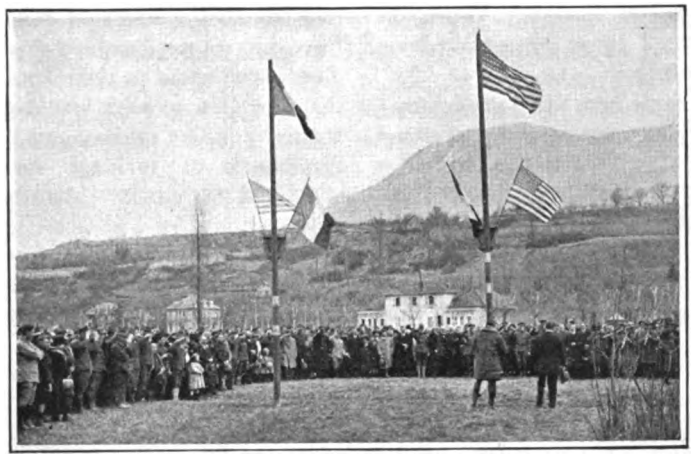

FLAG-RAISING ON THE A. E. F. ATHLETIC FIELD AT AIX

The A. E. F. at Play

By HERBERT ADAMS GIBBONS

"THIS is a good place for a cemetery," said an American soldier when he arrived on leave at Aix-les-Bains. The boys piled out of the train in which they had been cooped up for twenty-four hours. Although they had laid over a long time in the Lyons station, they had n't been allowed to go out and see the town. Grievance No. 1. The benches of third-class compartments are hard, and compare unfavorably with barracks when you have to sit up all night after a day without a square meal. Grievances Nos. 2 and 3, but, temporary and passing causes for a grouch to resilient American youth. It could not be the reason why the soldier, who had not yet seen Aix-les-Bains, repeated, "A good place for a cemetery." It could not be the reason why another sang out, "You 've got the name for it," as he glared belligerently at the Y. M. C. A. men and military police on the station platform.

The whole group of arriving furlough men looked ugly; and they were ugly. They marched up the street to the A. P. M.'s office, registered, and received their hotel assignments as if they were about to go on trench-digging duty. They had hated Aix-les-Bains before they saw it. They were hating Aix-les-Bains at this moment despite the warm sunshine and a vista of snow-capped Mont Revard at the end of the street. They wanted the M. P.'s to know that there would be work for them. They were serving notice on the Y. M. C. A. men that they had n't come here to be mollycoddled and preached to and entertained.

The new-comers packed to overflowing the big garage where the A. P. M. has his quarters. They waited to be called to attention, and to be marched off like school-boys or prisoners to the unknown pleasures Uncle Sam had paternally arranged for them. The horses had been brought to the trough. Could they be made to drink? The A. P. M. mounted a box with an ease not acquired at Aix-les-Bains. When he faced the solemn boys who did not want to play because they had to, his easy smile and the way he spread his hands were reminiscent of stump-speaking and jury-pleading. He looked and was every inch a soldier in his major's uniform. [redacted] respondent is now an [redacted] teen out of [redacted] France for [redacted]

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right away for a lawyer. When he started to talk, I knew he was a New England lawyer.

"You have come here for a good time," he said, "and I do not intend to restrict your movements. No fellow is having a vacation who feels tied down all the time. You can go anywhere you want in the Savoy leave-area, but you must return to your hotel room once every twenty-four hours in the week you are here; and that is because, if I want any one of you, I shall send to your hotel for you, and there will be no excuse if you do not turn up here within twenty-four hours from the time you are summoned. No parades, no roll-call, no duty service; but remember that you are sent here on duty. All this means at Aix-les-Bains is keeping a proper military appearance on the streets and saluting American and Allied officers. I require only three things: no drunkenness, no chasing women, no disputes with shopkeepers, restaurant and café proprietors, coachmen and boatmen. Don't settle your own quarrels. Bring them to me. I have a French officer attached to me, and we shall look after your interests. Before this leave-area was opened, I called together the seventy hotel proprietors in Aix-les-Bains. I told 'em American soldiers were gentlemen. I told 'em they would find our boys in uniform just as well mannered as any other guests who came to their hotels, and that the American soldiers would expect to be treated just like other guests. Not a single bunch of furlough men has disappointed me, nor have the people of Aix. That 's all. Good vacation to you!"

As the boys poured out into the street, I could hear them asking the M. P.'s, "Where 's this hotel, anyway?" in a slightly mollified tone.

"Each of yuz has a map. Chase y'selves," was the answer.

I turned to the A. P. M.

"You have won the first round, Major," I said.

"More than that," he replied; "my potential troubles with those boys are already over. Aside from the fatigue of the train journey, what ails them is having been ordered here for a vacation. They are shy of me in advance, and they are shyer of the Y. M. C. A. Every bunch acts the same way. They 'll be damned if they 're going to have a good time! Being in that mood, if I read off a lot of rules to them or if I praised Aix-les-Bains and the Y. M. C. A., we 'd be in Dutch. Rub American boys the wrong way, even if they are in uniform and you have authority over them, and there is the devil

THE Y. M. C. A. STAFF AT AIX

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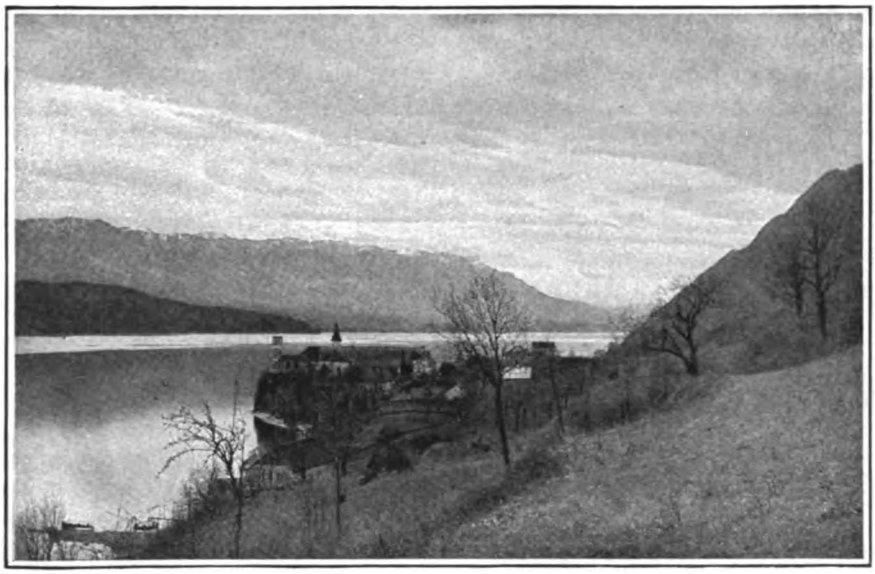
to pay. Of course tough nuts are found in every bunch, and I have things organized so they could n't cut up here if they tried to. But they don't try to. Since this leave-area was opened, I have n't had one case of drunkenness or theft or rowdy conduct on the streets."



LOOKING FROM HAUTECOMBE ABBEY ACROSS THE LAC DU BOURGET TOWARD AIX

It was simply and easily done, the handling of boys with a grouch. And as I followed this group and other groups through their eight days at Aix-les-Bains and Chambéry and Challes-les-Eaux, the problem of discipline did not present itself at all. But as with all things that look simple and easy, there was a long and careful underpinning of preparation and organization, constant vigilance, and tactful handling. The leave-area proposition was so important to the A. E. F. that it could not be allowed to start wrong or to be managed wrong. It had to be a success. For one of the most interesting posts in the American Expeditionary Force, an A. P. M. with a background of thirty years in the National Guard and proximity to Yale had been chosen. The A. P. M. knew military life and he knew American youth. A knowledge of both was necessary to handle the Savoy leave-area.

The day General Pershing and his staff arrived in Paris, an army officer said to me, "Our problems are unique." I have heard this statement as many times as there are days in the year that has passed since then. This is natural. For, since the American Expeditionary Force is unique in American history, everything in connection with its organization and management and development is unique. We had no precedents to go by. We were starting with the proposition to send thirty-five hundred miles from its base across a submarine-infested ocean, with all its equipment and food and supplies, an army that would increase from thousands to hundreds of thousands to millions as rapidly as possible. And this army was going to establish itself in a country invaded and suffering from three years of continuous fighting. Before we came, France had been maintaining under arms for three years most of her manhood population. From the beginning every nerve had been strained and every resource had been drawn upon to meet the needs of her own armies. It was manifest that the United States Army could not hope to live off the country in which it was to fight. The problem of transportation was to be

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complicated by the fact that our European allies were growing daily more dependent upon us for aiding them in meeting the needs of their civilian population and their armies. On top of all this, we were going to take our place—raw recruits, most of us, officers as well as men—by the side of soldiers who had purchased knowledge through years of experience and at the cost of unparalleled sacrifices. Shortcomings and errors would have unavoidably arisen out of growing pains alone. But the A. E. F. has had also to contend with unique conditions.

OUT-OF-DOOR GAMES WITH "REAL AMERICAN GIRLS"

Criticisms of the A. E. F. during its first year in France, sober and well-founded criticisms, would fill books. I doubt if the books will be written. The longer war correspondents remain in France and the wider they travel, the more they realize the perplexity of the situation here. They question their own initial judgments, formed in ignorance of the background of problems. And they question, too, the wisdom of discussing problems and setting forth facts, without doing which criticism is unfair, one-sided, and lacking in constructive value. The march of events is swift at the beginning of our second year in France.

The A. E. F. is an army in action, playing its part on the fighting-line. There is no leisure to dissect and theorize. We must send home to the families of our boys in France only messages that encourage, inspire, sustain. The home folks want to know in what way the A. E. F. has succeeded, and what are the grounds for believing in the efficiency of our army organization in caring for their boys as well as in leading them in battle.

The problem of leave for enlisted men, vital to *moral* and fighting efficiency and health, is being successfully solved. Army regulations allow a furlough of eight days every four months, circumstances permitting. If the American Army were home, as the French Army is, or near home, as the British Army is, furloughs would mean simply the organization of transportation facilities and method of rotation. But in addition to these considerations, General Pershing has had to reckon with lack of knowledge of the language and customs of the country; limited train service and shortage of food supplies in many regions; impossibility of establishing all over France police and medical services to keep the furlough men in order and good health, and to assure the return to their post of duty on the day of expiration of leave. It was evident that a definite leave-area had to be established for enlisted men, that regular transportation to and from the different centers of the American Army had to be arranged for, and that in the leave-area the American Army would have to see that the men were adequately housed and provided with means of recreation.

Why the Savoy was chosen as the playground of the A. E. F. and how recreation centers were arranged at Aix-les-Bains, Chambéry, and Challes-les-Eaux, is a fascinating story of far-sightedness, conspicuous organizing ability, sacrifice, and devotion. In the early months of the war General Pershing issued an order intrusting to the Y. M. C. A., which, like the Red Cross, is an integral part of the A. E. F., the task of caring for the intellectual, moral, and physical well-being of the American Army in France. It was natural, then, that the leave-area problem was assigned to the Y. M. C. A. to be worked out in conjunction with the pro-

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vost marshal. At the time the leave-area was opened, in the middle of February, I had the privilege of accompanying the provost marshal on an inspection tour of the three centers, and was present at the dinner given by the Y. M. C. A. to the municipal authorities at Aix and the American provost marshal on the eve of the opening.

Returning to the Savoy two months later, I find that the time has passed to write about the period of initiation and evolution. The results are so interesting that the initiators and organizers of the leave-area need no other recognition than the simple story of the A. E. F. at play. I shall say only that the head of the Y. M. C. A. staff is, like the A. P. M., a lawyer in civilian life, and hails from Philadelphia. He has grouped about him fifty or more men and women who, geographically as well as in ability and spirit, represent the whole United States. From Boston come a famous and well-loved woman novelist, a trained nurse, and a professional actress; from New York, the daughter-in-law of a former President of the United States, a librarian, a pianist, and a singer; from Buffalo, a journalist; from Detroit, a manufacturer; from Hartford, a lawyer; from Chicago, an advertising man; from Colorado, a mother and daughter; from another Western State, a senator; from Baltimore, a débutante; from Montreal, a physical director; from Indiana, an insurance agent; from Massachusetts, Mississippi, and California, clergymen; from Japan, a missionary; from Panama, a "regular Y. M. C. A. man"; and from all over, a professional base-ball coach, known to all American fans, and a movie man who says he takes after his pictures.

Uncle Sam and the Y. M. C. A., regarding themselves as stewards of the nation's money, are sure of the nation's approval in going on the principle that nothing is too good for the nation's soldiers. Our boys are Uncle Sam's guests in the best hotels at the most fashionable watering-place in France. Of course, as there are several thousand to be lodged at a time, all rooms in all hotels are not equally sumptuous; but every man has a chance of drawing Queen Victoria's or J. Pierpont Morgan's or the King of Greece's suite. The menu served to privates in the United States army is exactly the same as to princes and millionaires. The Y. M. C. A. has leased the famous casino, including its theater. This summer there will be grand opera and a season of the Comédie Française. Our boys have the first chance at seats, for the Philadelphia lawyer in Y. M. C. A. uniform is the impresario. At the present time he is running two full Paris vaudeville bills, E. H. Sothern, Loie Fuller and her dancers, and a stock company imported from Boston, headed by Mary Young Craig, who has lost one boy in the war and whose other son is at the front now. During the first month the furlough men heard Lieutenant Europe and his negro band. They tell me that Europe is coming back. Our boys have the run of the baths at Aix-les-Bains and Challes-les-Eaux. They can swim in the pool, which is fed by water bubbling from the springs at body temperature, or take as much of "the cure" as can be crowded into eight days.

A PICNIC AT HAUTECOMBE ABBEY

Since new men come every day, the attractions are kept on the move between the three centers. There is a municipal

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theater at Chambéry and a casino at Challes-les-Eaux. Three orchestras play for afternoon tea and at the evening theatrical performances. From eleven to twelve every evening there is dancing (General Pershing says that the girls of the Y. M. C. A., in uniform or wearing the *brassard,* are members of the A. E. F.). At odd moments, and several times daily when it rains, the latest moving-pictures from America are shown. Billiards, pool, ping-pong, chess, and checkers are available all day long. In the reading-rooms are home newspapers, magazines, books, and open fireplaces. The canteens serve chocolate, hot coffee, and sandwiches, and are stocked with smokes and delicacies that can be found nowhere else outside of the United States.

But our soldiers, despite their present life in France, are not cured of the passion for out-of-doors. Base-ball diamonds, running-tracks, foot-ball fields, and tennis and hand-ball courts have been laid out at Aix and Challes, and there are games, meets, and tournaments every week. For those who want to get off by themselves and who are not inclined to indulge in organized sports, the golf links are open, with a good shower bath and rub-down afterward, as in country clubs at home.

On Lac du Bourget, both at the Petit Port and the Grand Port, individualists can rent rowboats and sail-boats, fishing-tackle and bait. When summer comes, the opportunities for bathing will be unlimited. The Y. M. C. A. men tell me they will have regattas and races and water polo. Already it is mild enough to go on the lake of a full-moon evening. No boys who have spent their summers in Maine or Minnesota can recall a lovelier spot for an old-fashioned evening flotilla than Lac du Bourget. The old songs sound the same, and "Nita, Wa-a-a-nita" is just as popular. When the full moon comes up early, the casino is not as popular as the ports.

Americans are born tourists. For most of us there is no better fun, no better recreation, than seeing things. Many of our soldiers may never have traveled before they came to France, but without exception they show the typical American instinct of wanting to see everything and to know all about what they see. This is one reason why the Savoy was chosen as leave-area for the A. E. F. The expectations of those who believed that the organization of excursions would prove the prime feature of leave in the Savoy, and who prepared and organized their plans accordingly, have not been mistaken.

WATCHING A TRACK MEET

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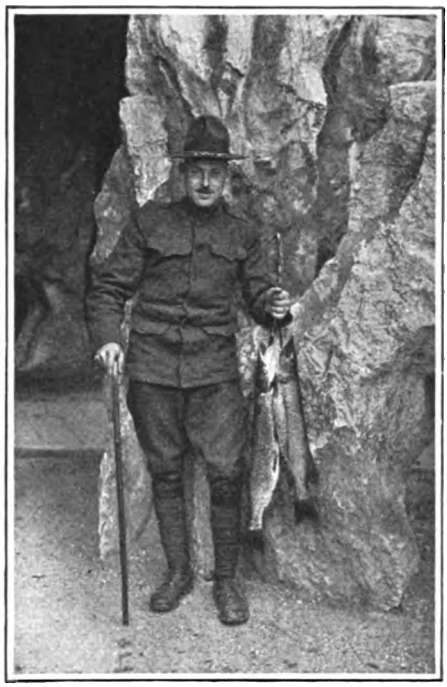
Where shall we go to-day, boys,
Where shall we go to-day?

is the song in the heart of the furlough men as they come to the casino each morning. After they have taken their supplementary breakfast at the canteen (the American soldier's opinion of a French hotel *petit déjeuner* is summed up in the comment of one of them, "I ain't no humin'-bird"), they crowd around the bulletin-board in the hall to see "what 's on to-day." The Y. M. C. A. bait, sometimes passed up the first day, is invariably swallowed the second. The boys must have something to eat; and having eaten, they must be on the move.

To go on one excursion with American soldiers means to go on all. Other correspondents who had come "to look on," Y. M. C. A. secretaries and canteen girls, the vaudeville artists and Boston stock company, Loie Fuller's dancers, and (whisper it softly) superior (take the adjective as you will) army officers who stop at Aix "to see how the boys are enjoying themselves" clamor for places in the sight-seeing-cars and stand in line for steamer tickets. I heard one of the last-named category mutter to another, "Of course I 'm going to recommend to G. H. Q. that the Y. M. C. A. have all the steamer coal and automobile gasolene it needs."



AN "INDIVIDUALIST" WHO HAS NOT MISSED THE CROWD

Mont Revard is the mountain directly behind Aix-les-Bains. The funicular railway starts from the town. As the trip can be made in half a day, the boys do not have to miss their hot lunch. That means much. Americans are not avowed lovers of the table, but after months in the field, the furlough men like to sit at a table with napkins and silver and glasses and eat what they call "a regular course dinner." Mont Revard is the easiest trip to arrange for big crowds, and is "something new" for the great majority of our boys. Few of them who have not come from the Rockies and the far West have enjoyed the experience of being pushed five thousand feet up a steep mountain-side into the snow on a warm day. "Pushed" is the proper word, for not only is the engine behind the cars, but, as there is always an overflow, a flat truck is put in front, and fifty lucky ones sit out in the open with an unobstructed view during the climb.

If you climb Mont Revard with American soldiers, whatever your age and sex, you must not mind the snow flying. The boys plunge in up to their necks, dragging their neighbors with them. In the first enthusiasm trenches are started, and they volunteer to give you an exhibition of fighting at the front, with grenade-throwing. Ambulance and quartermaster and signal-corps men, unless they happen to be not dispersed and in strong majority, are given a taste, willy-nilly, of "real war." In vain the Y. M. C. A. guide, applying all his lungs, calls out that the time is short. A well-directed snowball enters the megaphone. Another hits the red triangle over the visor, and lifts his hat off.

"Hungry and wet we nearly always are of an evening," said a tall marine as we got off the train at six o'clock; "but to-night I 'm *happy* and hungry and wet. That makes all the difference. Of course

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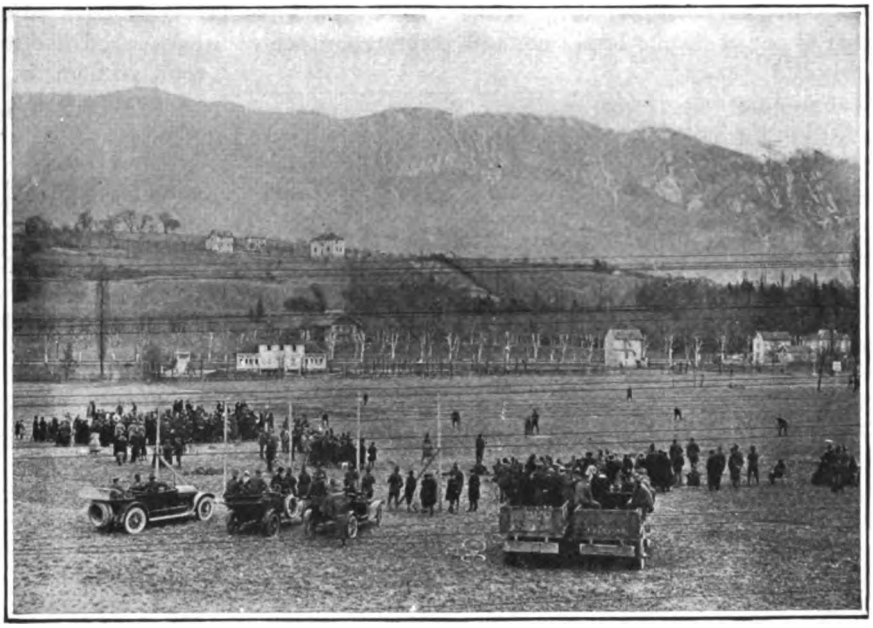
I 'll write home to the folks that I saw Mont Blanc, could almost put my hand on it, and that the Alps are no longer strangers to me. I 've met 'em now. But, say, was n't that snowballin' fun? Them Q. M. C.'s was mad at first, but they happied up when they found they was

serve. One can walk along the lake from the Petit Port to the Grand Port. On the road to Annecy, two miles out of Aix, is the Gorge de Sierroz, which is Niagara Falls and the "Maid of the Mist" in miniature. But the foliage!

Snow and the Alpine view and the curi-



A BALL GAME AT AIX-LES-BAINS. MONT REVARD IN THE BACKGROUND

enough of 'em to rub the snow into us."

All the trips are oversubscribed, and there are fears that gasolene economy may result in the suppression of some of the longer ones. Fortunately, Challes-les-Eaux is only four miles from Chambéry, and Chambéry ten miles from Aix-les-Bains. Railways connect the three centers. The Mont Revard trip does not require motor transport, and the Y. M. C. A. steamer, which carries the boys to Hautecombe Abbey and around the Lac du Bourget, is run by coal. Fortunately, too, the most popular of excursions can be taken afoot. Tresserve, on the ridge between the golf links and the lake, is half an hour's walk from Aix. Nowhere in France will the American soldier tourist find a more harmonious blending of old and new, a more superb setting for country homes in old France, than at Tres-

ous way one gets there contribute to make Mont Revard the most wonderful of the A. E. F. excursions. But climbing Chambotte, the high bluff north of Aix, and hanging over the Lac du Bourget, is by all odds the most popular. When the Savoy area is full, not the least of the worries of the Y. M. C. A. is to prevent boys ringing in a second or even a third time in their eight days. There is sometimes that perplexity of the poor street-car conductor who is n't sure that he has taken your fare and hesitates to ask. Moral suasion is used.

"Now, if any of you fellows have already been to Chambotte, fade away and give the new-comers a chance," pleads the Y. M. C. A. secretary under the porte-cochère of the Aix Casino. "That 's meant not only for the cars. Don't foot it up there either, unless you promise your-

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self to stay out of the restaurant. There 's a limit to the number of scones Scotch Mary can bake."

I know how the boys feel. I 'd like to ring in a second time, in fact, I 'd like to go to Chambotte every afternoon; but I know how the poor Y. M. C. A. secretary feels, too. Scotch Mary is delighted to make the money—fifty cents per head —for her scones and butter and jam; but she tells the Y. M. C. A. that she is accustomed to see several thousand people a month and not several thousand a week. But she cannot make scones without flour or jam without sugar. American military authorities, here is the great problem of the Savoy leave-area. Having eaten Scotch Mary's scones, spread with Scotch Mary's jam, I am sure of the ground on which I now stand. American parents, I have watched your sons eating those scones. Public sentiment must be created of sufficient force, sacrifices must be made of sufficient greatness, to assure to Scotch Mary during the critical months of the coming summer all the flour and sugar she needs to provide our boys in France with afternoon tea on Chambotte.

Delicious and important as are the scones, they do not constitute the sole attraction of the Chambotte trip. On Chambotte one sees the Savoy rising in all directions from Lac du Bourget. It is like a relief-map. This is the spot chosen for the historical lecture. The place and moment are favorable, and the "Reverend Doctor gets away with it," as the boys say. He certainly does. No matter what kind of crowd is brought up here, the romantic story of the dukes of Savoy appeals to it. The right man is on the right job. And yet telling the history of Savoy is not the clergyman's job at all, not the job for which he was detailed to Aix-les-Bains. He is the chauffeur of one of the automobiles. He came all the way from Santa Barbara with his own car to volunteer for Y. M. C. A. service, and was promptly listed as chauffeur. Quite by chance, on one of the early excursions, he said something to the boys in his own car about the Red Duke. The rest followed.

The final stretch of the Chambotte climb is too steep for automobiles. They stop in a little village, where children flock from every door to greet the soldiers. Grown-ups, too, are always ready to give a greeting and exchange jokes. *Camaraderie* has been established. The villagers know the A. E. F. It is the same in Aix-les-Bains and Chambéry; everywhere, in fact, where our boys go. They are splendid missionaries of Americanism, correcting decades of wrong impressions made by tourists. The French are seeing American youth, high-spirited, jovial, clean, and gentle. The America of dollars and display is replaced by the America of "pep" and play. This is the America the French did not know existed, and it is peculiarly *sympathique* to them, to use their own untranslatable word. Even the dignified casino orchestra is contaminated with the rag-time fever. The more dignified casino frequenters see American boys and American girls dancing and romping about in a way that is a revelation, and a wholesome revelation, of Anglo-Saxon sex relationship.

Our furlough men share their pleasures with the French wounded and convalescent soldiers, with the townspeople and villagers, with the school-children. They entertain as much as they are entertained. To see Europe's band playing in the open square at Aix and Chambéry and in the hospitals and the civilian population of Aix attending an American "big show" in their own casino, to hear a hundred boys of the Ecole Supérieure singing on the stage, "Pack up your troubles in your old keet-bag," to watch a French gamin of twelve leading the negroes in "Dixie," with a perfect imitation of Lieutenant Europe, under the approval of Europe's grin, there you have glimpses of the new Franco-American alliance in practice.

The only thing the A. P. M. and the Y. M. C. A. do not have under control in the Savoy is the weather. One must be frank in admitting this. Mountains and rain sometimes go together, and for distressingly long stretches to men who have only eight precious days. But I am per-

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fectly honest in saying that rainy days are often the most pleasant. When excursions and out-of-door sports have to be given up, the substitutes offered to disappointed youth are as much reminiscent of a vacation at home as if there were barns and hay and hide-and-go-seek. I doubt if furlough men take back to the front from Aix more pleasant memories than those of rainy days in the casino. Stunts and games are the long suit of the Y. M. C. A in the Savoy. They are successful because all hands join in.

One afternoon the elaborate athletic meet, billed in attractive form, had to be given up out-of-doors. It took place, however, and was the most successful track meet I have ever attended. There were more participants, and the prizes were the same that would have been offered on the field. The soldiers were divided into groups representing Harvard, Yale, Vassar, Bryn Mawr, Wellesley, Michigan, Cornell, Northwestern, Leland Stanford, Princeton, Minnesota, Pennsylvania, and the International Correspondence Schools. The events were run off by the physical director in schedule order: 100-yard dash, men from each group adding figures

THE REVEREND DOCTOR TELLING ABOUT THE SAVOY DUKES

on the platform; 440-yard dash, dancing on one leg; running high jump, starting from a moderate note on the piano, up by bounds; pole vault, the same thing up by notes; marathon, taking a note and holding it; 220-yard hurdles, on knuckles and with stiff knees over strings. It was Bedlam let loose.

Spontaneity is the secret of play. The A. E. F. is getting what it came to the Savoy for. The Y. M. C. A., whose chaplain does not object to praying in the gaming-room, in front of an elaborate stained-glass window of nude figures, and with the accompaniment of a phonograph and the constant click of billiard-balls outside, is filling the bill because its whole staff realizes that adaptability to circumstances is necessary. Men and women who could be disturbed or shocked are not sent to work in the Savoy leave-area.

Those responsible for entertaining the boys are aware of how precious each of the eight days is, of the diversity of tastes, of the desire of the few to be let alone and of the many to have every hour crowded. In the opening week of the leave-area they found out that soldiers, who have to go to bed early and get up early, intend to go to bed late and get up late during vacation. The hour from eleven P. M. to midnight has become the best hour of the day. Immediately after the theater lets out, music starts up in the main salon of the casino. Dancing and games, "with real American girls," are open to the soldiers on alternate nights. Many are the boys from Maine to California, from Florida to Washington, who have learned to dance under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. since they joined the A. E. F., and all the boys who come to Aix have learned that they are children still, and are glad of it, when they play Going to Jerusalem and other old games, played with surprising variations at Aix-les-Bains and Chambéry. The casino chairs are wearing out and the parquetry floors are wearing off; but that does n't worry the Philadelphia lawyer. "If we have to rebuild these casinos at the end of the war," he declared, "nobody 'll kick, if only the boys have had a good time."

Since the United States entered the war, Americans are making it a test of patriotism to forget European national holidays

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and languages and customs, and to remember only that they are Americans. But we have n't succeeded in suppressing the Irish. Probably that is because most of us are either irrepressibly Irish ourselves or do not mind being taken for Irish. It would have been impossible for the Y. M. C. A. to forget that March 17 was no less important than February 22. St. Patrick's day was celebrated in the Savoy with all the éclat of a national holiday, and, as it rained, every one was Irish. There was a journey through Ireland. Twenty-five Irish objects were put on the table, and the soldiers filed by. Then they were asked to write on a sheet of paper all the objects they could recognize and remember. Two men got twenty-three right, a remarkable feat, revealing familiarity as well as power of quick visualization. The First Irish families were formed in eight groups of six each. They were selected at random, and required to give themselves family and baptismal names, and to present an Irish stunt in ten minutes. The A. P. M. presided, and three judges in Irish garb awarded the prize to the O'Brien family wake. There was an Irish fair, and the day ended with Irish

"A good place for a cemetery," said the soldier when he arrived at Aix-les-Bains. "A good cemetery for a grouch," was his opinion when he left. The conversion is general. One has only to watch a departure after having watched an arrival, and he will realize that eight days in the Savoy have remade the furlough men—remade them in mind as well as in body.

THE FRANCO-AMERICAN ALLIANCE

An American woman writer who had never come into contact with war or any other form of general suffering once wrote, "There are millions in Europe who will never laugh again." Later, when she came to France, she was shocked at the end of the first day, disgusted at the end of the first week, amazed at the end of the first month, and perplexed for a long period, until the truth, hidden so long only because of her preconceived notion, dawned upon her. "Eureka!" she cried. "If they did n't laugh, they 'd go crazy!" This was possibly a strong way of putting it. Reactions and sudden discoveries lead to extremes, but if the Americans are troubled about the stories they read of theaters open in Paris, of people leading normal lives; if any are amazed about this story of gaiety and dancing at Aix-les-Bains when American boys are

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dying in the great offensive in Flanders, let them realize that if men would be strong, there must *always* be "a time to laugh." There is no burden that cannot be borne easier, no task that cannot be performed better, with smiles than with tears.

In the Savoy leave-area our boys get relief from the heavy strain to which they are subjected in military life in France—a strain that is due not to fighting or anticipation of fighting, not to physical discomforts and hardships, but to absence from home. There we have the whole problem, and by homesickness we mean missing what one has been accustomed to, longing for those one loves, and worrying about illness, business problems, misunderstandings in letters. If the soldiers were simply entertained in the professional sense of the word, the Savoy would be a comparative failure. The boys warm up to the excursions and theatricals and games because they come into personal contact with Americans who play with them, who remind them of home, and to whom they can talk about home. Some of the Y. M. C. A. women have sons and husbands in the A. E. F.; others are young girls of the same age as the boys, who have a rattling good time dancing and playing with them. The Y. M. C. A. men are "good sports."

Thus it is that when the time comes to leave, there are sincere farewells on the station platform, and the soldiers know that they are saying good-by *to home folks who care*. They are God-speeded back to the fighting-line. One boy says, "I feel as I did when I left home," and another, "If Aix were any better than this, I could n't stand it." Camouflage, good old Anglo-Saxon camouflage,—we have always had the fact; why never before the word?—is in evidence. A train of French wounded comes in on one track as our boys leave on the other. Levity, precious levity, jokes, comforting jokes, have had their day. Every man is leaning from the window, and the parting song of the crusaders, our crusaders, is this:

Joan of Arc, Joan of Arc,
Do your eyes
From the skies
See the foe?
Don't you see the drooping fleur-de-lis?
Don't you see the tears of Normandy?
Joan of Arc, Joan of Arc,
Don't you hear us calling you?
Come, lead your France to victory!

THE ARRIVAL OF LIEUTENANT EUROPE AND HIS FAMOUS BAND

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Beneficiary

By THOMAS BEER

Illustrations by Arthur William Brown

LIFE in many towns presents the aspect of a cone, and where there are farms, with their interwoven accident of loan and mortgage, the summit is apt to be a banker. Harper C. Reid sat so enthroned upon Zerbetta, which lies in mid Ohio, sole market-place of a fertile county. He was not old, but a drowsy sort of god, benevolent and heavy. He had a special, casual smile for the renewal of notes, and his frown toward unhappy debtors suggested a perplexity that he should be obliged to extinguish them. He did this when there seemed no reasonable hope of further profit, and his friends spoke of his leniency as a possession of Zerbetta. Indeed, the town took its very name from his grandmother, and the only time he showed a distinct recorded wrath was in 1896, when the young generation, derisive from sophistication, proposed that the community select another title.

They were made to feel his benignity directly: he gave a new fountain for the center of City Square. Yet from the continued outrage of the name and certain other sources there grew a party of mild scoffers, which found now and then a fresh recruit. When he opened the Zerbetta Machinery and Tool Company, these pointed out that as principal stockholder he would be most enriched; for as mortgagee of ten shops on the square, his interest would be paid from the mouths of the fresh new thousand. When he gave the Reverend Arthur Tillett's widow a position in the bank, they said he merely salved a spreading sore.

"People are saying you gave Hattie Tillett a job to kind of make up for foreclosin' on her house," his private newsgatherer told him.

Mr. Reid did not shrug his shoulders. The gesture was known to him only as a phrase of novels. He smiled.

"Perhaps I did. Well, I had to do something for her, did n't I? The bank 's sold her home, and I guess she was fond of it. Tillett died there. She ought to be able to rent it when she 's saved up a while. She acted mighty grateful. Now, she used to type-write his sermons for him. I expect she can write my letters for me pretty well."

Most of the Zerbettans applauded the act, and the noise of the tool company drowned the party of dissent. Mrs. Tillett was installed visibly; her modest desk could be seen through the glass partition by those who came banking, and she nodded to old friends as she opened the grandee's correspondence. It was noticed presently that in her boarding-house she would let fall items showing the great heart of Harper Reid and his power over the land.

"Mr. Reid made a mighty big loan to some poor people over near Cypress today," she would say, "and just at three per cent."

The table murmured its interest and admiration, gazing at this flat, worn woman, so near the springs of Pactolus.

"And he had such a nice letter from some people in Wooster. He gave some money for the orphans' home there."

In time her distribution of these tidings became a fixed affair. The scoffers hinted that her salary paid for it. But there was a somber period, while the owners were rebuilding her former house,

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when she said nothing and aged a trifle. Reid spoke to her one hot and tranquil afternoon of August.

"I 'm sorry you did n't get a chance to —well, rent the Poplar Street place again. Perhaps I could have got you a price for it."

"Well," she said shrilly, "there 's never any good crying over spilt milk, now, is there? Of course I 'd have liked it."

"I suppose that 's Mrs. Chidsey—yonder."

"I guess so. Yes, I expect they 're burying her to-day." The secretary turned and stared. Reid amiably wondered what she thought of the scandal, years old, unforgotten, that this passage represented. The parade of grief edged into Poplar Street and vanished gradually. Mrs. Tillett laughed in her thin,

"'I DO N'T THINK, LOOKING IT OVER, I DID THE WRONG THING; I COULD N'T TELL HOW SHE MIGHT TURN OUT'"

Small tears appeared in the wrinkles about her lids; her chin shook; then she fell calm again. Mr. Reid was glad she had not really wept. He swung in his chair and regarded the listless, baking square, which was not altogether ugly, since the fountain played, and the vast walnuts guarding the courthouse were very green, allowing glimpses of white, cool columns. By this entrance to the market-place there presently crawled Bauerman & Smith's best hearse and two following coaches, a dark procession across the yellow brick. Reid consented to the funeral with a nod.

drawling way. "So that 's the end of her," she concluded. "And she was a nice sort of woman, too. She was quiet and she did her best. Oh, I expect there 's a lot of folks you and I know that are worse —or have been."

Reid fidgeted. It almost seemed that Mrs. Tillett blamed him. Then he reflected that an excellent memory of his own deeds might not be hers, so set out to discover, lighting a cigar.

"I don't think, looking it over, I did the wrong thing; I could n't tell how she might turn out. She might have gone along quiet and doing her best, as you

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say, or she might have been pretty dangerous to the town." He waited civilly for a comment.

Mrs. Tillett withdrew her eyes from the square and gave them to her master.

"I don't—I don't exactly understand, Mr. Reid. What way did you act about Mrs. Chidsey? Remember, Arthur and I did n't move back from Zanesville until eighteen ninety-five."

He apologized with a second nod for his failure to recall this fact. Her impassivity made a good audience of the widow; her attention was a pleasant tribute.

"You know she came here, calling herself Mrs. Harris, and bought the Collum farm. Of course the neighbors just took her for a young woman that wanted a change—a change of scene after her bereavement. The baby was a few months old. People liked her. She kept a couple of the Collum boys to work for her. Roddy and Nelson, I think. Yes, Roddy and Nelson." He suspended the narrative for this detail; Mrs. Tillett sat properly enthralled. "Now, it just so happened that she paid for the place with a check on a bank I knew about out West. It was all right. There was nothing wrong with that. Of course it was a big check, as checks go around here; but it made me a *little* curious."

"Of course," said Mrs. Tillett.

"Then, you know,"—Reid slid into his confidential manner,—"the cashier of the bank wrote me. I used to open all my mail then, as I had n't any one reliable to do it for me." Mrs. Tillett bowed swiftly. "It seems he was an elder in the church out there, Ripley, Minnesota, and I 'd met him when I was visiting there. I 'd forgotten him—the way you do when they introduce a lot of people to you. And that was over a year before."

"It 's mighty hard to remember names," said Mrs. Tillett. "It 's funny you were in her town, is n't it? Why, you might have met *her*."

"I had n't though." Mr. Reid spoke hastily, withdrawing his skirts from the imputation that he could have encountered this deplorable dead creature. "But he was surprised when she turned up here, signing checks. She 'd sold her land there and moved away after the boy was born, so he wanted to know if people had guessed here. Of course he pointed out that she was pretty and well off, and some one might marry her, or want to, thinking she really was a widow. She 'd told the minister she was going to marry the baby's father; but her check proved she had n't and so he wrote me. I must say I hesitated a long time." He accented his patience with repeated nods, wallowing in Mrs. Tillett's interest. "But then several young fellows began to make eyes at her, and she did n't mind having them make eyes. Now, what would you have done?"

He felt that Mrs. Tillett deserved a chance to express herself. She smoothed her handkerchief awhile before shaking her head.

"I scarcely know, Mr. Reid. One side of it is that we ought n't to judge a fellow-being harshly. The other is—well, she was n't acting honestly, was she?"

"No," he said, with the firmness of that past conviction. "And there 's another point that I thought of a good deal. If she 'd been, let 's say, a hired girl on a farm or a poor girl that was n't raised the right way; but a girl with a good education and a girl with *money*. I looked at it that way. Anyhow, as I say, I did hesitate. I was kind of sorry for the little fellow. But, then, she could sell out and move away, and two of the boys who were running after her were mighty good kind of men; so I sent for one of them. Of course it spread."

"It 's queer she did n't move away," Mrs. Tillett observed, making a square out of her handkerchief. "So she married Chidsey. Well, Arthur always called on her, and I did."

"Your duty," Reid assented.

"I must say she was n't any different from most people. The boy 's nice-looking." The clock struck four, and Mrs. Tillett rose to put on her hat.

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"I 've never noticed the boy; but the other boys seem to like him. I hear he was a bright boy in high school. Does he look like her?"

"No, he 's dark—very dark and big. If it 's as hot as this to-morrow, there 'll be more sunstrokes. Good night," she drawled.

"Good night. Yes, it 's mighty hot."

She receded. Mr. Reid's eye had become distracted by a portent across the square. A grocery, mortgaged to him, was flaunting a fresh, gay awning, and the spectacle pleased his sight—a promise of exact payments. He smiled comfortably, finishing his cigar, and through this mood the knowledge that some one was staring at his repose shot disagreeably. He whirled violently, and saw Mrs. Tillett, once more folding her handkerchief, still at the door.

"Oh, I thought you 'd gone."

"I was just trying to remember something. I 'll think of it in the morning. Good night."

"Good night," he said, his urbanity at its best, but with the gentlest admonition. He continued to muse on the sweetness of respected wealth, while the air cooled slowly, and walking couples or brisk children moved on the square's margin. After a while the handsome, empty hearse, its driver smoking a pipe, rattled back toward the stables, and a single coach followed, passed up the street necessary for the home-going of Harry Chidsey and his stepson, Martin Harris. The curtains were not drawn, and, peering, Reid managed to observe two figures awkwardly slouched. He wondered, ringing for his car, in what terms they thought of their dead.

Chidsey thought this: that after years of such wandering as hired men who are not skilful know she had shown him kindness. To him there was no dishonor in her state, since it was patent, and since it needed some forced charity to forgive the lavender birth-mark running from an eye to the edge of his jaw. He had been fed and warm, allowed his whisky in fair quantity, and endless games of solitaire. Gratitude made him sniffle as he remembered.

Martin did not think. He curled in his end of the seat, taut and throbbing, rubbing the side of a new, black shoe, which contributed a small agony to his animal body, but did not reach his mind. That night he found his foot blistered, and was surprised.

"I dunno how I did that," he said to Chidsey.

"Well, them was new shoes," his stepfather argued.

Then it appalled Martin that he had been undressing in the kitchen, and he glared at the scattered ceremony of his clothes.

"I must be goin' crazy!"

"You 're all wrought up," said Chidsey, shuffling his cards. "I mind my Brother Elmer actin' the same kind of way. You go to bed, an' don't you git up till you feel like. I 'll have Bertha keep some breakfist hot."

Next day, with a cow suddenly sick and a resumption of ordinary hunger, the boy began to think, slowly as ever, treading the usual way to the barns and directing the hired man of the moment. Certainly, when he came of age he would sell the land and go. Nothing bound him to Zerbetta; he would be free of the rich county, and the whisper, sometimes heard, always imagined. He whistled, piling up a vision suitable to nineteen: innumerable dances in distant mansions, where he, very radiant, would stroll before the awe of Zerbettan strays; dinners in vast hotels such as railroad guides depict, where timid, ill-dressed maidens of this crushing town might recognize him, surrounded by lustrous and charmed ladies.

For the revenge he wanted was against the female half. Men had always been civil to his mother, jovial even. But about women Martin knew singularly little—so little that he approached shop-girls and school-teachers with gasping blushes. They were creatures of rumor, delectable to the gaze, unalterably cruel, it seemed, set apart from him. Lately he had adored various virgins seen in the street. At high school the exclusion was

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too sharp for anything but bitter loathing as an answer. He had listened very loftily to the loves of his friends; but he included love, honorable love, in his project.

"You 're lookin' a lot better," said Chidsey, counting eggs on the kitchen porch, consoled by the after taste of a large drink.

"Well, I feel better." Martin tossed a pebble at a slumberous cat in the sweet-pea beds, and stretched his thick arms. "I guess I 'll go and swim."

The swimming-place, a curved creek masked in alder-bush, lay nearer town than his farm, and he trotted toward Zerbetta, a lozenge of still trees in the beginning sunset, along the straight, wide road, soft in dust, so that his bare feet were noiseless, and nothing disturbed his dream save an oncoming buggy, so ill driven that it wavered from side to side of the deep lane. Apparently, he decided, the owner was asleep or drunk. But the horse grew familiar, a large, oddly spotted roan from a livery-stable, and the woman driving, as they neared, seemed alert enough, yet most unskilful. Suddenly, he knew her—thin-shouldered and flat; he stopped with an idea of evasion, his shyness mounting. He was barefoot, his shirt sweat-stained and his overalls ripped about a knee, and this was Mrs. Tillett, the minister's wife of long since who came to see his mother, who had sent a wreath of white roses. The last fact conquered. Martin waited, shifting his disreputable feet in the dust.

Mrs. Tillett drove abreast and with a cough reined in the willing, harassed roan. She spoke promptly.

"I guess you know who I am, Martin."

" 'Course," said Martin.

"I was coming out to see you, but I 'm a pretty poor driver, so I 've been slow. I can't leave the bank until four. I have to open and answer Mr. Reid's letters."

"Yes, 'm," Martin replied.

"I 'm mighty sorry for you, Martin. You 're young to lose her, and I guess you were fonder of her than any one else. I know you don't have as nice a time as some boys, and that 's a pity."

Martin put his hands behind his back to clench them. The vacant misery of yesterday closed on him again. He stared at the plain, dusty woman.

"Of course most people are pretty poor Christians," she went on, her voice, which he recalled as low, now shrill and tremulous. "They take advantage of other folks' weaknesses or things they can't help. They look down on some people, and take what little they have. You see?"

Martin unlocked his teeth.

"Yes, 'm."

"I have n't any home any more. Of course it was *right* for the bank to foreclose; I could n't pay the interest. But —and I feel that folks here were n't Christian to your mama. The Lord said, 'Let him that is without sin,' but people don't act that way."

"No," said Martin; "that 's right, ma'am."

Mrs. Tillett looked at him for a moment and blew her nose.

"People might never have known that your father and your poor mother were n't married, and you 'd be just as good as any one, if a man had n't found out and told it to some young fellows that were courting her. Did you know that? Every one believed she was a widow. It—"

"Who told on her?"

He thought that he had screamed; he saw his hands clutching the rim of the wheel beside Mrs. Tillett. But she sat without shrinking from his cry.

"It was Mr. Reid. He 'd been out in Minnesota, where she came from, and when she bought the farm the check went there. So they wrote him. He did n't know her out in Ripley, but he thought it was his duty to tell. You see, Martin, some people that are rich and respected and—like him—think it 's their duty to do things like that."

"Like the girls that sort of stick their chins up at me?" Martin asked.

"Yes," Mrs. Tillett said. "That 's the way some people feel. Mr. Reid told me yesterday."

"Just tell me everything he told you."

The minister's widow talked; Martin

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listened, stroking the wheel, and jerking his head when she had finished.

"I always thought he was a puffed-up old haystack. I did n't know he was so dam' mean."

"Martin," said Mrs. Tillett, "you 're just a young fellow. Don't you do anything silly. Mr. Reid did just what nearly every one would do, and nearly every one would say he did the right thing. Don't you do anything foolish. I guess the Pharisees were the most respected folks around Jerusalem, anyhow. They made broad their phylacteries and prayed in the sight of all men."

She turned the roan, when she had stared a moment longer, her lids wide apart, and drove away. The horse, headed home, dragged her very fast, so that she disappeared while Martin stood, his body shaken with a loathing that resembled lust, all his resentments merged into a single hatred.

Zerbetta had expected Martin to sell the farm and go. When it went about that Mrs. Chidsey's estate was considerable, the tall and awkward boy became a personage. The farm was fine land, crops have a price, and in home circles there grew a decision to treat his paternity as a humorous accident. It embittered him more deeply that boys who had always been friendly now suggested that their sisters thought him handsome. To one of these he spoke with a vicious courtesy.

"I 'm no better-lookin' than I used to be in high school, and Ella did n't seem to think I was good-lookin' then. I 'm goin' up to Cleveland on Monday. Anything I can get you?"

The retort roamed to Mr. Reid, who was engrossed in the first order of French shells for the tool company. He found time to nod.

"I can't blame the boy for being sour. Still, he ought to look at it in two ways. Mrs. Chidsey 's been dead two years. As long as his mother was living, people *had* to think of that."

"They certainly did," said Mrs. Tillett in her even drawl, cutting open a letter. "From the New York lawyers. Shell specifications."

Reid pounced upon it thirstily and hummed his favorite air from "Robin Hood."

"I *should n't* like any of our German citizens to see this," he boasted.

"It 's good I 'm not German," the secretary stated, ripping another letter.

"Yes, you could raise a lot of dust. This had better go to the plant. Is that young Harris out by the receiving-teller's window?"

"Yes, that 's Martin."

Reid thought him handsome in a sulky fashion and well dressed. Martin looked at the banker's buff waistcoat and ruddy, serene face. Through the glass partition he answered Mrs. Tillett's prim little bow and hurried out of the bank to a bar, where he drank soda-water, ridding his mouth of an acid flavor these views of Mr. Reid occasioned.

"I suppose you can just see 'em cartin' in gold over there," said the barkeeper.

"I did n't notice it," Martin choked.

"Well, I hear them shells cost a lot of money. Reid 's a funny old bug, ain't he? Tell Chidsey I 've got in some more of that River Rum he likes."

Chidsey cared for the farm while Martin wandered in prosperous, remote cities, gathering knowledge. He was a faithful steward, but whisky weakened him, supplanting solitaire, and Martin worried over the collapse when hatred drew him home.

"You better not go 'way so much," said his stepfather, fretfully. "The doctor says I 'm pretty bad."

"I 've only been away a month this time, and New York was so full of war talk I could n't hear myself think. I expect we 'll go to war."

Chidsey whimpered, holding up a hardly yellow glass against the pale March light.

"Then you 'll go off an' fight, an' I 'm sixty. An' I always wished you was my boy."

Truly, he was pitiable, and Martin, pondering, found himself cruel.

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"WHO TOLD ON HER?"

"I 'll stay at home more. I 've been away a lot since mother died."

"Oh, I know," sniffed Chidsey, "if it was n't for me havin' no place to go, you 'd of sold out an' went. An' it 's nice you come back so much to see me. There 's nothin' else you 'd come back for."

Martin lied by silence. He had never told Chidsey of his talk with Mrs. Tillett. And this woman alone could know that Zerbetta held him on a tether; he could go so far from his anger, then, out of happy places, it pulled him to the stagnant brooding of his house.

Chidsey died slowly. He lived to see a regiment of guardsmen camped about the tool company, have Martin read him of American troops in France. He waned

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in the rumor-shaken summer, died in late July, and Reid watched his scant funeral cross the square.

"I must say the boy stuck to him like a man, and a healthy young chap like that would want to be among the first to go. I feel quite interested in him, Mrs. Tillett. In a way I 'm mixed up in his life, one might say. I remember telling you—"

"Yes. You told me the day his mother was buried," said Mrs. Tillett. "Well, here 's the three-o'clock mail coming."

Martin vanished from Zerbetta that night, his affairs arranged in advance, with just such clothes in his suitcase as study of a soldier's needs showed worth having. The search-light fluttering around the sky above the tool company lingered in the plain as he shot eastward, leaning on the platform rail, and he surrendered the chance of revenge, wearily. There had been dreams, when the hurt was new, of some sudden scandal, an old sin unearthed, a wave to be fomented against the greatness of Reid. And the search-light mocked him, a tribute to the permanence of this respectable wealth, now patriotically engaged. Martin consented, with a brave grin, and turned to other things.

But since Mrs. Chidsey's death Zerbetta had grown to cherish Martin as a rather romantic character, and his wanderings, duly exaggerated, enhanced the effect. Inquiry followed him through his lawyer, located him in a Southern drill-ground, already a lance corporal, and the Red Cross chapter sent him a comfort kit, which the mail orderly left on his cot one October day when the pines dripped loudly. From it there drifted an effusion such as Pandora cringed beneath. The town leaped at Martin across the map. He sat fingering the metal mirror in a dusk of memories until some one asked if he was homesick.

"Sort of," said Martin.

"You 'd ought to get 'em to send you the paper," the speaker advised. "That 's the best thing. You can read about everybody then."

Martin grimaced. Of all Zerbetta he cared to hear of only two people, Reid and the thin woman who opened Reid's mail. But old dreams obsessed him, and Zerbetta built itself about the plunging, raw teams, while officers roared the battery into form. His hate endured the oversweep of war, and his disciplined body could blaze, in the solemnity of retreat, in the freezing baths, at some evocations of the great man. In November there came an unsigned clipping in an envelop stamped with "First National Bank, Zerbetta, Ohio." He read:

The Courier is loath to question the motives of those who have done the city yeoman service in times past and contribute generously to its present needs. We deprecate the unseemly and uncalled-for outbreak at the conclusion of Mr. Reid's speech, last night, during the Red Cross rally. We suggest to our readers that the speaker was carried away by his theme rather than that he deliberately paraded his own eminence [Martin chuckled, wriggling his toes on the cool canvas of his cot], but many of his sentences were open to such a construction.

It was not pleasant for us to hear that the town has proved a nest of "slackers," with six hundred and fifty-five of our young men in the Army and Navy. It was not pleasant, when many of us are already pinched by lack of help and high prices, to be bidden, and very peremptorily, raise a hundred thousand dollars even for so worthy an object as the Red Cross. In patriotism there are luxuries. The childless owner of the Zerbetta Tool Company should remember that all our citizens are not on an equal footing.

Martin made the paper into a cigarette-lighter and smoked, his arms locked under his knees, seeing Mrs. Tillett very plainly, so clear a figure, erect at her desk, that the argumentative, half-dressed soldiers clotted along the shadows of the room were a curious background to her propriety. She must hate Reid, he admitted, as much as he. She was an ally against Dagon. A little man in under-

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clothes walked through Martin's reverie and jarred into his cot.

"Corp'ril," he whispered, "I 'd like you to show me—give me some advice, mebbe."

"Glad to," said Martin. "What 's your trouble?"

The small man slipped down the cot, took one of Martin's cigarettes, and wrinkled his childish, cheap face into a confidential frown.

"D' you un'erstand all them insurance regulations?"

"Pretty well," said Martin, and yawned.

"Well, it 's this away. I 'd like to insure myself, see? I 'd ought to,—I got two kids,—an' I kin get ten thousan' dollars. That 's five sixty a month, see? Only I ain't married—I mean *church* married."

"Oh," Martin said presently, "I see. Just a common-law marriage?"

"I reckon that 's what you 'd call it," the little man muttered.

"You 'd better ask the captain. I think you can, though. But you 'd better be sure."

Alert again, he watched the questioner trot off, satisfied, into the alley of beds that the nine-o'clock bugles blackened save for cautious cigarette-tips here and there. There rose the noises of sleep almost choric, with the creak of laden canvas as

"I 'LL STAY AT HOME MORE. I 'VE BEEN AWAY A LOT SINCE MOTHER

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a refrain. To most of these men there belonged people, a fan of relatives, and the insurance, lately provided, might be welcome. Perhaps no one there was so bereft as he. The little man's children knew their father, who had not shrunk from the burden.

Suddenly, his mind began to burn upon a point, and his body stiffened. At reveille they woke him, asleep, with his face bent upon his knees.

In the afternon the battery commander was sitting in his office, vexed by the rainy drill-ground, and looked up to the tall new corporal with relief.

"Well, Harris, what 'll you have?"

"Sir," Martin said, "I 'd like to see about insuring myself."

"Good idea. D' you know how to fill out a form? No? Well, sit down, and I 'll show you."

Martin listened, inspecting the blank earnestly, very grave.

"I 'm afraid, sir, I 'm in a kind of fix. I 've only got a father—and—I 'm not *legally* related to him."

"Oh," said the officer, gently, "I see. You mean you 're—I see."

He turned red. Martin was sorry for his embarrassment, but the project could not delay.

"I 'd better explain. My mother lived in Ripley,—that 's out in Minnesota,—and he was visitin' there—in eighteen ninety-three; but he was married. Well, after I was born she moved to Ohio so as to be near him. Of course every one knew about it. You know how things get around in a small town?"

"Oh, yes," said the captain, who was from New York, therefore omniscient.

"So—she 's dead—I 'd like to insure myself for him. Can I?"

The captain chewed his pipe-stem.

"I don't see why not. I 'm not sure. Perhaps you ought to have some proof. You say it 's a matter of common knowledge in your town?"

"Oh, well, sir, he don't go round *sayin'* I 'm his son."

"Of course."

In the pause of this gentleman's conjecturings Martin plucked at his wet shirt. He was shaking with desire.

"I tell you, Corporal, I 'd better go up to headquarters and see the insurance officer. This is a new proposition. Come around to-morrow evening, will you? And," he added, in the manner of one well-bred man aiding another, "I 'll fill your blank out myself."

Martin waded through a night and a day. If it succeeded, he thought, dizzy with sleeplessness, if the curt, type-written statement came to her desk, his ally would scatter this thing in every lane of Zerbetta; the town would rock; the scoffers would line the bars. Dagon was tottering in his incense; a push was all he needed. The result, the denial, did not matter. If Mrs. Tillett was true to her hate! He saw her nimble hands on the envelop. After this, he could pay her, somehow. Reid would be rid of her. But the future was reckless cloud.

"Come in. Better shut the door, Corporal. I tell you what we 've decided to do. You feel that you owe your—father something?"

"Yes, sir," said Martin.

"That 's the right spirit, of course. Well, we 'll write out an application—just one—and mail it to him in Ohio. Then, if he does n't—well—deny it,—you see what I mean?—you can send it along to Washington."

Martin licked his lips.

"It 'll be funny if he does; he *might,* of course. But that 's a good idea, sir."

"I 'll type it for you. I can use the machine," the captain said; "just give me the names and addresses. You need n't have it witnessed. This is just a try-out."

Over his shoulder Martin watched the slow letters stamped one by one in the white blank, his fingers curling. Presently he wrote, "Cpl. Martin Harris."

"First National Bank, Zerbetta, Ohio. Is n't there a munition plant there, Harris?"

"Yes, sir." Martin folded the form into the envelop. "I 'm *much* obliged to the captain."

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"Not at all, Corporal."

After a while the mail orderly bore the battery's contribution down-hill toward the post-office, and Martin, seeing the sack bob, felt his muscles loosen comfortably, although a regiment of infantry marching past on the slippery red-clay road obscured the trudging figure. But there was no reason why the sack should burst or a train be wrecked. He strolled off to bathe, then to eat. There were moving-pictures that night near by, and the quarters were empty. He could lie in the dark and pile up visions, stretch his thick arms against the central pillars of the temple, feel them bend.

"Relationship—Father—Name—Harper Charles Reid—Address—First National Bank, Zerbetta, Ohio. Amount— $10,000.00."

Martin nodded sleepily. It would not be long now before he could lie with his revenge in the happy dark.

Mrs. Tillett placed this paper at his elbow, but Mr. Reid did not notice the motion. He was deeply engaged in an article, hardly a defense of his Red Cross oration, for "The Courier." This was the fourth version, and it appeared very splendid to Reid, dignified, gently acid. The bright sun of this gallant October day and an excellent breakfast had cheered him after a week's admitted misery, the distress of one whose faithful horse shows a new, wild fancy for jumping unrequired fences. He signed his name and leaned back.

"Mrs. Tillett," he remarked, "I 've been writing a sort of letter to "The Courier.' "

She sat examining the scissors, and just raised her head. The cool walk to the bank, he thought, had colored her face agreeably.

"Of course," Reid said, and smiled, "this whole business has been—well, unpleasant. Why, they 've been calling us every name in the calendar! I might be a kind of Nero, the way they 've been talking; so I 've decided to fight back a little. It 's a kind of duty."

She bowed, her attention so absolute that he felt moved to read his ten solemn paragraphs aloud, and spread the two sheets of note-paper on his blotting-pad.

His fingers slipped from the pad to the unnoticed official blank.

"Ah," he said, to appear less concerned, "what 's this?"

After a while it seemed that a swarm of bees settled about his head. He rose, battling them off, sank down in his cushions.

"Mrs. Tillett, did you read—"

She was not at her desk. She stood in the doorway pinning her hat.

"Yes, I read it, Mr. Reid."

Her voice was that of a child who tries to suppress laughter, and this was laughable, of course; but she had, in his dizziness, a strange, triumphant look.

"Well, it 's lucky you were the only one! The impudent young hound! I suppose this is some kind of blackmail. Really, I felt sick for a second. Where are you going?"

"It 's lunch-time," she said in her usual drawl.

"My God! I 'm glad you were the only person who saw that!" Released sweat was oozing down his cheeks. "Of course I 'll take it up with the War Department and have him punished. I can't pass it over, you know. But there *are* people," he said, "who 'd believe a thing like that."

"Yes," Mrs. Tillett agreed, "lots of people; especially as you *were* out in Minnesota and could have known her out there. Well, I must—"

"I 'll write the War Department as soon as you get back," he said.

She bowed and went away, passing among the clerks, pausing by the paying-teller's window. He saw her cross the square, a voyage of many pauses, collecting three high-school teachers and a clerk from Durban's book-store. They vanished under the loveliness of the maples, which were showering the pavement with crisp leaves, and [illegible] by the wind, scuttled whis[illegible]

"The impudent

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closing the window. He was genuinely shocked at a lie so useless and apparent. And yet Mrs. Tillett was right; he had lately experienced the vile ingratitude of mankind to the point of that recognition. Given the knowledge of his presence in Ripley, Minnesota, how many mouths would whisper, with the same sibilance as these blowing autumn leaves! He sighed, considering the deficiencies of other men, and strolled down to his car.

But at two o'clock Mrs. Tillett had not returned to the office, and the clerks were aware of this, by their continued glancing through the glass. Her absence first amazed, then worried, him. At three he rang up Mrs. Palmer's boarding-house.

"Mis' Tillett?" said the woman answering. "Well, who wants her?"

"Tell her Mr. Reid."

Behind this unknown woman there was a great sound of chattering females.

"Mr. Reid," squeaked the woman at the telephone, "Mis' Tillett told me, if it was you called her up, I 'm to say she ain't willin' to speak to you."

For a little while he sat holding the receiver, which became damp in his palm, and listened to the noise of Mrs. Palmer's parlor. Then the maid rang off, and the sensation of settling bees returned, stifling and stinging.

He had reposed on her loyalty as though it were a couch, and now he feared her. That afternoon, as he wrote and tore up ineffectual drafts of a letter to the War Department, he began to fear Zerbetta. The square seemed unduly full. Men drifted in and out of the bars. There were matronly congregations before the shops, and the clerks, whenever he raised his head, were staring. He knew that the lie ran naked in the streets, as potent as truth, and an itch for flight possessed him.

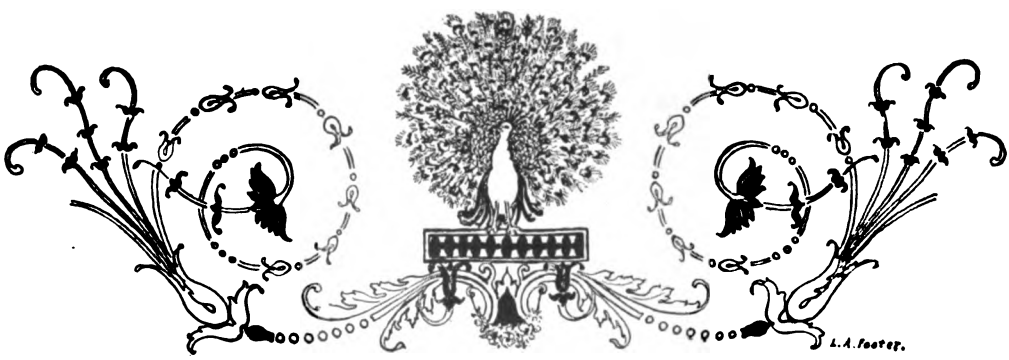
"The editor of 'The Courier' wants to see you," said an office boy.

"Tell him I won't see him," Reid quavered. "Tell him I 've written the—the Secretary of War about this thing. No, don't tell him that. Yes, just tell him that."

But at five o'clock he had written nothing, and it was time to go home. He gathered up some letters, unopened, and a railroad circular so gaily colored that it cut through the film of his eyes, inviting him to "sunlit, care-free California." The descent to the street was tedious. It was abominable, he thought, that an old man should be treated this way. To himself he had become old and very pitiable. On the sidewalk there were many people, glancing sidelong, staring while they bowed in the dusk. He could not maintain his strut before the black injustice. His feet carried him somehow to the car, but there a casual, irreverent, sharp whistle from somewhere caught and lashed him. Reid whirled on the step and shrieked at Zerbetta:

"It 's not so! It is n't true!"

But the windows of the car did not shut out the everlasting whisper. He knew it would chase him forever.



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Claude Debussy

By LAWRENCE GILMAN

WHILE German cannon were bombarding Paris in the last week of March, there died to that rude accompaniment the most sensitive musical Frenchman of his generation, a creative artist who had done more to enrich and deepen the esthetic traditions of his country than any modern master save Rodin. It is strange that these two men of profound and delicate genius, because of whom the music and the sculpture of France wear to-day new aspects, should have come to their ends in the most tragical hour of the nation which they had supplied with fresh claims upon the love of civilized men.

Rodin died in the fullness of a general public appreciation of the nature and value of his achievement. Debussy died in the fullness of a general misunderstanding as to the scope of his genius and the significance of his contribution to musical art. Indeed, Debussy's importance might be conveniently indicated to those familiar with the history of creative innovation by simply remarking that he has provoked all the familiar reactions caused by the exhibition of esthetic novelty. He has been denied the virtues which he securely possessed, and has been burdened with sins of which he was wholly guiltless. To have produced a work of art that in the same year was hailed by one distinguished appraiser as a revolutionary masterpiece, and repudiated by another, equally distinguished, as abominable rubbish, is to have established one's right to an Olympian passport as clearly as Mozart and Beethoven and Wagner established theirs.

It seems to us merely amusing that the "Eroica" Symphony should have been a hard nut for many of Beethoven's contemporaries to crack; and the anti-Wagnerites of the early eighties who could find no melodic beauty in "Siegfried" and "The Mastersingers" appear as absurd and incredible at this remove as the opponents of Galileo. Yet the contemporaries of Claude Debussy have bravely incurred the laughter of posterity by describing as "a miniaturist" the composer who found intense and large-molded utterance for the tragic passions of the fourth act of "Pelléas et Mélisande"; who filled his "Rondes de Printemps" with the green tides of May, with the freshness of orchards and gusty skies, and the lovely merriment of dancing and singing children; who captured the rhythms and colors of the sea and set them pulsing and shimmering on his orchestral canvas, leaving us a picture of sunrise over lonely waters that stands almost alone in tonal impressionism for breadth and splendor of imagination. And this "anti-lyrical" composer who taught modern music how to weave new spells of melodic loveliness, so that dozens of his contemporaries, enchanted by these fresh and limpid songs, dedicated their pipings exclusively to the task of an attempted duplication—this "little master," engrossed, they said, by "vaporous subtleties," given over to "delicate trifling and the search for new sensations," who searched out the souls of *Mélisande* and *Golaud* and *Arkel* and *Pelléas* and made them speak in his music with a poignant veracity and a sustained intimacy of revelation that can never be forgotten by those who have felt its power—this grotesquely

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misunderstood composer had to endure the crowning affront of hearing himself dismissed as one unfaithful to the best traditions of French art.

As a matter of demonstrable fact, no composer was ever more essentially French than Debussy. Those who saw in his orchestral fantasy, "L'Après-midi d'un faune," after Mallarmé's celebrated reverie, something merely vague and amorphous, were doubtless perfectly sincere. They were misled by the unfamiliarity of its musical substance. The work dates from 1892, and within a quarter of a century its contents have become an open book to all save a few incurably academic souls. It seems today as transparent and approachable as if it had been signed by Couperin; and in its continence, its unerring logic of plan, its symmetry of design, and its flawless ease and beauty of delivery it is French in the purest sense. But twenty-five years ago this music was a puzzling apparition in the musical heavens, a bird of strange iridescent plumage and erratic flight, singing a melody delicately wild and disconcerting. It flew across the tame and monotonous skies of the French music of the nineties like some translunar bird of paradise.

The music of France had witnessed no such spectacle as Debussy. A few pioneers of modernism like César Franck, Chabrier, Fauré, d'Indy, had begun their work of redemption, but French music was still what it had been made by the sentimentalism of Gounod, Thomas, Delibes, Massenet, Bizet, and the simian insincerities of Saint-Saëns. It was, for the most part, a thin and insipid brew, owing what strength it had to a dilute infusion of Wagnerism and to the growing, but limited, influence of the followers of César Franck. The general attitude of the French musical public at the time of Debussy's artistic coming-of-age may be judged by what Vincent d'Indy has told us of the manner in which César Franck's lucid D-minor Symphony was received in 1889, only three years before the completion of Debussy's "L'Après-midi d'un faune." "The subscribers [to the Conservatoire concerts] could make neither head nor tail of it," says d'Indy, "and the musical authorities were in much the same position."

If Franck's earnest symphonic banalities seemed a strange and forbidding thing to the Paris of 1889, it is easy to believe that the emergence a few years later of such a work as "L'Après-midi d'un faune" must have been an indication that musical history had turned a very sharp corner indeed. For here was a composer flaunting a new kind of harmony, a new way of conducting melody, a new way of evolving a tonal organism, a new kind of instrumental palette. It revealed unsuspected possibilities of tonal speech, this sensitive, fluctuant, elusive music, drifting like multicolored mist before the aural vision, suffused with opalescent lights, fugitive, evanescent; yet, for all its gossamer fineness of texture, as firmly articulated, as inflexibly logical in plan and development, as a Bach fugue. This incomparably subtle music, with its dim perspectives, its delicate sonorities, its saturation in poetic mood, its enchanting beauty, and its unmistakable individuality of accent, was apparently a new thing under the sun. It was music innocent, yet complex; reticent, yet impassioned; fastidious and patrician, yet as spontaneous and as palpably sincere as a song by Schubert. It was indisputably French in its clarity, its restraint, its grace, its perfection of form; yet its clarity was without obviousness, its restraint implied no emotional indigence. It had grace without slightness; it was rigorously formal, yet it had the free movement of clouds and water and flame. Its tact and its modulated emphasis were exquisite. It was irresistibly eloquent, yet it never raised its voice, disdaining rhetoric.

The genealogy of such music was naturally difficult to trace. Assuredly it was French in its avoidance of excess and turgidity and opaqueness, in its refinement, its precision, its economy of effort; but it displayed qualities that had never been native to French music in its more traditional aspects. It had ecstasy, it had emotional richness, and it betrayed a

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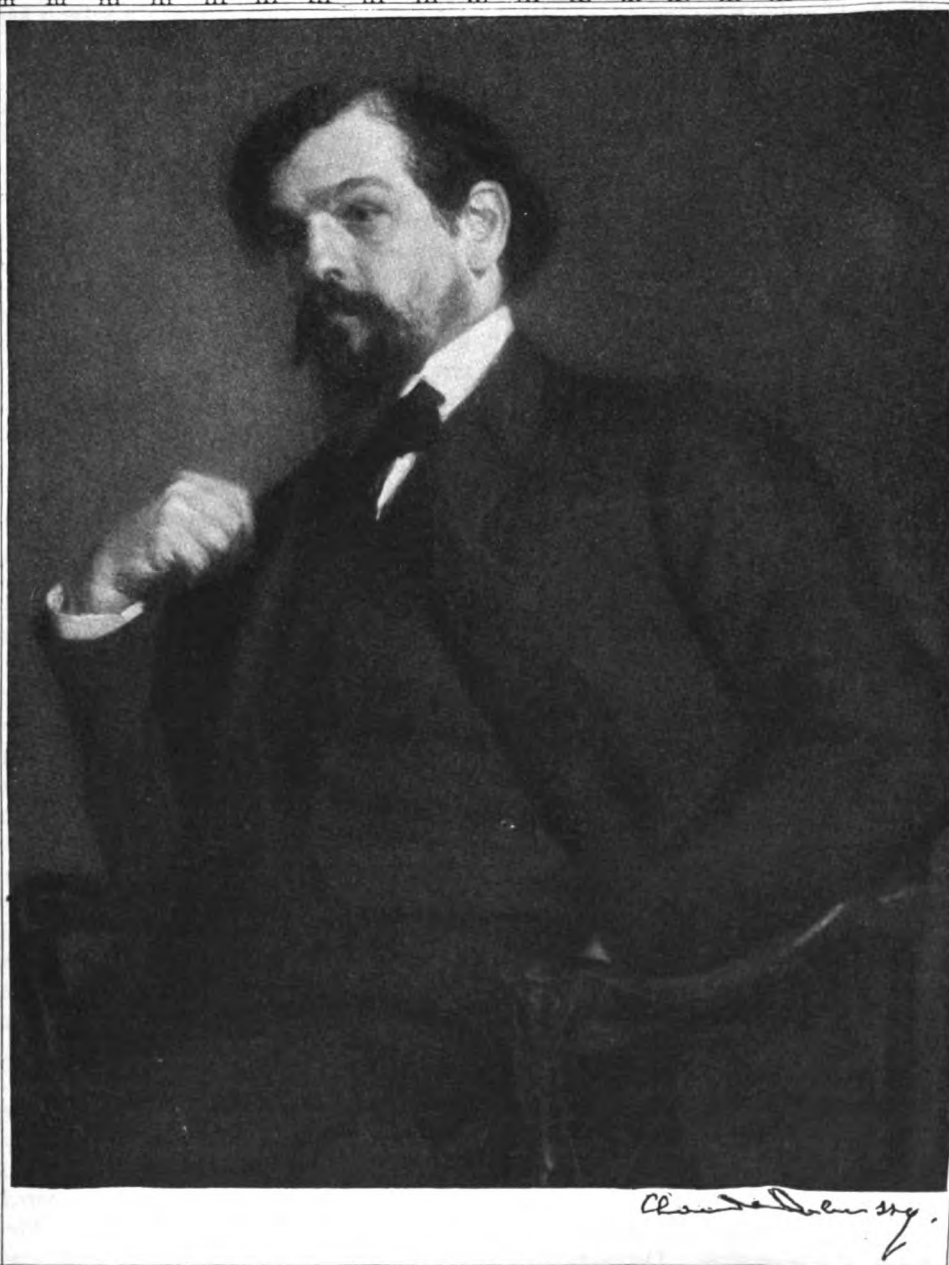

COMPOSER OF "PELLÉAS ET MÉLISANDE," AFTER THE PAINTING BY JACQUES BLANCHE

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supersensitive responsiveness to those moods and intimations that lie along the border-land of the dreaming mind. One would have sought fruitlessly for these traits in the music of Massenet or Saint-Saëns, Gounod or Bizet, Lalo or Bruneau. That true mystic and man of feeling, César Franck, was a Walloon, not a Frenchman. As for his French disciples, not one of them had Debussy's blend of depth and sensibility.

Further, this was music deriving from a new kind of inspiration. Debussy had been sitting at the feet of Mallarmé among that company of experimentalists in new kinds of beauty, new conceptions of style and form,—Verlaine, Gustave Kahn, Pierre Louys, Whistler, Regnier, —who gathered about "the Poet of Poets"; and the young musician had fed his imagination upon a stimulating and varied culture. For three centuries, as M. Louis Laloy has remarked, composers had as a rule been ignorant of the finer aspects of contemporary arts and letters, "a fact which they demonstrated whenever they ventured to write for the opera-house or the church. Think of the poems that Bach, Beethoven, and César Franck have honored with their music! It was reserved for Debussy to give us the composer-humanist, sensitive to beauty of every sort, knowing how to read and how to write." And so we find Debussy taking fire from these bright flames of the other arts, and setting not only Mallarmé's "famous miracle of unintelligibility," as Edmund Gosse called it, but poems by Verlaine and Pierre Louys. He had previously made songs out of verses by Baudelaire, and, a few years earlier, had succumbed to Rossetti and produced a setting of "The Blessed Damozel."

There is a legend that Debussy, while a youth performing his military duty at Evreux, used to listen with delighted attention to the overtones of bells from a neighboring convent as they sounded over the camp, and that these were recorded by him for future reference in the development of his system of harmonic structure, with its novel and daring employment of the acuter intervals. But despite the elaborate scientific exposition of his system by M. Jean Marnold, it is probable that Debussy's evolution of his harmonic scheme was as accidental as the circumstance that made him a musician. His parents were not musical, and Debussy as a child showed no musical inclination. It was his father's wish that he should be a sailor; but a relative of Paul Verlaine, overhearing the lad at the piano, thought she detected in him some gift for music, and she gave him lessons, so that he was able to enter the Conservatoire at Paris in 1873, in his eleventh year. There he captured three medals for *solfège*, a second prize for piano-playing, and worked hard at composition. He gained an *accessit* for counterpoint and fugue, and finally won the *prix de Rome* with a cantata, "L'Enfant prodigue."

At Rome he set music to a portion of Heine's drama "Almanzor," which served as his first *envoi*. He followed this with a symphonic suite, "Printemps," for orchestra and chorus, and a cantata, "La Demoiselle Elue," to Rossetti's poem done into French by Gabriel Sarrazin. On his return to Paris he encountered the score of Moussorgsky's opera, "Boris Godounoff," in the famous original version, before it was, as they say, bowdlerized by Rimsky-Korsakoff. This experience, and a visit to Bayreuth in 1889, moved him deeply. But in later years he declared Wagner to be "insupportable"—"this Wagner who has inflicted on us Wotan, the majestic, vacuous, insipid Wotan." Yet Debussy, despite his contempt for the creator of Wotan, did not scruple to help himself, while writing certain pages in "Pelléas et Mélisande," to ideas garnered from "The Ring" and "Parsifal." The influence of the Russian Nationalists has also left its mark upon his art. It is possible to discover definite traces of Moussorgsky (for example, the songs "Night" and "Retrospect") in "Pelléas et Mélisande" and "Nuages." There are reverberations of Borodine and of Rimsky-Korsakoff in "Pelléas," in the "Après-midi d'un faune," in the string quartet; and there

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is the more subtle influence of Moussorgsky's musico-dramatic method upon the conception of "Pelléas." Years earlier, as a lad of seventeen, Debussy had visited Russia as household pianist to a Mme. Metch, the wife of a prominent railroad constructor, and during this visit he met certain of the Nationalist group, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Borodine, Balakireff. But Debussy's indebtedness to the Russians has been greatly overstated. He leans upon them far less heavily than Wagner leaned upon Weber and Liszt and Chopin, or Brahms upon Schubert and Schumann, or César Franck upon Wagner and Liszt, or Ravel and a host of contemporary modernists upon Debussy himself.

Debussy's fundamental originality is unescapable; even his most strabmismic detractors concede this. He is as original and as individual as Chopin. Yet he obtained esthetic annexations and indemnities from varied sources—from Wagner and the Russians; from César Franck; from Chopin; from the old church modes; from the music of the Gipsies that he heard in the taverns of Moscow; from exotic music, the music of the East, which fascinated him at the Paris Exposition of 1889. But always his voice is unmistakable.

Debussy's most fertile and significant creative period was comprised within the eighteen years that followed the composition of "L'Après-midi d'un faune" in 1892. To these years of extraordinary fecundity belongs "Pelléas et Mélisande," upon which he labored for a decade. He produced also within this time the lovely string quartet, and for orchestra a group of masterworks: the three "Nocturnes," "La Mer," and two of the set of "Images," "Ibéria" and "Rondes de Printemps," all of them deeply characteristic and of capital importance among his larger writings. And this period yielded also songs and piano pieces of rare distinction and individuality: the "Fêtes galantes" after Verlaine, the "Proses lyriques" to words of his own, the "Chansons de Bilitis" after Pierre Louys; and such unprecedented writing for the piano as the [illegible]mpes" ("Pagodes," "Soirée dans Grenade," "Jardins sous la Pluie"), "L'Isle joyeuse," the two sets of "Images," among them the incomparable "Cloches à travers les Feuilles."

But there followed a tragic decline. Quite abruptly the quality of his writing deteriorated. It became formularized, arid, feeble, surprisingly vacuous. The music of his latter years seems painfully galvanized. It is dry, mechanical, often banal. At times it is mere sophisticated prettiness. The two series of "Preludes" for the piano, the third of the orchestral "Images" ("Gigues"), the incidental music to D'Annunzio's "Martyre de Saint Sébastien," the cello and violin sonatas, the song, "Noël des enfants qui n'ont plus de maisons," the "Berceuse héroïque" and the "Six épigraphes antiques" for piano—there is little in these to prove that Debussy was a tone-poet of the first order. As Ernest Newman said of a different master, this is the work of "an enormously clever man who was once a genius."

Perhaps the dazzling success that came to him after "Pelléas et Mélisande" had accomplished its journey through the operatic capitals of Europe and America made existence too distracting for him. We know that at the time of its production in 1902 Debussy was so poor that he accepted help from his publisher; that he was obliged to waste time upon musical journalism; that a sordid domestic *bouleversement* radically changed his life after fame had come to him; that he acquired, not too nobly, the means to assure material comfort. As Philip Hale has bitterly and sagely observed, some might think it significant that Debussy made no advance in musical expression after "Pelléas et Mélisande," which was composed when he was poor, before it became possible for him to live at ease and "to be fastidious in the stocking of his wine-cellar."

His last days could scarcely have been happy. Not only must the ravaging of his beloved France have made the writing of music seem almost anachronistic, but he developed a mortal illness. He died of cancer on March 26, in his fifty-sixth year.

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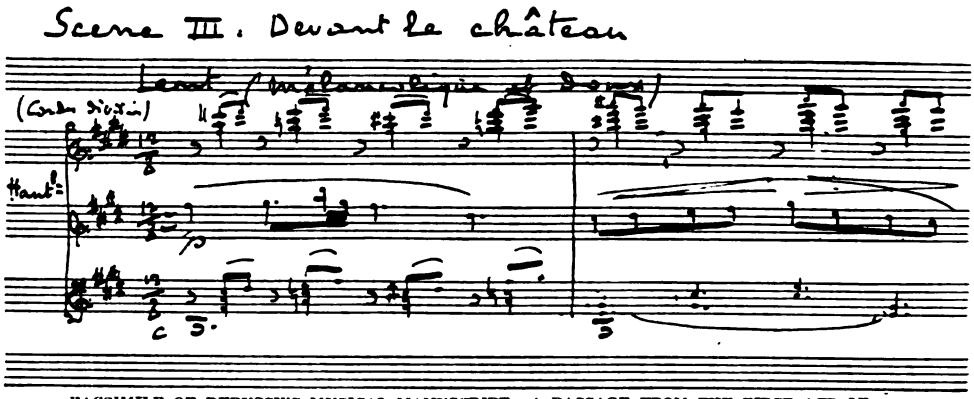
FACSIMILE OF DEBUSSY'S MUSICAL MANUSCRIPT. A PASSAGE FROM THE FIRST ACT OF "PELLÉAS ET MÉLISANDE"

Lord Rosebery said of Burns that he was "a soul bathed in crystal." It is hard to imagine Debussy saying that of any one. He would have preferred rather to think of the soul as wrapped always in shadow. He might have echoed the warning of the *Old Man* in "Intérieur," "Take care; we do not know how far the soul extends beyond man." Debussy was concerned not with what Maeterlinck contemptuously called "the famous 'real life,'" the outward life, the life we see and hear, but with "that other life which lies at the bottom of men's hearts and in the privacy of their conscience and in the unknown mysteries of this world . . . that life which is silent to our ears, but not to our sympathies." His most individual achievement is to have given us, for the first time in music, a sense of those twilight domains of consciousness, those secret regions of the soul which, as William James tells us, are parted from our normal, waking, rational consciousness by the filmiest screens, and into which most men project themselves only through dreams and glimpses. Debussy, having the piercing vision of the mystic, found nothing obscuring in those "filmy screens." His imagination passed into and dwelt at ease in that crepuscular world of emotional resonances and harmonics; and throughout his life as a creative artist he continued to bring back to us from across the border circumstantial tales of a country that had not before been explored by makers of music—tales of enchanted landscapes, of fabulous shores where "the noise of the sunfire on the waves at daybreak is audible for those who have ears to hear."

No one had done this before in music; no one had stood at so far-flung a psychic outpost and reported these mysteriously burdened winds, these tides so incalculably rhythmed, these fantastic and dream-colored landscapes, these murmuring voices of desire, the passionate, grave gestures of these mist-enwrapped protagonists of a secret and hidden drama. This was Debussy's special contribution to creative music. He enlarged its expressional territory, he opened a path into an unexplored world of the imagination.

He could not have achieved this, of course, had he not possessed an extraordinary capacity for subtle and searching expression. Maeterlinck is said to have exclaimed when Debussy told him he had decided to set "Pelléas et Mélisande" to music:

"You will never be able to accomplish such an amazing feat. How would you, for instance, interpret in music a phrase like, *'Ah! qu'il fait beau dans les ténèbres'?"*

"I have already done it," answered the composer.

And he had.

Throughout the years of his artistic prime Debussy's expressional power was always, indeed, equal to any task he set for it. Meredith spoke once of the capacity of the rare poet to "rouse the inward

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vision," to "spring imagination with a word or phrase." Debussy can spring imagination with a single chord, and he has the inestimable gift of saying with simplicity profound and subtle things. In the love scene of the fourth act of "Pelléas," *Mélisande* sings her *"Mais, je suis triste"* to a melodic phrase in which Debussy reveals to us at a stroke the very hue of *Mélisande's* enigmatic and wistful soul. In the scene at the old abandoned fountain in the park he gives us the essential atmosphere of haunted quiet and shadowy cool depths by a single chord of the horns, harp, and strings. When *Pelléas* comes up out of the dank vaults under the castle to the sunlit terrace, Debussy paints the contrast in a passage so radiantly vivid and lovely, so drenched in the color of the moment, so full of "all the air of all the sea" and the fragrance of wet roses and greenness and noonday warmth, that one forgets to notice the simplicity of the means employed—arpeggios for flute and harps, a joyous phrase for the trumpet, the sparkling of the glockenspiel. That is all; yet a magical evocation has been accomplished. Such miracles of expression are indisputable evidence of the highest order of genius we can seek in an interpretive composer. For what more can we ask of him than that he express man and his environment with communicative eloquence? Whether it be Wagner achieving this in *Tristan's* death scene or Moussorgsky achieving it in the songs "Without Sunlight" or Bach achieving it in the meditations of the B-Minor Mass or Debussy achieving it in "Pelléas," there is for us only one response—an uncovering of the head in veneration as before a mystery.

There remains to be indicated Debussy's service to French music. That service was to enrich its emotional substance and extend its imaginative awareness. He found the musical art of France beginning to shake itself free from a long bondage to inferiority. It was for the most part still an empty and paltry thing, emotionally shallow and imaginatively thin; an art often externally refined and adroit, but inwardly meager and unrewarding. Debussy left it deepened and sensitized. He was the first to endow it with an authentically original voice, with a style of rare and high distinction. He found it speaking mediocre rhetoric; he left it capable of speaking poetry. He was at once the least French and the most French of composers; for while he had none of the typical faults of French music, he had all of its transcendent virtues, besides those others that he himself was the first to confer upon it.

His contributions to the technical resources of music have not yet been justly valued. He was as true an innovator as Bach or Wagner. He amplified the materials of his art by a variety of enlargements and intensifications. He was a singularly original melodist. His harmonic extensions, his adventurous use of neglected scales, his necromantic employment of the orchestra—these have made us see the world of the musician with fresh eyes.

A protean being, a mercurial temperament, he was by turns lyrist, dramatist, impressionist. He was a subtle psychologist, and a tonal landscape-painter who, like St. Martin, had "seen flowers that sounded and heard notes that shone." He was both Oriental and Hellenic. A ravishing colorist, he had a Mozartean sense of line.

He was a profound and clairvoyant humanist, a wise and tender student of our mortal ways. His intuition of the heart was exquisite. He spoke nobly, largely, and with emotion of "first and last things." On its highest levels, his "Pelléas" is among the universal things of art: the musical synonyms which he has found for its pity and sorrow, for its exhibition of the blind struggles of the predestined against their bars, are inevitable and overwhelming. This is a tragedy that stands with "Tristan," with "Lear," with all those anguished and compassionate chronicles in which tortured souls become immortal symbols. He has known how to find music for the sublime reflection of *Arkel,* "If I were God, I should pity the hearts of men."

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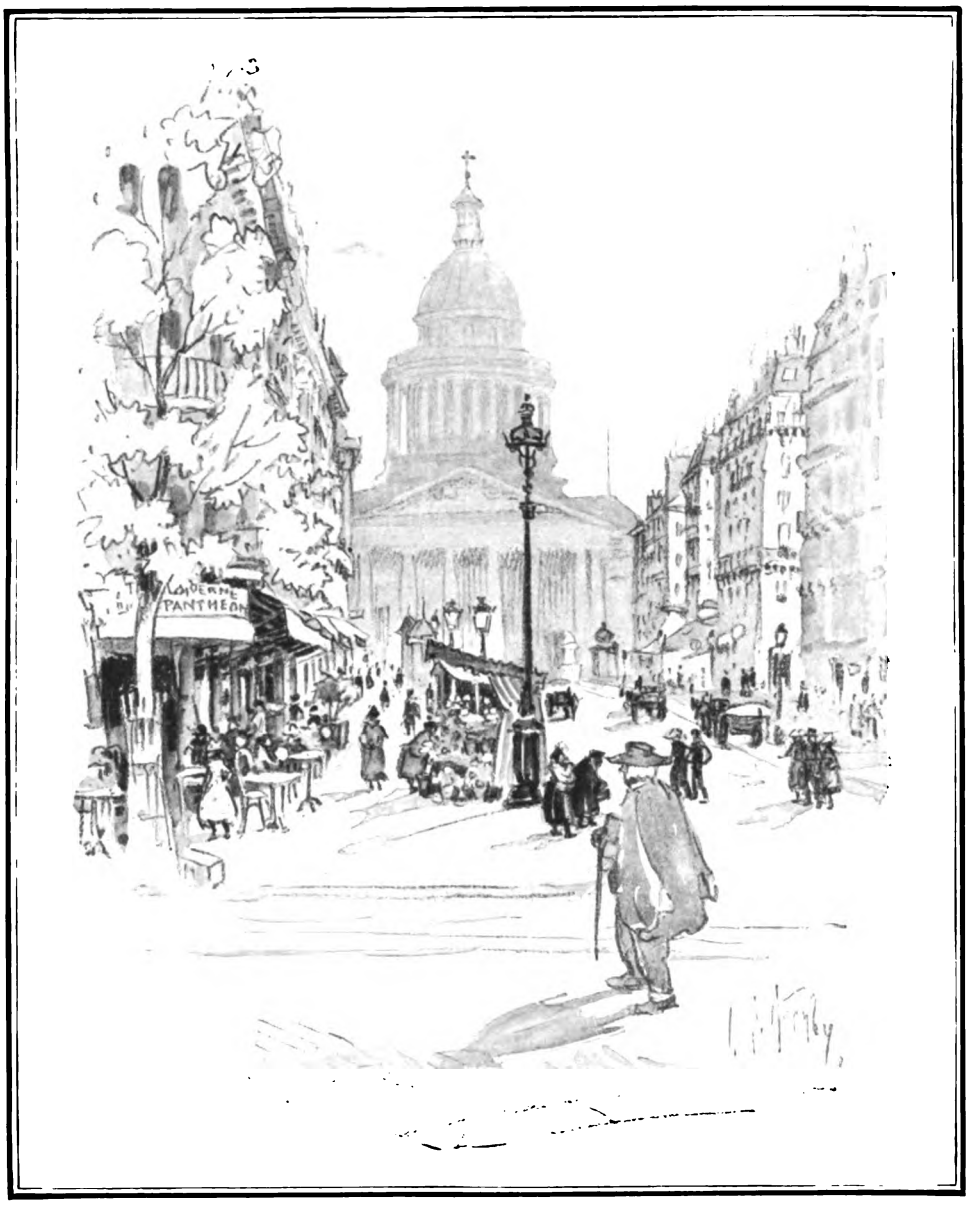
GLIMPSES OF PARIS

Drawings by
Lester G. Hornby



THE PANTHÉON

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UNDER THE LOUVRE

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CHÂTEAU DE LA REINE BLANCHE COUR DES GOBELINS

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His New Mortal Coil

By ARTHUR JOHNSON

Illustrations by Earle Teale

NOTHING would induce me to exploit what I know about Teddy McElroy as material—trick it out for the market, I mean, with hero and "love interest" garbled to the popular pattern. No, I care too much for that, for anything except to ease my mind of the mere truth. Besides, there are things, you know, that this war uncovers: fiction is n't up to; not yet, at least. His case may be one. It 's all climax, with hardly beginning or end, the span of a mad romanticism.

When I first knew him he was a bell-boy at a club, where I came across him one day, sitting rather wistfully outside the squash-courts, with a big red, plush-covered volume on his knees. I remember that I thought "Flights from the Fireside" was such a nice title for it, and asked him what great poet he ranked next to Longfellow. But he only wiped a finger and opened the book and shyly pointed out to me Shelley's "Ode to the West Wind," double-columned there on the thick, gilt-edged pages. "Though it goes some hard," he admitted.

I offered him, by way of apology, a suit of clothes from my locker, which surprised and absorbed him so much that he took it without a word; just felt of the cloth right away, fondled it, turned, and strode off, whistling vaguely. Wherefore he wrote me next day the most touching letter, beginning "Dear friend," and making up for all absence of punctuation by the size of the dots over the small i's he substituted for capitals.

Then he cropped up several weeks later at a public bath where I went for noonday swims. He wandered toward me, staring, stopping intermittently, and waited, just an ingratiating twinkle in his eye by way of introduction. I should n't have recognized him undressed, but for the plush-covered volume in his hand, open at "The West Wind."

"Still at it, are you?" I said.

"Nope. Engineerin'—nights. Come here for sun and—"

He pointed to the sea, tossed his head.

So I asked him more explicitly what he was working at, and found his "raise" was to the freight-yards of a railroad company. Not "drivin' " a locomotive; not at all. Some sort of mechanical doings; something he 'd got more or less fitted for "draggin' a chain in Canada." Whatever he meant, I let it go at that, wishing not to strip his pride bare.

"Let 's—you swim, can't you?"

But he was ready with a grave, obsequious look of understanding if I could n't. I reassured him, too presumptuously, I decided after we started; for he 'd "crawl" like lightning leagues away, thrust his head up and round to sight me, and have to come trudgeonning back; and then, turning a few somersaults impatiently, just as a sobering preliminary, pause into my breast-stroke alongside. "Restin'," he called it. He met my applause with further prowess, and, when I vainly imitated, said: "Ain't it more easy, say? See how quick you got it?"

I did n't know any more about him than this, though. I met him a few other times on the beach, always with his book tucked under an arm very much as if it were a newspaper. This was in the spring and summer of 1914. He disappeared cas-

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ually in the course of things. I did n't even know he 'd gone to war; never thought of it. Those letters came out in the papers not much later, but I missed seeing them.

Poring back over the ground, nothing seems to me more like a clue to it all than that he wrote them. I mean they show that the miracle had n't yet begun then. He 'd gone to fight, he 'd been in the trenches several weeks or more; but that was n't enough to start him. He was still the uninitiated lad I 'd seen, with the divine spark still hidden in him.

One—two, perhaps; I never asked him how many—was to a girl who lived in Fitchburg, Massachusetts; the other, or others, to his mother, staying, not living, in the same place. He 'd pacified his mother, you see, when she tried to prevent his enlisting, by the statement that he was only going back to Canada, where her mother lived, from whose roof he 'd fled once as a boy, to drag that chain, I suppose. And he did go, though not to his grandmother, of course, but to the infantry there, where his under-ageness would n't be so current or questioned. The girl he 'd know only in a humdrum way, the knowing being mostly on her side. They 'd buggyed together when that railroad sent him once to measure a piece of track in her neighborhood; they went to picture shows and sat on the piazza. I believe he was perfectly direct when he told me three years afterward that he 'd never come within "a thousand kilometers" of mentioning to her such a possibility as marriage.

But you can imagine what it was like in the trenches when there came a lull. Letter-writing was probably as *comme il faut* as at a house-party. A mere parent, moreover, did n't dramatically suffice. So he dug up the memory of that Fitchburg girl and set her on the pedestal of his emergency.

He was n't homesick or very bored or disheartened, as you 'll see, but what, with the censor to satisfy, however less rigid censorship was in those early days, and with his epistolary inexperience, he fell into driveling sentimentalities. He wrote how he wondered what they were doing away off across the world, and if he could only drop in for an evening; said he was all fed up with war; doubted, likely, if he 'd ever be spared to see his native land. Sheer easy-going, sad stuff, you know, flowers of ennui, for which he 'd racked his brains—hardly that!—to fill the bill.

And he filled it with a vengeance. Hence the tragedy. His mother got hers and wept. The girl got hers and flew—like *Micæla*—to the mother of her far-lured deserter, who she was sure loved *her* best if only— The two stricken women must have got all there was out of it. More. They may even have got a lawyer *then*. I don't know.

The letters—two, at any rate—appeared in the papers, headed: "Sweetheart of Fitchburg Society Girl Decoyed to the Firing-Line; Mother Seeks Aid from President to Recover Infant Son,"—he was only eighteen or nineteen by that time,—and Lord knows what else.

They did n't leave a stone unturned, apparently. Birth-certificates were forwarded to consuls, ambassadors were importuned, till, like a bolt from the blue, the ambitious perpetrator of those missives, who had faced death and destruction for whatever glamour they might afford, found himself honorably discharged from his Majesty's service, and sent under escort to England, there to be placed on a steamer bound for the United States.

All of this happened back in the first year of the war. I found it out only in the summer of 1917. I was working in my office late one afternoon when the girl at the switchboard announced there was somebody wanted to see me. I was living in the country, debating whether to go home or to stay in town, and supposed it was my neighbor's chauffeur sent to offer me a lift.

Instead, a tall Scottish officer entered my room—a major, I noted, with an eye to his shoulders. Wings were embroidered on his gold-buttoned coat; he wore McKenzie plaid trews for trousers, a jeweled dagger, a feathered cap, which he

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shifted under an arm as he approached and stood still to greet me.

"Nice tan that you have."

Was it so conspicuous?

"But, I say, are n't you glad at all to see me?"

No victim of apparitions felt ever more hallucinated. I beheld, if I had a mind left, a civilized, cultivated man-of-the-world-ish Scotsman or Englishman—which? Hair dashingly groomed in the British way,—there is a difference, you know,—an insular bloom on his cheeks, with a carefully trained light mustache—scarcely a vestige really to vouch for his identity!

"Won't you please sit down?" I said.

There was just a trace, an echo in that wondering laugh. I threw my arms around him and hugged him, mostly from general overwrought relief, I think.

"You have n't changed much," he said.

"Don't rub it in," I answered.

Again that echo.

"Why, Teddy—you were—you were young and—and unformed—and—"

"A bit crude was I, eh, what?"

He straightened himself, reaping the harvest of my stupefaction. It was what he 'd come for. I began to realize that as I got my breath and we talked on.

"On leave now?" I endeavored to assume, bracing myself against a chair.

"Not exactly that. 'Exchange,' I think you say. You wired for two young officers with wings to help along—God bless it!—the great new nation that 's to win for us. So Reese—the mad major, d' you see?—was despatched, I with him. We 're billed and booked for Texas tomorrow. At your service, sir. But—but I did want to see you, I say."

A lump rose in my throat. And it was n't only that last delicate fall of the voice for me, either, dropping its hint that this vision would n't presume on my friendship. Everything got me completely.

That speech of his to the bartender who refused him a drink was a classic. No explanation that his uniform was foreign, mind you; no complaint. Only a fervent paragraph in which he expressed the hope that "your law is the right way," and that "this will do the trick for us; perhaps it 's where we 're wrong." And then, when I explained that the man was stupid, that it was n't our law to refuse *him,* and that we 'd go elsewhere.

"No; really no. Rather be a slacker just now. Promise you I had. Drink to *her,* if you will."

He was fumbling in his small breast pocket, an outside one, yes, one over his heart, saying the while:

"Yet I always do when I go up. Bad habit, maybe. I wonder. I 've known fellows never get back who did n't. Nerves, something—who knows? I have it here; one second. To *her?"*

What I saw seemed for a moment the supreme test of him, the greatest a man can undergo. You know how you feel when acquaintances, friends even, show you a picture of a girl they 're going to marry? You know how the pictures look to *you?* But ask me to this day, as people do, what my idea of feminine charm and beauty is, and I 'll answer: the daughter of Sir Lionel Brent, bart., as she looked to me thus that night, affianced for three months to Major Teddy McElroy.

I forgot my glass. He reminded me. I raised it and drank to them both with all my soul, as in a dream.

"I 've had rather poor luck with girls, d' you see?" he said. "The badgering, vampirish kind, ones who asked you"—his mind drifted back, but his voice did n't waver—"to meet 'em in unhandy places when there was real work ahead, just because it was difficult; just to *do* you, you know. And I 've been bullied and done. But"—he took the picture from me and gazed at it like a prince—"I—I get down on my knees and pray for that little girl."

We talked on until four in the morning, until long after I began to think beyond his mere perfections. To fathom the secret of them became uppermost in my mind.

"I wanted to see you," he explained, "and wanted also that you see me, somebody who—"

He 'd looked up my address at the club —the very same club, fancy!—and then

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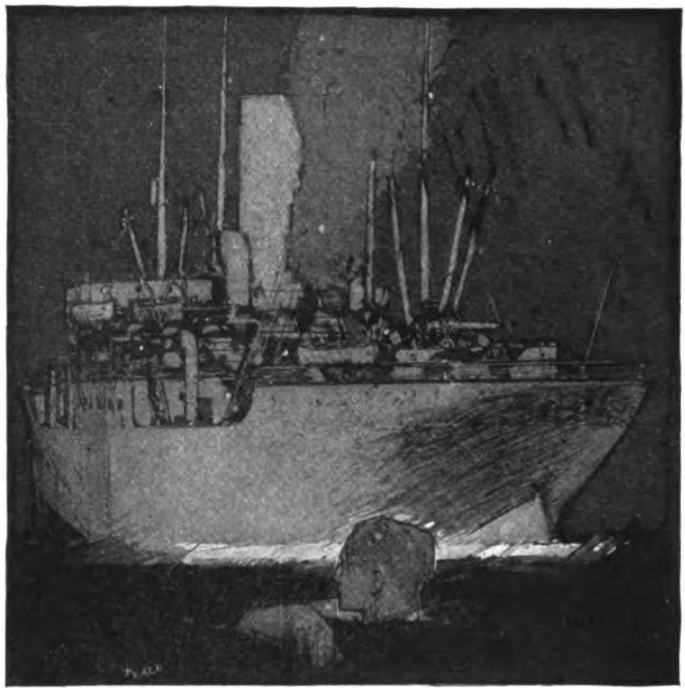

"THE BEGINNING, AFTER THE SHIP WAS CLEAR, WAS EASY"

waited till nearly five o'clock lest he disturb me. He 'd been walking the streets, confronting the haunts of his boyhood with his new eyes, as one comes back to old mirrors for the truth after momentous things. And I was an old mirror in a sense. He wanted to show himself to just somebody who would judge. He did need somebody's word besides his own for it for the success of his plan.

He described how he felt when he found himself discharged from the army, taken under escort to that homeward-bound ship. It seemed at last to him that he was up against a dead wall, with nothing to be proud of, nothing to gain. "It was immensely worse than just being killed," he said.

He was only baggage, returned freight found wanting, scarce worth the space for it, he estimated, gazing at the backs of busy men near the stern. But—but—"tameless and swift and proud!" The words from that favorite poem of his flew into his mind then, amid the whistles and yells that dinned the on-coming gloom.

The boat was well under way. He watched the foam gurgling round the side, and looked up to the lamp-lit shore as for the last time. He followed it along. And all at once it represented almost the very goal he 'd left home for. He could n't puzzle out why, did n't understand; but it was like a haven he felt himself being torn from—"tameless and swift and proud." Never quite, when he left home, had he bothered to reason out why he was going to fight. It had n't been so much to fight, perhaps, as to expand. His reasons, whatever they were, loomed to him of a sudden as most definitely embodied in that hazy, dim shore he was leaving.

Drenched to the skin by the rain, mind you, grasping the rail in the dark. Not much chance for a revelation, do you think? But he had it. Like that, all at once, he got a first sight of what it might conceivably be like to get away from himself forever—enough, at any rate, to inspire a decisive step. His whole scheme, doubtless, developed only gradually.

The downpour had driven everybody inside except the hands still busy on the

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poop. How many yards could it be to the land? He suspected footsteps coming,—hordes of them,—voices calling. He told me that then, in that infinitesimal interval, his mind shot sharply back to our public bathing-place, to gage whether my applause of his prowess was dependable for the attempt. He sprang over the side before the men turned, and leaped out as far as he could.

He never could make himself, he said, recollect the last lap of that swim. The beginning, after the ship was clear, was easy. He crawled, face in water, "resting" now and again to get his direction. He grew very winded; his strength dwindled with his confidence. Then he found himself saying, "Be thou me, impetuous one," over and over long after it became meaningless as a fillip and persisted automatically in time with his strokes. After that came oblivion, the shore somehow, to which he dragged himself numb and reeling. It was about a mile from the town. He hired a wretched room and dried his clothes,—the very ones I 'd given him,—and took the next train for London.

He prowled around through that night and the following day, making up his mind. Nobody there he knew; American resources out of the question. Then came the thought of a man called Lord Irelie, there on leave, whom he 'd chanced a few words with once beforehand. He looked out his address, found he was on the telephone, and catching him opportunely off to Scotland, accompanied him thither to his castle for a fortnight's stay.

"I must have had a trick of picking up things I heard when I 'd time," he explained further. "At any rate, they forgot in some days, I venture to think; I 'd not always been Scottish—if I had n't."

If he "had n't"? I mulled over suspiciously. Was "time" really of the essence? I was given no time to answer.

For McCoy of Loch Louie and Ornby of Fife were organizing a battalion and wanted him to join. And that was how he became "of the land" and *twenty-eight years old*—so far on with his plan now there could be no going back on it.

I 'm picking out the more important bits here and there, as what I take it was his next step, which came after the Battle of Loos, when of that whole battalion there were only thirty men remaining.

They were scattered, stunned. There was n't much else to do, so he proceeded to get them together and march them around. "You can imagine," he said; "confusion, no one paying attention to us. The men did n't know what to do or where to go. Somebody had to lead." He rose to the occasion. "That was all." He, an N. C. O.; a "one pipper," was his word for it.

Until a captain strolling by saw and shouted, "You 'd better have an officer there, had n't you?" And he answered, smiling, and surveying the desolated scene, "Most certainly, sir, if you 'll find one."

Thus he kept control of his little band for ten whole days; it was the beginning of his career. He got to like those fellows more and more, he "promised" me. Then a brigadier arrived, and they were regularly taken in charge; sent out to put up barbed wire at the wrong times, so that they dwindled to nine. He hated to go then the last time. It was a beautiful morning, too, "and the spring comes slowly up that way, does n't it, though?" But he could n't object. Less than an hour afterward he saw the other eight done for at a yard's distance. "Machine-gun, of course. I myself got the very best wound a man in England had up to then survived." He had not recovered wholly; he limped, as I could see, "but only when the weather was bad," he said, due to sciatica that resulted from it. It was a bayonet-thrust, just above the hip, and clean through, though it must have struck higher than he described, as some dozen inches of intestines had to be removed.

"The very best wound" did n't half do it justice. Why, Sir Somebody, the greatest surgeon in all England, heralded it like a pet experiment. Everybody heard of it. Everybody came to that hospital where he was, and the queen as well. She stooped over his cot and tried to murmur apropos words, and slipped "this gold cross."

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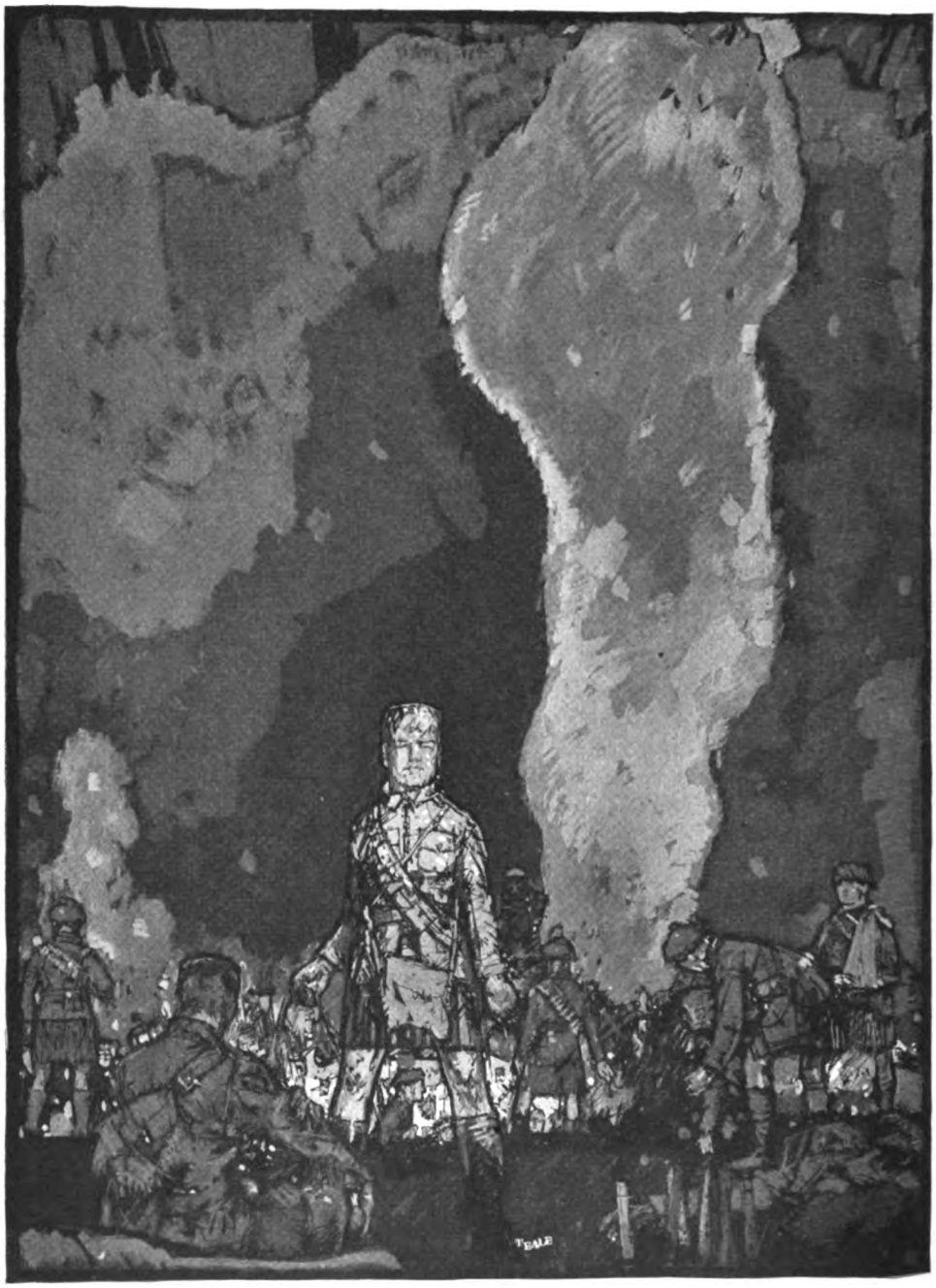

"AFTER THE BATTLE OF LOOS, WHEN OF THAT WHOLE BATTALION THERE WERE ONLY THIRTY MEN REMAINING"

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which he fished from a pocket to show me, into his hand. Queens did have a certain usefulness in these days, I was bound to think. And Lady Tunderly of Southcote, in Kent, not far away, had him removed thither as soon as his strength permitted.

Thence began a series of visits for his convalescence. All of these facts I had rather to dig for, let me say. But he was swapped, as nearly as I could make out, from duchess to duchess. No wonder that with his trick of hearing (and of seeing, he ought also by rights to have confessed to) he had heard and seen enough to make up for everything which he 'd earlier missed. And on top of it all aviation was in readiness to atone for his recovery. He was seconded from his regiment, made captain in another two months, shot through the right lung soon, and, being death-proof, became a major. Twice, on the occasion of each commission, he had been presented, wearing a Napoleonic fur cap, with thirty-two yards of tartan around his neck, the long ends fluttering over his shoulders. Courts, too, thank Heaven! survived to some purpose.

"You 've *flown*—over *France?*" I had to ask.

"And Mesopotamia—and—dropped a few on Heidelberg."

Well, we got back to his apartment at the hotel finally, for me to see all the pictures he 'd kept of everything. He took me up himself, by the way, the elevator-man being—it was late—nowhere visible. "Step in, won't you?" he bade me, clicked to the sliding glass door, and took the lever, thus doffing his new code, you see, for this emergency. But not for long; his own man answered our knock. "Say to the porter, please, I 've left the lift on this floor. You need n't wait up," were his orders. And then he proceeded to show me the photographs, for all the world like exhibits in support of his case.

"That 's McCoy of Loch Louie," he got to at length. "If ever there was a friend in this world, McCoy of Loch Louie is a friend of mine. One night at Irelie's,—he extricated a snap-shot of the big dismal hall and submitted it,—"the whole lot of them talking over there, I got him in a corner—there—and told him the whole story."

"Oh, you did!" I echoed, surprised at my satisfaction.

"I never was to tell it to anybody, either," — that *burr-r* again, — "but I lacked courage just then, I expect, and there was that in him like yourself that did n't undo me to have him know."

I puzzled over it, trying hard to conceal my disappointment, though it was resolving itself on me, I admit, like a lump of lead.

"What did he say?" I asked.

"He said I 'd as good a right as himself, d' you see? 'The McElroys are many,' he said, 'but we 'll be finding you a grandfather, m' lad. He 'll be over the heath here a hundred miles or so, no doubt.' Rather handsome of him."

Silence.

"And I must have had"—mark his "have had"—"blood in me somewhere. My father—I did n't know much about any pater, he 's dead so long—emigrated, I expect. Fancy, though, he married a bit shy of himself. He married a Ferguson."

Old-World snobbery, after all; it poisoned the very bloom it fertilized into being. But—but I must have time to think. One could n't demand him in all the circumstances to reconstruct too literally. He went on handing his further exhibits out scrupulously—other likenesses of the daughter of Sir Lionel Brent now, and his voice softened nearly to a whisper.

"She comes up to about my shoulder—here. That 's better of her eyes." (This one had a large ME written in the corner.) "And her hat 's off there. You can see her hair. It 's dark, shining brown. I don't expect either," he added argumentatively, "you will never know me quite well until you know her."

I waited, impressed and dubious, brooding in silence. One had n't to be assured of the sort she was.

"What does *she* know?" I could n't help asking.

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"Everything that 's pertinent," he said.

I nodded, at a loss still, but without the right to press him further.

"I supposed you 'd not have sounded—or looked so—so different over there," I only said.

He smiled at that, fingering the ends of his mustache confidently.

"The preliminaries *were* difficult," he observed. "I used to talk English to the Scotsmen and Scottish to the English—at first. When they asked questions, I 'd give them a Gaelic answer—ask another, d' you see?"

No hesitancies over this, no embarrassment or shame.

"At first?" I let slip.

"Did the trick, eh, what?"

He drew himself up as if to show me.

"They 'd all like you better for what you are. They 'd forgive you in an instant now," I said.

I might have been, to judge by his demeanor, a hundred miles from the point. It was apparently the last thing he expected me to balk at or have to thresh out. He began to take the pictures from my knees and pile them together to put back into their case on the table.

"I 'm not a four-flusher; I thought I need n't explain," he relented, pausing.

But why not? My silence must have implied, with a crassness that weighs on me still.

"Did I pretend to you—at that club—on that beach?"

I felt stupid, half back in one of my fearsome moods lest he fade under my very eyes.

"But did I seem to want to, eh?"

"Whatever you want, you have the right to now," I assented dreamily.

His sincerity shone in that desperate quick scrutiny he cast around, as though for inscrutable ruins already; in that stoop of the shoulders, that pallor, that majestic humility.

"She 'd understand!" he bravely grasped at to himself, with a splendid stare at me that forestalled questions. "But *if she knew*, how could I be what I am—any more than now what I was?"

One must see him and hear him as I did, I suppose. But, oh, I wonder if by that last righteous touch he would have brushed for you all cobwebs aside; lifted the final veil of suspicion; swept you to him on the spot, to hand out the soonest you could a just verdict. But never having been to war, where was one to have got standards applicable to such a state of things? One got them there perhaps. But without them, how could one be up to his plan in a flash, let alone judge it?

For his quandary was n't lest the daughter of Sir Lionel Brent might throw him over, but lest the man she loved might, if he told her, cease to exist, like Samson shorn.

"One or the other," he argued further; "I could n't be both, worse luck, d' you see?" He flatly denied his ability to pretend anything.

He would n't have it that he was one bit an adventurer in the slang sense. That much of his intention was really almost beginning to dawn on me. So little was it his scheme that he did n't now mean even to disclaim the past. To disclaim the past was to claim the present, and he refused to claim anything. Instead, he 'd just shuffled off his old mortal coil entirely as something never to be accounted for by him in this world again. He hoped, believed, he was another person.

The magic quality of his conviction floored me, but spurred me on.

"It sounds pretty necromantic," I said with some levity, I 'm afraid.

"It was, is, a weakness—'necromantic,' if you like."

But there were questions enough besides these. There was nothing to come except questions.

"So, how can I go to his mother now, or make the least sign to her?" was the next one he heaped upon me with a crash.

"She does n't know you 're *here?*"

"Is n't that son of hers done for?" he demanded, searching my face in terror of what I would say. "She stuck to him only for what she hoped he was, did n't she? Wished him no chance to change? Insisted on his keeping the low level she 'd

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borne him to? Pathetic of her—for her; but what else could *he* do in the circumstances?"

What if the structure of his progress had, as he reasoned, been at stake? The very fact of his transformation implied some mystery. Was the offered solution any more mysterious? But could n't he, I tried to calculate, have become this eminent warrior—only twenty-one or two years old, notwithstanding his army age—right in the face and eyes of old traditions? Or even as far away from them as his first glimpse of the trenches got him? For there he wrote those driveling letters, one must n't forget, still in touch and in tune with his squalor.

"He had n't the spirit to cope with his prison," answered the major, as if reading my calculations. "'A heavy weight of hours—chained and bowed' him. That small town where he 'd been born and bred, with its fettering pettiness, blighted him, where, if he even sought an unfrequented side of the street for a bit of freedom, somebody 'd jeer, 'Why don't you walk on this side, Ted?' till he 'd cross meekly over. The blight of it pursued him afield. He could n't pretend anywhere. He was always conquered, subjected at heart in his old shell."

My memory embellishes somewhat, no doubt, for I flung at whatever he said something like this:

"Now that you 've emerged, it 's easy to cope with, though. Nothing 's at stake now. *You* can cope with anything. Keep it at a distance, perhaps, but don't funk it altogether. That 's the way, is n't it?"

"But the *new* way was irresistibly at hand. For he 'd tasted the secret of why men fight, d' you see?"

His quixotic arguments sank deeper into my reflections. What so illogical in that he 'd fitted the "new way" to his own individual cause against the barbarism of the lot he 'd been born into? It was an apothesis of his plan indubitably. Nevertheless, I was still in doubt, and rather inclined to patronize his stupidity.

But suspend *your* judgment to the last fall of the curtain. I can hardly bear to tell it, impatient as I am to scatter the beauty of it broadcast.

I did not see him again before he left for Texas, and a month or two hence he was called to England, and I got only a telegram announcing his sudden censored departure. I unworthily wished, I confess, that it had been a letter instead. One who had had correspondence from his old self could n't help wondering what sort of letter his new incarnation would write.

I got over in the course of things. We all do, despite our misgivings, except those of us who are lame and halt and—worse than both—old. I was old, but I managed it, as we all can sooner or later.

I was at a London club. Everything appeared as far as could be from the theme of my thoughts when I broached the subject. I had supposed, of course, that here or there, after searching, I should let fall upon an attentive ear; but not there. I just incontinently "tried it on." So appreciate my surprise when I found I had stumbled on what, owing to my being a foreigner, they steered clear of.

"A member here," said one, with a look at the others; and that started us.

But I won't dissemble. He—my major—was the talk of the town. Everybody was seething over the dénouement. Not because they bore him any grudge. It was far from that. It was only because it made him more spectacularly marvelous.

He was married,—I assimilated that fact readily,—but he 'd turned out not to be a Britisher. Some girl or other, who was—"er—er—bred in the same province" as himself, had come over and sued the daughter of Sir Lionel Brent for alienation of his affections. He had a mother, too, of sorts, who, it was rumored, had n't had the money to come herself to testify, but who had forwarded affidavits and depositions that helped on the proceedings. But the suit had been ably defended. The jury had returned a quick finding against the plaintiff.

"He had to appear in court?" I gasped.

Oh, no; did n't have to, but did, was given time expressly to do so. Told the

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whole truth and nothing but the truth, beautifully. It had made him the fashionable lion of the hour. Everybody tried in vain to get hold of him before he went back to France. That 's how London still rewards entertainment!

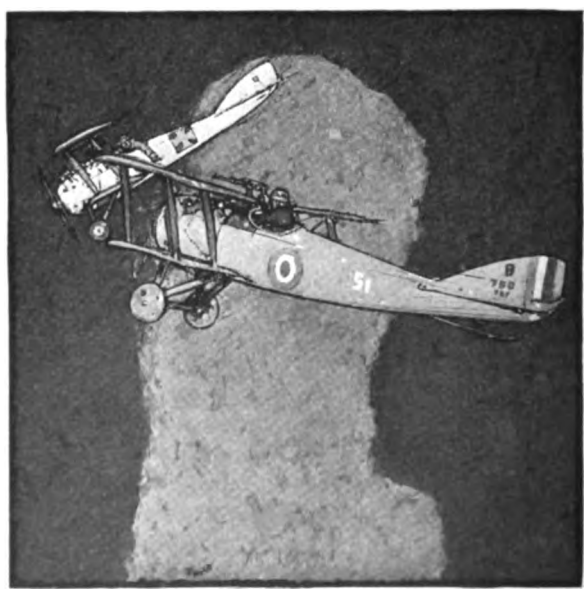
But nobody seemed to understand *my* worry. Why? They had sent at once their congratulatory resolutions, which were acknowledged by his wife duly. She was radiant in her vindication! Everything was better for him than ever, they assured me.

Naturally, though, I did n't intend to wait for that. I intended to go straight to him — as straight as the authorities would permit. I was even on my way when the news-women were shouting: "McElroy brought down! McElroy brought down! McElroy brought down!"

I read all the papers said. They told of a duel in the air, at so many hundreds or thousands of feet, which lasted for fully three hours, and that kind of thing. They published a picture, with an unmentionable name, of him who had accomplished the astounding feat. I marked those specious emblems on the breast. I studied the big, bland countenance well; but did *I* discern any mastery there, or believe a single egregious word? Had n't I heard tell also of the strategy of the Somme retreat, of the overthrow of Verdun, and the Jutland vainglory? I did n't know first hand about those, perhaps, but I did about this. It was too close to me. The victim of this tale was not a "four-flusher." That was all the defeat there was to it.

And I doubt if, even could McCoy of Loch Louie have been true to his promise and found him a grandfather, that would have saved him. It was no mere gap that patchwork could fill. The stuff of his dreams had been demolished, his cherished plan betrayed irretrievably. Never again could he have donned that superlative presence and looked out of those grave, cheerful eyes—eyes that reflected not so much the horrors of war as the difficulties of winning it—and said, "One or the other; I could n't be both, worse luck, d' you see?" till the sight and sound should have captured you. He was a victim who wanted to be shot down.

In my memory, be it ever so negligible, he keeps the society he merits. There at last he holds fête with "the great Achilles whom we knew" and Dante and Napoleon and "many more too long."



"THEY TOLD OF A DUEL IN THE AIR"

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"IN THE PANELS OF THE . . . DOOR . . . IN OUR HOUSE WERE LITTLE GRATED SQUARES"

A Childhood in Brittany Eighty Years Ago

By ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK

(Mrs. Basil de Sélincourt)

CHAPTER IV

THE OLD HOUSE AT LANDERNEAU

DURING these early years of my life our time, though mainly spent with *bonne maman* at Quimper, was also given for many months of the year to Landerneau, and a little later on was divided between these two houses and Loch-ar-Brugg. At Landerneau we lived in a vast old house that had been part of my mother's marriage dowry. The family house, equally old and vast, of the Kerouguets was also at Landerneau, and the house of dear Tante Rose, my father's eldest sister. Landerneau was a picturesque old town, so near the sea that the tides rose and fell in the River Elorn, which flowed through it. A legend ran that the part of Landerneau lying on the southern banks of the river, still all wild with great rocks that seemed to have been hurled together by some giant's hand, had been reduced to this condition by the devil. He had been traveling through the country, and the inhabitants of the southern half of Landerneau had refused to give him food and drink, whereas those of the northern half had suitably and diplomatically entertained him; and it was in vengeance that he had hurled these great rocks across the river, to remain as permanent, if picturesque, embarrassments to southern Landerneau. The morality of the story was disconcerting, and very much puzzled me when I was told it by old Gertrude. Our house formed a corner of the principal street in the northern side of the town. In the days of the Ter-

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ror, not so far distant in my childhood, it had been used, with the house of Tante Rose across the way, as a prison where the condemned were put on their way to be guillotined at Brest, and a subterranean passage that ran between the two houses, under the street, conveyed the unfortunates swiftly and unobtrusively, if occasion required it, from one prison to the other. Another lugubrious memento of that terrible time were the small square openings in the floors of the upper rooms in these houses. In our days they were used to summon servants from below, but their original purpose had been for watching the captives unobserved. In the panels of the great oaken door that opened on the street, in our house, were little grated squares through which those who knocked for admittance could be cautiously examined, and this feature gave a further idea of the strange and perilous circumstances of bygone days. The kitchen, which was entered from a stone hall, was our delight; it was called the every-day kitchen. Enormous logs burned in a vast open fireplace, archaically carved. At that time coal was little known in the country, and the joints were roasted on a spit before this fire, which looked like the entrance to an inferno. There was a little oven for stews and sweets, etc. Under a square glass case on the mantel-shelf, lifted high above the busy scene, stood a statue of the Virgin, very old and very ugly, dressed in tinsel, a necklace of colored beads around its neck. This was a cherished possession of Nicole's, an old cook of my grandmother's, who followed us everywhere, and at its foot, under the glass cover, lay her withered orange-flower wedding-wreath. The kitchen was lighted at night by numbers of tallow candles that burned in tall brass candlesticks, each with its pincers and snuffer. (A candle with us does not "take snuff"; it has "its nose blown"—*on mouchait la chandelle.*) Brass warming-pans, which we children called Bluebeard's wives, were ranged along the walls, and a multitude of copper saucepans hung in order of size, glittering with special splendor on those spaces that could be seen from the street, for *"où l'orgueil ne va t'il pas se nicher?"* Through an opening in the wall opposite the big windows dishes could be passed to the servants in the dining-room during meals.

The dining-room windows looked out at a garden full of flowers, the high walls embroidered with espalier fruit-trees, plum-, cherry-, mulberry-, and medlar-trees growing along the paths. At the bottom of the garden was a large aviary containing golden and silver pheasants, magpies, canaries, and exotic birds that my father's naval friends had brought him from their long Oriental voyages. My father himself tended these birds, and I can answer for it that they lacked nothing. I must tell here of the strange behavior of a golden pheasant. Despite papa's gentleness and care, this bird seemed to detest him and would not let him enter the aviary; but when I came with papa, the pheasant would run to the wires and eat the bread I held out to it from my hand. Papa was surprised and interested, and suggested one day that I should go with him into the aviary and "see what the pheasant would say." No sooner said than done. The bird rushed at papa and pecked at his feet with a singular ferocity; then, feeling, evidently, that he had disposed of his enemy, he turned to me, spread out his wings before me, bowed up and down as if in an ecstasy of reverent delight, and taking the bread I held out to him, he paid no more attention at all to papa.

The principal rooms on the ground floor of the house opened on a stone hall with an inlaid marble floor, where, in a niche carved in the wall, and facing the wide stone staircase, stood another Virgin, much larger and even older than Nicole's. She was of stone, with a blunted, gentle countenance, and hands held out at each side in a graceful, simple gesture that seemed to express surprise as much as benediction. As we came down from our rooms every morning it was as if she greeted us always with a renewed interest. Fresh flowers were laid at her

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TANTE ROSE

feet every day, and we were all taught, the boys to lift their hats, the girls to drop deep curtseys before her. Indeed, these respects were paid by us to all the many statues of the Virgin that are seen on our Breton roads. From the hall one entered the salon, with its inlaid parquet floor, so polished that we were forbidden to slide upon it, for it was as slippery as ice, and falls were inevitable for disobedient children. On the mantelpiece was a clock representing Marius weeping over the ruins of Carthage. His cloak lay about his knees, and we used to feel that he would have done much better had he drawn it up and covered his chilly-looking bronze shoulders. On each side of the clock were white vases with garlands in relief upon them of blue convolvulus and their green leaves. But what bewitched us children were the big Chinese porcelain figures, mandarins sitting cross-legged, with heads that nodded gently up and down at the slightest movement made in the room. Their bellies were bare, their eyes seemed to laugh, and they were putting out their tongues. Black ibises upon their robes opened wide beaks to catch butterflies. I remember crossing the hall on tiptoe and opening the salon-door very softly and looking in at the mandarins sitting there in their still merriment; and it required a little courage, as though one summoned a spell, to shake the door and rouse them into life. The heads gently nodded, the eyes seemed to laugh with a new meaning at me now; and I gazed, half frightened, half laughing, too, until all again was motionless. It was as if a secret jest had passed between me and the mandarins. In an immense room to the left of the salon that had once, perhaps, been a ball-room, but was now used as a laundry, was a high sculptured fireplace that was my joy. On each side the great greyhounds, sitting up on their hind legs, sustained the mantelpiece, all garlanded with vines. Among the leaves and grapes one saw a nest of little birds, with their beaks wide open, and the father and mother perched above them. And, most beautiful of all, a swallow in flight only touched with the tip of a wing a leaf, and really seemed to be flying. Only my father appreciated this masterpiece, which must have been a superb example of Renaissance work, and when, years afterward, my mother sold the house, the new owner had it broken up and carted away because it took up too much room!

On the two floors above were many

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bedrooms not only for our growing family, but for that of my Aunt de Laisieu, who, with all her children, used to pay us long and frequent visits, so that even in the babyhood of Eliane and Ernest and Maraquita I never lacked companionship.

My mother's room was called *la chambre des colonnes,* because at the foot of the bed, and used there instead of bedposts, were two great stone pillars wreathed with carving and reaching to the ceiling. What a pretty room it was! In spring its windows looked down at a sea of fruit-blossoms and flowers in the garden beneath. The bed had a domed canopy, with white muslin curtains embroidered in green spots. Above the doors were two allegorical paintings, one of Love, who makes Time pass, and one of Time, who makes Love pass. A deep, mysterious drawer above the oaken mantelpiece was used by *maman* for storing pots of specially exquisite preserves that were kept for winter use. On her dressing-table, flowing with muslin and ribbons, I specially remember the great jar of *eau de Cologne,* which one used to buy, as if it were wine, by the liter.

From this room led papa's, more severe and masculine. Here there were glass cabinets fitted on each side into the deep window-seats and containing bibelots from all over the world. A group of family miniatures hung on the wall near the fireplace.

On a turning of the staircase was a bath-room, with a little sort of sentry-box for cold douches, and at the top of the house an enormous garret, filled with broken old spinning-wheels and furniture, bundles of old dresses, chests full of dusty papers. I found here one day *bonne maman's* betrothal-dress. It was of stiff, rich satin, a wide blue and white stripe, with a dark line on each side of the blue and a little garland of pink roses running up the white. The long, pointed bodice was incredibly narrow. A strange detail was the coarseness with which this beautiful dress was finished inside. It was lined with a sort of sacking, and the old lace with which it was still adorned was pinned into place with brass safety-pins. Finally, for my description of the house, there was a big courtyard, with the servants' quarters built round it, and a clear little stream ran through a *basse-cour* stocked with all kinds of poultry.

I had not seen this house for over fifty years when, some time ago, I went to visit it. The new proprietor, an unprepossessing person, was leaning against the great oaken door. He permitted me, very ungraciously, to enter.

I went through all these rooms that two generations ago had rung with the sounds of our happy young life, and it was misery to me. In the kitchen, which had been so beautiful, the window-panes were broken, and the dismantled walls daubed with whitewash, with dusty, empty bottles where Nicole's Virgin had stood. Upon the table was a greasy, discolored oil-cloth, where one saw M. Thiers, with knitted eyebrows and folded arms, surrounded by tricolor flags. The salon—I sobbed as I stood and looked about it: all, all that I had known and loved had disappeared. The stone Virgin was gone from her niche in the hall. Trembling, I mounted to my dear parents' rooms. What desolation! Unmade beds and rickety iron bedsteads; dust, disorder, and dirt. The carved chimneypiece, with its great drawer, was gone; the paper was peeled from the walls. Only over the doors, almost invisible under their cobwebs, were the painted panels of Love, who makes Times pass, and Time, who makes Love pass. The garden was a dung-heap.

When I came out, pale and shaken, the proprietor, still complacently leaning against the door, remarked, *"Eh bien,* Madam is glad to have seen her house, is n't she!"

The animal! I could have strangled him!

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"I AM BEGINNING TO DRINK HEMLOCK. GO AWAY, MONSIEUR GOURY"

CHAPTER V

TANTE ROSE

OVER the way lived Tante Rose. We children liked best to go to her house by means of the subterranean passage. It was pitch-dark, and we felt a fearful delight as we galloped through it at full speed, and then beat loudly upon the door at the other end, so that old Kerandraon should not keep us waiting for a moment in the blackness. In the salon, between the windows, her tame magpie hopping near her, we would find Tante Rose spinning at her wheel. There were pink ribbons on her distaff, and her beautiful, rounded arms moved gently to and fro drawing out the fine white linen thread. Sitting, as I see her thus, with her back to the light, her white tulle head-dress and the tulle bow beneath her chin surrounded her delicate, rosy face with a sort of aureole. She had a pointed little chin and gay, blue eyes, and though she had snowy hair, she looked so young and was so active that she seemed to have quicksilver in her veins. A tranquil mirth was her distinguishing characteristic, and even when hardly more than a baby I felt that Tante Rose was enchanting. Her first question was sure to be, "Are you hungry?" and even if we had just risen from a meal we were sure to be hungry when we came to see Tante Rose. She would blow into a little silver whistle that hung at her waist, and old Kerandraon (we children pronounced it Ker-le dragon) would appear with his benevolent, smiling face.

"Take Mademoiselle Sophie's orders, Kerandraon," Tante Rose would say; but the dear old man, who was a great friend, did not need to wait for them.

"Demoiselle would like *crêpes* and fresh cream; and there is the rest of the chocolate paste which Demoiselle likes, too."

"Bring what pleases you," Tante Rose would say; "and take my key, Kerandraon, and fetch the box of *sucre d'orge* from the shelf in my wardrobe." When

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Kerandraon had come ambling back with his laden tray he would stop and talk with us while we ate. He was seventy years old and had a noble air in his long Louis XV jacket. Tante Rose's mother had taken him from the streets when he was a little beggar-boy of twelve. He lived in the family service all his life, and when he died at seventy-five he was buried in the family vault. Jacquette, the magpie, sometimes became very noisy on these festive occasions, and Tante Rose would say: "Go into the garden, Jacquette. *Tu m'annuis*" (so she pronounced *ennuies*). And Jacquette, who seemed to understand everything she said, would go obediently hopping off. In the garden, adjoining the salon, was a greenhouse full of grapes and flowers, and that was another haven of delight on our visits to Tante Rose. It was the prettiest sight to see her mounted on a step-ladder cutting the grapes. A servant held the ladder, and another the basket into which the carefully chosen bunches were dropped. Tante Rose's little feet were shod in a sort of high-heeled brown-satin slipper called *cothurnes,* probably because they tied in classic fashion across the instep, little gold acorns hanging at the ends of the ribbons. I have the most distinct recollection of these exquisite feet as I stood beside the ladder looking up at Tante Rose and waiting for her to drop softly a great bunch of grapes into my hands. The fruit-trees of Tante Rose's garden were famous. A great old fig-tree there was so laden with fruit that supports had to be put under the heavy branches; there were wonderful Smyrna plums, and an apple-tree covered with tiny red apples that were our joy. From a high terrace in the garden one could watch all that went on in the town below. Tante Rose's cream, too, was famous. Great earthenware pans of milk stood on the wide shelves of her dairy, and when *maman* came to see her she would say, "May I go into the dairy, Rose?" It was always known what this meant. *Maman* would skim for herself a bowlful of the thick, golden cream.

Even the kitchen had an elegance, a grace, and sparkle all its own, and it is here that I can most characteristically see Tante Rose distributing milk for the poor of Landerneau. Her farmers' wives had brought it in from the country in large, covered pails, and Tante Rose, dressed in a morning-gown of puce-colored silk (like *bonne maman* in this, she wore no other color), her full sleeves, with their wide lawn cuffs turned back over her arms, ladled it into jars, giving her directions the while to the servants: "This for Yann. This for Hervé [an old cripple]. Did this milk come from the yellow cow? It is sure, then, to be very good; take it to the hospital and—wait! This little jug of cream to the *supérieure;* she is so fond of it. And, Laic, this large jar is for the prison," for Tante Rose forgot nobody, and all with such quiet grace and order. The poor of Landerneau adored her. The thread she spun was woven at her country place, La Fontaine Blanche, into linen to make clothes for them, and she knitted socks and waistcoats even as she went about the streets on her errands of mercy. If the poor loved her, it was respect mingled with a little fear that the *bourgeoisie* felt, for she had no patience with scandal-mongering and sharply checked their gossiping, provincial habits. The chatelaines of the surrounding country sought her out and delighted in her charm, her accomplishments, and her devil-may-care wit. Tante Rose was married to a wealthy and excellent Landernean, Joseph Goury, whom we called Tonton Joson, and his friends, Jason. He had a placid, kindly face, and stout, fine calves incased in silk stockings. Still in love with his wife, he was patiently submissive to her gay sallies; for though very fond of him, she did not conceal that she found him a dull companion. Very drolly, though she tutoyéd him, she used always to address him as "Monsieur Goury." *"Tais-toi, Monsieur Goury,"* she would say; "you are as tiresome as the flies." And after enduring his prosy talk for some time she would say quite calmly: "I am beginning to drink hemlock. Go

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away, Monsieur Goury—*va t'en.* You bore me to distraction. You stun and stupefy me. Go away. *Je n'en puis plus.*" And poor Tonton Joson remaining helplessly gazing, she would lift the little trap-door beside her chair, if the scene took place in her room, and call out to the servants below, "Tell Laic to come up and help monsieur on with his coat."

"But, my dear, I was not thinking of going out," Tonton Joson would protest; and Tante Rose would reply:

"Mais tu sors, Monsieur Goury."

Tante Rose was very devout, but after her own fashion. She read the office to herself every day, but had many *libre-pensant* friends, with whom she used good-temperedly to argue. Any bishop who came to Landerneau stayed always with Tante Rose.

Her cuisine was the best I have ever eaten; and oh, the incredible abundance of those days! All the courses were served at once upon the immense table. The great silver soup-tureen, big enough for a baby's bath, and so tall that she had to stand up to it, was in front of Tante Rose, and before she began to ladle out the platefuls, with the light, accurate movements of her arms characteristic of her, a servant carefully fastened behind her her long sleeves *à la pagode.* It was really charming to watch her serving the soup, and I remember one guest asserting that he would eat *potage* four times if Mme. Goury helped him to it.

An enormous salmon usually occupied the center of the table, and there were six *entrées,* four *rôtis,* two hot and two cold, and various *entremets* and desserts. A favorite *entrée* was a *purée* of pistachio-nuts, with roasted sheeps' tails on silver spits stuck into it. The hot dishes stood on silver heaters filled with glowing charcoal. Between the courses little pots of cream, chocolate, vanilla, and coffee, were actually passed and actually eaten! Chocolate cream to fill the gap between woodcock and *foie-gras,* for instance! Champagne-bottles stood in silver coolers at each corner of the table. I wonder that we all survived. On the other hand, when Tante Rose or my mother received the visits of their friends, there was no afternoon tea to offer them, as nowadays. The servants merely passed round little glasses of Spanish wines and plates of small biscuits. The good ladies of Landerneau afforded, I imagine, much amusement to my mother and to Tante Rose, who, though a native, was of a very different caliber. One little trait I remember was very illustrative of the burgeois habit of mind. At that time, as now, lengths of

OLD KERANDRAON

velvet were included in every *corbeille* offered to a bride by the bridegroom's family, and the velvet dresses made from them were dignified institutions worn year after year. One knows how marked and unsightly velvet soon becomes if sat upon, and it was a wise and crafty fashion to have a breadth of perfectly matching silk introduced between the full folds at the back of these dresses, so that when one sat down it was upon the silk. It was in regard to this sensible contrivance that the ladies of Landerneau were reported to declare that it was strange indeed to see the *noblesse* so miserly that they could not afford a whole velvet dress, and therefore let silk into the back.

Some of Tante Rose's children were, like herself, very clever and charming, some very stupid, like Tonton Joson. It can be imagined what games we all had. Once, in the coach-house, my older cousins put young Raoul into a large basket with a number of smooth stones under him and told him that they were eggs and that if he were quiet and patient, they would hatch out. Then by means of a rope and pulley to which the basket was attached (it must have been used for raising and lowering hay and fodder) we pulled poor

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Raoul up to the rafters, and there we left him and forgot all about him. His desolate cries were heard after a time, and when he was rescued, it was found that the rocking of the basket had made him very seasick.

Of all our games the best were those in the woods of La Fontaine Blanche. This property of Tante Rose's, with its old manor-house dating from the time of Queen Anne of Brittany, was near Landerneau, and since papa went there nearly every day, caring for it as if it were his own, we were able to go with him and take full possession of the beautiful woods. We were given planks and tools, and we built a little hut on the banks of the stream. I was so young that my share of the labors was unexacting, as I had only to sweep up the rubbish left by the builders and carry it out of the wood in my little wheelbarrow; but I remember that pride with which I felt myself associated in any capacity with such marvels of construction. Not only was the hut entirely built by my cousins, but they made an oven inside it and even fabricated a sort of earthenware service with the clay soil found along the banks of the stream. It would never fire properly, however, and therefore our attempts to bake bread were not successful.

But *crêpes,* as pure-blooded young Bretons, we could make, and our parents were often entertained by us and regaled with them as they sat under the trees. Oh, how happy we were! The woods were full of lilies of the valley, and our hut had been baptized by the curé of Landerneau the Château de la Muguetterie, while we were called *Robinson Crusoes,* and this was to us all our greatest glory.

CHAPTER VI

THE DEMOISELLES DE COATNAMPRUN

ACROSS the way from our house in Landerneau lived two old maiden ladies, the Demoiselles de Coatnamprun. The Marquis and Marquise de Coatnamprun, their father and mother, had died many years ago, and most of the small fortune had been filched from them in some iniquitous lawsuit. I remember them very clearly, for I often went to see them with *maman* and Tante Rose, who watched over them and protected them; gentle, austere figures, dressed always in threadbare black, almost like nuns, with long, white bone rosaries hanging at their sides, and on their breasts, tied with a red cord, great crucifixes of brass and wood. Around their necks they wore white handkerchiefs folded, the points behind, and when they went out, old-fashioned black *capotes,* which were large bonnets mounted and drawn on wires, a quilling of white inside around the face. The elder was called Isménie, and the younger Suzette; they had the tenderest love for each other.

Their house was one of the oldest in Landerneau and was covered with strange carvings. The great knocker always fascinated me, for it represented a devil with his pitchfork, and one lifted the pitchfork to knock. Almost always it was one of the Demoiselles de Coatnamprun who answered, and she always held a clean white handkerchief by the center, the points shaken out, and always swept us, as she appeared before us in the doorway, a wonderful, old-fashioned, stately court curtsey. The sisters were plain, with dark, mild eyes, faded skins, and pale, withered lips; but their teeth were beautiful, and they had abundant hair. Isménie's features were harsh, and her half-closed, near-sighted eyes gave her a cold and haughty expression; but in reality she was a lamb of gentleness, and no one seeing the sisters in their poverty would have taken them for anything but *grandes dames.*

When we were ushered into the house

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"I HAD TO CARRY THE WOOD IN MY LITTLE WHEEL-BARROW"

it was usually into the dining-room that we went. The drawing-room, which was called the *salle de compagnie*, was used only on ceremonious occasions, Easter, the bishop's visit, or when the *noblesse* from the surrounding country called, and the proudest among them were proud to do so. So in the *salle de compagnie,* where engravings of the family coats of arms hung along the walls, the ugly, massive mahogany furniture was usually shrouded in cotton covers, and it was in the dining-room that the sisters sat, making clothes for the poor. Here the pictures interested me very much; they were *naif,* brightly colored prints bought at the Landerneau fairs, and representing events in the lives of the saints. St. Christopher, bending with his staff in the turbulent stream, bore on his shoulder a child so tiny that I could never imagine why its weight should incommode him, and another doll-like child stood on the volume held by St. Anthony of Padua. The oil-cloth cover on the table had all the kings and queens of France marching in procession round its border, the dates of their reigns printed above their heads. The chairs were common straw-bottomed kitchen chairs. *Maman* sometimes tried to persuade the sisters to paint the chairs, saying that if they were painted bright red, for instance, it would make the room so much more cheerful. But to any such suggestion they would reply, with an air of gentle surprise: "Oh, but *maman* had them like that. We can't change anything that *maman* had." Their large bedroom was on the first floor, looking out at the street. It was a most dismal room. The two four-posted beds, side by side, had canopies and curtains of old tapestry, but this was all covered with black cambric muslin and had the most funereal air imaginable. At the head of Isménie's bed, crossed against the black, were two bones that she had brought from the family vault on some occasion when the coffins had been moved or opened. The only cheerful thing I remember was a childish little *étagère* fastened in a corner and filled with the waxen figures of the *petit Jésus,* and the tiny china dogs, cats, and birds that had been among their presents on Christmas mornings. To give an idea of the extreme simplicity and innocence of the Demoiselles de Coatnamprun I may say here that to the end of their lives they firmly believed that *le petit Jésus* himself came down their kitchen chimney on Christmas eve and left their presents for them on the kitchen table. *Le petit Jésus,* as a matter of fact, was on these occasions impersonated by *maman* and Tante Rose. Tante Rose always had the key of the sisters' house, so that at any time she could go in and see that nothing was amiss with *ses enfants,* as she tenderly called them,—and indeed to the end they remained lovely and ingenuous children,—so she and *maman,* when the sisters were safely asleep, would steal into the house and pile every sort of good thing, from legs of mutton to *galettes,* upon the table, and fill the garden sabots that stood ready with bonbons, handkerchiefs, and the little china figures of animals the sisters so cherished. And always there was a waxen figure of *le petit Jésus* and the card with which he made his intention clear; for *"Aux Demoiselles de Coatnamprun, du petit Jésus"* was written upon it.

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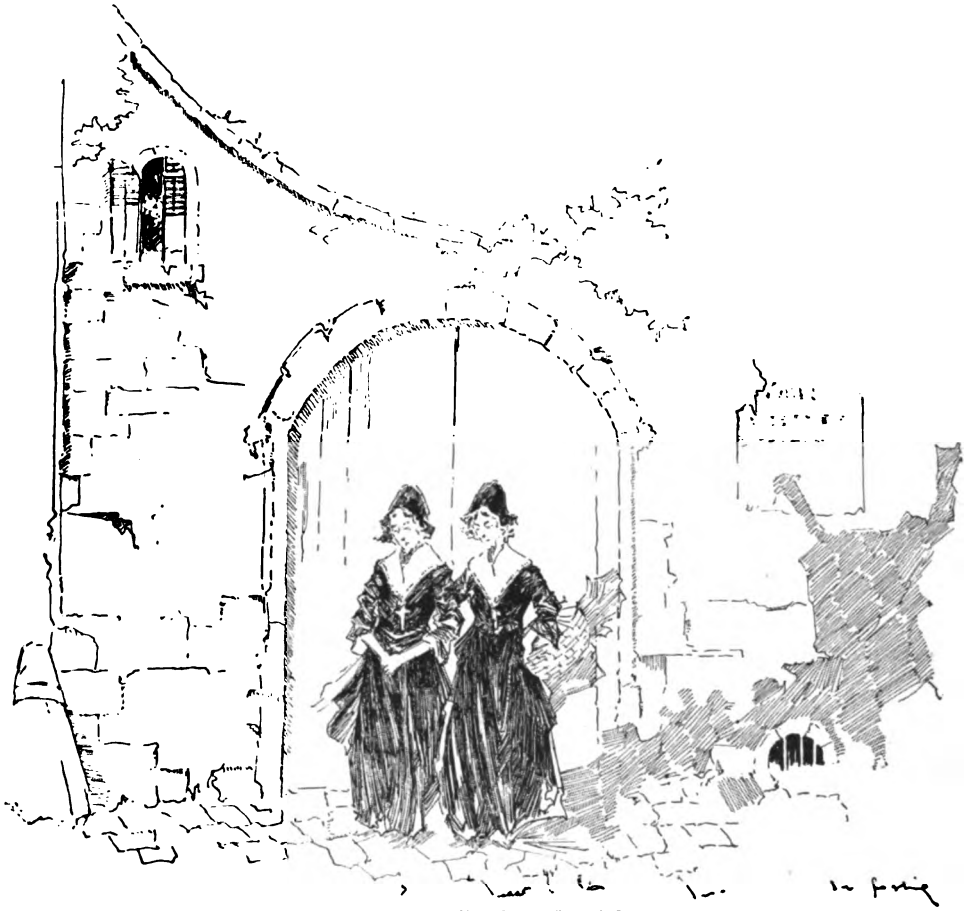

THE DEMOISELLES OF COATNAMPRUN

Other instances of the sisters' ignorance of life and the world I might give, but they would simply be received with incredulity. Such types no longer exist, and even then the sisters were unique. I do not believe that in all their lives they knew an evil thought; they were incapable of any form of envy or malice or uncharitableness, and filled with delight at any good fortune that came to others and with gratitude for their own lot in life. Sometimes Suzette, in the intimacy of friends, would refer with simple sadness to the one drama, if such it can be called, that had befallen them. *"Oui,"* she would say, *"Isménie a eu un chagrin d'amour."* Once, when they were young, in their parents' lifetime, an officer had been quartered with them, a kindly, intelligent, honest young fellow of the *bourgeoisie,* and at once aware of the atmosphere of distinction that surrounded him. He showed every attention to the sisters, and poor Isménie found him altogether charming. He never even guessed at her attachment. Indeed, no such a marriage at that time would have been possible, but she was broken-hearted when he went away. Her sister was her confidante, and this was the *chagrin d'amour* to which Suzette sometimes referred.

I have said that when they walked out they wore *capotes.* On one occasion Mlle. Suzette found in a drawer, among old rubbish put away, a crumpled artificial rose, a pink rose, and had the strange idea of fastening it in front of her *capote.* Isménie, when her near-sighted eyes caught sight of it, stopped short in the street and peered at her sister in as-

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tonishment. "But, Suzette, what have you there?" she asked. Suzette bashfully told her that she had found the rose and thought it might look pretty. "No, no," said Isménie, turning with her sister back to the house, "you must not wear it. *Maman* never wore anything in her *capote.*" It required all my mother's skill to persuade them to allow her to dress their hair for them on the occasion of an evening party at Tante Rose's, to which, as usual, they were going, as *"maman"* had gone, wearing black-lace caps. *"Voyons,* but you have such pretty hair," said *maman.* "Let me only show you how charmingly it can be done." They were tempted, yet uncertain and very anxious, and then *maman* had the opportune memory of an old picture of the marquise in youth, her hair done in puffs upon her forehead. She brought it out triumphantly, and the sisters yielded. They could consent to have their hair done as *"maman's"* had been done in her youth.

We children always went with our parents to the evening parties in Landerneau. *Maman* did not like to leave us, and it will be remembered that in those days one dined at five o'clock and that we children had all our meals except breakfast with our parents. It was at a dinner-party at Tante Rose's that Mlle. Suzette, next whom I sat, said to me smiling, with her shy dignity, "I have a present here for a little girl who has been good," and she drew a small paper parcel from the silk reticule that hung beside the rosary at her side. I opened it, and found, to my delight, a sugar mouse and a tiny pipe made of red sugar such as I knew *maman* would never allow us to eat when we went to the confectioner's. But here, in the presence of Mlle. Suzette, and the gift a gift from her, I felt that I was safe, and I devoured mouse and pipe at once, quite aware of *maman's* amused and rallying glance from across the table. "I saw you," she said to me afterward. "Little ne'er-do-well, you knew that I could not forbid it when Mademoiselle Suzette was there!"

The only flower that grew in the Demoiselle Coatnamprun's garden was heliotrope, for that had been *"maman's"* favorite flower. They were poor gardeners, and the little *bonne* who came in by the day to do the housework could give them no help in the garden. So it was Tante Rose, trotting on her high heels, a little garden fork on her shoulder, who appeared to do battle with the moss and dandelions and to restore a little order. She always gave to this service the air of a delightful game, and indeed, in her constant care of the poor old ladies, had the prettiest skill imaginable in making her gifts weigh nothing.

"My dears," she would say, leaning forward to look at their black robes, "are n't these dresses getting rather shabby? Has n't the time come for new ones?"

"They are shabby," Isménie would answer sadly, "but *que voulez-vous, chère Madame,* our means, as you know, are so narrow. It costs so much to buy a dress. We could hardly afford new ones now."

"But, on the contrary, it does n't cost so much," Tante Rose would say. "I know some excellent woolen material, the very thing for your dresses, and only five francs for the length. You can well afford that, can't you? So I 'll buy it for you and bring it to-morrow."

And so she would, the innocent sisters imagining five francs the price of material for which Tante Rose paid at least thirty. Since the sisters were very proud, for all their gentleness, and could consent to accept nothing in the nature of a charity, and since indeed they could hardly have lived at all on what they had, Tante Rose had woven a far-reaching conspiracy about them. Her tradespeople had orders to sell their meat and vegetables to the Demoiselles de Coatnamprun at about a fifth of their value. Packets of coffee and sugar arrived at their door, and milk and cream every morning, and when they asked the messenger what the price might be, he would say: *"Ces dames régleront le compte avec Monsieur le Curé,"* and since they did not like to refuse gifts from the curé, the innocent plot was never dis-

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covered. Of course fruits from Tante Rose's garden and cakes from her kitchen were things that could be accepted. She would bring them herself, and have a slice of *galette* or a fig from the big basketful with them. They were rather greedy, poor darlings, and since any money they could save went to the poor, they could never buy such dainties for themselves. One extravagance, however, they had: when they came out to pay a visit, a piece of knitting was always drawn from the reticule, and when one asked what it was one was told in a whisper: "Silk stockings—a Christmas present for Suzette," or Isménie, as the case might be. Beautifully knitted, fine, openwork stockings they were.

Another contrivance for their comfort was invented by Tante Rose. They were great cowards, afraid of the dark and in deadly fear of the possible robbers that might enter their house at night. Tante Rose arranged that when they went to bed a lighted, shaded lamp should be placed in their window, the shade turned toward their room, the light toward the street, so that any robbers passing by would be deceived into thinking the house still on foot and forego their schemes for breaking in.

Their hearts were tender toward all forms of life. I can see one of them rising from her work to rescue a fly that had fallen into trouble and, holding it delicately by the wings, lift the *persiennes* to let it fly away. One day in their garden I cried out in disgust at the sight of a great earthworm writhing across a border.

"Oh, the horrid worm! Quick! A trowel, Mademoiselle, to cut it in two."

But Mademoiselle Suzette came to look with grieved eyes.

"And why kill the poor creature, Sophie? It does us no harm," she said, and helped the worm to disappear in the soft earth.

The Demoiselles Coatnamprum died one winter of some pulmonary affection and within a day of one another. They died with the simplicity and sincerity that had marked all their lives, and toward the end they were heard to murmur continually, while they smiled as if in sleep, *"Maman—Papa."*

Isménie died first; but since it was seen that Suzette had only a few hours to live, the body was kept lying on the bed near hers, and she did not know that her beloved sister had been taken from her. They were buried together on the same day.

There was another and very different old lady in Landerneau of whom I was very fond and whom, since she took a great fancy to me, I saw often. Her daughter was a friend of *maman's* and made a *mésalliance* that caused the doors of Landerneau to close upon her. *Maman,* however, remained devoted to her, and continued to see as much of her as ever, and her mother, my old friend, was entirely indifferent to the doors, closed or open, of Landerneau. She wore a brightly colored Turkish silk handkerchief tied turban-wise about her head, and soft gray-leather riding-boots,—men's boots,—so that she was known in her quarter as *Chat-botté.* In her own house she wore men's dress-breeches, short jacket, and high boots. Her feet were remarkably small, and the wave of hair on her forehead was as black as jet. She was very downright and ready of speech, and used to talk to me as though I were a person of her own age. "Do you see, Sophie," she would say, "my poor daughter is a great goose. She struggles to be received, and gets only buffets for her pains. Why give oneself so much trouble for nothing?"

The disconsolate daughter and the son-in-law made their home with her in a great old house standing on the banks of the river. He was a wholesale wine merchant, and barrels and casks of wine stood about the entrance. My old friend lived almost entirely in her own room on the first floor, the strangest room. It was at once spotlessly clean and completely untidy. The bed had no posts or canopy and was shaped like a cradle. Bottles of salad-oil

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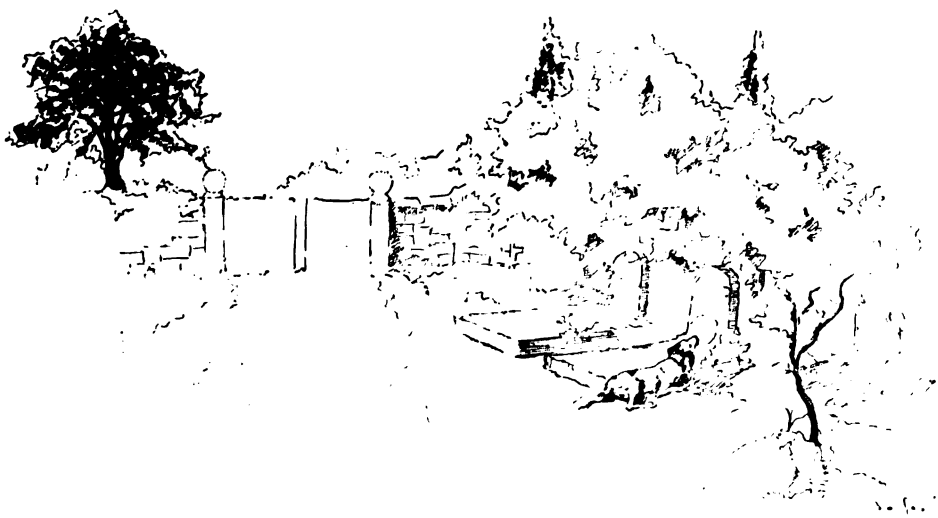
stood on the mantel-shelf, and a bunch of carrots might be lying on the table among bundles of newspapers. From the windows one had beautiful views up and down the river and could see the stone bridge that had old houses built upon it. Across the river were her gardens, and she used often to row me over to them and to show me the immense old cherry-tree, planted by her grandfather, that grew far down the river against the walls of an old tower. This tower had its story, and I could not sleep at night for thinking of it. In her girlhood mad people were shut up there. There was only a dungeon-room, and the water often rose in it so that the forsaken creatures stood up to their knees in water. Food was thrown to them through the iron bars of the windows, but it was quite insufficient, and she gave me terrible descriptions of the faces she used to see looking out, ravenous and imploring. She remembered that the bones protruded from the knuckles of one old man as he clutched the bars. She used to pile loaves of bread in her little boat, row across to the tower, and fix the loaves on the end of an oar so that she could pass them up to the window, and she would then see the mad people snatching the bread apart and devouring it. And when the cherries on the great tree were ripe she used to climb up into the branches and bend them against the window so that they might gather the fruit themselves from among the leaves, and she herself would gather all she could reach and throw them in. They had not even straw to sleep on. When one of them died, the body was taken out, and this was all the care they had. Such were the horrors in a town where people across the river quietly ate and slept, and the church-bells rang all day.

CHAPTER VII

BON PAPA

MY most vivid recollections of Grandfather de Rosval place him at Landerneau, where he would stop with us on his way to Quimper during his tours of inspection. His arrivals in the sleepy little town were great affairs and caused immense excitement: post-chaise, postilion, whips cracking, horns blowing, and a retinue of Parisian servants. We children never had more than a glimpse of him at first, for he withdrew at once to his own rooms to rest and go through his papers. When he made his entry into the salon,



"THEY WERE BURIED TOGETHER ON THE SAME DAY"

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"IN THE DAYS OF THE TERROR . . . OUR HOUSE HAD BEEN USED AS A PRISON"

—the salon of the slippery parquet and the nodding mandarins,—all the household was ranged on each side, as if for the arrival of a sovereign, and we had all to drop deep curtseys before him.

He was a rather imposing figure, with splendid clothes, the coat thickly embroidered along the edge with golden oak-leaves, and a fine, handsome head; but he was enormously, even ridiculously, stout. With an often terrifying and even repellent severity he mingled the most engaging playfulness, and our childish feelings toward him were strangely compounded of dislike and admiration.

When he arrived in the salon a lackey came behind him, carrying a large linen bag filled with a sweetmeat bought at Seugnot's, the great Parisian confectioner. I always associate these sweetmeats with *bon papa.* They were called *croquignoles,* were small, hard, yet of the consistency of soft chalk when one bit into them, and glazed with pink, white, or yellow. After the salutations, *bon papa* would take up his position before the mantelpiece and beckon the servant to give him the bag of *croquignoles.* We children, quivering with excitement, each of us already provided with a small basket, stood ready, and as *bon papa,* with a noble gesture, scattered the handfuls of *croquignoles* far and wide, we flung ourselves upon them, scrambling, falling, and filling our baskets, with much laughter and many recriminations. Then, besides the little case for *maman,* also from Seugnot's, filled with tablets of a delicious *sucre-de-pomme* in every flavor, were more dignified presents, bracelets and rings for her and for our *Tante de Laisieu* and boxes of beautiful toys for us. The only cloud cast over these occasions was that after having distributed all his bounties, *bon papa* sat

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down, drew a roll of manuscript from his pocket, and composed himself to read in a sonorous voice poems of his own composition. Their theme, invariably, was the delight of reëntering one's family and country, and they were very pompous and very long, sometimes moving *bon papa* almost to tears. The comic scene of family prayers that followed was pure relief, for even we children felt it comic to see *bon papa* praying.

"And are they good children?" he would ask. "Have they said their prayers?"

"Not yet, *mon père,*" *maman* would answer. "They always say their prayers at bedtime." But *bon papa* was not to be so deterred from yet another ceremony.

"Good, good!" he would reply. "We will all say the evening prayers together, then."

And when we had all obediently knelt down around the room, *bon papa* recited the prayers in the same complacent, sonorous voice, making magnificent signs of the cross the while. On one of these occasions we were almost convulsed by poor little Ernest, whom *bon papa* had taken in his arms, and who was so much alarmed by the great gestures going on over his head that he broke at last into a prolonged wail and had to be carried hastily away.

One of *bon papa's* poetic works I can still remember, of a very different and more endearing character. I was taken ill one morning while we were living with him in Paris and had been given to console me by a cousin of ours staying with us, the Duchesse de M——, a delicious little purse in white, knitted silk, embroidered with pale blue forget-me-nots. I told *maman* that I wished very much to show this purse to *bon papa,* and that he should be informed of my illness. So I wrote him a note, and it was taken, with the purse, to his room. Presently the little parcel, much heavier, was brought back to me, and on opening my purse, I found inside it a centime, a liard, a sou—every coin, in fact, up to and including a golden twenty-franc piece. And this is the poem that was sent with the purse:

"Vous voulez jeune Princesse
Que je me rends près de vous?
Que je baise de votre altesse
Les pieds, les mains, et les genoux?
Dans un instant je vais me rendre
A vos désirs et à vos vœux,
Mais vous me permettrez de prendre
Deux baisers sur vos beaux yeux bleus."

Such a grandfather, it must be admitted, had advantages as well as charms, yet our memory of him was always clouded by the one or two acts of cruel severity we had witnessed and of which I could not trust myself to speak.

(To be concluded)

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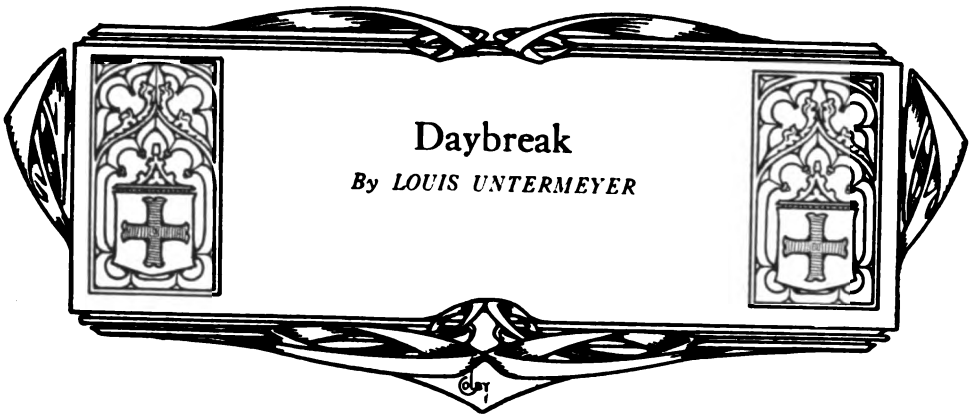

Daybreak

By LOUIS UNTERMEYER

Three years of night and nightmare, years of black
Hate and its murderous attack,
Three years of midnight terrors till the brain,
Beaten in the intolerable campaign,
Saw nothing but a world of driven men
And skies that never could be clean again;
Hot winds that tore the lungs, great gusts
Of rotting madness and forgotten lusts;
Hills draped with death; the beat of terrible wings;
Flowers that smelt of carrion; monstrous things
That crawled on iron bellies over trees
And swarmed in blood, till even the seas
Were one wet putrefaction, and the earth
A violated grave of trampled mirth.
What light there was, was only there to show
Intolerance delivering blow on blow,
Bigotry rampant, honor overborne,
And faith derided with a blast of scorn.
This was our daily darkness; we had thought
All freedom worthless and all beauty naught.
The eager, morning-hearted days were gone
When we took joy in small things: in the sun,
Tracing a delicate pattern through thick leaves,
With its long, yellow pencils; or blue eaves
Frosted with moonlight, and one ruddy star
Ringing against the night, a chime
Like an insistent, single rhyme;
Or see the full-blown moon stuck on a spar,
A puff-ball flower on a rigid stalk;
Or think of nothing better than to walk
With one small boy and listen to the war
Of waters pulling at a stubborn shore;
Or laugh to see the waves run out of bounds
Like boisterous and shaggy hounds;
Watching the stealthy rollers come alive,
And shake their silver manes and leap and dive;

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Or listen with him to the voiceless talk
Of fireflies and daisies, feel the late
Dusk full of unheard music or vibrate
To a more actual magic, hear the notes
Of birds with sunset shaking on their throats;
Or watch the emerald and olive trees
Turn purple ghosts in dusty distances;
The city's kindling energy; the sweet
Pastoral of an empty street;
Foot-ball and friends; lyrics and daffodils;
The sovereign splendor of the marching hills—
These were all ours to choose from and enjoy
Until this foul disease came to destroy
The casual beneficence of life.

But now a thin edge, like a merciful knife,
Pierces the shadows, and a chiseling ray
Cuts the thick folds away.
Murmurs of morning, glad, awakening cries,
Hints of majestic rhythms, rise.
Dawn will not be denied. The blackness shakes,
And here a brand and there a beacon breaks
Into the glory that will soon be hurled
Over a cleared, rejuvenated world—
A world of bright democracies, of fair
Disputes, desires, and tolerance everywhere,
With laughter loose again, and time enough
To feel the warm-lipped and cool-fingered love,
With kindly passion lifted from the dead,
Where daylight shall be bountifully spread,
And darkness but a wide and welcome bed.

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Skeepie's Agent

By IZOLA FORRESTER and MANN PAGE

Illustrations by John Wolcott Adams

PETER had come to New York, figuratively speaking, on no carpet of Bagdad, but on a shoestring. With a pocket capital of seventy-five dollars, he had started from Kansas City in an exalted moment of desperation that overlooked the detail of an immediate livelihood. Somehow he felt that he would be caught in the whirlpool of success and swept, willy-nilly, into fame; that with the contagion of genius about him in his daily intercourse with the elect, he would attain to that magic circle. It is a far cry from Kansas to Olympus, but Peter had inherited an unquenchable optimism and faith in things unseen from a pioneer ancestry.

The seventy-five dollars paid for his railroad fare and incidentals for three days. Peter held to a secret belief in the fetish of the impulse of the moment. Therefore, as he stepped from the train, he gave himself into the keeping of a porter, who straightway landed him in a taxi which bore him to a large, centrally located hotel. The response to his immediate necessities captivated Peter.

The first day he rambled in an ecstasy of reality, of things come true. Here were the landmarks he had pictured. They were burning dry leaves in Madison Square. The fountain was dry, but he found the silhouette of Diana, up against the blue of the sky, and it solaced him. He lingered happily and alertly at certain caravansaries of the spirit.

Book-shops detained him, and he attended a few plays in a glow of relaxed appreciation. He told himself as he sat in the hotel dining-room, lingering after a pleasing, if solitary, dinner, that this was the secret of why men succeeded in New York. Here was the food they needed and craved, the mental stimulation, the constantly renewed power behind the dynamo. Thought was the god in the temple here.

The third day he happened to glance casually over a rate-card of the hotel. From then on he walked softly and gingerly, measuring the passage of time. He paid his bill the day it was presented, and found himself with forty-nine cents left. He took no more of his meals in the hotel, but something held him to the three-dollar-a-day room and its accessories.

The second day of his fasting left him with fifteen cents. It was more than any mere sentiment of pride or spurt of social braggadocio that led him to spend ten of this in calling up the hotel in a disguised voice and inquiring anxiously whether or not Mr. Embo had left for the West yet. No, he had not; but he was out. Ah, he was out. Peter then asked to be given the desk in order to make sure that Mr. Embo received an important message. Could Mr. Embo arrange to dine that evening with Mr.—he hesitated the fraction of an instant, conjuring up a name—Mr. Skeepie, at Mr. Skeepie's club? Yes, that was correct, S—k—double e—p—i—e, Skeepie. He thanked the fraternal clerk and stepped from the drug-store booth refreshed in spirit, and with his personal assurance rehabilitated. His belt might be tighter, but he would not permit an instant's uneasiness on his account to his host of the inn.

He dressed carefully and conscientiously, and while his dress-suit was not

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of the latest model, Peter always looked his best in evening garb. There were few men of five feet six and a half who could look as inconspicuously correct. While not even his mother could have claimed distinction or handsome features for him, yet there was a peculiar aloofness about him which separated him from the multitude. He walked apart not as a seer, but rather as some absent-minded attaché from the soul's embassy.

His forehead was too wide and high, but his hair protected it from any suggestion of the pedant. The hair was rather rough and untrammeled, brownish in hue, and streaked prematurely with gray. Peter liked those silvery touches. They proved, at least, that he had dealt in some actualities.

He strolled to the desk to ask casually for mail. The invitation from Mr. Skeepie had been slipped beneath his door, but he knew from the beam in the clerk's eye that it had registered as desired.

"Dining out, Mr. Embo?" he asked.

"Er—yes," responded Peter, pleasantly. "New York—" Then he paused, for the clerk had handed him the card of "Mr. Alwin Morehouse.

"Called about five, Mr. Embo."

"Thanks," said Peter, and walked along the north corridor, trying to recall who Morehouse was. The name was familiar, yet it struck no responsive echo in his mind. He sighed involuntarily, pausing on the outer steps with an indecision born of malnutrition. Morehouse touched him on the sleeve.

"Been trying to get you since five," he exclaimed. "Friend of Bingy, you know, grand old Bingy. Wrote me you were due here this week and for me to look you up. I want you to go with me tonight to the Editors' Annual Dinner. Give you a chance to meet some live ones. Can you make it?"

Peter smiled.

"I did have a sort of tentative engagement—" he began.

"Bust it," advised Morehouse. "I happened to have an extra plate and remembered Bingy and you. Come along."

Peter went. They rolled in a taxi down-town to a more conservative hotel, where the banquet was held. On the way Morehouse expounded the new creed of salesmanship.

"It 's the day of specialization in everything. You 've got to learn how to get yourself over, Mr. Elbow."

Peter winced.

"It 's Embo," he corrected mildly.

"All right; but remember this. You want to make a success now, don't you? You 're not interested in monuments or obituaries. I don't suppose there 's another man in New York City who knows the inside of the writing game as well as I. I 've got them all classified, editors as well as writers. I know the time of day to lay a script on Bob Evans's desk and the kind of proposition that will make Jimmy Hopkins get down to shirt-sleeves and brass tacks and earn his ten per."

"Ten a word?" asked Peter with interest.

"And more in a rush. Jimmy knows how to watch the market. Where are you going to live permanently?"

"I had thought of some place around Gramercy Square or the lower end of Fifth Avenue," Peter admitted. "I like that atmosphere."

"Cut the atmosphere," said Morehouse. "Get away from the climbers. Hunt the live ones, the people who are delivering the goods. Don't bury yourself away and expect them to look you up. They won't. You 've got to learn how to sell your stuff. There are a lot of successful writers who may live out of New York, but take my word for it, they commute."

Peter was stunned. There was a jubilant robustness about Morehouse that bowled his reason over. He spoke with the surety of conviction. As the taxi stopped before the illuminated entrance of the hotel, he felt that he was making a mistake. He had no right to be a guest at the Editors' Annual Dinner. When it came to the exploitation of his own works, he was mute. He had never been able to marshal his ideas to order.

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They entered a large anteroom filled with people. Peter endured many meaningless introductions. They all knew one another, these people. They hailed one another with the same note of genial exultation that Morehouse set his tune to. They

overlooked Peter's aloofness with kindly tolerance. He felt himself floundering as a derelict on the high tide of their successful achievements.

At the dinner he was separated from Morehouse. It gave him a minor panic to discover this, also that opposite him there sat a girl to whom he was certain he had not been introduced. She crumpled her place-card just as he was trying to get a bird's-eye view of it.

He envied the poise of the girl opposite him. She had an eager, happy look. These people were all absurdly happy, it appeared. Her eyes were gray, rather a hazel gray, like moss agates, and she had an eager, pointed chin.

Peter ate thoughtfully, nonchalantly, in fact, lest any should guess his gnawing hunger. Next to him was a slender young man with tortoise-shell spectacles and a disarming smile. Peter hoped he might prove to be also a postulant, but the girl betrayed his identity. They talked to each other in what Morehouse would have called the patois of the successful.

The girl called the quiet, gray-haired woman opposite Peter a famous name. He had overlooked her, and here she had been the chief corner-stone for years of a famous publishing house. She smiled at him in a gentle, great-aunt fashion, and Peter's pulses leaped as he passed her the salt.

"You know, introductions are dispensed with here," she told him in a confidential tone that warmed the cockles of his heart. "I presume you already know Tommy Truax here and Diana. What 's the name at that empty place next to you, Di?"

Diana glanced at the card, for all the world like a little girl at school peeking at the next slate to hers.

"Hobart Vaile," she read, and Peter felt suddenly a silence within, as in a temple. He was to consort with Hobart Vaile, the most distinctively individual editor in New York, the buoyant iconoclast who broke idols only to set the spirit of the gods free from their twilight slumber. The girl, Diana, caught the gleam from his eyes.

"Do you know him?" she said. "I did n't catch your name."

He told her, observing her eyebrows. Straight and dark, darker than her hair, and her lashes matched them.

"No, I don't know him," he said. He tried to add something, a high light of wit, and merely repeated, "I don't know him."

The lances crossed over his head. Peter tried to enter the lists. Morehouse had told him this was the hour of fate. He was a mendicant at the door of opportunity. He wanted to register on their minds, in some delightfully offhand, apropos fashion, opinions that should open the door wide to him, a knight of fortune in disguise; yet he felt himself paddling in the shallows of bromidic wavelets, while the deep-sea swimmers passed him by.

He knew by the look on Diana's face when Hobart Vaile approached. Also on

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others. He passed to his place with the smiling abstraction of an heir apparent intent on laying corner-stones.

"Mr. Embo is from the West," Mrs. Gaskill remarked as an introduction.

"I 've seen a good many young men come out of the West."

Vaile's head was somewhat bald, and his eyes, behind rimless eye-glasses, were full of a restful friendliness. Peter felt suddenly that here was a man who could grasp his aims.

"New York is the alma mater of the West. It 's the bull's-eye of ambition." He heard himself say this, and Vaile looked over at him.

"Who said that?"

Peter moved into his shell like a tapped periwinkle.

"A—a friend of mine," he stammered, "Mr. Skeepie."

"What 's his first name?"

They were all listening now, and Peter felt the gift of creativeness descend on him. He felt himself harking back to childhood. He had always fraternized with fictitious characters. Even at this age he still found himself bringing into being, with the magic wand of imagination, the character to fit the time or circumstance. He had found that when he attributed achievements to himself his audience lost interest. Now he leaned back in his chair, half closed his eyes retrospectively, and called into being a courtly *Frankenstein*.

"Fernando," he said gently—"Fernando Skeepie, a close and dear friend of mine."

"A writer?" asked Vaile.

"No,"—Peter spoke kindly, even deferentially,—"a thinker."

From then on he had his audience.

"It is the day of specialization, I am afraid," Mrs. Gaskill said in the course of their talk, with a little sigh, and Peter struck the tinder again.

"The exploitation of the exceptional," he agreed, under Vaile's inquiring eye. "Mr. Skeepie says the danger is in overreaching one's mark. He says that some writers attain such a height in fancy that they make themselves dizzy and lose the perspective in imaginative vertigo."

"Bernard Shaw!" Tommy exclaimed. "By Jove! that 's so."

"Who is Mr. Skeepie?" asked Diana, eagerly. "Is he a Westerner, too?"

"He calls himself—" Peter gave Pegasus the bit—"a dweller on summits. Not to know the stars better, but to get a bird's-eye view of his generation."

"A sort of hermit?"

"Would you call the eagle a hermit?" Peter smiled at her, provokingly. "He does not commute, but he soars occasionally. I was to have dined with him tonight."

"How did you meet him first?"

It was impossible for Peter to resist satisfying the appeal in her tone. He forgot the Olympians and visualized Fernando Skeepie.

"I was reading a book in the woods on a mountain side," he stated. "It was about this time last year. I fell asleep. When I awoke, a man sat near me on a boulder, reading my book. He apologized, and said he had searched for this book for years."

"What was the book?" asked Diana. They were listening to the narrative intently. Peter dived after a pearl of memory to reward them, and came up smiling.

"The Myths of Kalevala," he said modestly. "It is a rare book. It is the foundation of every myth and fairy-tale, every superstition, of the Northern races. It is the first effort of our own ancestors to clothe their dreams in language."

"I did n't know we had a copy in America," Vaile said attentively. "There was one either in the British Museum or the Vatican Library."

"And this," Peter assured him, gently. "It was sent to me from Helsingfors by a friend. I loved it; but just to show you the magnetism of the man, I gave it to him as if it had been an oak leaf at my feet. In return, he pointed out to me the peak he tenanted."

The chairs were being pushed back as Bob Evans, the toast-master, rose to let

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loose the after-dinner oratory. But all during this period Vaile appeared absent-minded. He nodded his head and smiled at palpable hits, but Peter divined his mood: he was weighing Skeepie. As the last gun was fired, he leaned over the table.

"Where does he live?" he asked.

Peter smiled with engaging frankness.

"I 'm sure you 'll understand, Mr. Vaile. I am under promise to tell nobody. He says the world shall never make a pathway to his door."

"But you have been there!" Diana exclaimed. "I 'm awfully interested, Mr. Embo."

"Yes, I have been at his home," Peter said. "I found him the most brilliant and entertaining man I ever met. He has the seclusive aloofness of a lama, combined with the whimsical camaraderie of a child."

Vaile's lips pursed in contented appreciation. The other guests had risen. Morehouse, seeing these linger while Peter talked, was startled. He had indexed him as a dabbler and a dreamer, yet he was making this group of real achievers listen to him. He crossed the room, and Peter paused at the touch on his shoulder. Vaile extended his hand.

"Come and see me to-morrow, Mr. Embo. After two."

Diana's smile was full of prophetic witchery as she looked over her shoulder at him.

"You 'll tell me some day," she said. "I think you 'll even take me to him."

"Who is she?" Peter asked as she joined a group farther down the long room. Indecision was gone from his tone.

"Diana Conyers. Illustrates for Vaile. What does he want?"

"He wanted to know more about a friend of mine," Peter answered. "Morehouse, have you ever read the 'Myths of the Kalevala'?"

"Who published it?"

"The brown dwarfs of Rügen," said Peter. "Introduce me to Bob and the rest. They will want to remember this night."

He was on Vaile's door-mat at two the next day. After skimming about and tacking a few times, Vaile headed up into the wind and came to the point.

"I presume you know, Mr. Embo, that I have probably discovered more unknown writers who have become famous than any other editor in New York. I admit it. The new genius is my hobby. And it seems to me that Fernando Skeepie may be a find. He is evidently strikingly original in his attitude toward life."

Peter drew out a folded slip of yellow paper.

"I tried to find this for you," he said—"just a few of his sayings that I could remember."

Vaile read the lines in silence.

"Tears are the evaporation of the soul. When one weeps too much, the soul is parched."

"Pity is not akin to love. It is the step-sister of contempt."

"Laughing at oneself is an echo in an empty house."

"Love is nature's trap; woman the bait."

"That last has a snap like Nietzsche," said Vaile. "Is he an optimist or a pessimist?"

"I should call him a psychological eclectic," replied Peter, judiciously. "Here is another one that to me is Spartan."

Vaile reached for it, and read it aloud: "Suicide is an overdose of self-pity."

Peter looked at the piled-up contents of two wire baskets. Here were rejected manuscripts. He remembered, with a reminiscent thrill, how his own had come steadily back to him like homing pigeons.

"You see, we have no lack of material submitted, Mr. Embo." Vaile smiled at him, and Peter nodded. To get into the door of opportunity here, one must use a jimmy.

"I suppose you could reach him at any time?"

"Any time," said Peter.

"Suppose you go to him from us and persuade him to submit some of his stuff."

"He has n't any. He never writes down anything. He has no clocks around,

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or calendars, no telephone, time-tables, or sun-dials. He has Chronos hipped."

"If he should prove a find, it might mean ten cents a word, at least five," said Vaile.

Peter swallowed even as he smiled. He had had no breakfast or lunch.

"Mr. Skeepie says we are a race of wampum-worshipers. I don't think money would tempt him."

"Talk to him, anyway," advised Vaile. "Act for him as his agent; and by the way, Mr. Embo, I have n't any idea how far you are going. Had n't you better have an expense check?"

But here Peter's conscience cuffed him back to the starting-line. No, he did not need an expense check, he said firmly. He would do his best. He would take the night train. Vaile asked him to dine with him at his club, and Peter knew the gods had approved of his restraint and granted him another meal.

He worked all night, not writing as himself, but as Fernando Skeepie. He was the actor, creating a new part. He caught the character he had projected on the screen of life. He, who had always been able to endow his friends with the most lovable characteristics, wrestled over Skeepie's output. He finished about six, and suddenly realized that he was hungry. With his dress-suit and suitcase he emerged from the hotel's side entrance and walked eastward to the streets where Lorenzo's three golden spheres invite the indigent.

The grilled iron doors did not open before eight, but Peter found a resting-place on some second-hand furniture next door, and struck up an acquaintance with the proprietor. He was an authority on brass and copper. Peter forgot his own needs in listening to him.

"It is the line, always the line, you look for in art," he said, holding up a dusty, tarnished flagon with a curved beak. "Look at this, and then again at this."

"They 're both mighty fine," Peter agreed. "I think myself that the line changes with the mood, like the outlines of clouds. There is a mood which blends with the Muscovite, and another that demands the Byzantine. I have a friend—"

He stopped himself with a sort of pleased, boyish surprise. The night's labor was already blossoming. He had spoken of Skeepie quite subconsciously as an entity, a personality. So long as he could make himself believe in him, the way lay safe and clear ahead.

He pawned his goods buoyantly, and after breakfast crossed to the Grand Central, and consulted time-tables. While he had not definitely stuck a pin into the point of the map where Skeepie's eyry was, still, he appraised the virtues of neighboring mountain-peaks.

He finally chose the Highlands. They were apart from the multitude, and yet adjacent. He had been attracted to them in the early haze of dawn, coming down from Albany. With an opalescent sunrise shining palely through veiling mists, there had been a mystical unreality about them.

After consideration Peter decided that he would arrive on the Peekskill local at three forty-five. This would give him a night at Skeepie's hermitage and a lengthy morning conference.

He haunted the bulletin-board, and when the train arrived, Mr. Embo emerged with other passengers, and then took the trail down Fourth Avenue.

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He was not kept waiting on the doormat of hope. Mr. Vaile extended his hand and smiled at him with a sort of conspiring confidence.

"Well," he asked, "did you get anything?"

"Only this." Peter drew from the inner pocket of his mackintosh four by five papers, written over in a loose, rambling handwriting. "This is his diary," he said, "or, rather, a portion of it. He calls it 'The Gospel of Little Things.'"

Vaile opened it at random and read aloud:

I heard Bob White this morning in the rain for the first time this spring, a miracle of song, his pure-throated call. The first call seems much purer, much fuller of a shy, deep joy, than those that come later, to be answered in half a dozen quarters of the woods. The little fellow seems to put into his note all the rich depth of meaning beneath the first hush of wonder. Mine called twice, and then ceased utterly. Did he listen from some hidden nook in the still, bare woods, grow timid of his own voice when no voice answered, and fall to dreaming voicelessly of a mate that might never be more than a spring dream, or do the birds know that there is always a mate to be, unerringly, inevitably as spring itself? Perchance some bird has dreamed of a mate more wonderful than ever mate before, and who yet mated, and lived busily through the season, chasing butterflies to feed the maws of half a dozen fledglings.

He turned a page, and touched another key.

"Life seems to consist mostly of praying for rain, and wishing to God it would stop." After this was scribbled: "I do not think the female of the bird species is so different from the human. It is the quintessential feminine, not the breed, that counts."

"He may have had a love-affair once," Peter explained, "although he speaks always in the abstract. I like this bit of description of the land from his window."

Vaile smiled and nodded over the page:

"Gray skies of mother-of-pearl to-day; banks of golden-yellow trees against it. Earth deep red, like old blood-stains against the slate-colored rock walls. Air so still you can hear the crows miles away."

"And this," prompted Peter:

The little winged seeds of the maple are thick upon the ground to-day, each one a tiny Mercury's heel sent questing by the wind. The day is over, and the dark is on its way. There 's the lamp, with its smoky rim, lit. I have never been wholly at ease in the twilight. I love shadows, the big black shadows that are made by things in the light. But shadow shapes breed a strange unease, a sort of soul distrust. In the dusk all things become but shadow shapes, and you cannot know them.

"His house overlooks twenty miles of valley. It stands on the very edge of a high cliff, and the entire front is one huge window. There is a rock fireplace across one end. It is a log house. Mr. Skeepie built it himself, with the aid of an old carpenter from the village ten miles below."

Peter paused, but Mr. Vaile's smile of inquiry spurred Pegasus into another lap, and Peter continued:

"Boring overhead in the log beams are wood-fretters. Through the nights you can hear them boring, constantly boring; in the morning there is a white sawdust on the floor. Mr. Skeepie says they are his guests. I think I can recall his very words last night. 'See my little friends, Embo. They are very busy doing nothing worth while. They are the apostles of the non-essential. Whenever I am tempted to get back into the world of work, I listen to them, and learn again that it is not useless energy, but thought that counts.'"

"If we can get him down to facts we can market him," said Vaile, musingly. "The trouble is usually that that type of man loses his gift of tongues the minute you talk business to him. I 'm afraid we shall have to rely on you, Mr. Embo, to be the mediator. If he only had something ready—"

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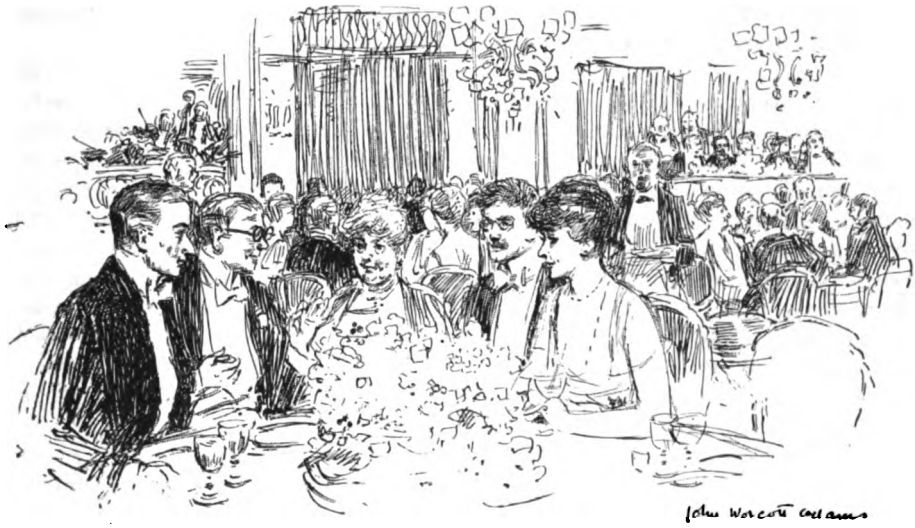

"Why not the diary?" Peter interposed eagerly. "Here is an absolutely original record of a human soul. I could get only a few pages. The entire thing is too bulky. It 's a huge affair, but his own device—blank pages, and on one side these jotted impressions. On the other, envelops pasted to the page, containing the mementoes of the day: a pebble that gleamed from a brook he drank from, an orange-velvet lichen he found beneath a log, a scarlet feather dropped from a tanager in flight southward, the last brave spray of goldenrod that lingered in a sunny hollow after the frost came. On some I saw old letters. He said they were beacons and mile-stones."

Instantly Vaile was alert.

"Love-letters?" he queried.

"He said that love had passed him by," Peter answered gently. "You could not question him any more than you would bounce a rubber ball in a marble sanctuary. But he did say once that it was the reality that kills. Only the ideal love is eternal. To possess is to destroy. He spoke once also, as we sat over the dying fire, of a woman's face he had seen in a crowd abroad. Paris, I think he said. He spoke of her 'gray eyes eternal' and also of her hair; called it dust of gold, and her contour the early Tuscan type." Peter was almost rocking now with the peaceful rhythm of invention. Before his eyes was the head of Diana, and he crowned her Skeepie's ideal.

"Sort of 'Thisbe, a gray eye or so,' " quoted Vaile, genially.

"Rather Glaucopis," corrected Peter. "Such a man would look to the gods for a mate."

"Well, do what you can with him," sighed Vaile. "I 'll try the diary if we can get it into shape. It should be illustrated in a very artistic, indefinite sort of style. I think it might be well for you to step down to Miss Conyers's studio, and see what you think of her work. I 'll make the appointment now for you. You may offer him a thousand in advance, and tell him we will look after the arrangement and selection with the utmost appreciation of his consent to publication. Think that will soothe him."

Peter shook his head and rose.

"It is like throwing a halter around Orion, but I will try," he said soberly.

Diana's studio was on the fourth floor of a tall brownstone private residence on West Nineteenth Street. He even gave her more intimate details of Skeepie's personality than he had Vaile. Diana had the tense, repressed gift of the listener, that attentive wonderment that was as celestial nutriment to Peter's heavenly colt. He skimmed the azure zealously,

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and, before parting, promised to bring her Skeepie's first instalment within a few days.

The next week passed like a memory of circus days, ineffable, indistinct happiness to Peter. At first he wavered. He found himself seriously cogitating and worrying somewhat, fearing that possibly Skeepie might refuse to do the series. Then he laughed, and bent to the oar of endeavor.

Friday found him at Diana's studio with a copy of the finished product. Vaile had read it overnight, and telephoned him in the morning.

"It is whimsical, idealistic, individual, Embo. I congratulate you. Since he wishes to be entirely incog., we 'll humor him. I 'll have the check mailed to you, and you can take the cash up to him."

So Peter walked lightly, touching stars. He found Diana in a yellow smock, drawing before the window. There were three rooms on her floor. She occupied the large front one as a studio, and it was as golden in tone as a jonquil's heart. Yellow silk curtains hung over ecru net at the windows, and along the yellow sills were yellow bowls of bulbs growing in pebbled water.

The willow furniture was painted dull yellow, likewise the long wooden table, and quaint bookshelves topped with brasses and images. Peter strolled about, luxuriating in the evidences of Diana's inner self. Here was a book of fairy-tales, and there a polished boar's tusk mounted in gold. He picked up an Aztec water-bowl with a hideous face on its surface, and disturbed a youthful turtle, black, with yellow spots mottled on its shell.

"That is Zarathustra, my sun-worshiper," said Diana.

Peter sat down beside her and told her about the wood-fretters that were Skeepie's special pets. He even started in to describe the interior of the cabin that faced the sunrise on its distant peak, and Diana laid aside her charcoal to listen, her chin propped on one palm, her eyes wide and questioning.

"And what is he himself like? I think you ought to tell me, if I am to do his illustrations."

There was a mirror opposite Peter. He glanced at it involuntarily, and earnestly sought to avoid the obvious while still clinging to a semblance of verity.

"He is the type of a man whom you would pass unnoticed in a crowd, but love on a desert isle. I think his best quality is his marvelous gift for comradeship. You feel in being his friend that you are admitted to the ancient brotherhood of the bee and the pine and the rainbow. He sweeps aside the useless underbrush of life and lets the young green things reach the sunlight. He is a man whose age is hard to tell; perhaps thirty, possibly thirty-five, not more."

"Oh, I had pictured him as being beautifully old, as Burroughs and Whitman look in their pictures."

"No,"—Peter tried to soothe the disappointment in her face,—"he is not old, although his hair has a touch of gray. I know that he abhors hats, and his place is lined with bookshelves that he never dusts."

"And what really is his creed of life?" Diana puckered her forehead diligently.

"He is the apostle of the gospel of little things," answered Peter, happily. "He says that the mote and the molecule support the universe."

"But what of women? Does he hate them?"

Peter pondered on how to please her without committing Skeepie to any indiscretion.

"I think there is a hidden secret in his life. Only a great lover could become a woman-hater."

Diana rose suddenly and crossed to a drawing-board on an easel. On the blank paper tacked there she sketched in a head. It might have been Peter conventionalized, as one takes a leaf and evolves a cornice.

And yet it was an elder brother of Peter, a sadder, more ascetic type than Peter. In the keen, sharp lines of jaw and cheek you caught the stamp of the enthusiast, the dreamer, the thinker.

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There was a fearless lift to the chin, and yet a very human smile on the close lips, and the eyes were full of a baffling inscrutability.

"Great heavens!" exclaimed Peter, springing up and crossing to peer at the face on the paper, "this is unbelievable! It is one of the most astounding proofs of telepathy I ever witnessed. You never saw Fernando Skeepie in your life, and yet you catch his very likeness from my memory of him."

Diana laid down her crayon with firm fingers, and recklessly wiped her hand on her smock. There was a little dash of color on her cheeks, and her eyes held a challenge as she met Peter's gaze.

"I have seen him," she said, and Peter drew in a deep breath and noticed helplessly that Zarathustra was fruitlessly clambering and falling up and down the side of the yellow Aztec bowl. He felt the same circling inefficacy in his own brain as he tried to get a foothold on fact.

Diana continued, slipping down into the deepest willow chair, her hands clasped over one knee, her eyes very tender as she bent forward toward the firelight in her open grate:

"Your first description of him that night at the dinner bothered me. It seemed as if I had known him somewhere, and yet I could not place him. And then, a few days ago, while we were waiting for the full manuscript to arrive, I talked with Mr. Vaile, and he told me all you had said."

"What did I say?" Peter barely kept himself from floundering.

Diana looked up at him with almost a grieved reproach in her eyes.

"Don't you remember the woman he met in a crowd in Paris—the one you told about? It was one spring morning in the Bois. We came from opposite directions in the passing stream of people. I shall never forget seeing ahead of me this man. He held his head high, and there was a gladness, a—a—sort of abandon about him that made you think of—why, of gipsying in wilderness trails, and letting the world go by you, just as you say he has done. And our eyes met. Mr. Embo, you know what wonderful eyes he has. I shall never forget him. Do you really and truly think I have caught even a little semblance of his features?"

Peter had been walking up and down. He swung about before the picture, and eyed it almost resentfully. She could not have met Skeepie, because there was n't any real Skeepie, but who was the man who had so filled her memory with a look?

"How often did you see him?" he asked.

"For over a week we passed each other on the same path every morning. He never spoke to me, never showed the slightest sign of recognition. There was nothing but the long, straight look between us that was as inevitable as life itself. He always carried a book, and seemed to have been ill, or perhaps I only imagined that, he was so slender and different from the usual type of man you meet, don't you know."

Peter nodded his head slowly, and there was a touch of bitterness in his tone, or was it merely sardonic humor?

"There is nothing that can be so intimate as a look. I would rather a woman gave me the right to seek her soul in her eyes than to possess her."

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"Did he say that?" asked Diana, breathlessly.

"Yes," Peter retorted. "Who else could have said it? Go on. Have you seen him since?"

She gave him her confidence as readily as a child. And standing where he could see every little changing expression on her expressive face, Peter suffered full punishment. His courtly, whimsical *Frankenstein* was attaining proportions beyond his power of control.

"I think so, but I can't be quite sure. You remember your saying at the dinner that you were to have dined with him that evening. I was sitting in the little square here that afternoon. You know only residents have a key. And I saw this man walking around outside the iron railing. There were some little children trying to look in, children from the Third Avenue section, I suppose, and he spoke to them. Then a regular Romany cat came along, a thin, big, black one with wild, green eyes, and it slipped past the children between the railings, and began to stalk some sparrows. I think he was telling the children a story about the cat that did not need a key to get into Gramercy Square, for they took his hands and walked on with him, listening." She added in a tender burst of confidence, "That is just what he would have done, is n't it, Mr. Embo?"

And Peter had to admit that it was.

He left her that day with inward raging. Skeepie was his. He had created him as a unique personality; yet now he faced the possibility of another producing him in the flesh. If not his Skeepie, then another of the same type. He felt all of the sickening helplessness of a successful author who finds his whole new plot unconsciously plagiarized by his dearest friend.

After dinner he had a reaction toward benevolence. Peter had always held to his own rendering of the Psalmist's adage, "As a man eateth, so is he," and now, as he sat back in a deep leather chair in the hotel lobby, he almost felt a glow of tender pity toward Diana. In her eager woman's way of jumping at conclusions, she had blurred the two individualities. She had been attracted by Skeepie's writings, and had endeavored to blend them with the personality of this man whom she remembered.

It was really Skeepie whom she admired. And yet—and here Peter faced the one thing he avoided most in life, facts—there had been a real man whom she had seen in the Bois. Peter discovered within his heart a fine, vigorous prejudice against the man who had looked deep into her eyes and registered interest there. Peter sighed and sat up as a telegram was brought to him.

It was from Vaile. It was sent from Washington at six-fifteen, and he had talked with him that morning at the office on Fourth Avenue. Peter read it gingerly. Vaile had the first instalments of the diary series, and Peter had the thousand advance. The yellow slip was an unwelcome portent.

Magazine bought by Reardon conference held to-day insists knowing Skeepie's address wire in confidence.

Vaile.

Peter tipped the boy mechanically, and pocketed the yellow abomination. He tried to identify Reardon. It must be T. R. Reardon, owner of half a dozen newspapers. He remembered when he had bought the "Kansas City Leader." The "Leader" had been an orthodox, family type of evening paper. After it became a star in Reardon's galaxy, it was like some fine, old motherly friend suddenly developing a propensity for lipsticks and transformations. So Peter recalled who Reardon was, and what it meant to have the magazine at the mercy of his thumbs.

He went up to his room and ruminated. The series was accepted, and the first advance paid. They could hardly draw back. All he had to do was to remain firm in the matter, courteous, but firm. There was really no law that could compel him to produce a person who did not exist. He wondered vaguely whether

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Chatterton or Fitzgerald could have been arrested on false pretenses, and how about Elizabeth Barrett Browning and her first statement about the "Portuguese Sonnets"? A writer had literary license to conceal his own identity behind a nom de plume; but did he—and here Peter blew much smoke toward the ceiling—have a right to invent a personality and market it?

After a decent period of reflection he sent a reply.

Mr. Skeepie refuses. Will stop series if contract is conditional on this.

P. Embo.

About midnight he got the response:

Do nothing until I see you.

Vaile.

Peter heaved a deep sigh of relieved tension and went to bed.

He went down to the office to meet Vaile the next morning at eleven, with a mind bent on maintaining at all hazard Skeepie's reputation. Vaile looked worried and harassed. He had come back on the midnight train and had slept little.

"I confess, Mr. Embo," he said, "this has hit me rather hard—I mean the buying of the magazine by Mr. Reardon. It is not easy to see the ideals and standards of three generations at the caprice of a millionaire dyspeptic, who, I may add, believes it pays to advertise."

"Is he going to advertise Mr. Skeepie?" asked Peter.

"That 's why I sent for you. He is. The unique situation interested him, but he saw at once the pull it would have with the public."

"Does he wish Mr. Skeepie to take the stump," asked Peter, "or ride the elephant in the parade?"

Vaile smiled slightly.

"Something equally as bad. He approves the anonymity to a certain extent, or, rather, the retirement of Mr. Skeepie until the first instalment is wide-spread and people are asking questions. Then, probably not until another month or two, he would offer a thousand dollars in gold to the man, woman, or child who picks out Fernando Skeepie as he emerges from the Grand Central Station at a certain minute on a given day."

Peter felt as though he had received a body-blow. Nevertheless he smiled at the hopeless absurdity of the proposition.

"Could he imagine Horace or Emerson doing this thing? Then why pick out Fernando Skeepie? Did you tell him about him?"

"Everything," Vaile answered wearily. "He remarked that it was all good stuff to use in booming the series, but he insists that you produce Skeepie to keep up the interest in the last instalments."

"Otherwise the agreement falls flat, I presume, on the remainder of the series." Peter tried to make his tone casual. "I am expected to go up to Mr. Skeepie and present this ultimatum to him; is that it?"

"As diplomatically as you can, of course, Mr. Embo. Believe me, I regret this deeply. I think that I understood exactly and appreciated the way to approach Mr. Skeepie, and I feel somewhat responsible for this dilemma. Try to persuade him that it might be done. All he would have to do is take that train down from Albany. I suggested Albany rather than Philadelphia, as I rather surmised it might be more convenient for Mr. Skeepie."

Peter did not satisfy the implied inference that Mr. Vaile was correct. He overlooked it.

"But does n't Reardon see that for such a thing to happen would make the public lose interest in Mr. Skeepie? It is absolutely out of keeping with his character and the nature of his writings which you propose to publish."

Vaile looked among some letters in his pocket and selected a torn back of an envelop. He handed it over.

"Reardon wrote that himself. He wants it to go at the head of each article, boxed."

Peter's mouth twitched as he read this:

Not since Rousseau has any man of let-

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ters given to the world such an intimate revelation of himself as these private papers of Fernando Skeepie. Startling in their frankness, daring in his nature creed, rich in imagery and introspective philosophy, granting right of way to all but woman, what mystery of life's mete of happiness and woe do these extracts from his diary show! As he himself has said with an unfathomable bitterness, "Only a great lover could become a woman-hater."—EDITORS.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Peter, solemnly, "Skeepie will leave the hemisphere if he reads that. Is there no way to control Reardon? It 's no more like Rousseau than it is like Solomon. Can't a man confess his past without being compared to a person who hung his surplus progeny on the gates of foundling asylums and bullyragged his wife into consenting to the brutality?"

Vaile rose and shut the door nervously. Such language was unknown in the peaceful precincts of his office. Peter was pacing up and down, his hair tousled, his eyes a bit wild. He paused abruptly before Vaile's desk, and pointed down at the torn envelop.

"That last line—how did you know that? It is the most intimate thing he ever said to me."

"You told it to Diana, and in good faith she told me. We never dreamed that he would object. It is impersonal—"

"It was, you mean," said Peter, bitterly. "Now it is a sop to Cerberus."

"Peter," Vaile said kindly, "you know that I agree with you absolutely. You know also that the first instalment is on the presses now. We rushed it to catch the Christmas number, and dropped an article by Henry Wadleigh Diggs to do it. You are not to blame. I am not to blame. It is one of those business moves that might happen to any magazine. As Skeepie's agent you have acted in a way that he could not possibly object to. Let me go with you to see him, and talk over this thing sensibly."

"Do you think I would go to him with that," Peter said, nodding gloomily at the note, "when he told me not even to let him see the thing in print if I wanted him to complete the instalments?"

Vaile looked at him, and suddenly there came into his mind a way out. He smiled his daily benign, reposeful smile for the first time, and laid his hand on Peter's shoulder.

"You go down and talk quietly with Diana. I 'll see what I can do."

Peter went straight down Fourth Avenue to Nineteenth Street. She had remembered that line. It must have made an impression on her or she would never have repeated it to Vaile. He climbed four flights of stairs to Diana's door and lifted the little brass knocker abstractedly.

Diana called to him to enter from her seat by the window. She wore her favorite yellow smock, and her manner gave no hint of the council she had just held over the telephone with Vaile.

"Don't talk," she said. "I know you 're bothered. The world must have its Reardons to make us star-gazers despise wealth. He has already raised salaries. Did you know that? Make some tea, if you don't mind, and start the fire up."

Peter laid off his overcoat and squatted down before the fire, poking at the sleepy embers vigorously. Diana adjured alcohol, therefore her copper tea-kettle swung from a thin iron crane within the fireplace. As he worked over the blaze that sprang up, she watched him with a funny, wise little smile. When the tea was

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ready, she joined him, Peter sitting on the wood-box very solemn and somewhat offended.

"What 's the matter, Mr. Embo?" she asked. "Oh, you take lemon, don't you? And there is n't any."

Peter looked at her intently.

"I told you when we first met that my name was Peter. And it is not the lack of lemon that hits me; it is lack of faith in the people one trusts."

"You don't mean Mr. Vaile?" she said.

"I mean you," answered Peter, inexorably. "Inadvertently I let drop one of Skeepie's sayings, something he had told only to me, and since you gave it to Vaile, he has told Reardon, and it will be used in the advertising matter."

Diana's eyes held a warning light as she held her cup aloft with one hand, her elbow resting on the arm of her chair, and eyed Peter.

"You seem to think that he belongs only to you," she said gently. "Don't you think that I have perhaps a prior right, even if you did give him the myth thing?"

Peter felt nonplussed at her strategy. She seemed so innocent, though. Perhaps she meant it all in good faith. All at once there flashed across him a scheme, such a diplomatic, harmless scheme. What if he could utilize this man she thought was Skeepie? Merely persuade him to saunter out of the Grand Central Station at a given moment and give the crowds a Roman holiday.

"You never spoke to him, you said," he remarked.

"But I did not say"—she measured her words carefully — "that he had never written to me. When you get through publishing his diary, suppose I give the world his letters."

"How did he sign himself?" asked Peter, warily.

"Why, just as in the letters used in the diary, those you found on the pages with the pressed gentians. They begin 'You,' and are signed 'Myself.' It seemed to me so typical, so splendidly isolated. That is why I felt sure at the time I read them that I knew him, too."

Peter had thought that he had made Skeepie strikingly original, and now it appeared that love had but one language.

"Did he give you any address?"

Diana dropped her eyes, and looked at the leaves in her tea-cup. She looked so adorably knowing, so illumined, almost, by this secret knowledge, that Peter felt, as he gazed at her, a softening of his rancor. The firelight brought out little reddish gleams in her hair and tender shadows under her chin, that eager, fruit-shaped chin he had first admired. Suddenly his nerves gave way. As though he did not have enough to bear, was fate heaping on him another problem? For the first time he suspected that he was falling in love with a girl who could be charmed by a look on the Bois.

"Oh, let 's forget all about it!" Diana exclaimed, with one of her quick, whimsical reversions. "Have more tea? It 's all tangled, and only one can really cut the knot. You 're very tired. I have a little plan that I know will do you good, and you 've simply got to take care of yourself, Peter, because if anything happened to you, I 'd have to tell where he lived, don't you see?"

Again Peter eyed her suspiciously, but her face was absolutely innocent of guile.

"Only a little trip that will do you good, Peter. You need a change, and Mr. Vaile always goes out of town for week-ends. You must come. He has asked me to go also, and you two can drop me off at Aunt Jean's place. It 's just the very last glow of Indian summer, and the hills will be gorgeous. We 'll call for you at the hotel at eleven on Saturday morning."

Peter sat down on the wood-box, every feather plucked from his wings, his sandals gone, weakly consenting to that which he avoided by nature as an owl avoids the sunlight—the unknown.

The first issues of the Christmas number were out Thursday. Peter bought one from the hotel stand, and took it to his room to read in sanctuary. As he read, worry fell from his shoulders in the joy of seeing [illegible] in print, Skeepie

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born to a world that needed him. Vaile called him up and congratulated him on having introduced a new prophet to his times.

"You know, I 've thought of something, Peter," he added happily. "It may be a way out. If he objects very much, perhaps you could appear for him. It would add to the mystery in a way. People might think you wrote the stuff."

Peter wrinkled up his face at the other end of the wire, and leaned against the wall. He would as soon have impersonated Skeepie as an actor would have gone out on the street in full make-up. He replied heavily:

"He would n't listen to it."

"But he may have to, if he won't come himself," urged Vaile. "A man must consider his public's rights somewhat. It is no more than the bow of a king from a balcony. I tell you, Peter, you worry too much. I 'm afraid that Skeepie has you hipped. You 're afraid of offending him."

"I 'm afraid of silencing him," answered Peter, gravely. "What do you hear about the stuff? Does it get over? Is it over their heads? He was afraid it might be just a little beyond the hour."

"That is the note to strike now. People are suspicious of a past which produced nothing but the present. But he will have to walk from the Grand Central on a certain day, and if we cannot make him see it in any other way, then he must regard it as his own sacrifice to the spirit of the times."

In the days of the week that followed Peter realized what it meant to release a jinnee from a bottle. Wherever he went, Skeepie was there before him. His personality permeated the atmosphere.

He kept away from Diana, deliberately, and found that a smoldering fire is more dangerous than a frank blaze. Again and again he was on the point of calling up and breaking the Saturday appointment, but something held him back. He was ready for the trip at noon on Saturday, and waiting impatiently the arrival of the car which was, as Diana herself had said, to take them away from the obvious.

Diana was dressed in brown, and a heavy brown coat swathed her generously. Vaile was beside the chauffeur, and greeted Peter warmly.

"Are you dressed for roughing it?" he asked. "Better put in a sweater and a heavier coat."

Peter did not have a sweater or a heavier coat. He never remembered such things until a blizzard slammed him. So he climbed in as he was, in a new dark suit, with his raincoat and a cap.

"You 'll be awfully cold, I 'm afraid," Diana said as they sped up Broadway. She looked at his face, turned sidewise from her. "And you look tired, too, Peter."

"Do I?" Peter was pleasantly indifferent. "I feel tiptop. This November weather is a great tonic."

Her eyes defied him.

"There are little lines all around your mouth, and you have n't been eating regularly. You 're awfully worried, are n't you?"

"I had hoped to forget it on this trip," Peter told her, rebukingly, and wondered at the gleam of mirth in her eyes. But she was checked, and was almost meek all the way up to the viaduct at 125th Street. Peter was just admiring the view at the rise here. He felt almost relaxed and happy when the car came to an abrupt stop, and Vaile turned around to him with a delightfully confident smile.

"Now, Peter, tell us which way to go," he said.

"Why—er—any way suits me," said Peter, blankly.

"He does n't understand yet," said Diana, and bent forward so that the wind almost blew a strand of her hair across Peter's nose. "We 're going with you up to Mr. Skeepie's."

"Under your direction, old man," Vaile added. "We saw how troubled you were at taking the full responsibility of letting him know, and we wanted to help you. Shall we take the ferry over to Jersey or keep to the New York side?"

Peter met Diana's eyes. Never had she seemed so radiant and full of witchery.

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He knew that she had set this trap. Wittingly or not, she was responsible for his downfall, and he looked at her with reproachful accusation.

"Which way?" repeated Vaile, and Peter stared up and down the river, seeking a sign from the gods for Cæsar.

"The roads are in a frightful condition," he stammered. "We never could make it in the world."

"This car," responded Vaile, genially, "is a mud lark, and it can climb anything."

"And we have provisions for five days," added Diana, with deep satisfaction. "Extra tires and plenty of gasolene."

The river lured ahead, but so did the distant Jersey hills, too. Peter tried his best to remember some inaccessible spot, some place beyond the range of woman's curiosity.

"He would never forgive me for taking him by surprise," he said feebly. "Even when I go alone I have to signal to him."

"Signal?" Diana caught the word joyously. "Is n't that wonderful! Let me signal this time."

"You told me that he would move out of the hemisphere, so we must n't give him any warning," Vaile said firmly. "Perhaps you have n't made the trip in a car, Peter. I brought some road-maps along to make sure."

Peter took the road-maps, four of them, New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, Vermont. Then he gazed again at the landscape for inspiration. The wooded heights of Inwood and Riverdale called to him. Beyond them, dipping in long sweeping slopes, were the Highlands. He had placed him there in his own mind, he remembered suddenly, and he opened the New York map with a little smile that baffled Diana completely.

"We can stay on this side," he said. "Just you go on, and when you are wrong, I 'll tell you."

It was a get-by for the nonce. Peter ran his finger around the inside of his collar and drew in a deep breath as the car went on. He had shifted the responsibility to Vaile's shoulders. He imagined he had an idea where Skeepie lived. So far he was ahead of Peter, who had n't the slightest plan where to bring his aëroplane of fancy to earth.

"You know," Vaile said once, his spirits rising over the success of his little strategy, "I should n't wonder if Reardon made a definite proposition if this thing should go through to please him. I mean on a

settled yearly basis; Peter, with Mr. Skeepie."

Peter answered gloomily:

"There is nothing so enervating as a steady salary."

"Did he say that?" Diana asked quickly. "It 's awfully good."

With a curious, fatalistic sense of coming dissolution, Peter looked at her almost pityingly.

"No," he answered, "I sa
myself."

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They followed the road on through Riverdale, Yonkers, and Hastings. Possibly he could let them lose themselves, Peter thought, let them keep going on and on until they wearied, and then at last confess to Vaile that Skeepie belonged with the "Myths of the Kalevala"; but

somehow he could n't do this. Vaile's buoyant optimism and Diana's delight at having struck the right road checked him. Besides, he remembered that Vaile had suggested over the telephone his standing sponsor for the "Diary." The thought of any such self-revelation kept Peter's compass true to the north star of verity, and he called out genially to the chauffeur at every cross-road to keep right on.

"We may as well eat at inns while we can," Diana said at one stretch beyond Hastings. "I know an adorable place where Aunt Jean and I always stop for lunch. I think Peter 's hungry."

He took the thrust with a smile. The longer she dallied over tea, the sooner night would fall, and they 'd have to stop hunting Skeepie perforce. At the inn he lingered in the outer yard, eyeing the car all by himself. The tires looked abominably sound. A duplicate set hung on the back, anyway. He wished he had the courage to bribe the boy to make a mistake in oiling her up, and pour in shellac instead. The utter villainy of the notion tempted him, it was so original. Vaile came out, looking for him, and put his arm around his shoulders fraternally.

"You need n't worry," he said happily. "She can go anywhere a man can."

Above Garrisons the Highlands unfolded gloriously, and Diana took out a pair of field-glasses.

"You said his house was on the highest peak, overlooking the valley for thirty miles, did n't you, Peter? And there was a wonderful window that took in the entire western front. That ought to glint in this sunlight like a heliograph."

"It should," agreed Peter. They seemed to have reached a new route. There had come a sharp turn at the bottom of a steep, craggy hill. At the top they lost the river road, and slipped into one of those leading into the mountains. It climbed steadily. After about five miles a great vista opened up between the ridge of hills abreast of the Hudson and those banking the way to the east. Diana smiled at him with delicious assurance.

"Are we getting warm?" she asked.

"A little," said Peter, and smiled, secure in guile. But Vaile had taken the field-glasses and was scanning the distant mountain-sides intently. Peter caught the contagion of thought, and eyed him with fascination. At the brink of a gully commanding the view the car stopped. The road turned back toward the river here; but there was another one going on, a wood road, overgrown, with a ridge in the center, and deep wheel-ruts at the

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sides. The sun was beginning to slant now. Long, level rays spread out fanwise over the panorama below.

"Well, I guess we 've hit the last lap," said Vaile. "You 've led us well, Peter, almost let me think I had discovered him myself."

Peter swallowed hard, tried to smile, and took the field-glasses. Under Vaile's direction he found the house. The sun caught the glass windows until they shone like a mirror. And it hung on the precipice of rock like some Tibetan hermit's hut. Peter could hardly believe the evidence of his eyes. Diana's lips were parted in a little smile as she watched him.

"What 's the signal?" she asked.

"The wind is changing," called the chauffeur. He pointed to a bank of smoke-gray clouds slipping over the eastern sky like an unfolding wing. "That looks like one of the slow mountain rains that set in for all night. I 've been up here before."

"The road ends at the corn-field, I think," Peter said. "Had n't we better turn back to the village for the night? You could n't go on in the rain, you know."

"You told me he loved the dusk of shadows and twilight," Diana insisted eagerly. "Peter, you know you are only trying to get out of it, now that there is no backing out. It is just the kind of night we would find him over his fire in the dark."

"I am glad that I wore my raincoat," Peter said grimly. "Mind, I have not said it is his house."

"We absolve you of any blame, Peter." Vaile smiled at him in the most irritatingly genial fashion. "I will follow after you two with a few little supplies. We will have supper on the summit."

Diana had started down the last lap of the road straight toward the stone wall. The corn-fields lay beyond, a mass of close-cut stubble and wigwam-shaped shocks of corn, with here and there a belated pumpkin lying like a lost Jack-o'-lantern, caught in the spell of daylight. They climbed the wall and crossed the field to a wooded slope where pines rose tall and straight and the path wound crookedly. Half-way up, the path itself became lost in a high thicket, and Diana bent her head from the whipping twigs.

"This is awful," she gasped. "Have n't you lost the way?"

"I told you he said the world should never make a pathway to his door," Peter reminded her, wickedly. "He hates the casual caller."

"I wish to heavens that you 'd stop telling me things Mr. Skeepie says and talk like yourself." For the first time there came a little break in her voice, and he saved her from stumbling over a decayed log hiding deep in the dead leaves. "I 'm so tired of hearing—"

She stopped short, and Peter's heart bounded. Was hero-worship beginning to fail her? A sudden longing came to him to tell her everything, with Vaile safe at the foot of the path, and find out what she would have him do.

"You know, Diana," he began in the gentle, boyish tone he always unconsciously assumed when about to confess anything—"you know when I was a little boy I used to love to start a snowball rolling downhill—"

"Don't you dare start telling me anything clever," Diana retorted. "I 'm tired of having Mr. Skeepie's epigrams and anecdotes all tried out on me before you give them to the public." She leaned back against a tall pine-tree and pushed her hair up into place. It was half tumbling to her shoulders from the fight with the brambles.

"I said," Peter corrected with dignity, "that when I was a little boy—"

"Why on earth don't you climb this tree and find out if we 're going the right way instead of starting a story?" Her tone was biting in its spur, and Peter took off his coat and looked up at the tree. He was baffled. It must have taken ages to bring forth Peter, for there was n't the least hark back in his nature to the primitive, and he did n't know how to climb a tree with celerity and comfort.

"Perhaps you can't?"

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The taunt swept away even prudence. There were low-hanging boughs, and he caught at one and swung up above her head. She waited, listening, biting her under lip and smiling. Overhead Peter climbed steadily. It was not as difficult as he had imagined. In fact, as he got higher, he rather liked the experiment. The tree was a hermit, too, an isolated giant of a pine away from its brotherhood. He leaned over as a thought struck him.

'Diana, remember this,

"Some unsuspected isle in far-off seas,
Whole brotherhoods of cedars on its brow—"

"You 'll tumble down," warned Diana. "Please don't try to quote anything, Peter! Please!"

"And you are ever by me while I gaze." He stepped higher, recklessly stepped where a crow might have hesitated, and fell with slow crashing of dry boughs down to Diana's feet. He was vividly conscious while he was falling. He would be killed, perhaps, at least injured badly, and they would be sorry they had compelled him to come. She would eternally regret this when she saw him limping slowly through life.

Peter closed his eyes at the last, and waited for unconsciousness. He fell on soft pine-needles and dry bracken that broke the fall. He was bruised and shaken, but he knew that was all. Seeing Diana's face of piteous self-reproach as she bent over him, Peter could not help giving just one groan. Her hands held his tightly.

"Peter, Peter, are you badly hurt?" she cried. "Oh, and it was just my idiotic nonsense that sent you up there! Peter, can't you hear me at all?"

He opened his eyes and looked at her. Perhaps, while she thought him badly hurt, he could be just a trifle delirious and tell her the horrible truth. The temptation gleamed on Peter's mind like a beacon of hope, but he put it sternly aside. What had to be done must be done quickly.

"I am hurt," he told her, "but not much, not as much as I expected. Just let me lie quiet for a while. Don't try to get any help yet. I want to tell you something, Diana."

"Peter, I know all about it already," Diana answered eagerly. "You must n't use your strength."

"You could n't know this." Peter felt vaguely irritated at her acceptance of his surprise. She was always stealing his thunderbolt out of his hand, and making a walking-stick of it. "You remember telling me that you knew the man you believed was Mr. Skeepie?"

"Of course."

He took her two hands in his and smiled.

"Then you can save me, Diana. I thought I was riding the wings of Pegasus, and it 's turned out to be a nightmare. I can't bear to smash Vaile's faith, he 's such a bully good friend; but you 'll understand, Diana, won't you?"

"I do understand," Diana said solemnly. "I have right along."

"Then can't you persuade this man who looks like Skeepie to be Skeepie just while he walks through the Grand Central in this infernal stunt of Reardon's? I can't tell Vaile—"

"But, Peter, how could I when he is Mr. Skeepie?" It was Diana's last long shot, but it smashed down the last defense. Peter groaned in reality, and closed his eyes, as he forced out the truth.

"He could n't be, because there is n't any Skeepie."

He felt Diana's arm raise his head up, and she patted his cheek gently.

"Are you very badly hurt, Peter dear?"

He raised himself up savagely.

"No, I am not; I 'm not hurt at all. I 'm deliberately lying here so that you will be sorry for me. O Diana, rage at me if you want to, say anything, but don't be kind to me! If you do, I shall forget myself and tell you everything."

Diana glanced up as a drop of rain fell on her nose. Far down on the path through the pine-woods there came Vaile's voice, shouting to them. The sunset glow had faded to a deep, smoldering orange under a sky of flame-lit gray as the rain-

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clouds massed their forces. Peter stood up, his eyes beseeching her to find a way for him and Skeepie. He called back where they were, and Vaile came stumbling through the dusk, carrying a couple of suitcases slung over his shoulder. In the shadows Diana took Peter's hand.

"We must be pretty near," Vaile said confidently. "We 'll just make it before the storm. Run, Diana."

But Diana stood still, hesitating, and Peter took the trail boldly. The way opened out with sudden clearness. There was the place they had seen, a mountain shack, its side door and windows boarded up as its summer tenants had left it. Across its western front ran a wide porch inclosed in glass, Skeepie's crystal outlook toward the sunset. Peter forced a door open, and left it to them to enter, while he hunted for dry wood at the shed in the back. When he returned, and knelt before the gray-rock fireplace to kindle a blaze, Diana's face was full of tenderness. She knelt at one side, breaking sticks up finely for him to tuck under the back log, and Vaile stood by the table, opening up packages from the suitcases.

"We 're going to have a feast, Peter," he said happily.

Peter nodded gloomily, and Diana laid her hand on his arm.

"Don't be grouchy, Peter, and spoil it all," she begged. "We 've come so far to find you."

Peter sat back, the fire lighting up his face as he looked accusingly up at them.

"Now, Peter," Vaile said cheerily, "be a sport. We 've known for some time what was going on. By George! Di, we forgot a can-opener! You see, Reardon started it when he wanted to see the real Skeepie."

Peter looked then at Diana.

"It was my idea," she confessed. "Oh, you were so nice about it all! You know a hermit is rather a dull sort of creature, after all, Peter, and you 're much more interesting."

"What about the Grand Central?" demanded Peter, ignoring her.

Then Vaile made full confession.

"We had to think up something to worry you, my boy," Vaile explained comfortingly. "Reardon is a very nice chap, but he wanted to know Skeepie himself. After I had talked to Diana when I returned, she told me her suspicions."

"You?" Peter looked just once at Diana. Through her whom he loved he was betrayed.

"So we arranged this little trip to run you to ground. We wondered how long you would chase the rainbow. You see, Peter," he quoted from the first instalment of the diary unctuously, "'A dreamer is a man who chews the cud of his imagination and thinks he is eating something.' Diana caught you saying things which only Skeepie could have said, and you would forget to give them to him. The public will love you, Peter, for your ingenuousness."

Peter thought for a moment, and put on more fuel. Then he looked at Diana

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behind Vaile's back. What about the man in the Bois, the one who had possessed her soul through a look?

"Did you ever see any one at all in the Bois and look into his eyes?" he demanded sternly. Diana flushed, and poked at the fire, half turning a log over.

"No, but I 've looked into Mr. Skeepie's eyes," she said, and smiled up at Peter. He held her gaze steadily until the smile died away, and another look came in them—a look which Mr. Skeepie had often described in his diary, but had never seen before.

Forecast

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

This will be the way of it.
You shall have the say of it.
There will be a garden green
And a kitchen white and clean.
There will be some rooms with chintz
And a few well-chosen prints.
There will be some chairs as kind
As are verses to the mind.
There will be whole shelves of books,
And a tree for wrens and rooks,
And for leaves to wink their warning
Through our window in the morning,
And the sea somewhere below
Whispering soft and sad and slow,
And a road for tinkers' carts
Traveling from foreign parts.
I shall have a pipe to smoke
As I sit beneath our oak,
And your fingers will be busy
With the stitch that makes me dizzy,
And the children will be chubby,
Just as then—and just as grubby;
For it 's hard to keep them tubby
If you wish them as they are.
And at night we 'll see our star—
Yes, our own peculiar star—
Burning silver in the heaven
On a wor
Yes, I kn
But that
And you

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THROUGH THE ARCH AT THE WINTER PALACE

The Fall of the Winter Palace

By BESSIE BEATTY

HOWEVER much the rest of Petrograd talked that night, there was one spot in the storm-tossed city where no words were wasted. It was the office of the Military Revolutionary Committee, sprung suddenly and quietly into an existence shrouded in deep mystery.

Mr. G——, Russian product of New York's East Side, with an American habit of providing against emergencies, suggested it would be useless to attempt to get through the Bolshevik lines without a pass from this committee. G——, odd little bundle of materialism and idealism, who had a deep love for the country of his adoption, which his scoffing cynicism could not hide, despite the fact that that country had shown him all of her worst and little of her best, never lost a chance to do a good turn to America or Americans. Though he could not resist the home-call of revolution, he said he would rather be a messenger-boy in New York than President of Russia. As a friend of Trotzky, known to the members of the all-powerful committee, he undertook to arrange the necessary permits.

He led the way down the dimly lighted corridor to the farther end. A fair-haired boy met us in an outer office, took our names and request, and disappeared into the next room, shutting the door behind him. We stared curiously after him. Beyond that door were the men who were directing the siege and capture of Petrograd—directing it so efficiently that in the days that followed the enemies of the Bolsheviki insisted the committee was composed of Germans, because Russians were incapable of such perfect organization.

In the outer office two men and a girl were pounding type-writers at top speed. Soldiers, sailors, and Red Guardsmen came and went in a swiftly running stream, made brief reports, received brief answers, and departed.

When the inside door opened again, the fair-haired boy reappeared with the

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passes in his hand. Mine was type-written on a bit of paper torn from a scratch-pad, numbered "Five," and stated simply that "The Military Revolutionary Committee of the Council of Workmen's and

THE PASS PERMITTING SAFE PASSAGE THROUGH THE BOLSHEVIK LINES

Soldiers' Deputies allows Miss Bessie Beatty free passage all over the city."

That scrap of paper was to prove the open sesame to many closed doors before the gray dawn of morning. It bore the dual seal of the committee, the only signature capable of commanding the slightest sign of respect from a Russian bayonet that night.

Twice it saved us from arrest, and once it permitted us to pass through a wall of soldiers who stubbornly refused right of way to four or five hundred people with a much more legitimate reason for being abroad than any we could offer.

The Smolney Institute is excellently located to provide seclusion for a young women's seminary, but in the middle of a cold night it seemed a long, dark way from anywhere. Walking down the stairs, we speculated upon the improbability of finding an *izvostchik* abroad at such an hour.

Down in the courtyard a huge motor-truck was cranking up for departure. Its only occupants were three sailors, a young Cossack soldier, with a cape of shaggy black fur that hung to his heels, and a Red Guardsman. We hailed them, and Mr. G—— shouted a request to be taken to town. It was drowned by the sound of the engine. He repeated it louder. A sailor looked dubiously at me and at Louise Bryant, the other woman member of the party.

"It 's a dangerous trip," he said. "We are going out to distribute proclamations, and we are almost certain to be shot at."

We looked at one another for a moment, considered that it was probably our only chance to reach the Winter Palace, and asked to be allowed to take the risk. Two strong hands came over the side to pull me up, and two sailors, sitting on a board across the body of the truck, rose to give us their seats. They held a hurried consultation, then asked us to stand again. They had decided that this ex-

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posed position would be too dangerous for women. The Cossack lad in the shaggy cape spread some proclamations on the floor of the car.

"Sit here," he said, "and when the shooting begins, you can lie flat on your backs and keep your heads low."

A bundle of rifles lay on the floor under my knees, and as we started off over the cobbles, I seized a chain and held fast to keep from being bumped out. The streets were like black cañons. Apparently there was not a human being abroad, yet every time the sailor tossed a handful of white leaflets into the air, men came darting mysteriously from doorways and courtyards to catch them.

The Cossack towered above me, rifle in hand, searching the dark for signs of danger. At the street intersections we slowed up, and groups of soldiers, gathered around the bonfires, crowded close to the truck for news from Smolney. They peered with curious and startled eyes into our unexpected faces, then hurried back to the circle of light around the blazing birchwood logs. During one of these pauses Mr. G—— took a proclamation and read it aloud to us:

От Военно-Революционного Комитета при Петроградском Совѣтѣ Рабочихъ и Солдатскихъ Депутатовъ.

Къ Гражданамъ Россіи.

Временное Правительство низложено. Государственная власть перешла въ руки органа Петроградскаго Совѣта Рабочихъ и Солдатскихъ Депутатовъ: Военно-Революціоннаго Комитета, стоящаго во главѣ Петроградскаго пролетаріата и гарнизона.

Дѣло, за которое боролся народъ: немедленное предложеніе демократическаго мира, отмѣна помѣщичьей собственности на землю, рабочій контроль надъ производствомъ, созданіе Совѣтскаго Правительства — это дѣло обезпечено.

ДА ЗДРАВСТВУЕТЪ РЕВОЛЮЦІЯ РАБОЧИХЪ, СОЛДАТЪ И КРЕСТЬЯНЪ!

Военно-Революціонный Комитетъ при Петроградскомъ Совѣтѣ Рабочихъ и Солдатскихъ Депутатовъ.

25 октября 1917 г. 10 ч. утра.

To Russian Citizens

The power has gone over to the organ of the Petrograd Council of Workmen and Soldier Deputies, the War Revolutionary Committee, which is at the head of the Petrograd proletariate and garrison.

The cause for which the people strive,—immediate democratic peace, abolition of *pomieschik* property on land, workmen's control, the creation of a soviet government,—this business is done.

Long live the revolution of workmen, soldiers, and peasants!

War Revolutionary Committee.

It was one by the clock on the steeple of the Nicolaiski Station when we turned into the Nevskii. The great circle was deserted. Earlier in the day there had been fighting here, but no trace of it was visible now.

"Put your heads down!" the Cossack ordered, catching sight of a group of unidentified men ahead.

We obeyed, but when they proved to be Bolshevik soldiers and Red Guardsmen, we peeped cautiously out again. At the bridge across the Moika Canal we were turned back by the barricade erected early in the afternoon and the commander of the guard, who said there was firing just ahead, and no one could pass. From the direction of the Winter Palace came the occasional boom of a big gun, followed by the short, sharp crack of the rifles.

Reluctantly, we retraced our way. In front of the Kazan Cathedral the guards again ordered us to halt. In the darkness across the wide street we saw a crowd of black figures lined up in marching order against the curb. We had come suddenly upon that little band of men and women who left Smolney to make a demonstration of passive resistance, and die with their comrades at the Winter Palace. They had been joined by the Mayor of Petrograd, members of the city Duma, and the Jewish Bund. There were four or five hundred of them in all, and here within a few blocks of their destination they had been stopped.

In that crowd were many of the men

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and women who had been the firebrands of Russia, the socialist revolutionists, the terrorists, who were quietly walking forth to oppose themselves unarmed to the force of these new revolutionists, who, to their way of thinking, were murdering the

"No," replied the *commissaire*. "We have orders not to shoot you, but we have orders not to let you pass."

With that he gave a quick command to his men, who fell back a distance of fifty feet, and lined up across the Nevskii.

RED GUARDS

cause of Russian freedom for which most of them had suffered years of imprisonment and the unspeakable hardships of exile in Siberia. Here and there in the crowd was a young officer or a cluster of students, but most of them were veterans who had grown gray in the service of revolution, and their faces were grim and set.

Standing a few feet away was a squad of soldiers. The *commissaire* in command of them raised his hand.

"We have orders from the Military Revolutionary Committee to let you go no farther," he said.

A murmur ran through the crowd. The gray-haired veterans of the old days began to argue, and students and officers joined their entreaties; but the soldiers remained obdurate.

"What will you do if we go, anyway?" asked Mayor Schreider of Petrograd. "Will you shoot us?"

They formed a solid human wall, stretching across the wide street from curb to curb. A block below there was another and yet more formidable wall composed of Red Guardsmen. The demonstrators looked at those husky young soldiers and turned away in dismay.

"If we go forward," said a gray-haired terrorist, once expert in the use of dynamite, "some one will be killed, and they will blame it on the switchman. They will say it was a case of mistaken orders, and no good will come to any one. We will go back, and try to persuade them to stop the slaughter."

In regular marching order they departed as they had come, a sad and solemn procession, helpless in the face of this new, strange thing that was upsetting all their preconceived ideas of revolution.

We watched them go, then, anxious to press on, presented our passes to the *com-*

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missaire of soldiers, who motioned us forward with a pleasant *"Pazhal'sta!"* The wall broke, and we passed through without a word. The blue seal of the Military Revolutionary Committee had done for us what eloquence and argument could not do for the old revolutionists.

At the Moika the Red Guard halted us. Our passes made no appeal here. We looked suspiciously like *bourgeois* on the way to the Winter Palace, and must not be allowed to pass. We argued, and they discussed the advisability of arresting us. The idea did not especially appeal, so we retraced our steps to the Kazan Cathedral and the friendly *commissaire*. He detailed a man with special orders to take us through the lines to the Winter Palace.

Again the factory men with rifles slung over their shoulders regarded us with suspicion, but they took the word of the soldier and finally permitted us to pass.

It was quarter of three when we halted in the shadow of the great red arch and peered cautiously out into the dark square. There was a moment of silence, then three sharp cracks of a rifle shattered the quiet. We stood there speechless, awaiting a return volley; but the only sound was the crunching of broken glass spread like a carpet over the cobblestones. The windows of the Winter Palace had been broken to bits.

DEMONSTRATION IN PALACE SQUARE

Suddenly a sailor emerged from the darkness ahead.

"It 's all over," he said. "They have surrendered."

We picked our way across the glass-strewn square, climbed the barricade erected that afternoon by the defenders of the Winter Palace, and followed the conquering sailors and Red Guardsmen into the mammoth building of dingy red stucco. On the strength of our blue-sealed passes they permitted us to enter unquestioned. A *commissaire* of sailors motioned us to a bench beside the wall. A squad of sailors mounted the stairs to the council chamber, and placed the Provisional Government under arrest. Above us we could hear the sound of doors being broken open as a searching squad went from room to room looking for hidden prisoners.

The rifles taken from the military cadets were stacked in a heap in the hall, and a steady stream of victorious sailors filed in and out of the palace. The desire for souvenirs, trophies of the hour, seemed to have seized them, but the palace apparently offered little choice. One sailor came down the stairs with a coat-hanger in his hand, and another carried a sofa cushion. The best a third could find was a candle. The *commissaire* stopped them at the door.

"No, no, *tavarischi!*" he said holding out his hand. *"Pazhal'sta! pazhal'sta!* You must take nothing from the palace."

He talked to them in a patient, reasonable tone, as one would speak to a child, and, like children, they gave up their plunder. One man, a soldier, who had taken a blanket, protested.

"But I am cold," he said.

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"I can't help it, *tavarisch*. If you take that, they will say we came to loot, and we did not come for loot. We came for revolution."

At that moment there was a clatter on the stairs, and I turned to see the members of the Provisional Government file slowly

ALEXANDER KERENSKY IN THE STUDY OF THE CZAR

down. Konovaloff, vice-president of the cabinet and minister of trade and industry, came first. Tretiakoff of Moscow, president of the economic council, followed. Behind him was the tall, dark, slender, handsome figure of the young foreign minister, Tereshchenko, who cast an amazed glance in my direction as he passed. Next in line came the frail, gray, little figure of Kishkin, minister of public welfare, and after him two military men in uniform, Gen. Manikovsky, acting minister of war, and Gen. Borisoff. Among the others were virtually all the remaining members of the Kerensky cabinet.

Some of them walked with defiant step and heads held high. Some were pale, worn, and anxious. One or two seemed utterly crushed and broken. The strain of that day of anxious waiting, and that night under the capricious guns of the cruiser *Aurora,* coupled with the weeks when cabinet crisis had followed cabinet crisis, had proved too much for them.

They marched silently off across the square, headed for the Fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, rising grimly out of the darkness beyond the Neva.

I sat there silently watching them go, and wondering what this night's work would mean in the future of Russia and the world. The *commissaire* who had motioned us to the seat indicated that we might now go up-stairs, and we passed quickly to the council chamber. We made our way through the shattered rooms, blazing now with a million lights from the twinkling crystal chandeliers. The silk curtains hung in shreds, and here and there on the walls was the ugly scar of a recent bullet. On the whole, the destruction was much less than we had expected to find it. The attacking force had gone about its work determined to take the palace, but to take it with as little bloodshed as possible, and in the lulls between storms they had made frequent attempts to break the resistance by fraternization. None of the defenders had been killed, but six of the sailors who had fought in the open square had paid with their lives for their revolutionary ardor, and many others had been wounded.

As we passed the door of Kerensky's office, formerly the study of the last of the Romanoffs, one of the palace caretakers spoke to the two soldiers standing guard outside.

"Take good care of this," he said. "The library is very valuable."

Later, Mr. G——, anxious to test the guard, presented a pass and asked for admission.

"I am sorry," said one of the soldiers, "but this pass is not good here. No one can enter this room to-night."

Nicholas II, who only a few months before had sat behind the sealed door, was

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sleeping in exile on the edge of a Siberian swamp. Kerensky, his successor, was spending the night hours in a desperate effort to reach the front and rally the troops to prevent the very thing which had just happened. I recalled, with a little sigh of regret, that this day, in this very spot, I was to have lunched with the Minister-President of Russia.

In one of the rooms where we lingered for a few moments, looking curiously about us, a crowd of soldiers had gathered, and they were talking together excitedly. I noticed them, and once I caught the proletarian word of scorn, *"Bourgeoisie!"* but it never occurred to me that we could be the object of their discussion. Suddenly a young *commissaire* came up to us.

"These men cannot understand," he said, "who you are, and why you are here. They are quite excited and angry about it. They think perhaps you have come to rob. I told them I would question you, and if you had no right to be here, we would arrest you."

We presented our passes. He examined them and turned to the men, who were by this time quite obviously casting unfriendly glances in our direction.

"Tavarischi," he said, "these passes are stamped, just as my own is, with the blue seal. See it? You may be sure that if they had not the right, they would not be here with this."

The men examined the paper quizzically and nodded. They took an informal vote upon the subject, and it was agreed that we should be allowed to go free.

A few minutes later we followed them down the stairs and out of the palace, the last people to leave except the guards who were detailed to remain on duty. The next day a decree was passed making the mammoth red building a people's museum, that it might be preserved from ever again becoming a point of dispute in political conflicts.

I did not see the women soldiers. They were in another wing of the palace. The following morning the city rang with stories of their abuse, but in the investigation that was made by Mme. Torkova, one of the leaders of the Petrograd Duma, whose inclinations were decidedly anti-Bolsheviki, most of these tales were disproved. Some of the women were taken to the headquarters of the Pavlovsky Regiment, and held there until relatives could bring them feminine wearing apparel. A few others, who had no way to obtain this, were allowed to go in their soldiers' uniforms.

From a number of the girls I heard the story of that night. It seems that class feeling had for the moment wiped out every other instinct. As they marched them away in the dark, some of the men in their excitement took them by the arms and shook them, shouting:

"Why do you fight us? Why do you go against your own class? You are working-women. Why do you fight with the *bourgeoisie* and the counter-revolutionists?

So effective was their propaganda that then for the first time a class breach was made in the ranks of the women soldiers, and some of them went as completely over to the radicals as any of the men had done.

With the surrender of the Winter Palace, the victory of the Bolsheviki was complete. The dictatorship of the proletariate had become a fact. The only power in Petrograd at dawn that morning was the power of the people's *commissaires,* headed by Nicolai Lenine and Leon Trotzky, and backed by the Russian fleet, the bayonets of the Petrograd garrison, and the Red Guard rifles.

FUNERAL IN THE PARK OF LESNOI INSTITUTE OF THE VICTIMS WHO FELL IN THE DAYS OF THE REVOLUTION OF OCTOBER 28-30

Petrograd was stunned. No one had

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the remotest idea what was going to happen. "Where is Kerensky?" they asked, "where is Korniloff? Where is Savinkoff? Where are the Cossacks?" Last, and worst of all, "Where are the Germans?"

Rumor was riding a mad steed. All sorts of wild reports swept through the city, but no word of verified fact came from the outside world. That morning the storm center shifted to the city Duma, which refused to acknowledge the victory of the Bolsheviki or accede to their demands. The Committee for the Salvation of the Country and the Revolution was quickly formed, and all the anti-Bolshevik groups gathered around it.

Early in the day a Bolshevik representative called at the ministry of foreign affairs and demanded the secret treaties, declaring that he wished to inform the Russian people as to the aims of the war. He was told that ten thousand *dossiers* were to be found in the archives of the ministry, and he was at liberty to examine them all. He thanked his informant and left.

WOMEN SOLDIERS IN THEIR LAST STAND AT THE WINTER PALACE

At the same hour Lenine called at the office of the "Izvestia," official organ of the executive committee of the Council of Workmen and Soldiers, and announced that it would hereafter be in the hands of the Bolsheviki. He proposed to the editors to continue work under the new leadership. They refused, and Zenovieff, who only a few hours before had been a fugitive, was elevated to the position of chief.

Absolute quiet reigned in the city that day and the next, and such order as Russia had not known since the days immediately following the March Revolution, when the entire populace was lifted into a state of exaltation in which selfish desires played no part. Every soldier had been told that the honor of the new Revolution was in his hands. Every member of the Red Guard had been warned that provocation in all the time-tried Russian forms would be used by monarchists, counter-revolutionists, and German agents to discredit the cause of the workers. They were admonished to refrain from violence themselves, and to prevent looting wherever the slightest indication of it was found. Placards were posted upon the buildings urging precautions against disorder, and soldiers were on patrol duty at every street corner. By day they paced up and down, guns slung over their shoulders, and by night, when their number was augmented by men from the Red Guard, they clustered around the log fires built along the canals and at the street crossings. The light from these fires and the pale glow of a few feeble street-lamps found the dark chasms lying between mountains of wood, stone, and stucco virtually deserted.

By Friday night the Committee of Salvation had succeeded in spreading the strikes in the various ministries until the

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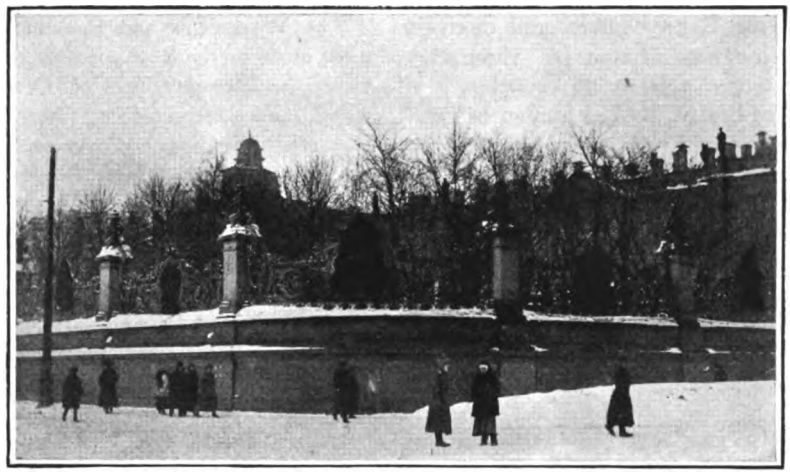

THE EAGLES AND THE NAME OF THE CZAR ON THE WINTER PALACE COVERED WITH COATS

Bolsheviki were almost completely isolated from the rest of the Russian *Intelligentzia.* They made the city ring with stories of outrages—stories which later proved to be a fine fabric of falsification, worthy of Russian imagination. The leaders of the Council of the Republic, the Peasants' Council, and even the Centroflot, executive committee of the Russian fleet, called upon the people to refuse to recognize the soviet government, and announced that before long they would be able to establish a stable government themselves.

It was a call the people did not heed. The masses had swung away from their leaders. They had their own very definite ideas as to what they wanted. The sailors were protesting violently that the Centroflot did not represent the rank and file of the navy, and it was finally dissolved by order of the Military Revolutionary Committee. Soldiers from the ranks were charging their committees with counter-revolution, and shouting with fire in their eyes that their executives were putting off the army elections week after week because they knew they no longer had the faith of the men in the trenches and could not be reëlected. The same split had come between the peasants and their executives, and every rumor from the remote corners of Russia indicated that little villages, towns, and cities were following the lead of Petrograd and rising in massed revolt.

The Bolsheviki had achieved a degree of success greater than they suspected. The leaders, exhausted by lack of sleep, depressed by the rejection of the *Intelligentzia,* and aware of their inadequacy for the mere physical task of bringing bread to keep Petrograd alive, failed utterly to realize their strength. A heavy pall of discouragement settled on Smolney.

Word had come that the Cossacks were marching on the city, and the citadel of the workers would be attacked the following morning. Petrograd poured out to fight. The factory gates opened wide, and that amazing army of the Red Guard, ununiformed, untrained, and certainly unequipped for battle with the backbone of the Russian military, marched away to defend the "revolutionary capital" and the victory of the proletariate.

Women walked by the side of men, and small boys tagged along on the fringes of the procession. Some of the factory girls wore Red Crosses upon the sleeves of their thin jackets, and packed a meager kit of bandages and first-aid accessories. More of them carried shovels with which to dig trenches. The fire of the crusaders was in their eyes, and the faith of the Christian martyrs in their souls, as they marched down the Nevskii, singing as they went, oblivious to the bitter cold that blew

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in from the Baltic waters, and unafraid for the first time of that foe whose very name has been a terror to countless generations of beaten, broken human beings.

At ten o'clock Friday night my telephone rang, and a voice came over the wire. It was my Lettish friend Jacob Peters.

"I am trying to translate something," he said. "It is very important, and I do not know enough English. Could you find time to help me?"

"When?" I asked him.

"Now," he said.

Half an hour later he knocked at my door. His face was gray with fatigue. He had not been in bed for three days, and he looked utterly crushed and discouraged.

"It is the decree of peace to the warring nations of the world," he said. "We are going to send it out on the wireless in every language. They have given me the English translation. We have nobody to help us. It is terrible. There are so few of us who can do this sort of thing!"

We sat down at my type-writer, and Peters struggled with the difficult Russian words. Though he could speak Russian, his knowledge of the fine points of the language was none too good.

Slowly I took the words down. At the end of an hour the sum of our labors covered half a page of type-writing. We started glibly enough with the title, "The Decree of Peace," and continued:

The All-Russian Congress of Soviets of Workmen's, Soldiers', and Peasants' Deputies unanimously passed the following decree of peace, October 26-November 8:

The Workmen's and Peasants' Government made by the Revolution of the twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth of October [old style], and sanctioned by the All-Russian Congress of Soviets of Workmen's, Soldiers', and Peasants' Deputies, asks the warring peoples and governments to start negotiations immediately for rightful and democratic peace; for rightful and democratic peace for which the majority of the worn-out, suffering, and war-weary workers are longing in all warring countries; peace for which the peasants and workers of Russia have been persistently asking since they overthrew the monarchy of the czar; that is, peace without annexations and contributions and self-definition of nations.

It was only the first paragraph. Peters looked despairingly at the long document.

Here was this new government of the people's *commissaires* preparing a document which they confidently hoped would revolutionize the status of the struggling world, and there was no one to translate it but a Lett who had not been to bed for three days and an American war correspondent.

When Peters got up to leave he held out his hand.

"This may be the last time I shall see you," he said. "If we fail now, everything is lost. Up in my country the business is all in my name; my throat will be the first one cut. Well, we have tried, any way, and if we fail, I know the day will come when the world will say that dark Russia did her best to bring peace to all the war-weary peoples."

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The Man Who was Made in His Own Image

By L. FRANK TOOKER

Illustrations by Gerald Leake

I HAVE sometimes wondered whether any man ever had a freer hand in forming his own character than Horace Crawford, or more nearly fashioned his life by the pattern of his desire. And it all went for naught. Certainly the ulterior consequences of all his acts were logically developed from the acts themselves, and as I review his career from its auspicious opening to its dramatic close, it unrolls itself before me with the inevitableness of a mathematical problem. But the answer was far from the one that Crawford had confidently sought to prove. Perhaps the moral is that no man has the wisdom to be his own creator.

He was an only child, and his birth had occurred at a time when his father and mother had long since given up all expectation of parenthood. To them it seemed the renewal of their youth, and in return they lavished upon the boy a devotion as unreckoning as youth. They questioned nothing, considered no consequences, but gave. Whatever he desired they had not the heart to withhold from him. It was an epochal moment in his development when very early in life he awoke to the consciousness of the fact that if he cried long enough for a thing, he would get it. Thereafter he cried often. Later he learned that persistence of any sort would gain for him his end. His persistence, therefore, had about it much of charm. He was an affectionate lad, and as he laughingly teased his way to victory in every new desire, the manifest pleasure of his parents in his delight at their yielding served to strengthen him in the belief that whatever he wished was right. All his victories therefore took on the form of triumphant justice.

The town where he dwelt was a fit setting for the development of his character: it was the thriving county-seat in a region of prosperous farmers. Few of its people were wealthy, few intellectual, but the average of comfort and intelligence was high. In short, it was a commonplace community. It prided itself on its democracy and its really excellent public-school system. Even the wealthy sent their children to these schools, and the most noticeable proof of its democracy was the fact that, owing to this early association, bankers and laboring-men in after life called one another by their Christian names.

To the end of his days this was true of Crawford—he called his old school-mates by their Christian names. There his democracy ended. It might be said, too, that it also began there. Now, it is the essence of democracy that, far from having no ranking classes, it has as many as it has individual units. From the doctrine that all men are created equal it is only a short step to the conviction that no one else is quite so good as oneself. To believe otherwise naturally comports with inferiority and its consequent lack of self-respect. With young Crawford there was much to strengthen him in his belief: his father was wealthy and prominent, beyond all his acquaintances he had been showered with the things that count with a boy; he thoroughly believed in his superiority. That he had no doubt of this was due to his temperament and his masterful training of his parents. His own confident assurance gave him a poise that easily passed as superiority with others.

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His father's desire had been to send him to college at the close of his course in the high school, but his mother had been doubtful of its value for him. She was fearful of evil influences, but most of all she dreaded the thought of separation from her son. Of course the final decision lay with the boy himself, and he elected to stay at home. There he was sure of his own ground, and his ambition, localized by a certain lack of imagination, was eager to spread its wings for its chosen goal. His native town, as has already been said, was the county-seat, where naturally courts and the law held a commanding position. His birth in such a place and the fact that his father was the president and virtual owner of the most prosperous bank in the town appeared to young Crawford as a foreordained arrangement of Providence to secure his success in the law. He therefore entered the office of a prominent lawyer of the town as a student. He worked with admirable diligence, and shortly after his admittance to the bar began to take over the legal business of his father's bank and of the savings-bank, of which his father was also a director.

Three years later he married. His wife was a placid, good-looking girl, the daughter of his old legal instructor. Intellectually she was colorless. She did the things that conventional public opinion expected a girl in her position to do. She was a member of the leading church of the town, secretly holding it a cause for thankfulness that she had been reared in the leading church rather than in another. She was glad that she had been spared that cross. There her convictions ended. But at heart she was an idealist, and lacking other direction for this characteristic of her nature, she idealized her husband. With wondering pride that never wholly lost its sense of unworthiness, she accepted her subordinate place in the hegemony of their household, content to view their little world through her husband's eyes. His marriage, therefore, became the gilded pinnacle of the temple of his colossal self-complacency.

Of course he prospered. With his affiliations he would have prospered if he had been a conscienceless trickster. He was far from possessing either quality. In reality he was an able, industrious embodiment of the commonplace moralities. His fatal defect lay in the fact that early in life he had made himself his own god.

Now, no man can pose as even a mimetic god without a blurring of his moral perspective. A god should have no personality, but Crawford was all personality. Life centered for him in the significance to himself of every human relationship. With his readiness to believe in his own impeccability there naturally went the corollary that all other men were naturally in the wrong when there came a clash between him and them. Perhaps never in his life had he doubted his own honesty or thought of himself as other than an honorable gentleman; but, unhappily, the appreciation of honorable conduct is relative, and Crawford's had been blunted by his reverence for the law. He delighted in it as the perfected vehicle of human wisdom. Indeed, he stood in the same relationship to it that the expert swordsman of duelling days stood to his sword. About it there had grown up a ceremonial and a fine code of thrusts and parries, exercising which a gentleman might without reproach defend himself or take life. So, in a way, Crawford thought of the law. So long as he bound himself by its restrictions, he felt that any action was secure from reproach. Any question of abstract justice or humanity was aside from the point. Indeed, of such questions in legal affairs he had no conception. There was the law; what did it say? In such fashion he met all criticism.

Three years after his marriage he moved into the Barclay house. It was one of the show-places of the town, a fine old brick dwelling set well back from the street in a spacious lawn, and surrounded by magnificent shade-trees. For two years it had been unoccupied, and often, in looking at its shadow-splashed lawn from the windows of their cottage in a neighboring side street, he and his wife had expressed the wish that it were theirs. It would be a fine

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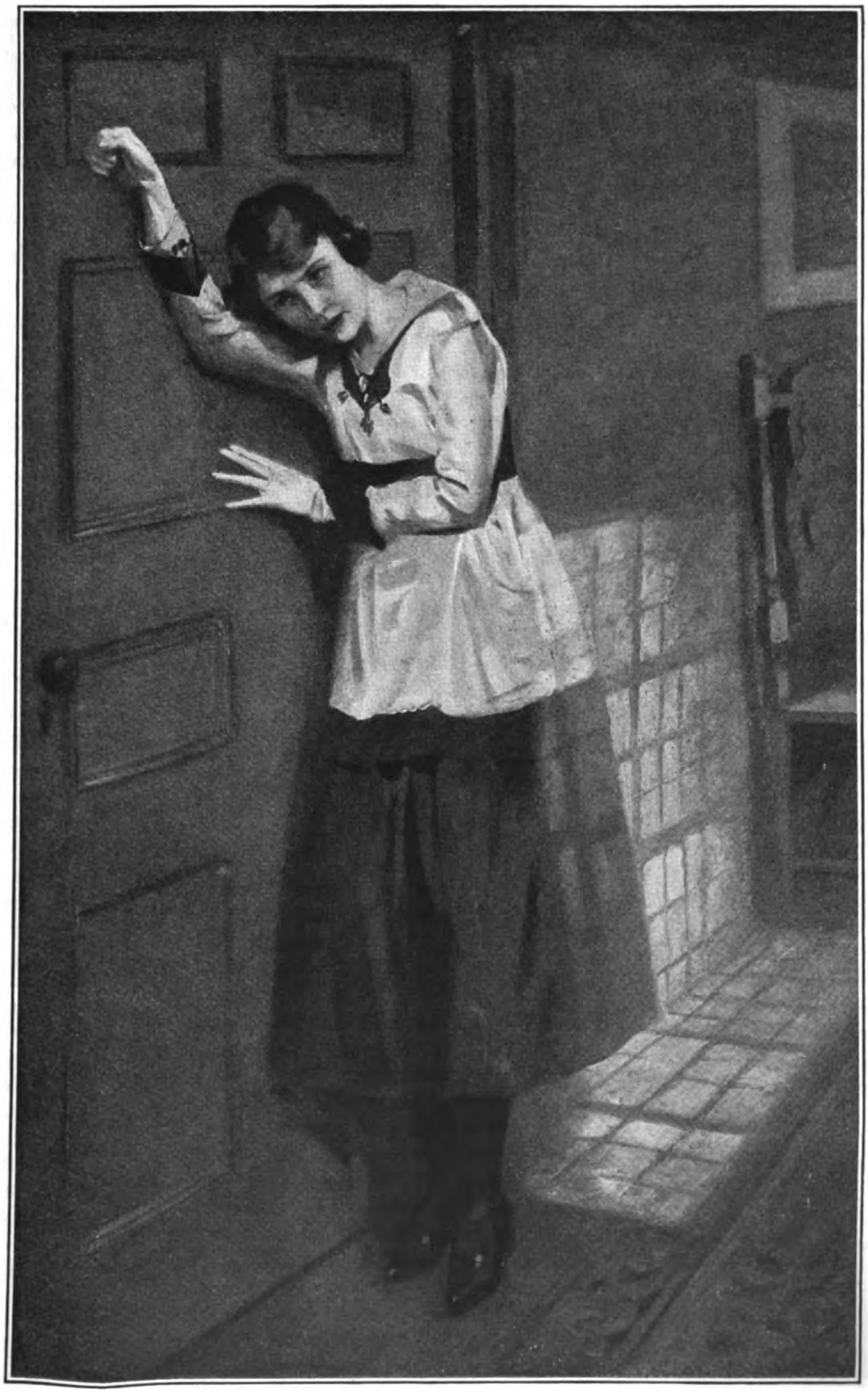

"SHE SANK AGAINST THE DOOR, BUT THERE CAME NO SOUND FROM WITHIN, AND AT LAST SHE WENT BACK TO HER ROOM IN A WILD BURST OF SOBS"

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place for the baby to play about, his wife declared.

Then one night Crawford came home with the studied restraint in manner that his wife had learned to recognize as the sign of suppressed excitement.

"What is it?" she asked.

"Come here," he said. He led her to a window, and nodded across at the Barclay house, standing dark and desolate in the deepening gloom of the twilight. "We 'll put in electric lights at once," he went on. "It will make a more cheerful view from these windows, though we 'll not be here to see it."

She caught his arm, exclaiming:

"Horace, what do you mean?"

"Oh, I 've bought the place," he responded. "Think you can stand it?"

"You 've bought it!" she cried joyfully. Then suddenly her face took on an anxious look as she asked: "But can you afford it? A home like that!"

"I could n't afford not to," he declared. "It was a great bargain. The bank had a mortgage on it, you know, and we 've foreclosed. I bought it in. It 's a bad time to sell, with times as hard as they are. It barely brought the mortgage — a little over. I had counted on that, and I was right. Well, we can move in at once."

"Oh, it seems too good to be true!" she sighed happily. "So many times we 've spoken about it, you remember? But of course, I 've never thought it possible. It was just a dream."

"Well, it 's a dream come true," he replied. "I saw to that. Of course we began suit some time ago, but I never spoke of my plan."

"I 'm glad you did n't," she told him. "I should n't have thought of anything else till I was sure. I suppose Mrs. Barclay will be glad to get the money."

"She gets nothing. The sale barely covered the mortgage, as I said. But since Barclay died she could n't keep it up, and it was only a burden."

"But it seems hard that she should get nothing," she replied. "Such a beautiful place!"

"Well, if she 'd got much, I should n' have bought it, you know," he said sharply.

"Oh, I suppose not," she said hastily. "And if she had to lose it, I 'm glad we could get it. I 've dreamed of it so much as our own. I think I should have been heartbroken to see any one else move in. As long as it was vacant I could at least dream it was ours."

"Well, you 've been spared that grief," he said laughingly. "On the whole, I think I 've managed well."

"I think you 've been wonderful," she declared—"wonderful."

She was to think that often as the years went on. Indeed, he possessed an almost uncanny faculty for scenting out disaster and taking advantage of it—a strictly legal advantage. When he had once spread his net, nothing escaped; he was as relentless as fate itself. Indeed, he came in time to look upon himself as a sort of embodiment of justice to bring men to book for their frailties or lack of forethought. Even in the calamities that wild nature sometimes brings upon men he could trace a short-sightedness that left him cold to suffering where the suffering affected his own ends. At fifty-five the ramifications of his interests spread to every corner of the county, of which he was one of the wealthiest citizens. At home he was a director of his father's old bank and of the strong savings-bank. He was the president of the board of education and a trustee of his church. His geniality had not lessened; he was generous; one always expected to find his name at the head of every subscription-list for civic improvement or charity. His son and daughter, having passed through college, were settling down in a manner that reflected only credit upon their rearing. His wife was still a handsome woman and had lost none of her pride in him. He himself had grown stout, but the consequent slowing down in his movements appeared as an added dignity rather than as a loss of physical activity.

One night in a summer of unusual heat his family, seated upon the piazza, watched him come b[illegible] walk.

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like that on a day as hot as to-day," his son said laughingly.

"What 's that?" Crawford asked as he reached the steps. "What 's that about me?"

His son repeated the remark, and Crawford smiled complacently.

"Of course I 'm younger," he said. "You children have always been pampering yourselves, while I 've kept fit all my life by hard work. I 'm thinking of taking a little rest now, by the way." He turned to his wife. "Mother, do you suppose you and Ruth could get ready in a day or two to take a little trip along the coast? We 'll go for a month, and take this tired young man with us." He nodded toward his son. He was in high good humor and somewhat excited, they saw. His wife hesitated a moment.

"Won't it be warm traveling?" she said presently. "You *do* mind the heat, Horace, whatever you think now, when you are excited. Now tell us what it 's all about."

"Why, I was thinking that an easy-chair under an awning on a steam yacht, with an ocean wind blowing, might be rather comfortable," Crawford replied.

"What yacht?" demanded his son.

"Mine," answered Crawford. "She *was* young Harvey's—the *Magic.*"

"Why in the world did he come to sell her?" exclaimed his son. "He is n't in trouble, is he?"

"Temporarily," Crawford replied. "He came to me yesterday in a good deal of excitement and wanted me to take a chattel mortgage on her; but I put him off. To-day he came again and offered to sell her for the amount he wanted yesterday as a mortgage, and I snapped him up. A great bargain. He 's a little careless, that boy; he 's too hopeful of things coming out right. Well, he 's got his lesson."

"And you 've got the yacht," Crawford's son said laughingly.

"I 've got the yacht," Crawford answered. He turned to his wife again. "Well, Mother, what do you say?"

She had no chance to reply. Her daughter Ruth, seated on the top step of the piazza, with her hands clasped about her knees, had turned her face away as Crawford made his explanation. She was a dark, slight girl, with a pretty face, flushed now with more than its wonted color. Without lifting her eyes, before her mother could speak, she said in a voice tense with emotion:

"Oh, how I *hate* it! Must all our good fortune come from the misery of others? All my life I 've been expected to be glad because of some one's defeat or unhappiness. Sometimes I 've felt that we were just birds of prey—vultures, watching some poor thing dying below, and ready to pounce upon it the moment it died."

"Ruth!" exclaimed her mother in a shocked voice. For an instant her father looked at her and then, wheeling, passed into the house. She herself kept her face averted. Indignantly her brother turned upon her, but her mother motioned him to be silent as she said: *"Ruth,* how could you speak like that before your father! Oh, how *could* you!"

Ruth rose and faced them, a tense, defiant little figure.

"It 's true," she cried, "and we know it; only we 've taken it for granted so long that we 've grown indifferent. I know father does n't. He—oh, I don't know what he thinks! But how *can* he!" For a moment she stood with working face, and then flashed into the house. They heard her feet on the stairs, and then the sound of her door as she shut herself in.

Neither Ruth nor her father came down to dinner. At their hurried, silent meal the others heard him pacing the floor overhead. He had locked the door and would let none enter. Late in the evening Ruth went to the door and called.

"Father, I want to speak to you," she said when he made no reply. "I 'm so sorry! I should n't have spoken like that. I know I don't understand, and you do. Won't you forgive me? I know how good you are. I meant nothing. Father! *Father!*" She sank against the door, but there came no sound from within, and at last she went back to her room in a wild burst of sobs.

Daylight had barely come when he left

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his room and went softly down the stairs; but softly as he went, his wife heard him. He was fumbling at the key to the hall door when she hurried down and laid a detaining hand on his arm. He turned a haggard face toward her.

"Horace, I want to speak to you," she said hurriedly; "come in here." She pulled him toward the parlor, but he held back.

"I can't talk, Caroline; not now," he said, the hoarseness of fatigue in his voice. "You must not bother me."

"Horace, you *must* listen!" she said passionately. "You 'll make yourself ill, and all for nothing. It was just nerves in Ruth, I 'm sure; she has n't been well for weeks. Besides, Henry thinks that she 's been interested in young Harvey a little. You could see how it all happened—her surprise and disappointment in him. And if she was ill, too. You know how she always blurts out whatever comes to her mind at such times. From a little child she was so. And now she 's heartbroken. Please, *please,* don't feel so! I can't bear it." Her face was contorted by her pitiable attempt at control.

"My own daughter, Caroline, to call me a vulture!" he said hoarsely. "I—" He waved his hand hopelessly. His under lip sagged, and his face was lined with weariness. He was almost a tragic figure in his bewilderment, his incomprehension, his sorely wounded pride in himself.

"But, Horace, it 's nothing, I tell you," she pleaded. "You don't understand about women. They can be brutal at times, but it means nothing at all; it 's only nerves. Their nerves give way, and then they slash things. That 's what Ruth did. And now she 's half crazy with shame and grief. Oh, can't you forgive her? Can't you?"

"It 's no use to talk, Caroline, not now," he replied. "And you must n't bother me. I 'm going for a walk; I can't breathe here." He opened the door and went out, and from the window she saw him cross the lawn to the street and disappear behind the privet hedge, going heavily away from the town.

He did not come home to breakfast, and late in the forenoon his wife went to his office. He was at his desk, alone in the room, and he looked up quickly as she softly closed the door, then turned to his desk again with an unwonted touch of impatience in his manner. But she drew near, and laid her hand on his shoulder.

"Can't you come home with me, Horace?" she said. "It 's nearly lunch-time, and you might lie down for half an hour. I had to come down-town, and I thought—" Then she paused. The fiction was too palpable.

"I shall get a bite at the hotel," he said coldly. "I 'm very busy. Don't bother."

The tears sprang to her eyes.

"I don't know why you speak so, as if I 'd done something to hurt you," she said plaintively. "I 'm sure I was hurt, too."

He wheeled sharply in his chair, facing her.

"Caroline, I have told you that I would not be bothered," he said.

She moved slowly away, but at the door she turned to say:

"The child is nearly crazy with grief, Horace. Won't you send some word to her? You must know it was only nerves."

"Very well; it was nerves, then," he replied. "I shall not speak of it again. Let Ruth understand."

He held his aggrieved manner for nearly a week, and then one night, going home to dinner, he found the doctor's carriage at the gate. Hurrying to the stairs, he met his wife coming down with a glass in her hand, and with a sharp note of anxiety in his voice he said:

"What 's Dayton doing here?"

"Ruth is sick," Mrs. Crawford replied hurriedly. "He 's afraid it 's typhoid. He said we should have called him before." Weeping, she put her hand up to her face. "O Horace, you know I said that night that she was ill; and we blamed the poor child! It was just this coming on then, and we blamed her."

In the quick rush of concern that her words brought him, he pushed by her, hurrying up to Ruth's room. Her flushed face turned eagerly toward him, her eyes unnaturally bright. He knelt at her side

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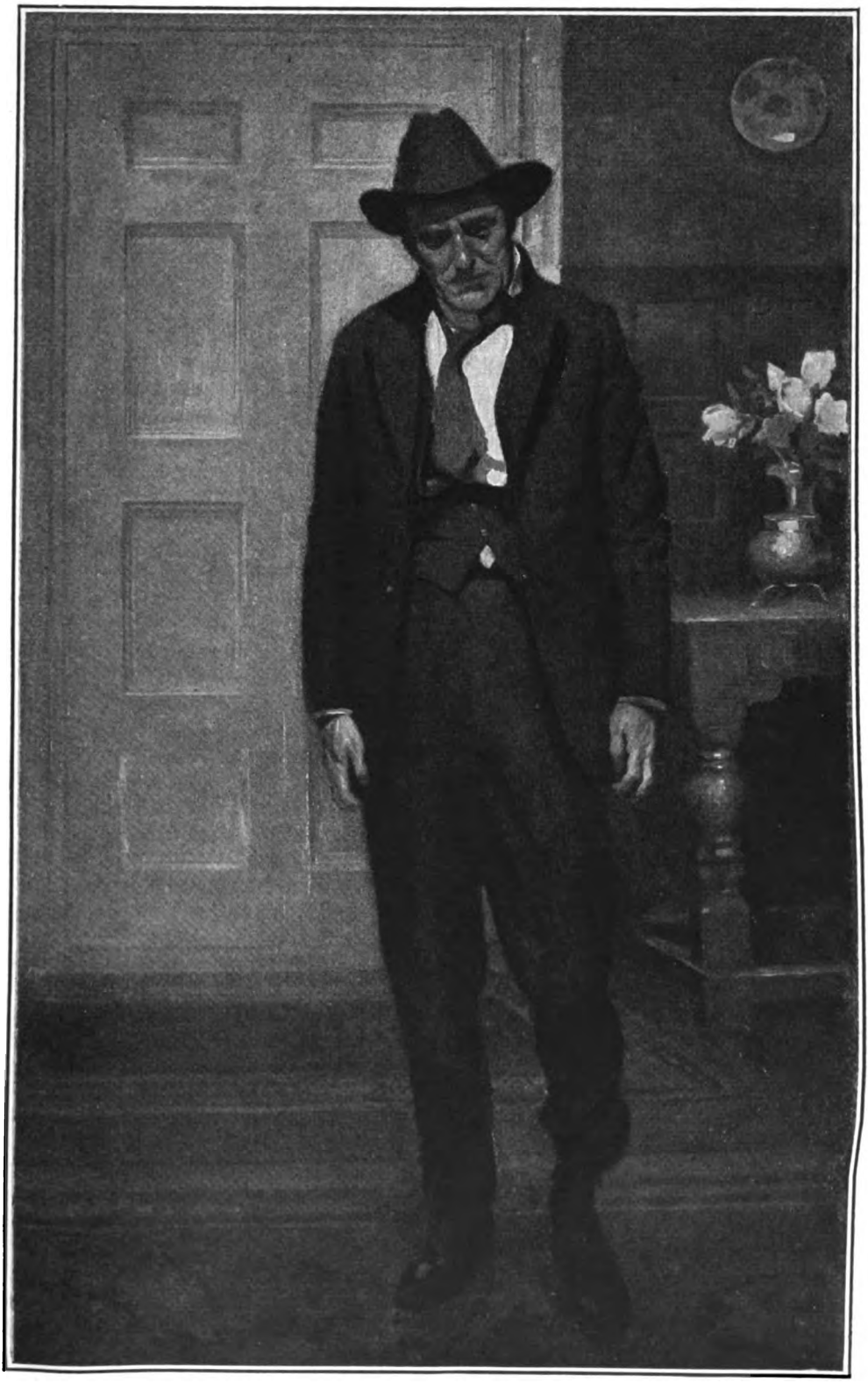

"THERE FLASHED THE HIDEOUS, UNBIDDEN THOUGHT THAT AT THAT MOMENT HE LOOKED LIKE A VULTURE"

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and kissed her, and with a little sob she threw her arms about his neck.

"O Father, I 've been so sorry!" she whispered brokenly. "So sorry!"

"There, there, child, don't think of it any more!" he said. "We all understand. Just get well." Tears came to his eyes—tears of tenderness for her, and tears, too, that sprang from his own emotional exaltation. He felt the glow of conscious rectitude that comes with the clearing up of unjust suspicions. He patted her cheek, saying again gently: "Don't think of it any more. Just get well."

She was long about it; but late in the summer, when at last she was well along the road to recovery and his anxiety for her had passed, the thought of the old wound to his pride recurred again and again. He no longer felt resentful toward Ruth,—her illness had washed away all her accountability,—but the cicatrice of the wound was there. He saw it always in imagination as something visible to other eyes, and a longing grew up in his soul for some vindication of his wounded spirit.

It was with this thought in mind, at last taking tangible shape, that early in the autumn he sought out John Marvin, the chairman of the county committee of his party. They had been friends for a lifetime.

"John," he said, "in all the years that I 've worked for the party and been a more than generous contributor to its campaign funds, I have never asked for anything for myself; but I 'm going to ask for something now. I want the nomination for county judge."

Whatever of consternation Marvin may have felt, none of it showed in the frank look that he turned on Crawford.

"Well, I don't see why," he said after a moment's hesitation. "You 're too big a man for that, Horace. Wait for the supreme-court judgeship. Durham 's too old for another nomination. I 'll work for that with all my heart."

"That means waiting ten years," Crawford retorted. "Besides, I don't want it. My interest lies here in the county; its people are my people. Who has done more for the party than I have? Done half as much? And I 've never asked for a thing. This is all that I shall ever ask." He rose to his feet and faced Marvin, waiting.

"Why, if you want it so much," Marvin replied hastily, "you know I 'll do what I can, though I don't understand why you care. You don't need a little thing like 'Judge' tacked to your name to give you standing in this county, Horace. You 're bigger than that."

"It 's my own county," Crawford replied coldly. "I am not one to claim I am bigger than any honor it can give me."

Marvin saw other members of the county committee. They were dismayed, but, like Marvin, dared not to offend Crawford; he was too valuable a contributor. They tried persuasion, and united in holding out the lure of the supreme-court judgeship. But Crawford was obdurate, and in the end they yielded.

"Oh, well, our normal majority is twenty-five hundred," Marvin had at last said in committee; "that will pull him through, perhaps. And he *is* a big man. We can make the most of that."

Crawford's nomination in the convention was made without a dissenting vote; so well had the delegates been talked over. The campaign was a quiet one. It was not a Presidential year, and there was no local issue to stir voters to an unusual interest. With supreme confidence Crawford awaited the election, and in the absence of any apparent undercurrent of feeling the county committee grew day by day more assured that their doubts had been idle. Election day came, and after voting early, Crawford returned to his office and busied himself with his usual tasks. At dinner that night he was in high good humor. Things had gone well, of course, he said. Immediately after dinner he went back to his office.

It was eleven o'clock when his wife and Ruth heard his step outside the door, and, hurrying to meet him, saw him enter the hall. He closed the door carefully and stood still, seemingly dazed by the bright lights of the room, for he passed his hand

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slowly over his eyes. At that moment, as he lowered his hand again, his wife's first thought was that he had been drinking, though it had always been a part of the rigid code by which he directed his appearance before men that he never drank. His hat was awry, his face flushed, his jaw dropped; as he stood with drooping shoulders and feet wide apart, he presented an appearance of extraordinary disorderliness. Then his wife saw his eyes. They looked both furtive and enraged.

"Horace," she exclaimed, "what is it?"

He glared at her fiercely.

"They 've beaten me, if you want to know," he said in an unnaturally high voice—"beaten me damnably. Even my own town, here where I 've lived all my life. And after all I 've done for them!"

He had not stirred from the door, and his voice had risen excitedly, and when he ceased, he still stood staring fiercely at her, as though, in little, she stood in his mind as the embodiment of the "they" of his bitterness. She sank back in a chair.

"Oh, how could they!" she wailed. "How could they!"

Ruth had not stirred. In a dazed sort of fascination of impotent grief she stood staring at him. His head was lowered, his eyes wandering furtively about him. Without volition, across the quick remembrance of her old cruel speech, now long repented of, there flashed the hideous, unbidden thought that at that moment he looked like a vulture. She uttered a stifled little cry, and as she saw him turn his gaze toward her, she covered her face with her hand. Would he, too, recall her speech and reproach her? She shrank back as if from an expected blow. And then she heard him say gently:

"Child, you go straight to bed. Why, you should n't have waited up till this hour. You 're not strong enough for that, like night-hawks like your mother and me. Now go right up."

With a stifled sob, and darting toward him, she flung her arms about his neck and, pressing her face to his, whispered:

"O Daddy, Daddy, I love you so!"

"Well, well, go to bed now, that 's a good girl," he said soothingly. "Go up now."

He seemed to forget her immediately as soon as she turned toward the stairs, and stood staring about him like one vaguely searching for something he had misplaced. Then suddenly he looked down at his feet, and his wife, watching him from her chair, saw him glance up appealingly at her.

"What is it, Horace?" she said.

"I don't know, Caroline," he muttered thickly. "I can't—something 's the matter with me." She saw his feet shuffle on the floor, but with no forward movement; his eyes sought hers with a sort of stricken terror. "Caroline, I can't stir. My arms, —I can't lift them." His tongue had stiffened, his face glowed darkly, and drops of perspiration came out on his forehead.

It was spring before he went out again, and then only to sit in a rocking-chair on the piazza, with a rug wrapped carefully about his legs. They always helped him out and in. He would sit there for hours, gazing across the lawn or stolidly reading the Bible. Ruth could not recall ever having seen it in his hands before, and she often wondered why he read it or what his thoughts were as he pored over it. She never learned. He would read it by the hour, and then put it aside without a word. Often he would write long lists of words and figures on sheets of paper, and ponder over them with a puzzled face. Finding these afterward, they would see that these were, as far as he could remember, the amounts of the gifts he had made in the course of his life to various public and private charities and causes. It seemed to them that his wounded spirit was blindly groping for the causes of his amazing unpopularity in the face of all his munificence. He spoke rarely, and never without a hesitating lack of positive assertion. It was as though the essence of his lifelong self-sufficiency had been his assurance of popular laudation, and that gone, his self-constructed divinity had tumbled. With something like heroic patience, without expressed regret, and with no repining, he awaited his slow dissolution.

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" 'WHY, BUDD,' GRACE EXCLAIMED, 'YOU CERTAINLY HAVE CHANGED A LOT. YOU DESERVE A FLOWER FOR THAT' "

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The Boomerang

By DAVID GRAY

Author of "Gallops," etc.

Illustrations by Norman Price

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I–XI.—Gerald Sumner of Elmford, Connecticut, has been traveling and loafing about Europe for several years on the pretext of finishing his study of medicine. One night he receives a letter from his father urging him to return to Elmford and practice medicine. "Jerry" knows that he has lost what medical knowledge he ever had, but he decides to go home and face the music. Arrived home, he is greeted with delight by his father and Marion, his sister, who show him with great pride the new wing of the house that they have fitted up as an unusually complete doctor's office and laboratory. Jerry hires Virginia Xelva as office nurse. Budd Woodbridge is in love with Grace Tyler, and is growing morbid because he is jealous of her favors to Preston De Witt. Jerry promises to cure him by means of a serum for jealousy. Virginia is installed at the Woodbridges' ostensibly as a secretary, really to see that Budd keeps to his régime of exercise and no social engagements. Budd receives two invitations from Grace, but Jerry, who wants to keep her guessing, makes him refuse them. Virginia's sudden and mysterious arrival in town, almost coincident with Jerry's advent, arouses some suspicion, and Jerry is forced to tell Mrs. Woodbridge that he knows nothing of the girl she has taken into her house. Mrs. Woodbridge intimates that she may have something to tell him soon. Jerry wonders if it concerns Preston.

CHAPTER XII

ON the way home Jerry did some thinking and arrived at several conclusions. In the first place, Mrs. Woodbridge must in some way have satisfied herself as to Virginia's status. In all probability the girl had told her where she came from and had talked with her about her family and past life. In the second place, whether Preston De Witt or any other young man was interested in her was none of his business. She was his office attendant and nothing else. He had rather played the fool in allowing himself to become worked up about it. In sober afterthought he was perplexed that he should have done so. Possibly he was tired, and his point of view a little out of focus.

The possibility of Preston's having become interested in Virginia raised several entertaining possibilities regarding Grace. If Preston was really attracted by Virginia, it meant that Grace was holding him at arm's-length, and that was the important aspect of the matter as it concerned Budd. It occurred to him that this might be the time to send Budd out to reconnoiter the enemy's defenses and see how things stood, also to test the boy's progress in the noble art of taking ca of himself. The difficulty, however, in arranging the meeting so that in

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Budd fared badly he himself could intervene before any serious mischief was done.

Suddenly an idea came to him, inspired by Mrs. Woodbridge's request for a birthday party. Budd should have his party. It would be arranged as a surprise. Grace would be there, and there would be certain other surprise features stage-managed by himself, and he would be on hand to observe the course of events and ready in case of need to bring first aid to the injured. As the plan took shape he chuckled. The politics of juvenile love amused him.

That evening he took Marion into his confidence as far as was needful to insure the presence of Grace. He told her merely that Budd had been ill and under treatment for nearly a month, and now he was planning to celebrate his recovery by a little surprise party on the evening of his birthday. Marion approved of the idea and began to make out a list of people. The third name that she wrote down was Grace's.

"Yes, we must have her," Jerry observed casually, "and we must make sure that everybody turns up. A surprise party where half the people back out at the last minute is rather ghastly."

"You can leave that to me," said Marion. "I 'll produce everybody that I ask."

"And especially Grace," he put in. "I want to get a little fun out of this party myself."

Marion eyed him with motherly indulgence.

"You don't seem to have been cutting much ice lately in that direction."

"Been too busy," Jerry answered. "But that reminds me, there 's no need of having Preston. Let me have a free field for once."

"All right," she answered; "we 'll suppress Preston. I don't think he and Budd have ever been very intimate."

"Good," said Jerry. "You see about the music, and I 'll arrange with Mrs. Woodbridge about supper."

After some thought on the matter Jerry called Virginia into consultation. He explained the proposed party and asked her what she thought the effect of Grace's presence would be on Budd. Virginia weighed the question.

"You know how her letters have upset him," she said. "Don't you think that seeing her like that in his own house will set him back?"

Jerry grinned.

"I think it 's going to set him back for life. That 's what I 'm counting on, anyway. If he can't be happy without her, the next best thing is to see if he can be happy with her."

The girl looked surprised.

"But I thought she was in love with Mr. De Witt."

Jerry glanced at her sharply. Was she putting something over on him? Was that innocent, honest gaze only a mask, after all? On this subject Jerry was inclined to hold all ladies suspect.

"I don't believe it," he said. "I think they have both been playing. In fact, I think Preston is busy on another job." He watched for some telltale deepening of her color, but nothing happened. If she had anything to conceal, she did it masterfully.

"But you surely don't believe that Miss Tyler cares for Mr. Woodbridge?" she said, with a note of incredulity.

"I don't believe she thinks she does now," he answered, "but I believe she used to, and if she did once, she can be made to again."

"Made to?" Virginia repeated.

"Yes, made to."

Virginia's lip curled.

"If she 's that kind of girl, I think he 's better off without her."

"She 's not *'that kind* of girl.' She 's an awfully nice girl. Oh, yes, she is."

"Then how could she have treated him so?" Virginia demanded.

"Don't blame her," said Jerry. "It was n't her fault."

"It certainly was n't his," she retorted.

"Yes; the fault was Budd's."

"Oh, you can't mean that!" she cried. "His devotion to that girl is perfectly beautiful."

"Yes, and see where it 's landed him!

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So you 've got these highfalutin notions, too?"

She made no denial, and he went on:

"My dear child, that kind of thing is very romantic and beautiful in books, but it 's pretty dangerous stuff to tie up to. Some day you 'll be unlucky enough to fall in love yourself."

Virginia smiled.

"You don't think that 's possible. I suppose."

"It might be."

"Then you ought to know the truth about it."

"I 'd like to," she answered.

"Then I 'll tell you. The truth is that it 's all a *game*."

She uttered a protest.

"Yes, that 's what it is—a mean, selfish, rotten game."

She burst out laughing.

"You 're making fun of me. It 's ridiculous to talk that way."

"It 's the fact," he answered. "And as soon as you fall in love, the game begins, and you 've got to play it whether you want to or not. Most people play it like Budd, without knowing the rules, and get the worst of it. Now, why not be sensible and play it with your eyes open?"

"I don't think I 'd care to *play* it at all," she answered gravely.

"Stuff!" he cried. "If you were in love, would n't you like to know how to win? Would n't you want to bring your victim to your feet—make him adore you, believe you the most charming and beautiful and wonderful woman in the world, make him hope for nothing, think of nothing, dream of nothing, but you?"

"Do you think you can do that by a set of rules?" she asked.

"Sure," he answered. "I 'll guarantee it."

"And the rules?"

"The rules are to avoid all the blunders Budd has made."

"I can't see that Budd has made any blunders," she answered defiantly.

He looked at her hopelessly.

"He 's done nothing else. In the first place, he showed her that he loved her honorably, devotedly, exclusively. Note *exclusively*. That alone was enough to queer him."

"You mean he should n't have told her?"

"No; he should have told her whenever he got the chance. His trouble was that he probably did n't tell her at all, but let her find it out from the way he acted. What he should have done was to tell her early and often, but act so that she was never quite sure that he meant it."

Virginia gave him a shocked look from her mild eyes, but Jerry kept on.

"In the second place, he was too good to her. He paid her too much attention, was always hanging about till his visits became about as exciting as the milkman's. One of the principal rules of the game is judicious absence. Instead, he was always hanging around. She took it as a matter of course, and naturally enough began to take notice elsewhere to bring a little sunshine into life. Then along came jealousy. You can't keep jealousy out of this love stuff; but it 's rare that both parties have it, and if you know how, you can manage it so that you 're not the victim. The most important of all the rules is to keep the other fellow jealous and avoid it yourself. If you don't, you end up like Budd—jealousy, desperation, despair, doctor."

"Well, I can't say that I think it 's a very nice game," said Virginia.

"I told you that," Jerry answered. "But it 's justified by the circumstances, because if you fall in love with a man and let him see your devotion is so great you can't think of anything else, he 'll begin to care less and less about you. It 's curious, but it 's so."

A curious shadow, half of pain, half of wonder, crossed Virginia's face.

"It 's hard to believe that," she said slowly. "I should n't want to believe it."

"What you want has n't anything to do with it," said Jerry, grimly. "It 's what always happens, and if I should ever fall in love, you can bet I 'm going to play the game."

"You?" said the girl.

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"To the limit," he answered. "It 's one's duty as a sane human being. Why, there are thousands of poor creatures all over the world whose lives have been ruined just because they loved too much and did n't know it was all a game. And that 's Budd's danger. He 's a goner unless we can save him. And that 's what I wanted to speak to you about. As usual, I 'm depending on you to help me. Will you?"

"Of course," she answered. "But what do you want me to do?"

"I want *you* to play the game. I want you to *pretend* to be in love."

"You want Miss Tyler to think that I 'm in love with Mr. Woodbridge?"

"Exactly. It 's the trump-card we 'll have to play if things don't go well. I want Grace Tyler to think that you and Budd are crazy about each other."

Virginia laughed.

"One might be justified in doing a good deal to help the unfortunate, but you could never get Mr. Woodbridge to do his part."

"I 'm not going to try. All I want is to have Miss Tyler see you and Budd together, laughing and jolly, on pleasant, friendly terms, and then to have you make her feel that you 're exercising proprietary rights. Do you think you can?"

Virginia laughed again.

"I might make her feel that I was exercising proprietary rights," she answered, "but do you think you could make Mr. Woodbridge laugh and be jolly if she was around?"

"I 'll attend to that. All I 'm counting on you for is the female-ownership part. You 're really too good for that kind of thing, but it must be in the blood, because, after all, you 're a woman. And of course you must n't appear in a nurse's uniform," he added. "I 'll fix that with Mrs. Woodbridge. I want you to doll up. I want you to be as pretty as you can."

The girl colored and smiled.

"I 'll do my best," she said, "but you must n't expect very much."

Jerry looked at her keenly.

"I don't know about that," he said. "It looks to me as though you ought to do pretty well and not have to break your neck trying."

Virginia dropped her eyes, while the flush deepened.

"So that 's all arranged," he went on. "Tuesday night we 'll have a show-down and see what we can do. The success of our anti-jealousy serum depends on it. And remember," he added in a gentler tone, "if we pull it off, the credit will all be yours. When I think of it, the credit for everything this office has done in the past month belongs to you. When you do fall in love and marry and leave me, I want you to be very happy."

"I shall always stay here as long as you 'll let me," she answered.

"No, you won't, he answered, with a touch of bitterness. "You 'll go, but if he is n't worthy of you, he 'll have to settle with me. You 've put me under very deep obligations, Virginia, and I want you to know that I know it." It was the first time that he had ever spoken to her by her first name. He held out his hand. She let hers rest in it for a moment and then, without meeting his eyes, turned and left the room.

"No Preston De Witt for that girl," he muttered. "There 's got to be a real man on the job, or I 'll have something to say about it."

CHAPTER XIII

T nine-thirty Tuesday evening Budd's birthday appeared from every point of view to be a success. After his usual daily régime there had been a birthday dinner, with a lighted cake out of which Virginia had drawn the thimble, his mother the ring, and Budd the money. The appropriateness of Fate in making these allotments was sustained in Budd's case by the pleasant check that a doting mother had bestowed upon him earlier in the day. A month of careful living and rigorous exercise had put him in the pink of condition physically, and he seemed to be winning

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in his efforts to banish Grace from his thoughts. Altogether it was all very jolly and delightful at the Woodbridges' that evening, and as is unusual with surprise parties, Budd was entirely unsuspecting of the entertainment that was about to burst upon him.

After dinner the little family gathered in the library for its usual evening program, Mrs. Woodbridge embroidering, Budd and Virginia playing piquet. The cards seemed to be running amazingly for Budd. As they played the last hand, Virginia laughed in mock desperation and began to add up the score.

"This is the seventh time in succession that you 've beaten me, and I know I play the better game."

The boy looked at her quizzically.

"You know, lucky at cards—"

She raised a finger warningly.

"Now! now!"

"Oh, I 'm all right," he answered in an undertone. "I was thinking how lucky you must be at—"

She colored slightly.

"You 'd better think about something else," she said lightly.

Mrs. Woodbridge raised her eyebrows, but went on with her needlework, giving no other sign that she had overheard.

Budd smiled, yawned, and rose from his chair.

"I must have my go at the old punching-bag," he observed. "I can't believe this is my last night of training. I think I 'm going to miss it. Mother," he went on, "how would you propose that your little son should break training—wine, woman, or song?"

Mrs. Woodbridge looked at him proudly.

"I hope not by smoking cigarettes again," she answered. "You 're so splendidly well that I want you to keep so."

Budd shook his head doubtfully.

"It 's bad for a man to have as much health as I have. It 's like not spending your money. I 've got to do something wicked."

The grandfather's clock that struck the quarters began to chime, indicating that it was a quarter-past nine. Mrs. Woodbridge and Virginia exchanged glances.

"Mr. Budd," said the latter, "it 's time for you to punch the bag. You 're still under my orders."

Budd acknowledged her authority with an exaggerated bow and lounged out of the room. As they heard him whistling on his way up-stairs the two women rose.

"You 'd better get dressed, Virgie," said Mrs. Woodbridge. "I 'll get Hartley and the gardener to get the rug up in the drawing-room and move the furniture." She went to the electric button and pressed it.

A moment later the butler appeared, and followed Mrs. Woodbridge toward the drawing-room. As Virginia passed out into the hall on her way up-stairs she caught sight of an envelop standing on edge against the wall under the hall table where letters were usually placed. She rescued it and saw that it was addressed to Budd and unopened. It had evidently slipped down behind the table, blown by a draft of air or crowded off by the newspapers. The note had obviously been delivered by hand, as it bore no stamp. How long it had lain on the floor was a question. She hesitated a moment, then turned into the drawing-room.

"Hartley," she said, "I 've just found this note for Mr. Budd on the floor under the table. Have you any idea when it was delivered?"

The man looked at it in some concern.

"Why, that came this morning, Miss Xelva," he answered, "while he was out for his walk. I laid it on the table for him. I 'm very sorry."

"It 's nobody's fault," she answered. "I 'll take it up to him in the gymnasium." She went up to the third story. As she entered, the bag-puncher suspended his exertions.

"Do you want to see a little exhibition?" he asked, panting.

"Of course," she answered gaily; "but here 's a note that came for you this morning and slipped down behind the table. I thought it might be something important."

"Thanks," he said and came over and

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took it. As he glanced at the handwriting, a change came over his face.

"It 's from—" she began.

He nodded

"Perhaps I ought n't to have given it to you," she said doubtfully.

"What nonsense!" he exclaimed and said gently. He made no opposition, and she took the card.

"Now let 's talk of something else," she went on. "Suppose we have the exhibition with the bag."

He seemed not to hear her.

"If I only could be sorry that she 's

"'YOU KNOW, LUCKY AT CARDS—' SHE RAISED A FINGER WARNINGLY. 'NOW! NOW!'"

tore it open. Slowly he produced a card with a verse printed on it, signed in ink with the initials G. T.

"A birthday card?" said Virginia.

Budd nodded and began to read:

> May joy and love
> In your life ne'er cease,
> But grow and grow
> As your years increase.

"Joy and love," he repeated, and stood staring at the bit of cardboard like a creature spellbound.

Virginia stretched out her hand.

"You 'd better let me take that," she sent it," he murmured, as if thinking aloud. "But I 'm not."

"It 's only a printed birthday card," she said. "It does n't amount to anything."

He sighed wearily.

"That 's right. Still, it was awfully sweet of her when you think how I 've treated her. I ought to acknowledge it, had n't I?"

"The doctor will tell you about that," said Virginia, "just as he always does."

"That 's what I 'm afraid of."

"What do you mean?"

"Don't you know the replies he made me send to the two letters she wrote me?"

"No; you never showed them to me."

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Budd went to his coat, which was hanging on the back of a chair, and drew two worn envelops from the breast-pocket.

"Here," he said.

As Virginia read them, he gave a summary of the answers that Jerry had dictated.

"It was pretty hard," she said sympathetically, "but I 'm sure the doctor was right."

"I don't see why. I don't see what good it did to write that kind of stuff to her. Every time I hear from her it brings it all back again." He put the birthday card with the letters, replaced them in his pocket, and slipped on the coat.

Virginia watched him with a look of anxiety.

"You must try not to think about it," she said.

"Not think about it?" he repeated. He gazed at her bitterly. "I guess you don't know what love is," he said.

"Oh, yes I do," she answered steadily. "Perhaps better than you do."

He gave her a quick, wondering look.

"Well, if you do," he said, "I 'm sorry for you. But I 'm through. This serum and exercise business can't cure it. You think you 're getting better, and then something happens like this birthday card, and it 's all off again. There 's only one thing to do."

"What is it?"

"Clear out, run away from it. And I 'm going to do it. The month that I promised to take Dr. Sumner's treatment is up to-morrow. The day after I 'm off."

"But if you really love," she said simply, "could you go away from the person you care for?"

"Is there anything else you can do when there 's no hope of getting her?"

"There are lots of things we want, but can't have. That 's no reason why we should run away from them. And real love most of all."

"Would you feel that way if you were in love with a man who was n't in love with you?" he demanded.

"I think so," she answered steadily. "In fact, I know I should."

"I can't see it," said the boy.

"Why, just to be near the person you care for, to hear his voice, to know he 's near, in the same town with me, would give me a feeling of peace and happiness—

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something you can't describe, like birds singing inside your heart. Can't you understand that?"

He shook his head.

"You 're beyond me. I can't feel as if any birds were singing inside me. It 's a different kind of feeling that I 've got. Have you ever heard of people dying of thirst—how they beg for water and go mad thinking about it, how they imagine they see it just beyond their reach and stretch out their arms toward it, and then find it is n't there? Well, that 's the way it takes me."

"But it *is* there," she answered. "Love is a real thing. It 's in all."

"Stop!" he said impatiently. "Suppose you were dying of thirst. What would you think if some one came to you with real water—fresh, pure water—and said, 'Now you must n't drink this, but just to have it near you ought to satisfy you, ought to give you a feeling like birds singing'?"

"You should n't be thirsty," she answered. "Love is n't wanting. It 's giving, it 's feeling; it 's being ready to give everything, not demanding everything."

He shook his head sadly.

"That 's all beyond me. All I know is that I 'm thirsty, and the water is out of reach."

She let her hand rest gently on his shoulder.

"Perhaps it is n't out of reach," she suggested.

"Don't pull the hope stuff on me," he began. "I know when I 'm beaten. I 'm off on Thursday."

She was framing an answer when the door opened and Jerry came in. He took one look at Budd, then glanced at Virginia.

"What 's this," he demanded, "a funeral or a bag-punching contest? What 's happened?"

"Mr. Woodbridge and I have been having a little talk," Virginia began.

"I just got this," said Budd. He fished the packet of letters from his pocket and handed the birthday card to Jerry.

"Pretty, is n't it?" said Jerry, with his eyes on the worn letters. "Those come with it?"

"No," said Budd. "Those are the letters that came before. You 've seen them."

"Better give 'em to me," Jerry said quietly. "I was a fool to let you keep them." He took the letters and the card, tore them across, and looked around the room as if for a fireplace. Finding none, he stuffed the pieces into his pocket. Then he gazed searchingly at Budd. The boy dropped his eyes.

"What shall I do about the card?" he asked in a hollow voice.

"Nothing just now," said Jerry. "Get into your evening clothes. Quick!"

"Evening clothes?" repeated Budd.

"Yes. You and I are going to have a little time to-night. How long will it take you to dress?"

"Ten minutes."

"Make it nine and a half. I want to speak to Miss Xelva."

"Are we going out?" Budd asked as he reached the door.

"I 'll explain about that later," Jerry answered. "Hustle!"

Budd disappeared, and Jerry turned to Virginia.

"Has he been that way long?"

"Since he got the birthday card a few minutes ago. It seemed to bring on a relapse."

"It 's too bad. I wanted to have him in good shape to-night," Jerry said regretfully. "What are we going to do about it?"

"Perhaps I ought n't to have given it to him," said Virginia. "But I did n't know what it was till he opened it. I 'm sorry."

"It was n't your fault," he answered. He looked at his watch. "The milk is spilled, and there 's no time to cry about it. I 'll go down and sit with him while he 's dressing. Perhaps I can throw a little joy into him. But you 'd better get dressed yourself. Marion and some of the people are down-stairs. You remember what you promised to do?"

Virginia nodded.

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"You 'll have to do it big, because in the state he 's in now we 'll have to carry him. I mean you 'll have to carry him. Whenever I get in a tight place, you always seem to be made the goat."

"You know I am always glad to help," she said.

"Well, just throw yourself into high speed to-night," he went on. "You must be something of an actress, because you 're a woman. Play the part to the limit. We 've got to get that girl going. Put everything on but the kitchen stove. Make the rest of the bunch look like last year's birds' nests. Forget this nurse business. To-night you 're the queen of the fairies."

Her eyes danced and her color heightened as he looked at her.

"By Jove! I believe you can do it!" he cried impulsively.

She gave him a glance that he would have described as the "side eye," laughed, and ran out of the room. He heard her soft, quick footfall on the stairs and followed more deliberately.

CHAPTER XIV

AT the door of Budd's bedroom Jerry stopped for further thought on the situation. He felt that it was a time for heroic measures. A housemaid passed through the hall. He beckoned to her and gave her a whispered message.

"I 'll tell Mr. Hartley at once," she answered and went on. As he was about to knock at Budd's door he heard his name called in a conspirator's whisper and, turning, saw Marion. She was out of breath from running up-stairs.

"Grace has backed out," she said in an undertone. "I stopped for her, and she would n't come."

"What 's the matter?" Jerry asked.

"She said she had a headache, but I don't think that 's it. Have you and she been fighting?"

"Not enough to speak of," Jerry answered absently. He was thinking what was best to be done. Of course, if Grace did n't come, there was no danger of Budd relapsing. On the other hand, if Grace was piqued because Budd had taken no notice of her birthday card, it was just the moment to bring off his coup. There had to be an accounting some time, and despite the risk, he decided on having it at once.

"I 'll call her up," he said to Marion. "I think there 's a telephone in the pantry that I can use. You know the house better than I do. Lead me down the back stairs."

A few moments later he was talking with Grace.

"Why this throw-down?" he demanded. "I 'm crushed."

"Why, I was n't feeling very well," came the answer. "Mother thought I ought to go to bed."

"Describe your symptoms, and I 'll prescribe for you," said Jerry.

The girl laughed.

"You can't put this over on me," he went on. "My physician's trained ear tells me you 're perfectly well. It 's just low-down meanness. Here I am in this scene of gaiety without a soul who really understands me. If you don't come, I 'll probably do something desperate."

"Really, I can't come," she said, but with less determination than before.

"Please!" he went on plaintively. "I 'm not exaggerating my troubles. Budd has cut me out with the only other girl that looks promising, and I 'm in the down-and-out class." He turned his face away from the instrument and chuckled at the change in Grace's voice.

"Who is it?" she asked.

"I don't think you know her," he answered. "She 's a stranger. But that 's neither here nor there. I 'm counting on you. You promised to teach me to trot, and this is my chance."

"Oh, I can't," she said uncertainly. "I 'm not dressed."

"That 's not so," he answered, taking a blind chance. "You 're all dressed and ready, and you won't come just because you want to blight my evening."

"You ought to go into mind-reading," she said, laughing.

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"Now, look here," he said. "I 'll have a car at the house for you in two minutes, and you come right over."

"All right," was the answer.

"Now you 're talking like a sensible woman," he said. "And, remember, I get the first waltz."

She answered, "Yes," and hung up.

Slipping out a side door, Jerry gave directions to the family chauffeur and hurried back up-stairs to Budd's room. He knocked sharply, and at Budd's answering "Come in" he entered.

Instead of dressing, Budd was seated in a rocking-chair, gazing dully at the fireplace. He rose as he saw Jerry and began slowly peeling off his sweater.

"I thought I told you to hustle," said Jerry, cheerfully. "You 're going on like a man who does n't know he is alive."

"What 's all this row about, anyway?" demanded Budd, unlacing one of his gymnasium shoes. "I thought you did n't want me to go out in the evening."

Before Jerry answered, there was a knock, and Hartley came in with a tray on which stood a decanter of brandy, two glasses, ice, and soda.

Budd's eyes opened.

"Put it on the table," said Jerry. "I 'll pour it."

The butler went out, and Jerry began to pour.

"I thought it would be a good plan to open our little celebration with a small drink," he explained casually.

"But won't that interfere with the treatment?" Budd began in amazement.

"It won't interfere with anything now," said Jerry, calmly. "We 're through with your treatment."

"You mean I 'm cured?"

"That 's the idea exactly. You 've done as I 've told you; the bugs have done their work. You could n't be jealous again if you tried, and all you 've got to do now is to cheer up and believe it."

Budd grinned dolefully.

"It seems funny to have you spring this on me just after that birthday card had sort of upset me again."

"You 're not upset," said Jerry. "That 's just imagination. Get some of this inside you, and you 'll take a more healthy view of life." He held out the glass, and Budd sipped a little with evident distaste.

"Here 's luck!" said Jerry. "From this time on you can smoke and drink in moderation, go back to work, have all the fun you want, and see your friends."

"See anybody I want?"

"Sure."

The boy's eyes brightened.

"Then the first thing I 'm going to do to-morrow is to see Grace Tyler and tell her the truth about these letters."

Jerry looked at him in dismay.

"In heaven's name, what are you going to do that for!" he exclaimed.

"Because I don't want to lie to her," the boy answered resolutely. "It 's troubled me a lot."

"But I thought you had given up hope of Miss Tyler ever caring for you again."

"I have. That 's all over. But her opinion of me matters just the same."

"Then you did n't mean what you said about wishing her joy and not wanting to stand in her way?"

"Yes, I did mean it, every word of it. Telling her the truth does n't interfere with that."

"Of course it interferes with it. You won't be acting as if you wished her joy if you tell her about these letters."

"And why not?" demanded Budd.

"Why not? Don't you know the reason that I made you answer them as I did?"

"I supposed you wanted me to offend her so she would n't write to me again."

"Offend her!" cried Jerry. "Don't you see that it was entirely for her sake? Don't you see that if you let her know you 're going on suffering and hopeless, loving her always, she can't help being unhappy and miserable? How do you think a nice girl like Grace would feel about it? Can't you see that it 's bound to make her feel that she 's the cause of wrecking your life?"

"She does n't think about that."

"Of course she does. She 's still worrying about you. Her birthday card shows

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"'JOY AND LOVE,' HE REPEATED"

that. Now, if you really mean what you say and want to make her happy, there 's just one thing to do—the big, generous thing, the noble thing, the heroic thing."

"What is that?"

"Sacrifice your own feelings for her."

"How?"

"Show her that she *has n't* wrecked your life; let her see that your jealousy is all gone, as it really is; let her believe that your mournfulness is gone, that your love is gone. That 's the thing to do."

Budd looked at him doubtfully.

"Take it from me, that 's the thing to do. Make her happy by showing her that *you* are happy."

"I think I see what you mean," said the boy, slowly.

"That 's talking sense. I knew you would. Now I 'll tell you something,"

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Jerry went on. "The reason why I asked you to get dressed is that you 're going to have a little party to-night—a birthday party. Some of your guests are downstairs now."

"Who?" demanded Budd.

"Well, for one, there 's Grace Tyler."

"Grace?" the boy gasped. "Here?"

"Sure," said Jerry. "Why not?"

Budd made no answer. His eyes fell upon the long drink on the table. He moved toward it, seized it, and swallowed it.

"There 's nothing to be frightened about," said Jerry. "Here 's your chance to do the big thing we were talking about. Show her you 're happy. Josh her, laugh, be merry."

Budd shook his head, panic-stricken.

"I could n't. I don't know how."

"Of course you know how. Make a bluff, wear a smile, look as if you were having a good time even if it kills you. Are n't you willing to do that much for her?"

"I 'll try," said the boy.

"That 's better," said Jerry. "Now this is the plot. Slip a dressing-gown over your dinner-jacket, come down into the library, and be doing something when we come in. You see, you 've got to be surprised. Do you get the idea?"

Budd nodded dumbly.

"What 'll I be doing?"

Jerry's eyes fell upon a pile of magazines.

"Here," he said, picking up the top one. "Here 's the 'Architectural Record.' You 're thinking of building a house out on your mother's farm, and you 're studying up plans. That 's a good touch," he added. "Be so busy with them that you don't see or hear anything till we 're all in the room. You can have your back to the door. Understand?"

"I think so," said Budd. He took a cigarette from the case that Jerry handed him and lit it.

"Then we 'll all yell," Jerry went on, "and you 'll jump up and be surprised and shake hands with everybody—but not with Grace," he added. "Be cordial to her, but don't shake hands. You see, it 'll be kinder to her not to. It will make her realize that you 're trying to have things as she wants them, *just friends.*"

"But don't friends shake hands?" asked Budd.

"Yes; but not under these conditions. She 'll get what you mean, and in the crowd no one else will notice it. Just act as if you 'd seen her every day and you did n't have to take special notice of her. That 's the way to make her really feel comfortable and at home." He started for the door, but stopped before he reached it. "Now, there 's one thing more. Your mother has made a point of having Miss Xelva as one of the guests. She does n't know any of these other people; so make a point of being nice to her —very nice, won't you?"

"Why, of course," said Budd. "I get on with Virginia almost as if she were my sister. Of course I want her to have a good time."

"That 's the idea," said Jerry. "Only for this evening you might try to forget you get on with her like a sister. Imagine you were giving her a sort of rush. We don't want people to realize that she 's a trained nurse. Dance with her and take her out on the veranda. Give her a time."

"It might sort of help to make it easier for Grace," Budd suggested.

"That 's the idea exactly," cried Jerry, with enthusiasm. "If she would only believe that you were having a good time with Virginia, just think of the load it would take off her mind. You don't realize how it crushes a nice girl to feel that she 's ruined a man's life."

"Well, I 'll try," said Budd, doggedly. The drink was beginning to quicken his circulation, and his gloom showed signs of lightening.

"Then everything 's arranged," said Jerry. "Hurry into your clothes, and I 'll go down and arrange the surprise."

He closed the door behind him and mopped his brow. The last half-hour had been strenuous.

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CHAPTER XV

The great surprise scene conducted by Marion went off successfully. No one seemed to think it odd that Budd should sit immersed in the "Architectural Record" with thirty giggling, tittering young people tiptoeing and rustling into the room within ten feet of him. And no one thought it odd that when he slipped off his dressing-gown he appeared in evening clothes. Life in moments of excitement accepts things that would stagger the probabilities of the stage. There was a great deal of noise, hand-shaking, and congratulations, and then the music suddenly struck up in the drawing-room, and the dancers made a rush for the floor.

Jerry had had a word with Grace as she came in, but then he became separated in the crowd. As the party streamed into the ball-room, he fell behind. As he reached the front hall it was empty. A footfall on the stair made him turn. He saw a slender girl descending. She was in an evening gown of light blue, and wore a string of pearls about her throat. Her slim, round arms were bare. The mass of corn-colored hair was twisted in a Greek knot and held with a clasp of pearls. She seemed tall and carried herself like a grand duchess.

Jerry gasped. The second look told him it was Virginia, but Virginia so transformed that it needed the glance of the mild, childlike eyes to make him sure.

She smiled at his astonishment, which was so evidently admiring, and her color deepened.

"Dr. Sumner, I believe?" she said.

"Gosh!" he exclaimed, "you 've taken the wind out of me, Virginia. I would n't have known you."

"Am I all right?"

"And then some," he answered. "How did you do it?"

She looked at him, coloring.

"Do it?" she repeated.

"Why, my child," he exclaimed, "you 're wonderful! You 're glorious! Why have n't I ever realized it?"

"That 's hardly for me to say," she answered, laughing. "I would n't have thought that a change of gowns could make a difference to a person like you."

"I guess it 's a case of nobody home," he answered, tapping his head.

"Well, here I am as a vampire," she said. "How shall I go to work? You know I don't know any of these people."

"I 'll have to be driving the whole man bunch off with a club in about two minutes," he answered. "We 'd better get down to business before you go on exhibition." As he spoke he saw a young man stop Budd, who was waltzing with Gertrude Ludlow, and dance away with her. Budd came on around the room to the doorway into the hall, and Jerry seized him.

"Look here," he said, "here 's a chance for you to get a turn with Virginia while I hunt up some young men to introduce to her. Bring her back here when the music stops."

Budd cast an admiring look at his former keeper.

"My, but you 're some queen!" he exclaimed. "I never saw you dolled up like this."

Virginia laughed.

"I never liked to believe it, but I guess it 's true that clothes make the woman," she said. "Come along and dance."

Jerry watched them start off. Virginia waltzed in what for present-day America was a somewhat old-fashioned manner, holding herself with a stately erectness and moving with a free, gliding motion.

"She certainly can dance," Jerry muttered under his breath. Then something strange began to happen to him. His breath began to come short and quick. Some invisible, intangible force clutched at his throat. His pulses throbbed. His eyes followed the girl, fascinated, unable to look away.

"By the Lord!" he gasped. He stood dazed and vibrating.

He was roused from this am[illegible] by Grace and George Car[illegible] had stopped dancing, and toward the library.

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"Oh, here 's where you 're hiding!" cried the girl. "This is the way you keep your engagements!"

"I was just waiting for you," he answered quickly. "I was afraid to cut in. You don't understand how a timid man feels at a ball."

She laughed ironically, and they swept out upon the floor. Half-way around the room he felt her start and grow rigid.

"Who is that girl in blue?" she asked a moment later. "I don't think I ever saw her before."

"The one over there dancing with the Parker boy?" he answered.

"That 's Carrie Frothingham," she said impatiently. "The one with the pearls and the light hair."

He pretended to look about the room.

"Oh," he said, "you mean the girl dancing with Budd? That 's—" But before he could finish, a "Hello, Grace!" sounded in his ears. A hand was laid on his arm, and Mr. Montgomery Chapman halted them. "Can't I have just a little bit of this?" he pleaded.

"I 'd much rather not," said Grace, candidly; but the next moment she was swept away. "The next," she called back to Jerry, and he nodded.

He watched her till she was lost in the crowd. He saw that her eyes were following Virginia and Budd.

"It 's beginning all right," he said to himself. Then his eyes, too, hunted out Virginia and her partner. He assured himself that Budd wore a real smile and seemed generally to be enjoying himself, and then Budd seemed to vanish, and all that Jerry saw, was the slim, stately, radiant figure moving rhythmically to the waltz music.

Five minutes later he found himself in the hall with Virginia again. The music had stopped, but almost immediately had started a lively rag-time to which the dancers were doing the fox-trot. Just as it began, Budd made a dive into the throng and emerged with Grace Tyler. It was the dance that had been promised to Jerry, but he decided that his failure to turn up would not be charged against him.

"I don't do this thing," he said to Virginia. "Let 's go around to the veranda."

"I don't do it very well myself," she answered and followed him. The veranda, running around two sides of the house, was furnished with easy-chairs and divans and dimly lighted by the French windows of the ball-room. One could watch the dancers from the shadow without being seen.

"Look!" said Jerry. "They 're dancing together."

Virginia looked.

"Is that Miss Tyler? You know, I 've never seen her."

"That 's your rival," he answered. "But look at the boy, laughing, wearing a grin that would take in a pie. There 's nothing love-sick about that! Gad, he 's a wonder! If he can keep that up, it 's a cinch. I only hope the brandy and soda does n't die in him."

"You don't mean to say you gave him brandy and soda?"

"I sure did," he answered.

"I suppose it is all right, since you believe it 's all a game," she observed thoughtfully. "Did you tell him to dance with her, too?"

Suddenly the thing that had happened to Jerry in the hall came upon him again. His head began to swim. His breath behaved oddly. He stood gazing at the girl beside him, unable to speak, unaware of what was going on about him.

"What was that?" he said thickly. "What did you say?"

She glanced at him a little perplexed.

"I asked you if you made him dance with her?"

With an effort Jerry pulled himself together, and the thing seemed to pass off, though his knees felt weak.

"I did n't have to," he answered.

"She 's trying to talk to him," observed Virginia.

"That 's right," said Jerry. "She 'll be steering him for a dark corner next. You see! We 've got that young lady going, and when we play our trump-card—" He broke off as Virginia touched his arm.

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"Look!" she exclaimed. "They 've stopped. She 's limping. She 's sprained her ankle. The poor child!"

"It 's a bluff," said Jerry, unfeelingly. "What did I tell you? She 's steering him for the veranda. What do you think of the love game now?" he demanded. There was an earnestness in his own tone that startled him. It was as if he was on the defensive himself, as if his reason was fighting against that strange, unreasonable emotion that twice in the last half-hour had swept him.

"We 'd better get out of here," she answered, "or we 'll be caught."

He acquiesced, and led the way around the veranda toward the front door.

Leaning heavily on Budd 's arm, Grace stepped out into the dark, and groped her way to the divan from which Jerry and Virginia had been watching the ballroom.

"I 'm afraid it hurts frightfully," said the boy.

"No; it is n't really anything," she answered bravely. "It 'll be gone in a minute. I wrenched it the other day, and the least little thing brings it back. When those people bumped into us it just snapped over."

"There is n't anything so painful," said Budd, anxiously. He helped her arrange herself on the cushions. "Had n't I better get Dr. Sumner?"

"Oh, no, please don't!" she cried in alarm.

"But it may be serious."

"No," she insisted heroically. "Just let me sit here, and you go and dance. I 'm not going to spoil your evening."

"But I don't want to," he protested. "You don't mind if I stay, do you?"

"Of course I don't mind," she answered, "only I 'd feel happier if I thought you were enjoying yourself. I don't think it 's badly swollen." She lifted her foot and began to rub her silk-clad ankle. "Can you feel the swelling?" she asked presently.

Budd timorously put forth two fingers and touched it.

"Perhaps I 'd better turn up the lights," he suggested. "I could see better."

"Oh, no!" she said. "It 's pleasanter as it is, don't you think so?"

"Yes; I think so," he answered. "But your ankle—"

"Well, the light can't help my ankle, can it?" She laughed her rippling, silvery laugh. "As long as I 'm in this position, it 's really stopped hurting. Anyway, I believe in Christian Science about things like this. If you don't think about them, you don't feel 'em. Don't you think so?"

"I suppose that 's so," said Budd, doubtfully. "But I think you 've been awfully brave about it."

"Nonsense!" she answered. "I 'm the biggest coward that ever lived. But let 's forget the ankle. What were we talking about?"

"Before you hurt your ankle?"

"Yes, when we were dancing. I remember now. You were going to tell me what had been keeping you so fearfully busy this last month."

Budd said nothing. A sudden realization burst on him of what Dr. Sumner would think.

"I 'm waiting," said Grace, sweetly. "Whatever it was, it certainly agreed with you. I don't think I 've ever seen you looking so well."

"That 's what I always think about you," said Budd. The fact that it was an evasion did not take away from its evident sincerity. "Every time I see you, you always look more beautiful than you ever did before."

"Why, Budd," Grace exclaimed, "you certainly have changed a lot. You deserve a flower for that." She pulled a rose from the cluster in her belt and, bending forward, put it in his buttonhole. He felt her hair brush against his face; its subtle fragrance thrilled him. He felt the spell of her beauty fastening upon him. With an effort he drew back. He seemed to see the doctor's warning finger raised at him.

"Thank you," he said in a hollow voice. Then a wave of contempt and indignation with himself for his wea-

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him. He knew that Jerry was right. If he wanted to do the heroic, generous thing and cease from troubling her with love-making, he must be firm. If he should seem to be brutal, it was for her own good. This was the moment for a decision.

"Well?" she said softly. "I 'm waiting to hear all about it."

"I can't tell you," he said huskily. "I 'm sorry, but I can't."

"Can't?" she repeated. "Why, Budd, I don't understand. Are n't we still friends?"

"Why, of course."

"Then why can't you tell me what 's happened? Why have you kept away from me all this time? You don't know how it 's worried me."

"Worried you? Why?"

"For fear that it was on account of something that I had done," she answered. "You may not believe me, but I 've never done anything to hurt your feelings—not intentionally. I would n't for the world, and the thought of it has made me perfectly miserable."

Budd sat amazed and speechless. It was all as Jerry had told him it would be. Instead of being outraged at his treatment of her letters, here she was apologizing for something she was afraid she might have done, actually worried and anxious about him. Jerry unquestionably was right. This was the way a good woman felt responsibility for the man whose life she had wrecked, yet never could love. If there was a spark of manhood in him, he must play his part and make her believe that she had not crushed him. Jerry had told him to laugh and be jolly, to put her at her ease with the casual offhand manner of Platonic friendship.

He forced a dismal laugh and rose from the divan.

"Now, don't you ever be miserable about me," he began, "or worry either." He laughed again with an imbecile loudness. "I 'm a changed man, I am. I 'm not the same any more. Everything is just exactly as it should be. I mean I 'm all over it. My ridiculous jealousy has all gone, my mournfulness has all gone." He gave another empty laugh. "My love has all gone. You don't have to worry."

The darkness hid Grace's face. She listened, frozen with amazement.

"But, Budd," she gasped, "you mean we are n't friends?"

"Why, of course, *friends,*" he answered. "Is n't it great that it 's all turned out so well?" He giggled nervously.

Grace made no answer. Just then Freddie Parker came through the French window from the ball-room and stood peering into the darkness.

"Hello!" he called. "I thought I 'd find you out here. Give me some of this next dance, will you?"

"She 's turned her ankle," said Budd. He rose and moved away down the veranda. He had been as noble as he could be in one evening. He felt that he could n't bear any more of it. There was a lump in his throat that ached. As he lit a cigarette his hand shook. He took a few puffs. It tasted bitter, and he threw it out upon the lawn. As he turned into the house, Jerry, who was standing in the hall, beckoned to him.

"Well," he said, "how is it going?"

"I don't think she 'll worry about me any more," Budd said dismally. "I 've told her not to—that I was all over it."

"And what did she say?"

"She did n't say anything," Budd answered. "She sprained her ankle. I left her with Freddy Parker outside."

Jerry seized his hand and gripped it.

"My son, you 're going strong," he said. "All you 've got to do is to keep it up. Virginia is in there dancing with a red-headed boy. Fly at it and give her a good time. And, say," he added, inspecting him carefully, "you might have just one more little drink. It 's a bad thing as a rule, but in emergencies like this it might be justifiable. It helps one to be jolly in a more natural manner."

"All right," said Budd; "but I 'm worried about her ankle."

"I 'll attend to that," said Jerry.

(To be continued)

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The War and Spiritual Honesty

By P. GAVAN DUFFY, S. D. C.

WE have already grown so accustomed to the stupendous changes this great war has wrought that we have ceased to evince surprise at almost anything. Where four years ago we would have rubbed our eyes in amazement as we devoured the startling news of a day in our morning papers, now the mere upsetting of a monarchy, the dethronement of a king, or a revolution in a country that seemingly was iron-bound in autocracy affords us scarcely a passing thrill. The fact is, we realize that change is in the very atmosphere we breathe, that we are at a stage of moral and political evolution that means such a step upward and forward as can be fittingly described only by a term that corresponds with what the physicist means when he speaks of nature "accomplishing a remove." And with this realization, despite the suffering entailed and the fear that, at least momentarily, on occasions strikes like a shaft to the bravest heart, we are filled with an optimism and a courage that would surprise the world were it not that the whole world, in some shape or form, is involved and sharing in what is taking place.

Men have sought, more or less in vain, to find some fitting title adequately to describe the colossal struggle now raging, the very magnitude of which, with its thousand and one far-reaching directions and adumbrations, seems to exhaust terminology's treasury. But what term could be more apt, as being at once brief and comprehensive, than that which would speak of it as the War of Reformation? For reform is the end for which the Allies are battling. Historically, war is seen as the inevitable result of a clash of the old order with the new; it is a clinching in death-grips of the new idea that refuses to be choked by the old. Hence reformation always means change—change that enters into every department of life, affecting not only the material things of nations, but the morals that are beneath and through them. And refusing to be cast down by a reckoning of the dreadful cost, humanity, at a time when civilization to the superficial observer is in death-throes, braces itself and cheerfully presses on to the high goal that lies before it. For they are not the throes of death, but the pangs of travail, shortly to be swallowed up in the joy that is to come in the birth of humanity's greatest attainment.

Admitting this,—and who among men of vision will deny it?— it becomes a matter of first importance that every force possessing potentiality to hasten and fill out the day of new things should be splendidly awake and keenly alert. The great cry of to-day is for efficiency, not in the conventional sense of that much abused term, but in reality and truth. We are not going to throw aside the term, much less all that it stands for, just because the quacks have played havoc with it in the past. With us all, surely, the past is the past; we live in the present for the future, and are content to let the dead past bury its dead. As a consequence, we see in all the Allied countries not only a new hope, one that will not be dimmed by passing reverses, but new action. It is every man to his work, and work for every man; the only unpopular person is the slacker. And yet, despite this mental attitude, it is to be feared that in the midst of the hum of busy effort to hasten the golden age that one force, one body, supreme above all others in the measure of its potentiality, remains still sleepy or in only a half-

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awakened state as to its part and place in the present conflict. The writer refers to the religious organism, the body corporate which claims the guardianship of, and the right to develop, the spiritualities of modern Christendom.

There is need for a sharp awakening to the realization of this on the part of thinking people of to-day. Says the master of Balliol: "War is an intellectual awakener, a moral tonic. It stirs men to think." True, but if the thinking stops short of the spiritual, then clearly it does not go far enough; for war is not related merely to the intellect and to morals, but preeminently, and far more intimately, to the human soul and spiritual concepts and activities. Try as we may to get away from that fact, we are again and again forced back upon it, and if the ax of reform and change is being wielded now as never perhaps before, we must above all things else see to it that it goes to the root of the tree. If morals underlie present action in warfare, we shall prove woefully blind if we fail to perceive that under all else, and penetrating through it, is the spiritual. Therefore, when we contemplate organized religion, still only partly aroused from its slumbering or half slumbering, reluctant to be fully aroused from its immediate past, so full of fruitlessness and apathy, we surely must see the need of even a rude awakening of the slumberer, and an insistence that, if slacking is a thing contemptible in the civil and secular life of progressive nations at this present time, it would merit only profound scorn if found in the body that, humanly speaking, governs the spiritual sphere. To attempt, as some would do, to fence off that sphere and leave it to a humdrum existence of its own—chiefly, perhaps, on the ground that its measure of serious concern for the welfare of human society in the recent past is sufficient justification for holding a light esteem of its potentialities for the future —would not only be a grave error, dangerous to the best interests of humanity, but a denial of what the weight and fact of history justify.

War, be it remembered, is the explosion resultant from a poisoned and decadent spiritual atmosphere, and its work of purification in all that it essays for reform will fail of its purpose if it neglects to purge the conduct in the spiritual realm of all that is foreign to its principles. Thus, looking into the world to-day, can any reasonable person suppose that civilization can be convulsed to its very foundations, such phenomenal things as revolution accomplished or monarchs deposed in countries that seemed hidebound in their allegiance to the dogma, invented to gratify the vanity of rulers, of the divine right of kings, and yet Christianity, in its organized capacity, continue to go on in the old failing ways which have alienated many millions in the last few decades? Well, history in the making, as we have it in our daily newspapers, to go no further, gives plain and emphatic contradiction to there being room for any such conception. In Russia, where the church seemingly was supreme, with a hold upon the people's affections that was amazing, we find the fall of the monarchy has signaled the fall of the church, suspected now of having been more closely wedded to an earthly throne than a heavenly cause. In all the prevailing chaos and conflicting claims that we hear the echo of here in America, we have yet to hear the voice of the church sufficiently loud to be heard, or the clamor of the multitude that she be listened to respectfully and looked to for direction. The truth is, it is incapable of making itself heard, and remains as silent as the voices of the former ruling classes. At a moment in the internal history of Russia when it should have been in a position not only to be heard, but to guide and direct, thus covering itself with glory, it is found helpless, distrusted, so bound to the power that made for the tyrannies of the past that it will take a far longer time to reconstruct the church than the state, and that will be a long time hence, judging from what we hear and read. It is the old story repeated, "When the fullness of time was come," the body whose sole reason for existence lay in its claim to prepare for it was found wanting. So "the fathers have

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eaten sour grapes," and for generations to come it is likely that we shall find "the children's teeth are set on edge."

In other Allied countries, as here, it is true to say that things are somewhat different. The principle of state coercion in religion has happily long been parted with, but—perhaps just because of the greater opportunities religious forces have enjoyed by reason of the lack of coercion — he would be bold who would assert that Christianity as an organization is not confronted with a situation charged with tremendous import. For, and the plain truth must be faced, there is more than a suspicion in the mind of the general public that, quite apart from dogma, there has been in evidence a corporate conduct that was not one with the principles of its profession, and an attitude to the world that was not strictly honest. Of course many will deny such a statement, particularly those who love to live in the past and who see in it the best possible state of things for the spiritual realm; but it is better that the thoughts smoldering in the breasts of a great multitude should find expression from the church's sons and friends than from her enemies. The day of crying "Peace! Peace!" when there is no peace, has surely passed with yesterday. Whatever else the man of to-day demands, he at least insists upon frankness, and the times are too troubled for over-nicety of terms. He realizes that veneer must often be stripped off with a sharp instrument.

To get down to facts illustrative of conditions that place corporate religion in a light that calls for explanation, we are told that as a direct result of the war the conditions of the working-classes in England are vastly improved. Last year there was an increase of no less than five hundred millions of dollars in wages paid to industrial workers. This means better food, more of it, and a spending power to which these people have hitherto been strangers. With the chief breadwinner at the front, wife and children are better off than when he used to be at home working at his trade, and the haunting fear of to-morrow is more or less destroyed in the provision made for the families of those who fall in battle for their country. It is only a matter of a very short time before we shall see a corresponding improvement in the conditions of workingmen and women here at home. Already we note that inebriety has waned in a surprising measure, not as the result of the teaching of Christian temperance or the crusade of the professional prohibitionist, but as a consequence of work being more plentiful. Bread-lines, blemishes on our civilization, have ceased to exist, and shelters for those we have been pleased to term the "down-and-outs" find a minimum of applicants, while some have closed their doors altogether for want of any. Now, this in itself is giving pause to thoughtful minds. Sooner or later the question will be asked as to why it is that war, an evil *per se,* is able to bring about a condition unheard of in times of peace — the abolishment, so largely, of unemployment and sloth and consequent lack of essentials. If the call to war has been sufficiently powerful to produce the change, which of course is the case, how comes it that the call of Christianity in times of supposedly good-will, the call of the religious organism which is presumed to exist first of all to the unfortunate, neglected, and distressed, has failed so ingloriously to produce anything like it? It is a question modern religion may have to face before it can once more inspire complete confidence. For if war can bring about conditions socially that far more nearly approximate to what men have thought of as the norm that should prevail in the kingdom of God on earth, how shall the representatives of that kingdom explain away a seeming indifference in times of peace to spiritual conditions which are invariably found as the root of all human distress or privation? If, as we have claimed, there is a spiritual way out of human difficulty, such as powers of faith and prayer, why was not the message of its *modus operandi* more generally imparted and demonstrated? Is it not just such failure to bring forth out its store-

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house spiritual treasures that leaves corporate religion under suspicion in the minds of many among the masses of not having their interests very seriously at heart and makes it appear to them, rightly or wrongly, in the light of one convicted? For it is not likely that thinking people will accept the only seeming alternative which would present the paradox of evil begetting good and good begetting evil.

Now in this age of reconstruction, ushered in with a new and deadly-in-earnest meaning among the progressive nations with the outbreak of the war, it is clear as to the manner and values with which the past is to be judged and appraised. The demand, for example, of the Allied nations is not so much for indemnity in the sense of a fine for offenses in which other nations have been found guilty, as for a reparation which shall be shown in a real amendment for the future. This is at once not to ignore the past or to spend the days to come in throwing the past in the faces of the guilty, but rather to find the chief value in what has gone before in the lessons to be derived for the future. The high moral purpose is to produce a change of heart in the offender by insisting he shall contemplate his offenses, so that, being convinced of his faults, he may himself see the necessity and value of amending. And most certainly the object of this article, concerning past failures of organized religion, is not just to harp upon faults, but to bring them into consciousness as the first step to a day of new things. For most of the failures in the religious world probably have been to a very large extent unconscious. To speak of any lack of spiritual honesty is, no doubt, to startle corporate religious life, which has been content to accept its inheritance of values from former generations without examining and testing them as to whether they were true or false. No one, for instance, will seriously assert that corporate Christianity has governed itself by the ethic of Christ. It has sighed over the beauty of the Sermon on the Mount and yielded to none in vaunted admiration for the splendid ideal, but it has been content to ignore the need of giving it practical expression, following the precedent of past generations. Indeed, had modern religion, in its teachers and preachers, insisted to its comfortable and complacent congregations that the Christian ethic must become theirs, revolt or desertion would have followed inevitably. And this is the amazing thing, that the corporate consciousness should have been so dulled to the meaning of Christian values as to be aware of the stupendous disparity existing between the ethic as now practised and the ethic as first given.

Spiritual dishonesty, like Pharisaism,—it is really one with it,—is reached in three steps. First, possibly all unconsciously, a man suffers his neighbor to be deceived by him in permitting the neighbor to place his reputation above his character. The second step follows naturally: he speedily comes to the belief that he really is what his neighbor conceives him to be. He deceives himself. The third, a most facile one, he concludes that God must share the same estimate of him that is held by his neighbor and himself. So is erected a spiritual structure much like a fashionable church building on New York's most famous avenue, which is beautiful in carved stone, so massive as to suggest the thoroughness and piety of an earlier and happier age of faith, on the sides that abut upon the street, but plain brick on the side that does not appear to the public gaze, being hidden by the close propinquity of another building. Somehow one sees in that, on reflection at least, a sort of parable of that phase of the religious times which speaks of lack of spiritual honesty, expressed monumentally. Intended to convey the idea to the passer-by that it is what manifestly it is not, a building of massive and decorated stone, it succeeds only in suggesting that the architect, rector, and building committee were persuaded in erecting the structure, presumably to God's glory, that God could not, or would not, peer around the corner! Ruskin said good work told the truth; well, poor work is equally expressive, though no doubt those responsible for the

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building in question are just as unaware of any false pretense in their structure as modern religion is as sublimely unaware of doing violence to the Christian ethic.

It becomes necessary, then, if we are to see religion once more a living force and capable in the future, as in some periods of the past, of being the greatest molding power for good and progress, to run the risk of calling down the reproaches of the awakened slumberer by insisting that it shall view its inconsistencies of yesterday in the new light of to-day, for the avoidance of them to-morrow. In the present condition of world disturbance Christianity is on trial, and men who have suffered and bled, and women and children who have passed through a trial of fire, will turn bitter faces and deaf ears to a corporate religion that has sufficient temerity to continue the anemic life and ways of the past in a future that is to stand out as declaring the power of humanity in reconstruction. The church must face the facts or submit to being roughly disillusionized; she must above all things act fairly, rid herself of the suspicion that she is in the world merely to play the part of moral policeman, and be purged of all that makes for cant and humbug. The world has grown weary of that superior air which surrounds many of the ecclesiastically minded, seeming to convey the impression that the principal duty of the religious life is to maintain a censorship over the conduct of sinners and the apportionment of condemnation and penalties. The recent pious slanders upon the army, imputations of immorality and drunkenness for which no possible foundation existed, have proved in the public indignation aroused that men of to-day are impatient of submitting longer to, or even respecting, a religious guardianship that is chiefly manifested in fault-finding. Men are no longer willing to concede an inherent holiness to mere religious profession, loudly made, or to endow a fellow-mortal with all the virtues in place of any vices just because he has become a bishop. Is there not, — shall we not be frank enough to admit it in the best interests of religion itself?—in the reconstruction that lies before the spiritual body as well as in the secular affairs of nations, a crying need that we should start fair in the realization that humanity (Germany's inhumanity excludes her from this term), spiritually considered, is in the one boat and in the same condemnation? We need a far more general growth of the refreshing candor of Mr. Shaw, such as the indubitable truth he places upon the lips of the sexton in his play, "Getting Married," when, in reply to the bishop's daughter that *Slattox* is a liar and thief, he says:

"You surprise me, miss. Of course Slattox is in a manner of speaking a liar. If I may say so without offense, we 're all liars."

Or better still, as illustrating the point the writer would make, the following conversation in the bishop's presence, in the same play.

Mrs. Bridgenorth. "But . . . what likelihood is there of any of us committing a crime?"

Hotchkiss. "Oh yes, I assure you. I went into the matter once very carefully; and I found things I have actually done—things that everybody does, I imagine—would expose me, if I were found out and prosecuted, to ten years' penal servitude, two years' hard labor, and the loss of all civil rights . . . And I 'm probably as honest a man as any here."

The General (outraged). "Do you imply that I have been guilty of conduct that would expose me to penal servitude?"

Hotchkiss. "I should think it quite likely. But of course I don't know."

Is there anything more helpfully suggestive in self-examination, especially for respectability-ridden people who, largely because of their own happier circumstances, for which they may not be directly responsible, cannot imagine there being possibility of fault or crime being committed in other circumstances, than such pungent, cogent passages as these? Nor could anything be more eloquent of the need for spiritual honesty, a need com-

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mon to all, but particularly to the religiously professed. For, strange as it is, recalling the attitude of Christ to the woman taken in the act of adultery, it is modern religion more than the world, in practice if not in theory, that finds the chief offense, after all, in being found out. Why not let us face this fact frankly and rid ourselves, if possible forever, of a deceit that deceives no one?

Nowhere is this so strikingly illustrated as in the attitude of the corporate religious mind toward those we speak of as "fallen" girls, as if there was only one possible way in which they could fall and virtually only one sin of which they could be guilty. We maintain a number of homes and houses of reform for this unfortunate class, the found-out in a social sin, and without doubt it is an excellent thing that we have some provision after this manner for them. But, again, why not honestly face the facts here and inquire as to whether modern religion would greatly concern itself about these victims were it not that in most cases they have virtually become public charges. After all, is not that the principal trouble—the general poverty of the women and no place to go? Else why do we not have homes for the fallen daughters of the *rich?* The thinking man of to-day, as well as the enlightened among the poor, is alive to this attitude, which tacitly draws subtle distinction in degree of guilt and shame in the same ratio as the purse is full or empty. We find the same spirit manifested—and this is significant of our times, especially when we reflect upon the wide influence this branch of the historic church has among English-speaking peoples — in what is the most flourishing society for young women in the Episcopal Church, blessed by prelate and priest and indorsed by the very nicest lay opinion. The Girls' Friendly Society—a title that has escaped criticism despite the methods of the society—has as a fundamental rule the closing of its door of membership to girls who have fallen, and the expelling of any who may fall after being admitted to fellowship with these "separated ones" of to-day. In other words, precisely at the moment when a girl needs friendship above all other times, when possibly she has fallen a victim to the seducer, she is excluded from this respectable society and denied membership for the rest of her natural life. Now, if it were known, as clearly it should be, as the Girls' Respectable Society, there would be but small room to criticize it; but the plain man of our day is completely baffled by the use of terms which are given sharp contradiction in practice, such as seems to be the case here. Just as he has long since wearied in the search for the place where wicked people are buried—naturally he has formed his judgments from the epitaphs he finds in cemeteries,—he comes back to the living and in amazement demands to know whether modern Christian values, in the saving of the lost, are based upon the scale of the Author of Christianity or are governed by circumstances over which frequently the offender has little or no control. Being a plain man, he finds something inexcusably unfriendly in the procedure of the society we have been considering, and, reflecting upon its alluring and appealing title, is moved to wonder whether even an elemental sense of humor has not been denied to a vastly greater number than human vanity would care to admit. He finds something suggestive here of the same mental attitude that used to find expression in some of the earlier expositors, who, disliking the association of faith with a harlot, translated the passage relating to Rahab as "the landlady"!

Now it may be urged, in reply to the foregoing, that it is always a simple matter to criticize. It is, but the strange fact remains that it is not always a simple matter to get people to see the obvious. One dislikes beyond measure even to run the risk of appearing as merely hypercritical, and yet, if our times mean anything, we must run that risk. Illustration from fact, even though it be very disagreeable, has a very important and vital place in any effort that has for its end a hope of reconstruction. The point to be established is, that in the general work

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of human reformation, if corporate religion is to play its part, it must begin with itself. For it is not the expression of the spirit just illustrated, poor, small, and pitiable as it is, that matters so much, but the spirit itself, and the history of all religion is that we find the explanation of the larger failures in the consideration of the lesser. It took a good many centuries to exhaust human toleration of such a small thing as the common house-fly, but to what ends investigation has brought us, what causes of disease have been uncovered! There is a parallel in the spiritual world, and we need to be reminded of the words of the wise man of old, that "Dead flies cause the ointment of the apothecary to send forth a stinking savour." Were it not that under all the horrors the world is now experiencing, we are forced back to a realization that the spring of all this ill is to be found in the poisoned atmosphere of the spiritual in Germany, it would be of small consequence to advance this plea for consideration. But it is just because the measure of the default of corporate religion in one country is the key to the measure of its immense potentiality for attainment in another that we must insist upon its place.

War will continue just as long as the causes of war continue, and these are ever to be found in spiritual diseases; not the more obvious vices of the flesh, which the church never ceases to denounce, but those great hidden and respectable sins she leaves unassailed — greed, pride, vanity, the lust of power and place. And these have been exempt, if history speaks truly, because of the frequency with which organized Christianity, forgetful of spiritual power, became dependent on purses and power of the world. As a consequence of this tampering with Christian values as first given, there has resulted the inevitable —a complete loss of spiritual power, by which is meant a power not of this world, yet capable of influencing and changing it as no other force has done or can. History is pregnant with instances in the past when this power has been seen in action, amazing and benefitting the world. In every great movement that has been conspicuous for the recovery of achieving faith and the vision that goes with it, as distinct from mere belief, the ability to change men's hearts has been manifested as the true response to the human need that has sought vainly to readjust itself by a mere changing of men's laws, and in the nascent movement of to-day it is this we shall once more behold when it is fully brought forth. The great need of awakening to this realization becomes apparent when we reflect that the really conspicuous fact concerning the relation of organized Christianity to the war and its attendant horrors is that it has nothing essentially its own to contribute. We see, on the contrary, instead of leadership, a mere supplementing of Red Cross work, sporadic efforts for prayer, in which obviously but little confidence is placed, and a display of service flags from church buildings to obtain a credit to which in most cases it is scarcely entitled, the men who have gone into service having been already recorded in symbols that fly from their homes or office buildings. It is clear to the reflective mind that Christianity has not yet awakened to the fact that its appeal to a disturbed world can chiefly lie only in its power to produce out of itself its own distinctive contribution, which will tell of the power of another world applied to this. One searches pastoral letters and ecclesiastical pronouncements in vain for the recognition of any such fact. And, frankly, men have not felt reassured, at a time when evil has been rampant in Europe, in looking across the seas, to find Rome apparently mainly intent upon the observance of neutrality in relation to a conflict in which such burning issues were involved as to compel America to take up arms and enter the war.

Nor have they been satisfied that the Anglican Communion in America, with a prestige and influence so amazing in proportion to its numbers, and the great Protestant bodies adopted any greatly different attitude in their corporate life and expression during the first years of the

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most bloody and devastating war in the world's history. We are well in to the fourth year of the war and, though more than a year has elapsed since the entry of America, we still await the setting apart of days of prayer by the collective Episcopate.

Here we may well look abroad for inspiring lessons. The entry of England into the war was the signal for her church's awakening, and the English Episcopate called the nation to the spiritual armory for weapons of defense against the common enemy, notably in the setting apart again and again of days of prayer, and an insistence on the place and part of true spiritual strategy. This is not to say that many of the forgotten weapons were recovered, — there is still a paucity of arms, a clinging to the past, and a not fully awakened vision,—but at least an effort was made without delay for recovery. Then, words fail to pay tribute to the splendid heroism of the modern St. Ambrose, that brave and noble cardinal of Belgium, Mercier. And, for that matter, though necessarily in a less degree, the splendid courage and leadership of many of the French and English clergy. Men of ecclesiastical prominence in large numbers gladly shared the dangers and risks of the men doing the actual fighting, while at home only too many, of virtually corresponding prominence, have been content to serve for two or three months at home camps, or to continue their parochial activities. Not that there is any lack of brave and self-sacrificing American clergy, but that among the many offering for the front the proportion of the more influential and prominent at home is not what we might expect.

Manifestly, in the church's life, such facts as these are not likely to inspire confidence, and men who may make little profession of religion, but who are heart hungry in hopes of what the spiritual organism might accomplish, judging from what they have read of potentialities shown in the historic past, are challenging corporate religion to face the question of spiritual honesty. Either the spiritual means, chief among them creative faith and prayer, are what has been claimed for them by religious teachers, the way out of human difficulties, or they are a snare and delusion. They must be one or the other; there is no room for compromise between these positions. It is here especially that Christianity, as we have it in corporate conduct, is on trial; men demand that theory should be reduced to practice, or the theory abandoned, and energies that have been going to waste conserved and otherwise directed for the future. There can be no dodging of this issue, as we shall realize when our brave men return. For English and American chaplains at the front, in books and published letters, tell us of a distrust of organized religion by the soldier. Not that he is irreligious, —far from it,—but that he is unable to relate the conventional religion he has seen at home with what he is heroically face to face with. As Neville Talbot says, his religion is inarticulate, real, but hard to define, which after all probably means that he is the subject of a religious experience within himself before the grandeur of which the conventional quickly fades. For these forces, struggling to maintain the liberty of the world against a ruthless and unprincipled foe, find a spiritual vision and experience which are known only to those who are complete in self-sacrifice, who have sounded the depths. This is an experience and vision which cannot be described, but only *felt,* and perhaps accounts for the reason chaplains speak of it as being inarticulate. But certain it is that when these brave sons of the nation return home, it is not likely they will be attracted, after their taste of venture and their full measure of self-denial, by the ventureless, unromantic call of religion that has so woefully lost the secrets of spiritual power as to be obliged to transfer its promise of readjustment of human ills to the world we shall know only after death.

The great hope of religious forces, then, lies in facing in the frankest and bluntest manner the whole question of the meaning of spiritual honesty. That the handwrit-

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ing is on the wall would seem apparent in the serious leakage from the ranks of Christianity to-day. It is significant, surely, that a New York paper, when recently recording the fact that the last year had been one which established a record in the vast sums of money received by the Episcopal Church, was obliged also to report it as a record year in spiritual loss, fewer than five thousand communicants having been added in twelve months, fewer than one for each ordained minister. Moreover, people have grown wise to the values of religious influence in national life, and find the conditions of the world invariably reflect conditions in the spiritual sphere. Effects proceed from causes and, so far as men are concerned, the cause underlying all that has made and does make for default is the spiritual, which has been content to dethrone the Christian ethic and substitute other values, chiefly remarkable for their respectability. As a simple illustration in passing, when we seek to account for the reason of a New England State, famed in history for its one-time valor, now the very last in its volunteers in the list of States showing enlistments in the army and the navy, we cannot escape a consideration of the spiritual conditions prevailing there. Everywhere within its confines one finds organized religion ministering to mere handfuls, and the Anglican diocese, capable of wide-reaching influence despite its relatively insignificant number of adherents, utterly destitute of a single diocesan charity for the relief of human suffering after more than one hundred years of its existence. There are probably others in the same category, and men are quick to see that some relation exists between lack and self-sacrifice and the decay of religion, when they note that the districts so affected with the former are generally to be found within the confines of dioceses and jurisdictions which are barren of good works. A ventureless corporate religion must inevitably result in a ventureless citizenship, and the test of the religious spirit and sphere is as unchangeable to-day as when it first was given, "By their fruits ye shall know them," not by their profession. And if, as is the case, this is typical of a large part of modern religious life, it is easy to grasp the full significance of the newspaper report, already referred to, which finds for the Episcopal Church that the year of greatest material gain in dollars and cents corresponds with the year of greatest spiritual loss. For if the law of mystic religion means anything at all, the report not only tacitly shows the direction in which energies have been expended, but one column of figures explains the other.

The foregoing would be a gloomy contemplation were it not, to the discerning eye and the mind that is something more than just merely superficial, charged with great hope. In the religious world, as in the secular, we are witnessing the clash of the old order with the new. Or shall we not say, the birth throes of the old *made* new, having within itself the germ of perpetual youth? The fact is, we have allowed, in the poor traditions and corruptions that have inevitably crept in during the course of years, that truth to be overshadowed, hidden up, and forgotten, namely, Christ's Christianity never ages. Dig under the crust of conventions and dust of men's opinions, and we ever find the same call and charm, that thrill as nothing else can, and the same power waiting to be used in the life of romance and venture so well known to our fathers in happier days of faith. The spiritual treasury is inexhaustible, and there is only one reason for spiritual bankruptcy, such as we have been experiencing in the immediate past—dimmed vision, lack of venture, and dearth of faith. That busy men of the world, living in the atmosphere of commerce and finance, are alive to this, where frequently spiritual rulers are not, is a fact that an inquiring mind can speedily learn. Said a distinguished man in commercial and financial life in a letter to the writer of this article:

I agree with you that the world's great need to-day is a religion of power. If only the clergy were awake to present possibili-

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ties, they would realize that the time is ripe for the setting on foot of such a spiritual movement as would make the Protestant Reformation seem as insignificant in comparison as does Waterloo with the Battle of the Marne.

Said a bishop in a letter to the writer:

If we could produce some heroes for Christ to-day, men and women who would be willing to do all, suffer all, by daring and defying all, taking nothing, throwing themselves on His loving and protecting arm, away and apart from beautiful buildings, lovely music, highly trained choirs, and such like abominations, then we should see something of the manifestation of the *power* of God.

After all, it is the few who have made history that was worth while in the world, and it is fewer still who have made it in the church. Above all, it is at just such a time as the present, charged with expectation and a new hope, that the history-makers are furnished for the needs and deeds that await them.

Men and women of any vision, then, will not see discouragement in frankly viewing things in the religious world as they are and not under a gloss; on the contrary, they will be filled with a great hope. Signs of the times, from the great silence that precedes the earthquake of resurrection, down to the abortive hope many in the Protestant world were willing recently to place in the revivalist of vulgar antics and still more vulgar speech as a possible saver of modern religion, all point to the advent of the day when the potentialities of the glorious past are to be seen once more working out the world's salvation. We shall hasten that day when we have courage to look facts in the face and meet the question of the need, the crying need, for spiritual honesty, as we insist that the place of corporate religion is not that of just a moral policeman, or a watchman spying from high places on the faults of men merely to condemn them, as we recognize that, small as they may seem in themselves, the things that make for even an unconscious Pharisaism (has it ever been anything else than unconscious, and consequently blind to its greatest danger?) are indeed the most pronounced symptoms of deadly and destructive spiritual disease. Rarely has the church had such a day of opportunity as this, and it will go ill with her if she misses it. To reconstruct the world and leave corporate religion as it is, is to leave the germs of disease lingering and hidden. Now, when statesmen are looking to a future that will be free from war, and when international differences will be adjusted by international courts and agreements, must organized Christianity awaken to the fact that she, in the rediscovery of her true powers and lost spiritual secrets of achieving, alone can supply the spirit that can make agreement real and international treaties more than mere scraps of paper. So we end as we began. Spiritual disease, the mother of all human ills, demands spiritual remedies, but men are demanding that the body that is to minister the remedies shall itself first be free from taint. We shall miss possibly the greatest lesson of the war if we fail to realize that under all that is so horribly manifest to view in the present tragedy of the world are spiritual forces and values, hidden from the eye, which are engaged in an effort, to become gigantic as men reflect more, to expel from the Christian commonwealth all that has held place not by right, but by might.

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IN AN ITALIAN GARDEN

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

HARK! THROUGH THE VELVET DARK I HEARD
CASCADES OF SONG LIKE LIVING LIGHT;
ONE TREMULOUS, ECSTATIC BIRD—
THE GALLI-CURCI OF THE NIGHT!

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An Excursion into Feminism

By ADELE FORCE KOLLOCK

Illustrations by Charles S. Chapman

ELENA hung up the receiver and sat staring at the telephone. Gordon's voice a moment before had struck a jarring note in her consciousness. She resented it vaguely, unable to place her finger on any definite cause for the discontent that stirred her.

"I 'm sorry, dear," he had said in the brisk, clipped tones he always used when telephoning from his office, "but I 'll have to work late to-night. You 'll go to your mother's for dinner, of course; you can take her to a movie afterward. That will get you home by ten o'clock, and I will be home by then. Good-by, dear; be good to yourself."

It was n't his not coming home that she minded. That had happened seldom enough to make a pleasing change in the monotony of her days. It gave her a free evening. But did it? Always his announcement of his inability to get home at the usual hour was succeeded by the "You 'll go to your mother's, of course." He was n't giving her orders. They had rather strong ideas on the subject of interfering with each other's personal independence, and liked to assert that the old attitude of possession was absent from their relation. It was just that he took it for granted that there was no other place to which she would care to go except to her mother's. Elena, who tried to be reasonable, recognized the justice of his assumption. It was only natural that she should go to her mother's when Gordon could not be home. It saved the price of a dinner for one thing, and relieved her husband of any worry as to whether she was spending a lonely evening. So trying to reason away the irritation that persisted in her mind, she went up-stairs to dress.

It was while she was polishing her nails that she remembered that her mother and father were going out to dinner that night. Then for no reason whatsoever a sudden flush of excitement tinged her cheeks, and her eyes sparkled.

"I wonder,—I could telephone, of course,—no, I 'll just go over. If Leila is not free to-night, one of the other girls will be. I have n't been to the office for months and months."

It was a pretty, smiling, shining-eyed Elena who dived down into the subway an hour later. She laughed at her own excitement.

"To think it should be an *adventure* to go over to the office where I used to work every day! O Elena, you 've grown to be a sad, settled old married woman! I wonder if I should have telephoned Gordon. I 'll be home before he is, and there is no sense in interrupting him needlessly. I hope Leila has n't a date."

She looked about her interestedly, a smile of contentment curving her lips. A good-looking boy opposite her took the smile for himself, and answered it with a wide grin. Elena lowered her eyes hastily.

"That boy over there is trying to flirt with me, I declare. I 'll take off my gloves so he 'll see my wedding-ring and know there 's nothing doing. I wish I had new gloves. I ought to look my best when I go to the office. I would n't have the girls think I have n't married well. Little snob!" Elena smiled again, with the glad consciousness that her coat was

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stylish, her hat becoming, and that the tinge of excitement in her cheeks and eyes had made her look her prettiest.

She took a feminine delight in entering the office where she had worked a year ago. Then she had been one of many stenographers, to be greeted with an absent-minded nod and a short "Good morning." Now she was "Mrs. Gordon Hughes, who worked here before she was married, you know." Mr. Conklin jumped up to shake her hand, to tell her how delighted he was to see her again, how well she was looking, why did n't she come in oftener, and to ask how the lucky husband was. All the girls who knew her looked up to smile a welcome if they were taking dictation or came over to exclaim cordially at seeing her if they were free. And the new girls, for a year had made many changes in the office force, looked up curiously to see who this was whom every one seemed to know and to make such a fuss over.

"By golly, Elena, you grow prettier every time I see you," said Laura Holt, who used to think Elena rather plain and insignificant. It must be admitted that Mrs. Gordon Hughes, coming in leisurely of an afternoon in her best clothes, fresh and rosy, *was* better-looking than the Elena Maynard who had hustled in in the morning, in her shabby blue skirt and much laundered shirt-waist, tired-eyed and pale after an evening at the theater with Gordon.

Mrs. Gordon Hughes, with her shy consciousness of being a person of importance as a married woman, was glad to see every one, and every one was glad to see her. Even her old enemy, Baxter, came over and said that she was a sight for sore eyes. She could not help patronizing the girls just a trifle, and to smile at the men with a something different in her smile than had been there a year ago.

She was stopped by so many people that it took her many minutes to reach the far corner where Leila Stanwood had her desk.

"Elena Maynard! Where did you drop from? What are you doing away from the wilds of Brooklyn this time of day? Don't you know you ought to be home in a cap and a bungalow apron, ready to welcome darling hubby to an economical, but appetizing, repast?"

"Darling hubby is working late," explained Elena, adopting Leila's bantering tone, "and little wifey is alone and unprotected in the great big city. Take pity on her and devote an evening to driving dull care away." It came to Elena with quick surprise that she was talking girl's nonsense as she had n't for many a day. "Why, I 've been just hungry for girls," she thought.

"Oh, I 'm sorry, Elena; I 've a date for to-night. I 'm free for dinner, though. Kay Grace is giving one of her studio parties to-night, and I can't miss it. I 'll have to be there by eight, for I promised her. She 's having an Englishman and several others for dinner, and the rest of us afterward. I say, why don't you come along? Kay has n't seen you for ever so long, and she will be mighty glad to have you there."

"Can't," said Elena, ruefully. "Have to be home by ten, when Gordon is. He thinks I am at mother's and will be worried if I don't get home in time. Well, let 's go to dinner, anyhow. Let 's go some place spiffy. My treat." In the thrill of the moment Elena had remembered the ten dollars in her purse and had forgotten the week's expenses it had to cover.

If you have ever been a small child playing hooky from school and finding unheard-of delights in the simplest things you did on that stolen holiday, you will understand why Elena was so merry at dinner. She laughed, she bubbled, she quoted nonsense rhymes, she told funny little stories at her own expense, she plied Leila with questions, and then, before Leila could answer, was off on some experience of her own. She ordered dinner, reckless of cost. She was blushingly aware of the scrutiny of the man in evening clothes at the next table, although she stared through him haughtily when his glance met hers; she was glad she was Mrs.

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Gordon and glad Gordon was n't there. She found the dinner delicious and Leila enchanting. She loved New York, she loved every one, and of course she would go with Leila to see Kay Grace.

Kay Grace did not have her studio in Greenwich Village. "Such an unoriginal place to live!" she was wont to say. With

"HE 'LL SEE MY WEDDING-RING"

two other girls she rented the top floor of a private house uptown, where rents are cheaper. Her room-mates were always "two other girls." The apartment was invariably referred to as Kay's, and always the guests were hers. She had a great talent for assembling these guests. One could not happen in of an evening without meeting a number of them, and when a "party" was in progress, they overran the place—fretful-looking young women of that trying age between twenty-five and thirty-five, hungry-looking young men with womanish hands and querulous voices. Each and every one of them was a "coming genius." Most of them were in business during the day (a man must live, you know), but they were gloriously unsuccessful at money-making. After the sordidness of a day in an office, so trying to sensitive spirits, it was pleasant to gather in Kay's room and tell of the wonderful things they were going to do. They took themselves very seriously, and spoke of each other as "Keldreth Holmes, the painter," and "Winifred Mollikins, the author, you know." It was all very inspiring.

Elena had been to a number of Kay's parties before her marriage. She was not exactly "in the picture," so to speak, but Kay's guests had found her so eager and impressionable an audience that they had voted her "charming" and had assured one another that "there was more to her than people thought."

To Elena, Kay's studio represented that wonderful, stirring place, Bohemia. Yes, it was undeniably Bohemia. She saw it in the women's rumpled smocks, as they sat on gaily covered couches earnestly smoking cigarettes; she heard it in their voices as they discussed and decided all the questions of the age; she smelled it in the close air, heavy with tobacco-smoke and the scent of cheap face-powder. This was Bohemia.

Always before she had felt shy and rather abashed in this gathering, content to sit excited, but silent. But to-night the thrill of the place was in her blood, its intoxication had gone to her head. Her old attitude of awed deference was missing as she greeted Kay, and to Kay's guests she flung a gay salute of careless fellowship. She did not even seem impressed by Stanley Holmes, the lion of the evening. In fact, if her manner had lacked any last bit of assurance, it gained it now. She smiled at him understandingly, as though to say: "Oh, ho! I know my ground here. This is too easy."

"No, decidedly no, marriage has not improved Elena Maynard. She has become the typical Brooklyn matron, going to a matinée every Wednesday, and home to mother's once a week"—so Kay's guests damned her as with cold glances they watched her raise ingenuous eyes to the Englishman's smile and then self-consciously drop them to her wedding-ring. "Young married women are insufferable."

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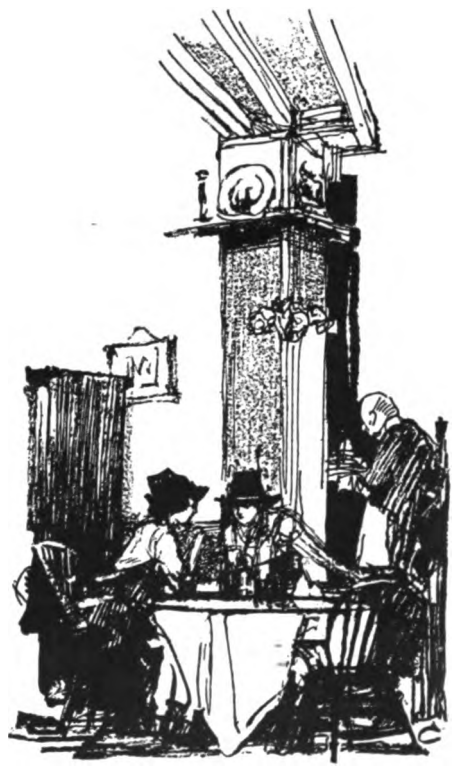
Stanley Holmes was in great demand at these studio parties. He was a very tall, very thin Englishman, with exaggerated features stamped in a habitual expression of amused, but tolerant, disdain. When he first entered a studio he would look around with a contemptuous, oh-I-can't-stand-this-for-long expression that made every woman in the place resolve to make him stay the evening out or perish. When finally he did depart with a bored and long-suffering smile, each and every woman felt that she had scored a personal triumph in keeping him so long. And then "his wit was so *caustic*. He spared no one—really no one. He always said just what he thought, and what he thought was so much to the point. An unusual man, a man to intrigue the imagination."

A kindly and courteous man, too, for what except chivalry would prompt his drawing Elena into the group around the open fire? They had been earnestly discussing feminism at her entrance, and now the topic was resumed. But it was not the same. This girl would persist in giving *her* views on the subject with an air of finality that said more plainly than words, "I 'm married and I know." As if a purely academic knowledge of the subject did not let one view it more broadly and dispassionately!

What was more annoying still was that she said nothing new or provoking. In fact, she was merely giving as her own the views she had often heard them express. It is difficult to refute your own quoted opinions, no matter how stupid they may sound in the mouth of the quoter.

"Absolute freedom of man and wife," Elena was saying. "The age-old attitude between married couples that they have a first mortgage on each other's time, which can be foreclosed at any minute, can no longer exist. Each must feel independent of the other. If the interests of the moment lead to their spending their leisure time together, well and good. That is a privilege, an intensely pleasing privilege, not a right to be insisted upon. Take Gordon and myself, for instance. [Trust her to make a personal application!] I like this sort of party, and he does not; but that is no reason why I should stay away or why he should come. He has other interests, which I do not share. That means a fresh fund of ideas, a new subject of conversation between us, an invigorating exchange of views."

Elena's voice stopped flatly. She had begun to wonder uneasily about the time. The room-mates were serving wine and crackers. She could not very well leave now. Deliciously aware that Gordon would not approve, she sipped the weak red wine eagerly. The little group had broken up, but the Englishman still sat



"AND GLAD GORDON WAS N'T THERE"

beside her and talked to her in his carefully un-English voice.

"So you really like this sort of thing?" he asked, with a vague gesture over the room.

"Oh, I think it is wonderful replied, her voice a little mor

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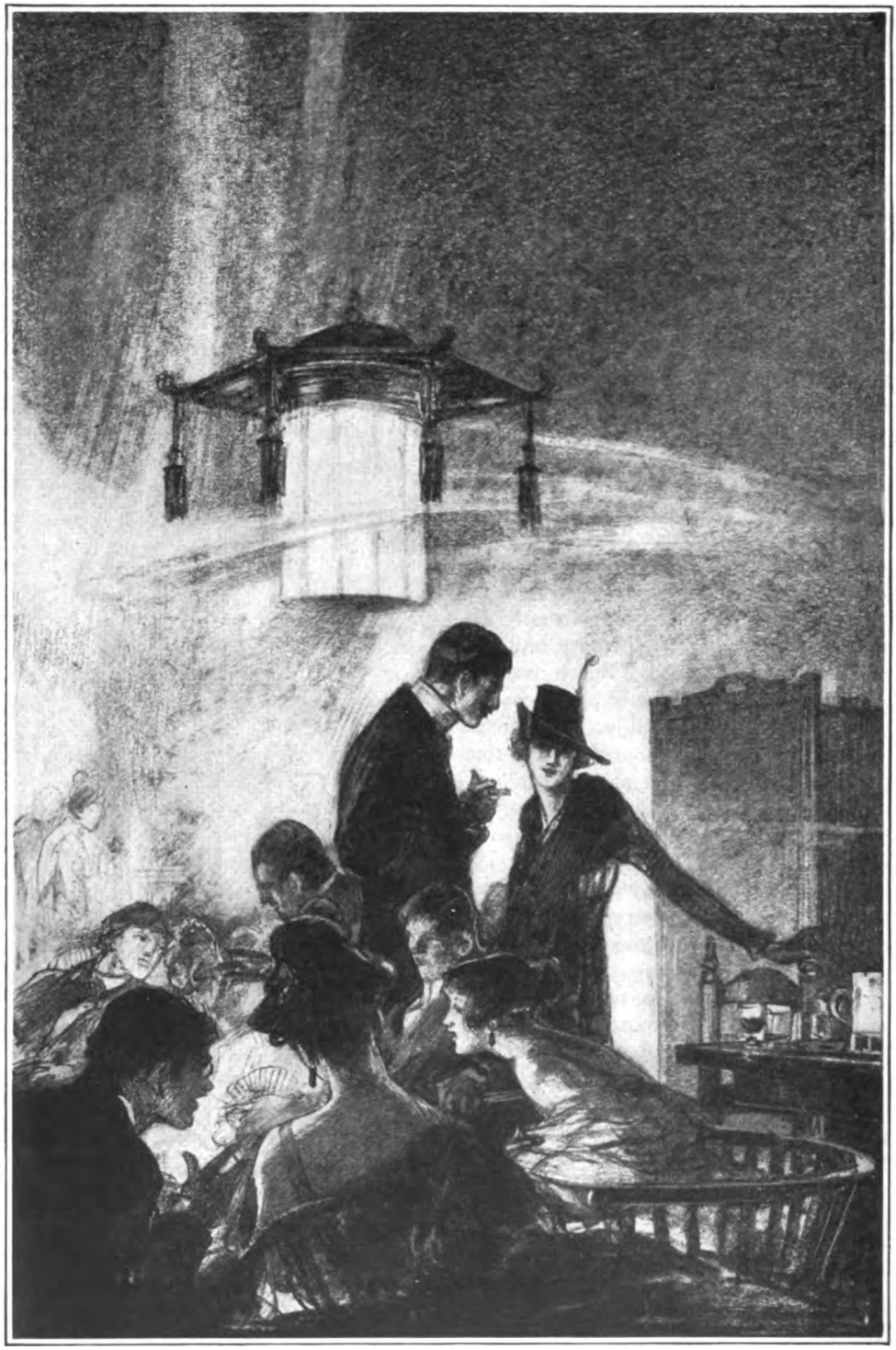

"'SO YOU REALLY LIKE THIS SORT OF THING?'"

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as the wine brought a new glow to her face.

The Englishman smiled his weary smile.

"Sentiments and stimulants," he said.

"O Mr. Holmes!" protested Elena, to whom his clever phrases were quite new.

His smile was a little less disdainful as he added: "Homely women and temperaments."

Elena's embarrassed laughter brought Kay and Leila to join them, and Elena jumped to her feet with a feeling of dismay. Leila's wrist-watch had told her the time. It was eleven o'clock now, and it would take three quarters of an hour to get home. She said her good-bys hastily, unable to conceal her anxiety.

All the long journey home on the subway she was half-sick with remorse. Gordon, at home, would be frantic with worry. He would call up her mother's house and find she had not been there. How could she explain why she had not let him know where she was going and why she had not sent him word that she would be late? Dear, good, kind Gordon, always so considerate of her and her comfort, how could she have treated him so! She was a beastly, selfish, thoughtless cad. Even if Gordon forgave her, she could never forgive herself. And then a new remembrance made her heart give a sickening thud of despair. She had spent nearly four dollars of her housekeeping money on the dinner and another dollar on flowers for Kay. She could not get through the week without asking for more money, and Gordon was so conscientious about money. By the time her station was reached she had worked herself into a frenzy of nervousness. She ran the whole distance between the station and her home, as if gaining a few minutes would make up for the hour and a half she had overstayed.

The lights were all out in the apartment. She lit them half fearfully, and went from room to room calling Gordon. There was no sign of him. Gradually the truth dawned upon her. Gordon had not come home yet! While she was worrying herself sick because of being a few minutes late, Gordon was having too good a time to bother coming home. He could n't be at the office all this time. He must have gone out with one of the men afterward. How could he be so unkind, so inconsiderate? He was like all other men, too intent on his own pleasures to care whether his little wife was home all alone, heart-sick and anxious. He had said he would be home at ten and he should have kept his word. Oh, what had she done that he should treat her this way?

She undressed quickly, and, slipping on a kimona over her nightgown, waited up for him, her ears straining to catch a footfall on the stairs. Suppose something had happened to him; suppose—but, yes, no, yes, it was his key in the lock.

She did not look up as he came in, but turned away her eyes, cold and hostile.

"I 'm sorry, dear," began Gordon in his most conciliatory tone.

"Oh, that 's all right, Gordon; don't bother to explain."

"But I want to, dear. We worked till after nine, and then Grey proposed we all go out for something to eat, and I could n't be the only one to refuse. It was a restaurant where there was a cabaret show, and the time passed before we knew it. I would have telephoned you, only—

"Oh, that 's all right," Elena repeated wearily, and kept her face cold and averted.

"It 's not all right, or you would n't speak this way. Hang it all, Elena, I can't always—"

"Please, Gordon, don't talk as if I were quarreling with you. You are perfectly free to do as you like with your time. I would be the last one to interfere with your liberty. If you can enjoy a cabaret show when you must know that I am worried to death about you, why, that 's your affair."

Gordon looked beseechingly at her, then muttered something monosyllabic under his breath.

"Turn out the light when you come to bed, please," said Elena, and disappeared

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into the next room without so much as a "good night."

Half an hour later, lying wide-eyed and sleepless, Gordon addressed the unyielding back in the bed beside his.

"How was your mother, Elena?"

"I was n't there. She was not home, and I had n't any place to go. I had to go way over to New York and take Leila Stanwood out to dinner. I 'll need some extra money this week, Gordon. Can you let me have five dollars?"

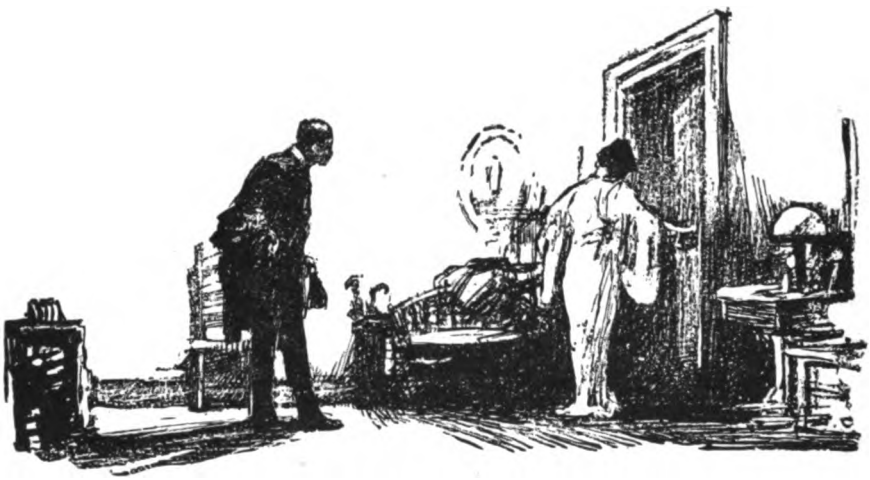
"Of course, honey; more if you want it."

"Thank you. Five will be plenty," she answered.

Silence, and then:

"Elena, honey, you don't know how miserable I am. Please forgive me."

And Elena, out of the gentleness and generosity of her heart, forgave him and Gordon, feeling how good she was and how unworthy he, kissed her humbly and earnestly.



"'DON'T BOTHER TO EXPLAIN'"

"A Little, Called Pauline"

(After, and possibly a translation from, Gertrude Stein's "Tender Buttons," p. 25)

By S. FOSTER DAMON

Another name would fit her quite as well,
She is so nondescript. She is not plain
Or ugly, yet she suffers endless pain,
Being ignored. Just why, she cannot tell.
And so on each sensation she will dwell,
Fluttering visibly to entertain.
Therefore she cannot help but seem inane;
Therefore she knows her superficial hell.
Always slightly askew, she passes on,
Taking whatever joy each hour brings,
Hoping for better when that hour is gone.
Her clothes, her food, the presents that she gives,
These are enough for her. And thus she lives,
Culting the utterness of little things.

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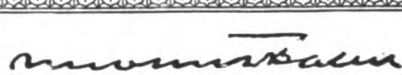

NEWTON D. BAKER
Secretary of War

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THE CENTURY

Vol. 96 SEPTEMBER, 1918 No. 5

Secretary Baker at the Front

BY RALPH A. HAYES

*Private Secretary to the Secretary of War**

THERE was business as usual at the War Department on the twenty-sixth of February in nineteen hundred eighteen. True, "business as usual," like charity, has been made to cover a multitude of sins, and the usual business of the War Department is not done wholly as popular fancy pictures it. But that is the fault of popular fancy.

We picture the Secretary of War as sitting in a council-room weighing the merits of volunteering as against conscription, the constitution of overseas contingents, the advisability of intervention in the East, and such like things. This is so; but there is more. There is always the unending line of the more or less faithful. There are landlords willing to sell to the Government corner lots in the Elysian Fields, with all improvements in and paid for. There are the cranks who come with whispered intimations of what their scheme will do if they are encouraged to the extent of being given a job and an appropriation to develop it. There are the volunteer advisers, armed to the teeth with briefs and bristling with knowledge as to just how it should be done; and the meaning of "it" are legion. There are the professional job-seekers, and the respect-paying visitors who come bent upon the laying on of hands and the shaking thereof, and whose sensibilities would be injured were they to be told that the paying of respects in war-time might well be a pastime of the idle rich or at least of the idle.

So grinds the grist; so comes the vast kinship of the willing; but let it not be forgotten that the fantastic folk are made bizarre by very reason of the fact that they are in the minority. Outnumbering and overmastering them is that greater company of those who represent the glory of democracy. Certainly the foibles of these grotesque but unrepresentative elements must not be permitted to lessen the repute or reflect upon the spirit of a people who in almost unbroken rank have pledged their support and given their treasure and offered their blood for a cause that can be made worth all it takes.

In time of emergency it is the Department of War that principally channelizes the exertions of a nation as expressed in military effort. And within that department the center of the nervous system is the office of the Secretary of War. And there on the morning of the twenty-sixth of February there was business as usual.

Not so on the afternoon of the twenty-

* At the time this article was written the author was Mr. Baker's private secretary, but it was the intention of Mr. Hayes to enlist immediately in the National Army.

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sixth. Then it was that an automobile left the War Department, quietly picked up a number of pieces of baggage at three or four Washington residences, and deposited them at the Union Station. That night four persons strolled into the depot and entered the midnight train. One of them boarded it a few minutes before the great iron gates were opened to other passengers; but there was no fooling the kinky-headed man with the red cap. "Good evenin', Mistah Secretary," he said in tones that seemed to roll along the great corridors of the station and to reverberate in the balconies. Next to arrive was Major General Black, the Chief of Engineers. Following him was Lieutenant Colonel M. L. Brett, accompanying the Secretary of War as aide. These, with Mr. Baker's private secretary, comprised the quartet that slipped away under cover of darkness.

Until this year of our Lord, no cabinet official had crossed the Atlantic ocean during his incumbency.

But came the Great War. With it came the transportation of American soldiers across three thousand miles of ocean and six hundred miles of France. The novelty of the undertaking, the intervening space between here and Over There, the time required even for the most speedy means of communication, complicated the enterprise. And many things are happening in France; some of them are new things under the sun, and a few of them happen with most uncommon swiftness.

Every traveler returning from France and other localities of battle seems to know the answers to the riddles that confound us here at home. Whether it is of the morale of the French, the propaganda of the *Boche,* the fuel supply of Italy, the food situation in England, the stability of the Bolsheviki, the home-coming globe-trotter speaks with a discomforting amount of assurance.

Men of the War Department, returning from foreign assignments, pressed upon the Secretary of War the urgency of his visiting the battle-grounds of the Western Front. Men of the American Expeditionary Forces were anxious for the understanding that would come from personal contact and actual observation.

Secrecy as to the time of going was essential. England was still mourning the passing of Earl Kitchener. Twice the plans of departure had to be remade because of those leaks which have their source nowhere and which percolate everywhere. When finally the start was made, this brief statement was made to the fraternity of Washington newspaper men, who would immediately know of the secretary's mission from his absence at their afternoon conference:

THE *MOUNT VERNON* RIDING INTO THE SEA

The Secretary of War leaves Washington today for an indefinite absence. For his personal safety and the protection of military information it is urgently requested that no intimation or news of his movements be

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made public until such time as an official statement can be issued. This will be done at the earliest possible moment and thereafter only the ordinary requests for secrecy with respect to military information of value to the enemy will apply. When the immediate considerations of safety and military secrecy no longer have force the Government will, of course, make no request designed to limit news of or comment on the Secretary's movements.

On the morning following their midnight exit, the train bearing the four travelers from Washington stopped at a small station on the outskirts of a certain Atlantic port (New York by name), where the four alighted.

A revenue cutter was lying near by, and it bore the party six miles out into the harbor, where a great, gray cruiser lay at anchor. Here a tinge of sorrow touched the proceedings, for upon the arrival of the Secretary of War the ship was "sealed"; that is, no members of the crew were permitted to leave the vessel. The sadness lies in the fact that a substantial part of the ship's shopping had not been finished, and the sealed ship prevented its completion; but none the less there was never a time on the eastward journey when food was not plentiful, albeit at times it was far from appetizing, due to certain vagaries of the passengers and certain whims of the sea.

It was a far cry from those February fuel-less days of landlubbers to the coal piles of the navy. On every square foot that would hold a lump or bag of coal, a lump or bag of coal was placed. One climbed over great black piles in going to his food or his bed or his air. It is a working habit of the navy to take on sufficient fuel in America to last for two crossings, thus avoiding the taking on of coal in Europe.

It was yet relatively early in the morning when our cruiser was boarded, and its bow was not scheduled to swing seaward until late in the day; so that intervening time, while we were held *incommunicado* by the sealed ship, seemed at the start a barren expanse of hours stretching before us. But their flight was more winged than our anticipations promised. There is enough of the unknown about a great floating engine of war to satisfy the amateur's primal sense of curiosity for a considerable period.

First, there were new quarters in which to settle ourselves, and that can be made a time-consuming process. The vessel chanced to be the flag-ship of an admiral, and the admiral chanced to be absent, which gave us more commodious quarters. Our abodes were all in the stern, and one little living-room we shared in common. Secretary Baker had what were the admiral's sleeping-quarters; beside his bed were as many telephonic and bell-ringing and light-flashing signals as would be found in a combination switchboard and engine-house. Opposite the Secretary's, and flanking the living-room on the other side, was the cabin occupied by Colonel Brett and me. The captain had vacated his quarters farther forward for a post close by the bridge; his cabin, therefore, was occupied by General Black.

In command of our ship was Captain De Witt Blamer. Captain Blamer is one of the few naval officers who look as they are made to look on the stage and in the books. He is big of frame, gruff of manner, tender of heart. He is not overgiven to speech, and his talk is rarely opinions or prophecy, but rather conclusions. I should n't like to be tried before him for breaking into an apple orchard or for failing to swab the quarter-deck; and, perhaps for the same reason, I should be wholly content, in searching for safe passage, to sail the seas upon his ship.

When a man builds a cruiser, he thinks last about the comfort of the craft. And whatever luxuries inadvertently creep in, become taboo "during the period of the emergency." Never, for example, were lights more thoroughly hidden under a bushel than are those of the navy. In ways that are dark these men of the sea excel. A few improvised lighting-fixtures attached to the "battle circuit" furnished the only illumination available for the secre-

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tarial party after the ordinary supply was cut off, which happened every day just when it became dark enough to need it.

Neither was ventilation as free as air. Late every afternoon a person equipped with a kit of tools, some sheets of tin and of rubber, and a kill-joy disposition carefully sealed up all the port-holes through which stray gleams might escape or enter.

Cruiser-life soon settles into a routine that is neither rich in variation nor much affected by any circumstances except the elements. Sleeping and reading and eating and walking the decks follow one another in more or less regular order. To every one going toward France the problem of acquiring sufficient knowledge of French to procure food and shelter in an emergency becomes pertinent. The question was solved on the ship of the Secretary of War by the organization of a language class that convened every afternoon. Second in command of the ship and first in command of the class was Commander Richard D. White, former naval attaché at Rome, traveler, scholar, follower of the sea, and man of the world. White knows enough French even to talk to a Paris taxicab-driver, and that 's the acid test. Every afternoon at four he would gather his disciples about him in the wardroom, and the instruction would proceed in the Socratic fashion. At five, when those present had absorbed their fill of tenses, elisions, idioms, and genders, a sailor who should have been in the life-saving detachment would appear bearing marmalade, toast, and tea with which to revive all hands.

After beginning the journey in splendid weather, Neptune speedily began to show signs of enemy affiliation. On the second morning at sea a stray breaker at dawn swept a sailor overboard, but the luckless person seemed thoroughly to enjoy swimming the Atlantic waves until, twenty-five minutes after his misadventure, he was brought back to the ship, and his request for a cigarette was complied with.

Unhappily, there was more than this one taken by the sea, and for the others there was no returning. Theirs was the last full measure of devotion. Two fine young lads went to the eternal camping-grounds, succumbing to the exposure caused by long hours of outside work in raw weather and on a rough sea.

There is a dignity to a burial at sea that no other ceremony possesses. The decks are lined by all of the crew not actually engaged in the navigation of the vessel. The ship's band is present, and the chaplain reads the impressive burial service to the accompaniment of the crashing of seemingly boundless waves. Then, as a guard of honor fires a final salute, the body, borne by hands that in its life had been those of comrades, and draped in the flag it had served to the last, is consigned to the deep. There is no din of battle; there are no hostile cries. But these have died in line of battle no less than their brothers in Picardy and Flanders and Lorraine.

There is a sort of frankness and casualness in speaking of affairs of life and death aboard a war-ship in war-time that is disconcerting at the outset. The indirectness and the hesitations, the reticences and the conventions that society usually throws around discussions of vital danger and bodily peril, are swept away. Constantly one sees and hears in the daylight hours the construction of life-rafts; every one without exception in the latter part of the journey wears at all times and places his life-belt; one hears discussed in conversational tones the possibility of the life-boats withstanding the fury of the sea, the methods of protecting their human cargo against exposure, the sufficiency of food and water aboard them. When one lives and moves and has his being in the presence of potential death, he loses his awe of it and disregards the niceties of speech that ordinarily characterize such references.

Every precaution was taken for the personal safety of the Secretary of War. Having been assigned to a life-boat, and having had allotted to it a crew to see that he would promptly board it and that it would be properly manned, he became

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accustomed to the emergency arrangements by repeated "abandon-ship" drills. The bleakest experience on the seven seas, next to walking a plank, is to stand upon the deck of a ship at the gray hour of five, with Morpheus and Aurora still doing battle for the possession of your senses, with no odors of breakfast distinguishable, with that unkempt feeling that comes from sleeping in your clothes, with water, water everywhere, but not a drop to wash in, and with the immediate foreground occupied by all that is to stand between you and perdition, a small, frail rowboat, overloaded with oars, and having hidden in one corner of it a small tin of water and a modest helping of free lunch. In those watery dawns I learned to sing with a new gusto, "I love thy rocks and rills." One can stand a rill; that 's manageable; but there are times when the ocean seems overdone.

In addition to the regulation life-preservers, buoyant rubber "overall" outfits were provided for the secretarial party. As a matter of fact, there would have been scant use for this material even in case of disaster. There is a thoroughgoing tradition among the officers of the navy that no means of protection will be utilized by them that are not available to their men. It is such considerations that strengthen morale.

But, usable or not, these contrivances are interesting things to contemplate when the weather is fair and the sea is calm. There is a whistle to occupy one, and many pockets to explore, and simple mechanical devices to practise utilizing. But I yet have a haunting fear that some evil-minded political person may find those suits left aboard, and discover the flask of brandy that 's in a pocket—or was—in Secretary Baker's paraphernalia.

In the middle of the trip east a part of an afternoon was spent in examining the anti-submarine defenses of our ship—the lookout system, the depth charges, the smoke screens, and the rest. While making the rounds we stopped to hear a talk on fire control given by the ship's gunnery officer, Lieutenant-Commander Gill, describing the coördination of the guns, the finding of ranges, the communications between the different stations, and many other unfathomable things. That is a heartening sort of procedure. It strengthens one's inner morale. Unhappily, our inspection ended at the chart-room, where marked in red were the locations from which submarine warnings had come. That was decidedly less heartening.

SECRETARY BAKER GREETING MAJOR-GENERAL HUNTER LIGGETT. GENERAL PERSHING ON SECRETARY BAKER'S RIGHT, MAJOR-GENERAL HARBORD ON HIS LEFT

Fighting against the submarine menace is a wearing sort of warfare. The object of the search is seldom seen, if indeed it is seen at all. After watching the sea for days, searching for a spot on the waves, a landlubber is in fit physical condition and prime mental state to see dozens of imaginary spots or to miss a real one.

To keep the gun crews and the guns in fighting trim, a period of target practice was held at sea. Our ship would drag a target after it in the water, while a second ship blazed at it. To one unversed in such things the tow-line between the ship and the target it pulled seemed uncomfortably short; the former seemed

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to constitute a more likely mark than the spot which followed it. But all the shots hit the latter. Upon the quarter-deck of our own vessel a sort of parlor range was put up, and pistol practice was held. The experiment proceeded admirably until there came the turn of the Secretary of War to shoot. His first shot hit and bisected the cord upon which the bull's-eyes were suspended, and the targets settled gently into the sea. There is no point in trying to encourage marksmanship when some one insists on shooting away the range.

Courtesy of the Signal Corps, U. S. A.

ONE OF THE 155'S WITH HER NIGHT-CAP ON

Once on the eastward journey the crew of the cruiser and its guests had all the sensations that accompany a brush with the wily U-boats. In the late afternoon of the day before the escort of destroyers from the French coast was met, the ship's submarine defenses went vigorously and boisterously into action. The Secretary of War rushed from the captain's cabin, where he had been absorbing French, to the quarter-deck, where he was nearly embraced by a young colored seaman who in the ecstacy of excitement kept shouting, "There she is! There she is!" pointing to a small object five hundred feet away in the water. It was dark in color, about the size of a piece of gas-pipe, and protruded eight or ten inches above the surface, a slender target, but a periscope 's a periscope. Even as our gaze followed the outstretched finger of the young sailor a well-aimed shot made a direct hit. The object disappeared, and then bobbed up again. There were some distinctly disappointed fighting men aboard when it became apparent that the fight was with a floating spar; but for the most of us the reconciliation was easy. In fact those who would live to fight another day made no pretense of concealment in heaving a genuine sigh of relief when the dawn of morning showed a sizable family of destroyers plying busily about us.

There are some things which no person can be expected to write into a narrative. So there is to me no overwhelming sense of joy in recalling all the details of the trans-Atlantic trip. I raise a question of personal privilege in asking to be excused from elaborating upon such entries as these which stalk through my diary:

March 3. The secretary and General Black agree that the sea is more powerful and terrible than winsome and companionable. I, too, agree, and I have reasons for feeling more deeply on the subject than either of them.

March 4. We are told the ship dipped 37° in the storm to-day. I think they must have read the figures backward: it could not have been less than 73°. At times we seemed to be a very fair imitation of a U-boat. Between lurches Surgeon Sparkman gave me a second anti-typhoid shot in the arm.

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March 5. The furniture has been lashed down and the carpets have been taken up. Last night all the hatches were closed, and we had as much ventilation as a vacuum. My left arm, charged with anti-typhoid vaccine, is a bad liability to carry around in these turbulent times. I think I should prefer a little typhoid to this antidote.

March 6. I wish they were less noisy in building those life-rafts on the quarter-deck. It reminds me too much of some story in which the prisoner sat in his cell and heard the hammering outside where workmen were constructing his gallows.

March 9. Life-preservers worn at all times.

March 10. 3 A.M. Life-preservers are not made for comfort. Neither is anti-typhoid vaccine, and my third shot in the arm was registered last night. There is precious little sleeping going on to-night. As we sat at the table after dinner, we tried to think of gay and jovial things to talk about, but the words rattled as they came out. I essayed to spin the merry tale of Doc Merz who tried to buy a German dictionary for the Military Intelligence Branch of the army, and who was chased out of the book-store by a super-patriotic clerk, —patrioteer, Doc called him,—but I found myself veering to the more funereal yarn of Red MacKinnon, who, years ago, when a sophomore, bought himself a pair of white gloves and circularized the undertakers of Cleveland as a professional pall-bearer.

I 'm sorry nobody mentioned the story of Huck Finn at his own funeral; that 's sepulchral enough to fit the occasion, and yet it has a chuckle at the end. Toward midnight we desisted from telling ghost-stories, and the entire party descended to playing solitaire. The Secretary of War has held something from us. None of us ever had seen him playing cards, but he knew several brands of solitaire that were strangers to the rest of us.

There must be a defect in the mechanism of the sun; it has been a day and a half since sunset, and daylight should have come long since.

It was the clear, bright Sunday morning of March 10 that we caught sight of the shores of France and proceeded toward our port of entry. There were unusual signs of activity, which, we afterward discovered, were occasioned by late reports of submarines in the neighborhood. But the channel was well swept, the lanes were thoroughly patrolled, the air sentries were keenly vigilant, and the enemy discreetly kept a safe distance.

Courtesy of the Signal Corps, A. E. F., U. S. A.
GENERAL JOHN J. PERSHING

For more than a week we had been on the ocean. At times the vessels of the convoy had been so close as to make it almost possible to shout through a megaphone from one to the other. But it was not until the shores of France were in sight and the Secretary of War sent a message of congratulation to the senior officer aboard

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another ship, that the presence of a cabinet member in the convoy was known. There had been wonderment on the other ships when, meeting the destroyers at sea, the cruiser had failed to turn westward, but had continued toward the French coast. It may be said now that our ship had left New York a day ahead of the other ships in the convoy, and had sailed a false course during the first part of its journey, joining the rest of the convoy at a rendezvous at sea.

At anchor in the harbor, there were a number of ceremonies to perform. From the amount of wigwagging which was done, the captains seemed to be writing biographies of each other. The French naval commandant and the American Army and Navy commanding Officers, Admiral Wilson and General McClure, were to be received. The senior officer of the convoy, upon another ship, was visited. The commanders of the escorting destroyers came to pay their respects. There were leave-takings upon the cruiser. Then ashore—ashore in France!

A band was playing in the city square, but there was not the buoyancy or gaiety to its notes that was there in other days. A merry-go-round offered a feeble opportunity for amusement, but its little patrons were not the care-free, shouting children that are found at the country fairs everywhere in America. The populace, indeed, was on promenade, but those blue-coated, and often empty-sleeved, men and those somber-dressed women were not the promenaders of ante-bellum time. This was France at war, great-hearted as of old, and perhaps even more lovable, albeit scarred in body and soul and reeling a bit, but reeling forward to the honorable conclusion of a war she never willed.

Darkness was just falling on the French coast when the Secretary of War and his party stepped aboard the private car which in 1914 had carried out of France the German Ambassador.

The cold gray dawn of morning reaches its maximum coolness and grayness about daybreak in a Parisian railroad station. But the cheerlessness of such a place was lessened at the nocturnal hour of six on the morning of March 11 by a group of American officers and civilians, met to greet the Secretary of War. Pershing was there, tall, straight, and dynamic. So, too, was Bliss, kindly, keen, and thoughtful. There were representatives of the State Department, also, and officials of the French Government. More cheerfully we assembled for breakfast, our first Parisian meal. Butter was not to be had, but that entails no suffering to those who prefer preserves. There was no sugar, but saccharine is an acceptable substitute. Cream was off the menu, but there was enough milk. War bread is coarse, and rather unyielding to the teeth, but many of us are finding that it is not less palatable than the wheat product of piping times. Later meals were to impress further upon us what French cooks, aided by a few dishes, a little batter, and a prayer, can achieve. It is well for those of us still young enough to yearn for sweets that the forte of the French chef is the making of desserts. It is that end of the menu that now provides the greatest opportunity for the exercise of the ingenuity of the food *camoufleur*.

It was agreed while breakfast was being eaten that the Secretary would remain in Paris only long enough to pay his respects to the officials of the republic. He would then visit the bases of war; for France, like ancient Gaul, is divided into three parts.

The Base Section includes the areas surrounding the ports of debarkation, with their great docks and machinery for unloading, their stevedores' camps, and their facilities for incoming troops awaiting transportation toward the front.

The Intermediate Section is the place of wide-spread storage facilities, where the Americans' principal lines of communication converge, the place of base hospitals, of laboratory and outdoor experiments, of semi-advanced training.

The Advanced Section may best be described as the goal of soldiers. One knows when he reaches it by the sentinels he passes; by the bodies of troops he sees

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humming as they march to the front or, singing still, come from it; by the long lines of artillery crawling along winding roads or lying incongruously in once peaceful hamlets; by the tangles of barbed wire in the fields along the highway; by the stark ruins of what were homes; by ragged holes in the ground where shells have found a mark; and by that distant rumble which seems, as one listens to it daily, to have no beginning and to promise no end.

Immediately upon leaving the breakfast-table, there was begun a two-days' series of conferences with officials, American and French, at Paris and Versailles.

The first morning's work was at the chambers of the premier, where "The Tiger" of France and the Secretary conferred in private. An hour later, the American Ambassador and Mr. Baker closeted themselves at the embassy. Next we drove to the residence of the Marshal of France. At an old military school Marshal Joffre, who now is military adviser to the French Government, leads a semi-retired life among the students of the art to which he has devoted his life. He is enthusiastically reminiscent of his visit to America, and speaks hopefully of repeating the trip. Later we lunched with General Pershing. At two-thirty, the Secretary of War had his first meeting with the newspaper men. Scarcely had the journalists gone when the Secretary was on his way to the Allied War Council at Versailles. The council headquarters were within a stone's throw of the spot where the Third Estate precipitated the Revolution of 1789, where England recognized the independence of America in 1783, and where the first Prussian William made his headquarters in 1870. Following a hasty trip back to Paris there was a late afternoon conference with the President of the French Republic. Thereafter the rise of a brightly shining moon and the appearance of countless stars seemed to usher in the end of a perfect day.

But there was not yet to be rest for the tired travelers; for when in mid-evening the *alerte* sounded as a warning signal of an approaching air attack, all Paris knew that the *Boche* was coming by the high road, and in that knowledge discreetly sought its securest cellar.

In an air raid, especially a first air raid, one's feeling of fear is not accentuated. There is too much of novelty about the proceeding; the pitch-dark streets; the clatter of anti-aircraft guns; the occasional explosions of falling bombs; the subterranean shelters—all are part of the air offense and defense.

The entertaining of official visitors had long since lost its novelty for our *maître d'hôtel,* but none the less he felt grave responsibility for the security of the newly arrived Americans. With a lantern of ancient construction and diminutive candle-power he conducted his guests to subterranean regions among the wine-casks. There, until far into the night, the chief of engineers, the military representative on the Supreme War Council, and the Secretary of War regaled one another with reminiscences begot by the extraordinary surroundings, and punctuated from time to time by explosions on the street level above.

LEFT TO RIGHT, LIEUTENANT-COLONEL KITNER, GENERAL PERSHING, CAPTAIN BAKER, RALPH A. HAYES, SECRETARY BAKER, BRIGADIER-GENERAL FOULOIS, COLONEL FOX CONNER

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The following day sufficing to complete the work necessary to be done at the capital, it was arranged to have our train leave the city late in the evening, and at ten o'clock the train of General Pershing pulled out of Paris.

That train, by the way, is a thing of beauty and a joy forever. One car has two bedrooms and a sizable conference-room. It accommodated Mr. Baker and General Pershing. Two others housed the staffs of the Secretary and the commander-in-chief. A third car comprises a dining-room and kitchen. There is also a car for the representatives of the press. Immediately behind the engine is a freight-car with two high-powered automobiles, which permit rapid excursions into the adjacent country. For the next five nights and for many nights intermittently thereafter, that train was to be our home. By sleeping aboard it, and by traveling from point to point between darkness and dawn, we were enabled to have virtually all the daylight hours for inspection purposes.

Assigned by the French to have charge of the Secretary's train and to act generally as a *liason* officer, was Captain de Marenchens. Some day, as a mental exercise, I hope to devise a question which Marenchens cannot answer, or to suggest a task he cannot perform. The task will not be simple. For sheer resourcefulness and for volume of information, he stands apart. "It is easy" is his invariable reply to a request, and he seems to make it so.

The sea-coast was reached on the morning following the exit from Paris. During that day and the following one, which was spent at a second seaport 250 miles away, the daylight hours and parts of the nights were completely occupied with the inspection of a bewildering array of military enterprises grouped in the Base Section.

Later we visited the Intermediate Section for three days of observation. Proceeding along the lines of communication, we came upon vast storage areas, threaded by hundreds of miles of tracks and covered by acres of buildings, filled with apparently inexhaustible supplies of food and clothing and equipage to protect the American forces in case of their being temporarily cut off from the distant home base. The inspection of such places was usually made from rough wooden benches built upon flat-cars shunted slowly through the maze of tracks which feed the storage spaces. There was some delay encountered in entering the first city in this storage area, for the band at the station rose to the acme of acclamation, and incidentally halted the entire procession by playing all the verses of the American national anthem twice in the march of eighty feet between the train and the station gate.

Those inspection days were strenuous sessions. Usually there were a considerable number of projects to be seen; at each of them a new group of officers would be met, and the combination of physical freshness and mental alertness in each group was depressing upon the endurance, but stimulating to the souls, of us whose spirit was always willing for more inspection and yet more, but whose flesh was sometimes weak. Between the portions of the task that were accomplished on foot there were journeys by automobile, sometimes short, invigorating trips, sometimes long, cramping tours; always expeditions through quaint French agricultural villages, where dwellings are not located adjacent to the land that is tilled, but are centralized at the cross-roads, and where the questioning faces of those too old or too young to be at the front looked up from their interrupted tasks as the line of brown machines, marked with the same colors as their own tricolor, swept by. On those trips there was one thing the rest of us got which never came to the Secretary, though he did not seem to mind. It was the dust. Behind the leading machine in which he rode it arose in great clouds for the rest of us, to veneer us outwardly and to choke us inwardly. At the end of a dry day our appearance indicated that an attempt had been made to camouflage us into blending with the landscape. The day-book of the

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trip, brief though its record is, gives some conception of what made up those periods of sight-seeing. I select a few random days:

March 12. Up at seven o'clock. Secretary motors to Versailles for two-hour conference with General Bliss, beginning at nine. Secretary returns to Paris for noon conference with General Foch, Chief of Staff.

1 o'clock. Secretary has as his luncheon guests at Crillon: General Bliss; General Pershing; General Black; Colonel Newton, *liason* officer with the French; Colonel Connor and Colonel Tracy of General Pershing's staff; Commander White, U.S.N.; Colonel Brett, the secretary's aide; Captain de Marenchens, French *liason* officer with us; and Captain Baker, the brother of the secretary.

Courtesy of the Signal Corps, U. S. A.

A BARREN UNDERGROWTH TO-DAY. A HUGE QUARTERMASTER'S WAREHOUSE TO-MORROW

1:30. Conference with Mr. Kearney, Paris representative of Committee on Public Information.

2:00 o'clock. Secretary goes to headquarters of American Red Cross.

2:45 Secretary calls upon ex-Premier Viviani.

4:00 o'clock. Conference with M. Reinach.

4:25. Conference with journalists.

4:30. Conference with Mr. John Clarke, representative of Post-Office Department in France.

5:00 o'clock. Conference with Arthur T. Crosby of Treasury Department.

7:30. Dinner at residence of Ambassador Sharpe.

10:00 o'clock. Train leaves Paris.

March 14. Up at 6:45. Shortly after seven train reached ——. Greeted at station by *sous-préfet* and committee of army officers. Take to autos and inspect remount station; Camp No. 1, which to-day has in it more than 10,000 recently disembarked men; motor assembling-shops; a base-hospital; docks No. 2, No. 10, No. 1; locomotive assembling-plant. Buffet luncheon at home of General Lewis; spend fore part of afternoon in going over adjacent storage project; on to ——, where a remarkable hospital community is being constructed, with the buildings of an old French normal school as a nucleus. Return to train for dinner. In evening secretary goes to home of General Lewis; I go to naval headquarters.

March 16. Train reaches —— 8 A.M.; train is cut in half to enable it to negotiate the heavy grades to flying-fields of Third Aviation Instruction Center; railway laid by Signal Corps. Seventy-five machines in air greet the secretary. Mr. Baker is interviewed for the St. Patrick's day issue of "Plane News," the camp paper, which appears resplendent in green ink before the secretary leaves the field. Inspect living quarters and main camp, hangars, flying-field, machine-gun school, aëro engineering department, and aëro supply department.

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Flights include aërial formations of fifteen machines, group evolutions, and aërial combat.

Shortly after noon our train picks us up and brings us at 4 P.M. to ——. Inspect motor-supply depot, camp hospital, railroad repair-shops, fuel storage-depot, barracks, storehouses, stables, and guard-houses. Left at 9:14 P.M.

March 17. Sunday. Arrive at —— 8 A.M., and at once start on inspection trip covering the regulating headquarters and its adjacent warehouses and railroad yards. This station is midway between the storehouses at the coast and the men at the front, and is to carry more than two weeks' supply for our first million men. At 12:30 we board the train, eat lunch on it, and reach —— at 1:30. Here the Expeditionary Force has in operation various splendid training-schools. The secretary first visits the headquarters of the army schools, where he addresses the instructors; then he hurriedly looks at the general staff college, the line school, the engineer school, and the sanitary school. Leaving the city, the party goes a few miles into the country to view some carrier-pigeon lofts and some trench-mortar and anti-aircraft pieces. Returning at five o'clock, find that the city officials have arranged a reception for the secretary. Among the officers there he meets ex-Secretary of War Stimson and ex-Assistant Secretary Breckenridge. By taking the train again at 5:30 the party reaches the American headquarters in time for a late dinner, after which the secretary goes into conference with General Crozier and various officers of the Expeditionary Force.

In defense of that diary, I hasten to add that it is not all as prosaic as those foregoing pages. The long days of inspection tours were brightened at times by a saving touch of cheerfulness. There was always a chuckle in observing the tactics of Colonel de Chambrun, whose duties included the securing of accommodations at times when the train or hotels were not available, and where, near the front, it was not discreet to harbor the Secretary in centers of population that are the targets for air attacks. At the village where a stop was to be made Chambrun would inquire as to the location and the owner of "the château," the finest of the houses. Without further formality, the colonel would gravely inform the worthy householder that he would have as guests for the night the Secretary of War and his party.

Those who are of evil mind will say that method smacks of Prussianism. The first answer to that is the reply of the aged French peasant who was tauntingly asked how a country could claim shares in the fruits of democracy which had taken Napoleon back to itself and had made of him an emperor. "You answer yourself," the old man replied. "He was *our* emperor; we made him such." The most fundamental right of a democratic people is the right to misgovern itself.

There is a second answer to that charge. It comes in the letters which followed the Secretary after he had gone out of those villages, written by the families whose guest he was and testifying to that touch which makes the whole world kin. Could I paint but a single scene of France, it would not be the once gay, now somber, boulevards of Paris; it would not show the pomp and panoply of marching thousands; it would not picture the young recruits who even now in the fourth year of it go out singing; it would not represent the ruins where ruthlessness has taken heavy toll; it would be a bit of Baccarat, an antiquated village of Lorraine, which hears unceasingly the belching guns a few miles to the north, but which yet lives its life. Soldiers are there, not alone the blue-clad ones of France, but others from afar who call themselves men of the Rainbow; and in the old château lives M. Michot—Michot the glassmaker. Over and over again I like to recall the simple, homely hospitality of the aged glassmaker and his delightful family, his touching farewells as we left, and the gifts of woven glass which came after us. When all the world seems to run red, it is good to know that Michot of Baccarat lives, and others like him.

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Under the Owl

By MARJORY MORTEN

I WAS awakened in the middle of the night by a low, tremulous, sobbing cry at my window, and for an instant I forgot that I had left the region of night alarms and sudden calls, that I was resting safe and snug in an old house in Surrey on my way home from the base hospital at V——. I was out of bed before my eyes were fairly open and ran to the window. It was not a human cry, —I know the voice of pain too well,—and for a moment I was frightened, filled with vague terror of this sound, which seemed to come out of the night itself.

After a little silence it came again, tremulous and mournful, very close to me there at my high window, and I realized that it was the hooting of an owl in an ash-tree at the foot of the terrace. The creature had taken refuge in this old tree, had perhaps made a net in some hollow in its great bole, pitted with age, spotted with black and yellow fungus.

I found some matches and went back to my bed; but even in the candle-lighted security of chintz and muslin the owl's cry seemed a fearful and portentous sound, and suddenly I was reminded of my Uncle Jacob and my Cousin Rosina.

I called Rosina cousin, but she was not of our blood. She was my Uncle Jacob's cousin's child. She could n't have been Rosina if she were one of us. We 're a sturdy, keen-witted lot, freckled and frank, energetic and clamorous.

They lived, these two, in a narrow old house in a lower West Side cross-street in New York. The block was given over to lodgings, and cars ran past the door. The house had been considered a very desirable residence when my Uncle Jacob bought it in the early seventies. He refused to remodel it, and no one dreamed of suggesting that he should move. He had never married; he had been something of a naturalist in his day, and had accompanied a famous expedition to Rio Negro in his youth. "An odd fish," my father called him, and he grew, as the years passed, odder and odder.

There was nothing odd about Rosina unless you would call it an oddity that she accepted her strange life with the utmost serenity and contentment. She was a sweet and pretty creature, slender and graceful, her pale face full of tenderness and candor, her gray eyes intelligent and thoughtful. A very quiet girl,—old-fashioned, the family called her,—and certainly she had none of the tricks of manner and style of modern young womanhood. We all felt a responsibility in her upbringing. She must know the theater,

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stilted, very shy without being prim; and perhaps because the critics had long been dizzied by a plethora of emotional imagery, Rosina's verses delighted them. She was making ready for a volume, and she pulled a handful of papers out of her knitting-bag to show me. She wrote at odd moments, whenever she had the time, she said, on backs of envelops and scraps of paper, which she tucked away with her knitting, and at night she took the bag to bed with her, emptied it out on the coverlet, and copied everything in a note-book. She said she was often surprised and pleased at the bits that she found under her balls of wool, for she wrote her verses without any conscious effort and forgot them as soon as they were done.

And in the same capacious pouch she put her love-letters to read and re-read after her copying was finished. You can see her,—can't you?—sitting up in her bed in a gray worsted jacket, her long, soft, brown hair braided down to a tiny spine-like end, spreading her letters and papers over the counterpane, and in a chair at the foot of the bed the poodle Eliza, now grown very fat, her shrill bark sounding more than ever like a parrot imitation than a poodle's bark.

"And now the lover, Rosina," I demanded—"tell me about him."

Rosina folded her hands and looked at me. She was very still—so still that I saw a tiny pulse beating in her throat and heard her quiet breathing. She looked at me with such serene happiness that I was embarrassed. Women usually question love when it comes late; take it wondering if a thing that so nearly missed them can be real. Rosina had no question, no doubt, no surprise. She was untroubled, confident, serene.

"I am engaged to Lewis Trent," she said. "You remember him? You knew him years ago. He thought you did n't like him; he 's very diffident with women."

I tried not to look the surprise I felt. I remembered a heavy man, stockily built, with deep-set eyes and a cautious mouth; trustworthy and sound, but not likable. I should have said that he had no imagination and little humor and that his diffidence was bred of caution and the fear of being made ridiculous; a commonplace person, a man so usual that you could cut him up into axioms.

I said that I remembered him, and made no sign of a liking for Lewis Trent. Only small devotions are fed by indirect tribute; Rosina was not eager for my approval of her lover.

She asked me to dinner the following night. Lewis would be there, and he would be glad to see me again, she assured me. I went, resolving to be as amiable as possible.

Dinner, as I remembered it in my Uncle Jacob's dim basement dining-room, was a joyless affair; but I found that everything was changed. The room was bright, with many candles in old sconces, and Rosina wore a white dress, with seed-pearls about her throat. She had little to say and she sat very straight, her head held high, her eyes fixed on Lewis's face with a look of rapt contentment.

In the light of Rosina's admiration, Lewis expanded, lost his diffidence, his air of constraint, surprised me with sudden sallies, teased Rosina, laid rough, affectionate hands on the reluctant Eliza, filled the house with an atmosphere of energy.

After dinner he stood on the hearth-rug in the back parlor and looked about the room contentedly.

"Is n't this great?" he said to me, with a wide gesture that included the spear over the mantelpiece and the clarino-cage.

"It 's full of peace, this room, and it 's the only spot I know now that is peaceful. Rosina wrote something about sanctuary in a poem of hers the other day," he went on soberly, "and I said to myself, that 's the word—sanctuary. Don't you find it so after all you 've been through?"

I agreed that it was refuge and asylum in a troubled world. And indeed I found Rosina's quiet room more and more of a retreat as the days passed. Wherever I went I was assailed by a shower of questions about my experiences, and I was begged to confirm or deny tales of horror

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read the papers aloud to my Uncle Jacob every morning; but neither of them mentioned the war. My Uncle Jacob had grown very feeble, and I thought that he had, perhaps, lost the power to grasp a thing so cataclysmal.

"I am going to France next week," I announced.

"Always moving about, the lot of you," said my Uncle Jacob. "Why don't you sit quiet and let things come to you?"

"I am going over to nurse the wounded," I said patiently.

"I should n't want a flibberdigibbet to nurse me," said my Uncle Jacob. This was discouraging. I sat silent for a moment, staring at the owl over Rosina's little head. You might say we stared at each other, for the owl's great eyes, solemn, portentous, malevolent, were looking into mine. My Uncle Jacob followed my glance, and became loquacious.

"You 're afraid of owls," he remarked sarcastically. "Strange how that prejudice persists; from remotest antiquity they 've been defamed. Ovid was extremely severe against the owl; Vergil, too. 'Solaque culminibus ferali carmine bubo—' how does it go, Rosina?"

"I don't remember the lines," said Rosina; "but won't you sing your old owl song?"

My Uncle Jacob was delighted to be reminded of it. He declared it to be the only verse he 'd ever known that expressed pity for the owl.

"Our nursery-maid taught it me," he said. "She sang it to the air of 'Cease, Rude Boreas, Blustering Railer,' a very mournful tune."

He tucked in his chin and opened his eyes wide. Huddled there in his low chair, his eyes round behind horn-rimmed spectacles, he himself looked like a great owl.

"'Hoo, hoo, hoo, hoo, hoo, hoo,'" sang my Uncle Jacob. The piercing, mournful notes startled the clarino from its perch, and also wakened the sleeping Eliza.

"'Hoo, hoo, hoo, hoo, hoo, hoo—'"

"You 've forgotten the first stanza," Rosina prompted gently. "Shall I sing it?

"Once I was a monarch's daughter
And sat on a lady's knee.
But now I am a nightly rover,
Banished to the ivy-tree.

Crying hoo, hoo, hoo, hoo, hoo, hoo,
Hoo, hoo, hoo, my feet are cold!
Pity me, for here you see me
Persecuted, poor, and old,"

Sang Rosina, softly, mournfully, her hands clasped in her lap, her little feet crossed. The poodle Eliza settled herself again on her cushion, the clarino made its way back to its perch with a great fluttering of feathers, my Uncle Jacob dozed in his chair.

Rosina followed me into the hall to say good-by. I was tired and impatient, and I snapped:

"The world 's at war, Rosina; you must learn to knit. You can at least make mufflers. I 'll ask Anna to teach you."

"I 'm always glad to see your sister," said Rosina, with a tender smile.

In the garden the tremulous hooting had ceased, and the black sky had faded to slate-gray. I blew out my candle and went to sleep.

When I returned to New York a fortnight later I found that I had missed the letter telling me of my Uncle Jacob's death; and, strangely enough, he had died that night when I had been wakened by the hooting of the owl in the ash-tree.

I went at once to Rosina. Amazing things came to her during my absence. It was the second year of the war, and I had expected to find my cousin knitting in her straight chair under the owl, her delicate face a little worn, a little strained, and perhaps a little puzzled by the world's violence; but here was a new Rosina: she had found a voice and she had found a lover.

She had developed a gift for verse, and already a dozen had been published. Exquisite bits they were, restrained and tender, meticulously fashioned without being

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to me more than ever an inviolable refuge in a distracted city. But almost at once I was aware of a new spirit in the house—a spirit of suspense, of impending change. Rosina was not changed, and our hours together were peaceful and untroubled; but now it was, it seemed, a guarded peace, a serenity protected from intrusive outer forces. When I saw Lewis, I realized that the change was in him. He was restless, and his efforts to hide his restlessness made him self-conscious. He was like a man trying to walk on tiptoe in a sleeping house—afraid to move lest he make a disturbance. And he must talk with me of the war. He could not keep off it, though he tried to avoid any mention of horrors.

One afternoon I looked into the sitting-room on my way up-stairs and saw Lewis going through a setting-up exercise before the fire. The poodle Eliza crouched in a corner, yapping spitefully. Her quilted cushion lay in the middle of the floor; it occurred to me that Lewis had kicked it there. Despite the bright fire, the room seemed dull and crowded, and Lewis loomed uncommonly large on the hearth-rug. No man likes to be caught in a froggish attitude, knees bent, arms extended, and he straightened himself with a spring when he saw me in the doorway.

"A fellow gets stiff," he muttered confusedly. "Muscles go soft; ought to keep fit." He began to stride up and down the room, and stumbling over Eliza's cushion, he carried it back to the hearth-stone, and laid it down with guilty precision.

Rosina had told me she would be late for tea, and we sat down before the fire to wait for her. Lewis looked at me uneasily; was uneasy, and scowled to hide it, and hated himself for his ill humor. Presently he asked me if he might read me a letter he had just got from a college friend in Flanders. This man had gone with a section of the ambulance to Elverdingne, and out of this bombarded town he wrote with amazing gaiety and humor. He finished with a remark that I did n't understand, a reference, evidently, to some past experience with Lewis at home:

"When I first saw how these people cling to their ruined homes, it reminded me of the time Old Square Top burned down. You remember?"

"Old Square Top," Lewis repeated absently as he folded the letter, and then after a moment he brought out: "Funny how danger sharpens one's senses, makes things stand out. You remember every detail of a scene distinctly as if a flash-light had been thrown on it." And after a long pause he muttered more to himself than to me: "I can drive a car well enough; but I 'm pretty heavy, not fit enough for that life—" I knew then what he wanted—to join the ambulance.

Then Rosina came in, and we had our tea. The fire had died down, and the room had grown so dark that we could hardly see one another's faces. In a moment Rosina would light the lamps; she always lit them herself, and as late as possible. She said that candles were lovely in the twilight, but that one appreciated oil-lamps only after it had got quite dark.

I felt rather than saw Lewis's impatience and restlessness, and I dreaded the revelation of light. To relieve the tension, I began to talk about some women I had met that day at luncheon, quoted a bit of gossip, harmless enough and amusing. Lewis jumped from his chair with a smothered exclamation—

"Do you happen to know that they are selling Christian girls to Turkish soldiers in the streets of Damascus for twenty-three piasters?" he demanded. "Do these women friends of yours read the papers?"

He seized the poker and began to stir the fire savagely.

Rosina lighted the lamps, drew the curtains, and covered the clarino's cage.

"The brutes shall pay to the last drop," Lewis muttered, turning from the fire, his face crimson, struggling to control his voice. "They can't escape penalties."

"They can't escape," I agreed, "because penalties are attached to crimes like tails. Already they 're suffering—"

"They are sick souls," said Rosina, and she added, "Heaven help them!"

The very next day Lewis announced

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his decision; came straight into our parlor, carrying his hat, wearing his great-coat, and blurted out as if there were not a moment to lose:

"Rosina, I 've got to go over with the ambulance. I thought I 'd give a car; but they need men, too. I must go. I—"

He stopped abruptly, reddened, looked at us apologetically, as if he had found himself shouting aloud in that quiet room. Rosina showed no surprise. She had left her chair under the owl and was standing on the hearth-rug, one cheek turned to the ruddy fire-light, the other catching the glitter of late sunshine. This double play of light warmed and enlivened her brown hair, her pale skin, her quiet eyes, and lent to her beauty a mobility that was startling; but in a moment she stepped back into the shadow, and it was our serene Rosina who said:

"When would you like to go, Lewis?" He could not, after all, have expected protest, but he had looked for some sign of perturbation, some womanish signal of distress. Rosina's control, her quiet acceptance of a momentous decision, disarmed him, robbed him of determination.

"Oh—why—I don't know," he stammered, "have n't made plans yet; lot of affairs to attend to."

Rosina told me later that Lewis would go in the spring, and they would of course be married before he left. Weeks passed, and there was no discussion of plans for the wedding, and I had a sick foretaste of trouble when one day Lewis met me in the street and asked if he might walk home with me. We beat our way against a rough March gale in silence for several blocks, and I finally said:

"What is it? You look disturbed."

"Disturbed! I 'm in the lowest pit."

"Things not going well?" I asked, knowing that it must come out.

"Everything is wrong," he said miserably.

We had reached the house, and he turned and faced me at the steps, his face white despite the rough wind.

"Everything in the world is wrong, and I can't go on with this. I love Rosina, but I can't go on with it. I wish you would help me—help me make it clear to her that we can't marry."

At that my wrath was unbonnetted.

"I 'll not give you an atom of help," I declared. "Are you afraid of Rosina?" I fairly shouted my indignation.

"I 'm afraid she won't understand."

"Of course she won't understand," I returned. "She does n't understand anything that 's happening in this reckless, passionate world to-day. That 's one reason why we love her. She not only has n't got any evil or violence in her, but she 's protected from these things. They can't touch her."

I ran up the steps and led the way to the sitting-room. Rosina had not come in, and Lewis flung himself into a chair before the fire. He repeated:

"She 's protected. And this place of hers is a perfect nest of security," he went on, looking about the room impatiently. "I used to think of it as a magic circle in the midst of Bedlam; then I got to thinking it was n't good for me, made me soft; then I could n't stand it. It is n't that I want to get over to do my job with all this in mind as a haven to return to. I can't come back to this; I don't want quiet and security. I 've been fairly snug all my life; I 've decided that this old planet is n't a proper place to be snug in any more, there 's such a lot of cleaning up to be done. Now I 've got started, I must keep moving."

He squared his shoulders and flung out his arms in a wide gesture—a gesture almost comic, as if he would spread wings. Then he caught my eye, and subsided again in my Uncle Jacob's chair.

"Sounds absurd to you," he muttered.

I 'd like to have said it was absurd, but it was n't. It is hard for a man with stodgy ways to expand without seeming bombastic, flamboyant, and that cozy, fire-lit room, with the poodle Eliza on her cushion and the mute clarino in its cage, made a poor background for rebellion of any sort. I felt a glimmer of admiration for this heavy fellow who was trying to break the comfortable shell of his life, but

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I wanted to hurt him for the pain he was about to inflict on Rosina.

"She won't understand how you feel; but she 'll make it as easy as she can for you, be sure of that," I said, knowing that nothing is so embarrassing as to have one's victim help one out in the horrid business of disillusion. Really good and gentle people take many such unconscious advantages. Your ordinary mortal resents them, finds them irritating, becomes more brutal because of them.

I knew that not only would Rosina have no reproaches for him, but she would try, too, to protect him from self-reproach. And he, remembering it, would scourge himself all the days of his life.

Then came the sound of a key in the door, and Eliza waddled into the hall to greet her mistress. I went up-stairs.

I did not come down till the dinner-hour, and then I stood for a moment in the lower hall, hoping that Rosina would call me, dreading to break the silence in that room, dreading the sight of Rosina's face.

The fire had gone out, but the lamps were lighted, and the clarino's cage was covered. Rosina sat in her straight chair, her hands folded, her feet crossed on the tufted stool. Some books and newspapers of Lewis's had been tossed on the shelf over her head, and the owl, jarred from its upright posture, had fallen back against the wall in a grotesque attitude of consternation and alarm.

I knelt down by Rosina's chair, murmuring I don't know what uncertain words of comfort, and she summoned for me, from some last reserve of control, a quiet smile.

If she had wept, if she had given me a look of agony or bewilderment, I should have been relieved; but she did n't. She had the air of one who has accepted an irremediable loss without question or outcry, and she had aged, paled, shrunken. She had changed, it seemed, as suddenly as on that day when Lewis announced his decision, she had stepped back from the illusive cross play of sunlight and firelight into the shadow.

I knew that soon, very soon, I must be leaving. I must go back to V——, to the wholesome fatigue of crowded, anxious days.

"Come with me, Rosina," I urged. "I 'll find something for you to do. Come over with me." She shook her head.

"I could n't go." She said it with finality, and I knew that she was right. She was not sturdy enough for uprooting, for transplanting.

"Perhaps not, perhaps not," I agreed with a forced heartiness that sounded unpleasant in my own ears. "But you still have your gift, Rosina; you can go on with your work, you can live in that, you know. Love is n't all of life; you can find happiness in your writing." She shook her head again.

"You are mistaken." She had opened her knitting-bag, and with the brown wool there tumbled into her lap some odd ends of paper. She gathered them up and put them into the wastepaper-basket, not the fire. There would, I thought, be hope if she threw them into the fire, but she dropped them into the waste-paper-basket, and she repeated as she sat down again and took up her knitting:

"You are mistaken. A bird can't fly when one of its wings is clipped. It is n't necessary to cut both wings to keep the creature on the ground. It 's a matter of balance. I sha'n't fly any more."

Well, in a world filled with pain and sacrifice and brave death, I find that one day mercifully blots out another. In order to meet a difficult to-morrow, the mind refuses to be encumbered with unhappy yesterday. But there is one picture I cannot be rid of: Rosina knitting in her sunny room, the poodle Eliza sleeping on her quilted cushion, the mute clarino in its commodious cage.

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AMERICAN WAR INDUSTRIES

Five Drawings

By

Herbert Pullinger

"BUILDING SHIPS"

"THE COAL BREAKER"

"THE LOCOMOTIVE SHOP"

"THE BLAST FURNACE"

"THE GANTRY"

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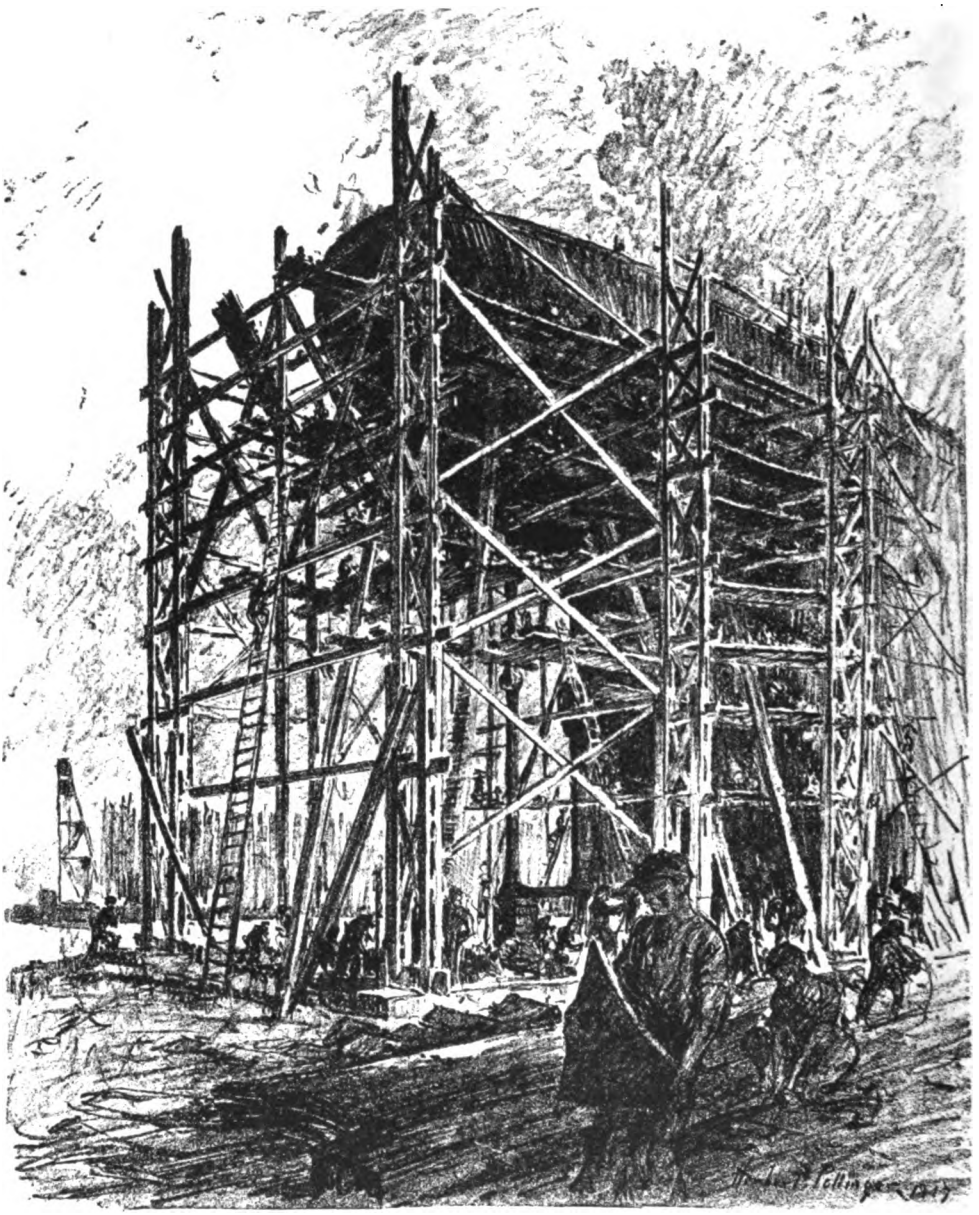

BUILDING SHIPS

In these days, when ships and more ships is the cry, when they are turning them out in two months or better, it is natural to suppose that much of the romance which pervaded the shipyard has disappeared. They are building them to-day according to blue print. One plate fits against another according to number, and the crew which drives the most rivets gets the prize, and this is as it should be. Ship-building to-day hardly looks like ship-building at all—more like an open-air boiler factory. Here and there, however, one finds a view which is a little as it used to be

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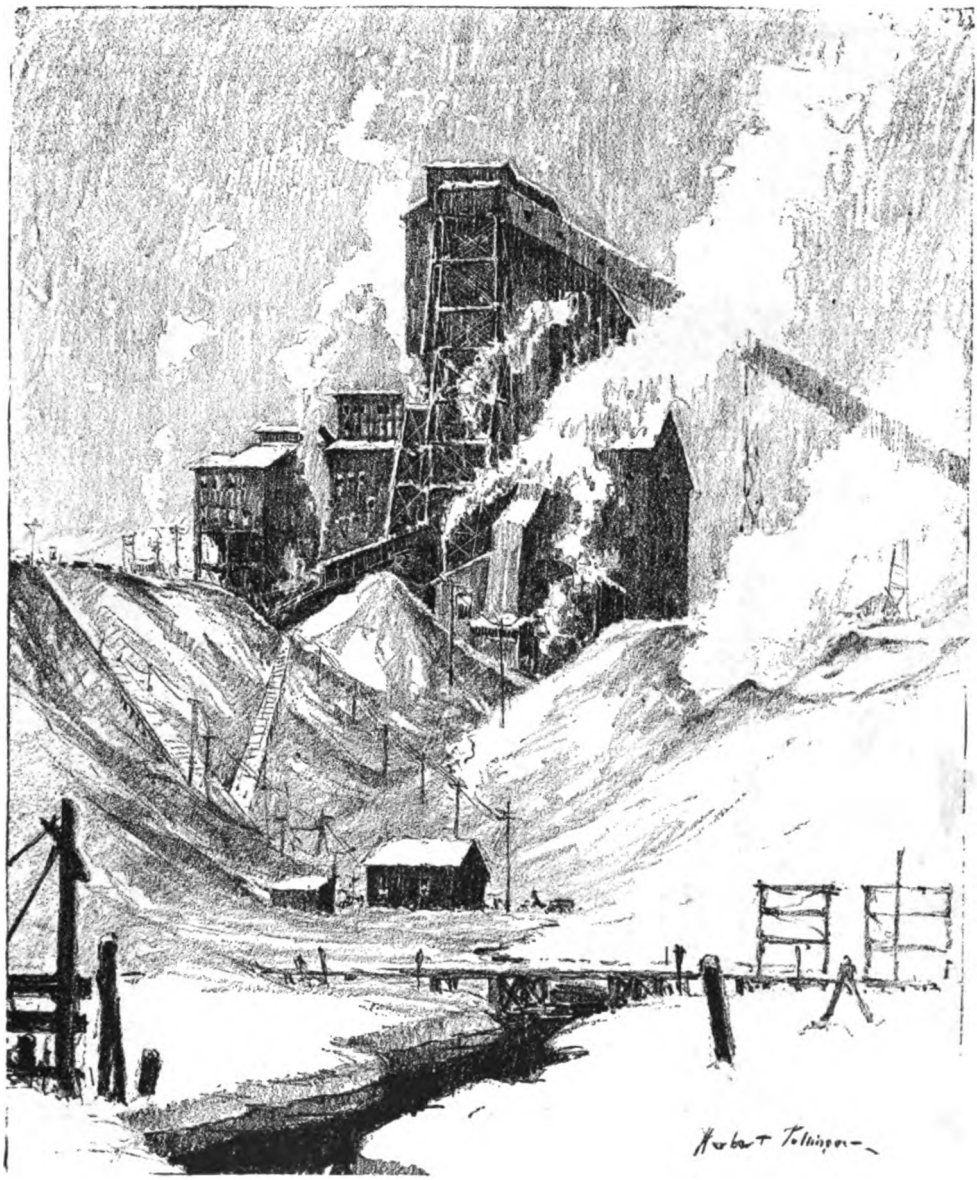

THE COAL-BREAKER

Most people have failed to see the picturesque beauty of the coal-breaker. This dark, looming, castle-like affair, surrounded by huge black piles of refuse and dozens of little yawning cañons, with here and there a solitary mule standing dejectedly on the far-off end of a culm pile, and the occasional glimpse of the dirty-faced, haggard-looking miners themselves, tends to remind one of the hard and dangerous toil far below the earth surface, and this is not pleasant to think about. Yet without them what would our fleet and the fleets of our Allies do and what would we do?

The breakers are not only picturesque, but beautiful, and their beauty is a hundred times enhanced by the snow

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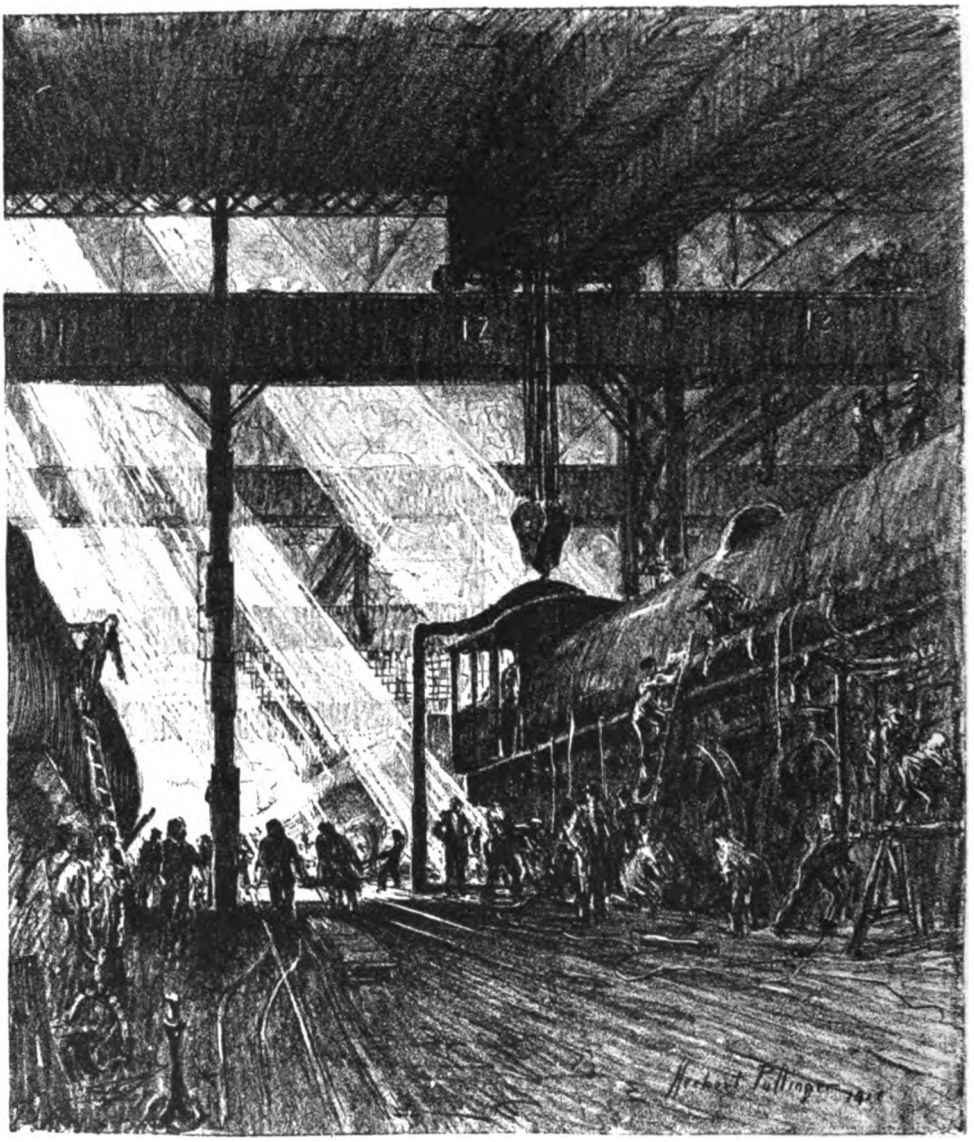

THE LOCOMOTIVE SHOP

Down the long shop one sees row after row of engines of all shapes and sizes and in all states of completion—engines for France and engines for England and engines for our own use both at home and abroad. Great shafts of sunlight stream down through the upper regions of the shop, flooding sunlight about the thousands of grimy workers who dart to and fro like ants amid the din and dust

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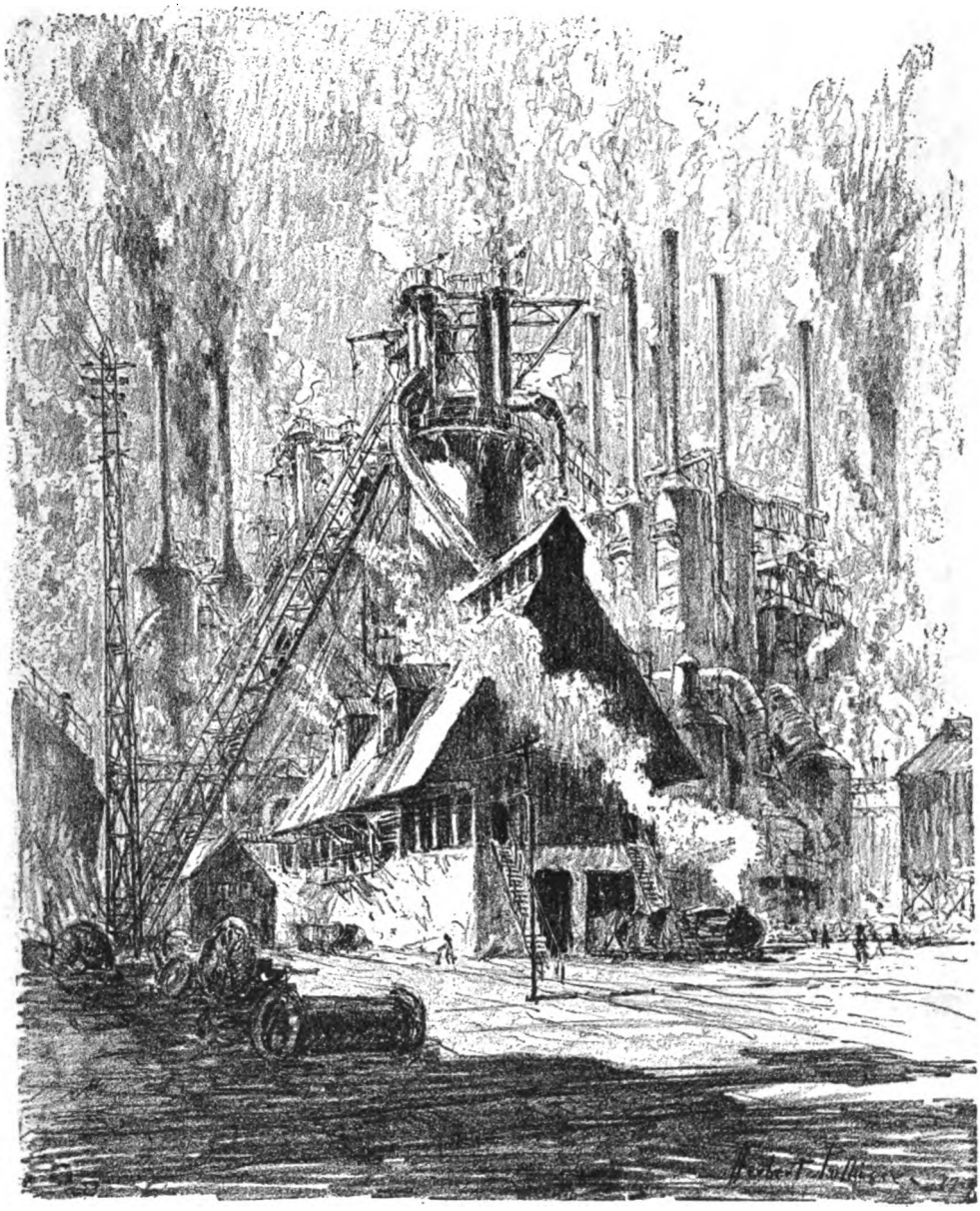

THE BLAST-FURNACE

What could be more picturesque than this group of furnaces, made after a certain uniform fashion, but continually being improved, so that no two are really alike in detail? Each has its set of tall stoves surrounding it, to heat the air which blows the impurities out of the hot metal.

Up the runway in tiny cars goes the coke, the lime, the ore, and the other things of which iron is made. It is all dumped into the top upon a very hot fire, and when it is ready, the furnace is tapped below, and the molten iron runs down through fiery little lanes, and falls into big ladle cars. Then the engine pulls the train of ladles out from under the shed, and it is on its way—the way that leads to steel and thence to big guns, armor-plate, and ships

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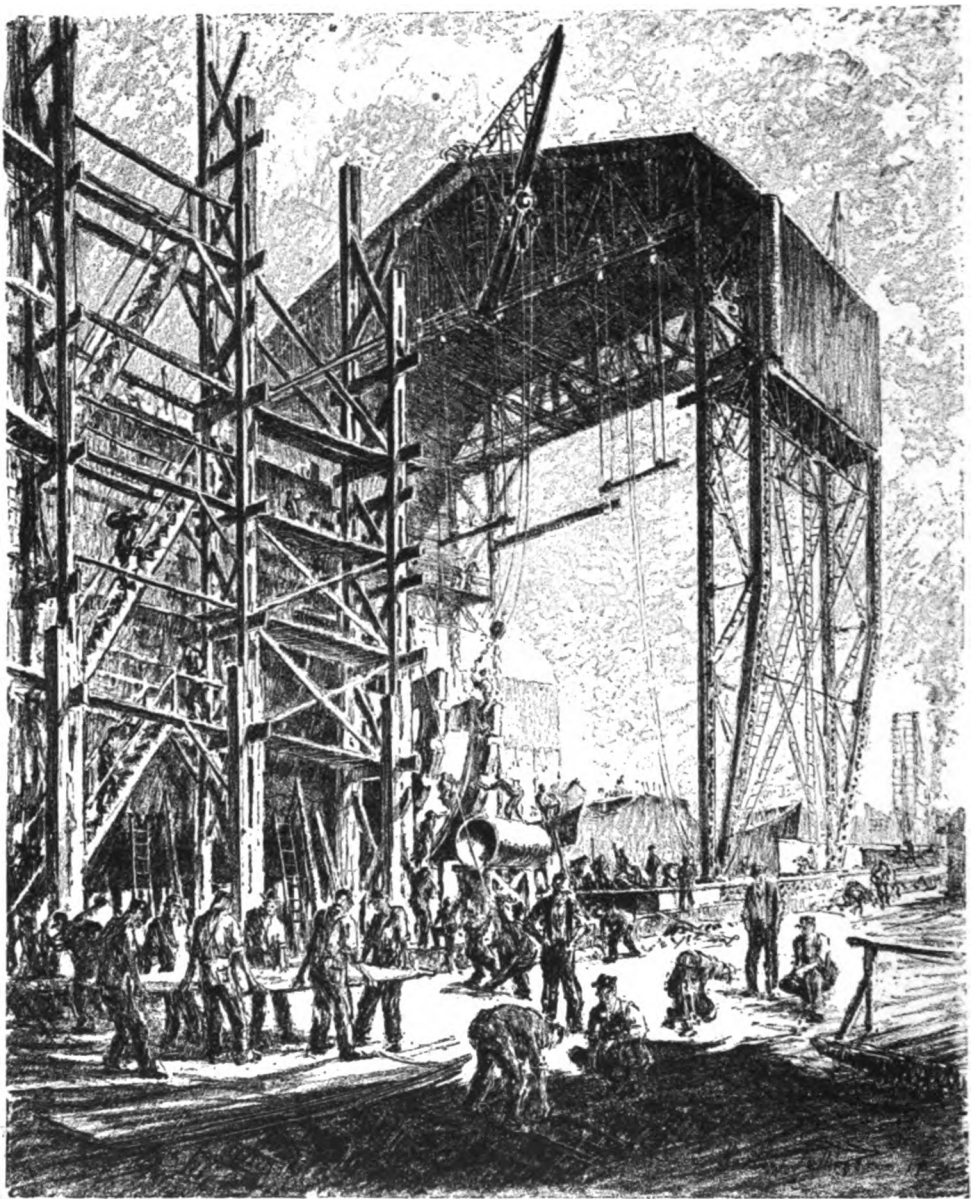

THE GANTRY

Looming high over the heads of the scurrying, sweating figures who labor to build a ship, the "gantry," a huge electrically propelled crane, something new in Eastern seaboard shipyards, runs on a heavy track, clearing the biggest ship and the staging surrounding it, and powerful enough to lift whole sections of a ship when the signal is given. The crane-man away up in the mysterious interior region of the crane starts the power, and the stern or bow, completed on the ground, is swung through the air and attached. This is modern ship-building

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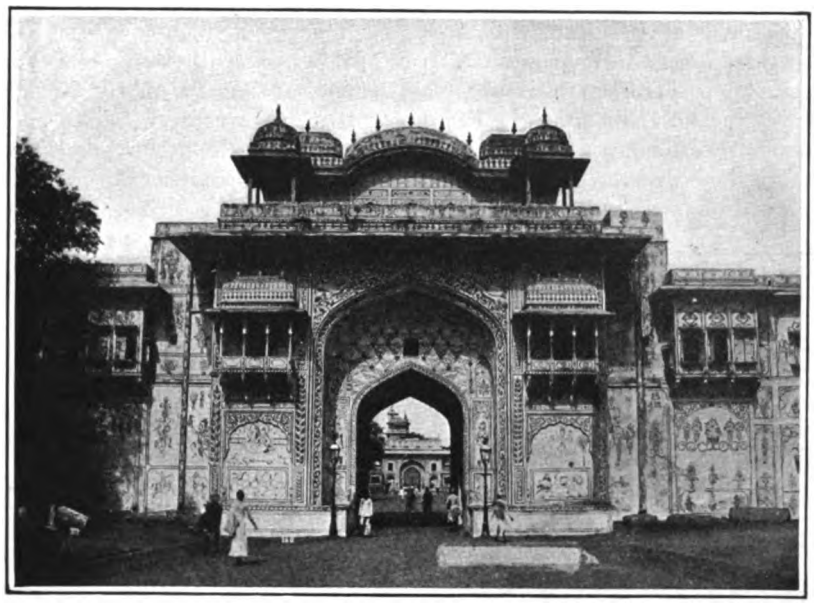

GATEWAY TO THE MAHARAJA'S PALACE AT JEYPORE

The Future of India

By SIR JOHN FOSTER FRASER, F.R.G.S.

WHENEVER I hear questioned the advantages of British rule in India I recall an experience. Years ago I crossed Persia. It was a country of glorious history, but seemed to have sunk to a state of repellent senility. It was as though a curse had fallen upon the land. The people were miserable and ill kempt. Modern architecture was debased. The famous cities of Teheran, Ispahan, and Shiraz had relics of past greatness, but they accentuated the sordidness of the present. There were no roads of merit; there were no railways whatever. In all my wanderings in over half a hundred different countries there was no region so wretchedly slothful and degraded as the land of the shah.

Then, as passing through a door, I entered India. It was a neighboring Eastern country, and many of the people were of the same race and the same Mohammedan faith; yet what a contrast! Great thriving commercial cities like Bombay, Calcutta, and Madras; a fine transcontinental railway system; excellent roads everywhere; areas of great industrial activity; all the towns well kept and decorated with exquisite gardens; on all sides an atmosphere of modernism, of stable government, of progress. I do not desire to make the comparison too marked, but I have often wondered whether Persia would have been as prosperous as India if the British had ruled it, and whether India would have degenerated to the position of Persia if left to itself.

India, with its population of over three hundred millions, was the home of a lofty civilization when the ancestors of most of us belonging to the Western races were little removed from savages. Its historical monuments are the most impressive in the world, revealing a long stretch of intensive culture. Indeed, the West owes much more to the East than the East owes to the West. From the East we get all our religion, most of our philosophy. In return we have given little more than mechanical devices and industrialism and such

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things which pass by the name of twentieth-century civilization. And while it is true that there are millions of peasants in ignorance and superstition, it is not too much to say that in India are to be found men of scholarly attainments and animated by a beautiful idealism. Folk who lump the people of India with other dark-skinned races of Asia or Africa are guilty of a grave injustice.

THE GANGES FROM BENARES, THE HOLY CITY OF THE HINDUS (THE GANGES IS FOUR MILES WIDE AT THIS POINT)

It is one of the romances of empire-building that a little knuckle-bone of an island to the northwest of Europe should have become the possessor of India, "the brightest jewel in the English crown," as Lord Beaconsfield once described it. Just about the time Queen Elizabeth granted a charter to a group of her subjects to start trading in America in a region called, after her, Virginia, a charter was given to English merchants to trade with the Orient. That was the beginning of mighty things. A hundred and fifty years later wars between England and France gave England pride of place in North America and in India.

English traders had no actual territory in India, but when there was the tragedy of the Black Hole of Calcutta,—146 English men and women confined in a cell sixteen feet square, and only twenty-three of them coming out alive,—Clive, with a force no bigger than a British battalion of to-day,—a thousand men,—administered punishment, chose a new Viceroy of Bengal, and started the first real exercise of British power over India.

The continent at that time was under the rule of three powers. There was the Mogul dynasty, despotic and corrupt, sweating the cultivators of the soil with excessive and unrelenting taxation. The English merchants insisted on making a valuation of the land, fixing the taxation and collecting the revenues. Reducing taxation was the first blessing India received from English control. So, as the corrupt and feeble Mogul dynasty disappeared, it seemed to be the natural thing that the English would take over the administration. The English did nothing to hinder the rule of native princes; but they did resist any attempts by foreign Mohammedans to secure the land in the Mogul territory. They exercised supervision over the native princes; that has continued to the present day. There are vast territories to-day ruled by native maharajas and rajas, and their freedom is unfettered so long as the supervision of the English, ostensibly in the interests of peace, is not repudiated. But so powerful became the British that when a native prince through ambition or resentment acted inimicably to British interests, he was deposed and a more amenable prince put in his place.

Then there were the old Hindu states, inhabited by a gentle people who had suffered much from the warlike Mohammedans. The help of the British was welcomed, for they gave protection and maintained the princes. Indeed, among the most loyal upholders of the British administration are the chiefs of these native states. The princes are autocratic, and may be despotic so far as they conceive it judicious to be so under the watchful eye of Great Britain, which always has a

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political representative to keep the ruler wise on what power he can be allowed to exercise over his people. It has frequently been said these political representatives are really dictators. No doubt in the case of weak princes that is so; but it can be accepted that in the main their presence at the native courts is intended as a reminder that princes have duties to their people and that undue exactions will not be permitted by the Indian Viceroy, the direct representative of the British King, who is also Emperor of India.

A third class of rulers in India are those found in the Mahratta states, founded by raiding hill tribes and the Sikh confederacy, a strong military caste. Had it not been for the strong arm of Great Britain, it is unquestionable that these invaders and fighting tribes would have made considerable endeavors to become masters of all the rest of India. In the old days England's wars in India were caused by resisting the aggressions of the Mahratta and the Sikhs. The latter were splendid soldiers. When the time came to recognize British sovereignty, they were the most gallant fighters on the side of England. At the time of the lamentable Indian Mutiny they championed the British cause.

Over seventy years have now elapsed since by that struggle the British became the masters of India. Delhi, Cawnpore, Lucknow are memorable landmarks. The defense of Lucknow is one of the most thrilling stories in history. I remember one evening, after wandering among the picturesque ruins of the residency at Lucknow, going into the adjoining cemetery, where lie many dead brave, and reading the simple, touching inscription over the grave of the hero of that defense, "Here lies Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty."

All this goes to show that Great Britain never conquered India, as the phrase is currently understood, but gradually inherited and undertook increased responsibilities, owing to the disturbed conditions of the country caused by the rival ambitions of native rulers and the warlike operations of invading peoples. During the last half-century there have been many small wars, chiefly in the hills of the northwest with tribes which made predatory excursions into the lands of their more peaceful neighbors.

The broad, outstanding fact is that Great Britain brought peace to several hundred million people who for centuries had suffered the evils of constant war. Laws of equity were established everywhere; not British laws, but laws founded on native custom and practice and administered in local languages. Nothing has ever been done to hamper the use of Indian languages,—English officials are obliged to learn Hindustani,—and the rights of innumerable religious bodies have been jealously guarded. It has been because these religious rights were never allowed to be interfered with—and religious animosities are quite as acute in India as in other parts of the world—that has given rise to the belief among the ill-informed that Great Britain has long maintained her supremacy by cunningly playing off one great religious body against another and so preventing a fusion of all races and all faiths for an uprising intended to remove British dominance.

In strict fact, Great Britain was successful in India for the same reason she has been the most successful of colonizing powers: because she interfered as little as possible with the habits and desires of the local people. Vast commercial native undertakings, American in their magnitude, have prospered under the stable government established by Great Britain. The products of the West, all the modern scientific developments, have been introduced. And when it is remembered that India has three hundred millions of population, it is the cheapest-governed country in the world. India has to pay for the army within its borders, it pays government officials, and at the end of twenty-five or thirty years of work has to provide them or their families with pensions; but the treasury of Great Britain does not profit by one cent because India is under the British crown.

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The perfectly legitimate question can be asked: If India has benefitted so much under British rule, how it is that there is grave discontent in India; and if England is a champion of self-government, how is it that it is not granted to India?

Here one raises issues which are open to honest controversy. It is not for me to provide a solution; but I can point out certain things that are not generally kept in consideration by those who are perplexed by the Indian problem, and can mark the lines along which the mighty dependency will ultimately achieve its political freedom. It is not true there is any portion of the British community desirous that India should be in a state of subjection. Great questions, constantly in the minds of the British statesmen, are: Is India, an Oriental country, in a fit state readily to adapt itself to democratic government, which is a Western institution? Would the native antagonisms, which are quiescent under the overlordship of Great Britain, burst forth again, and the country be thrown to turbulent war? What guarantee is there that some other great power would not seize India and be deficient in considering the well-being of the natives, which has been the characteristic of the British?

Let it be admitted that it is galling to a high-spirited Indian prince that he must conform his actions to the authority of the viceroy; let it be conceded that it is the perfectly natural wish of enlightened and frequently Western-educated Indians that their land should be freed from the jurisdiction of the English: but you cannot concede both at the same time, because the independence of the Indian princes and the exercise of democratic power by the Indian people are in conflict.

The man of the West, reared in a free country, must sympathize with freedom wherever it is desired; but every man acquainted with Eastern traits knows that what we call democracy is completely alien to the Oriental character, though much in evidence in the speech and the writings of Orientals who have received the main part of their education in European and particularly in British universities. Without wishing to exaggerate the point, it may be laid down as a principle that the Oriental admires personal power, that he recognizes the sovereignty of strength, practising it himself whenever he has the chance, and that concession, even from the most generous of motives, is not unusually interpreted as a sign of weakness.

Yet it is idle to deny that there is a great movement in India to secure self-government. This is fostered by two agencies: first, a great portion of the cultivated native community, which has many sympathizers in the British House of Commons and Great Britain generally, and who believe there should be a gradual devolution of administrative and political power, advancing at a rate in accordance with its success, until India attains the same position as a British Dominion, complete self-government, with the crown as the golden link to bind it to the rest of the British Empire; and, second, a small portion of active, bitter seditionists who are constantly magnifying supposed injustice and slights and picturing the millennium which would burst open to the people if the domineering British could be removed. Nay, long before the Great War it was not infrequently preached that the Germans should have control of India, and it is only now that we can guess the origin of that propaganda. That many Indians have much to complain about is not to be denied, and that occasionally there are miscarriages of justice. The poor native, living near to starvation, sees the English manufacturer living in luxury in a fine house and his ladies taking the air in a costly automobile, and it is easy to instil into his Eastern mind that the foreigner is fattening on his toil. It is not pointed out what would have been the condition of the native if the Englishman had not started a cotton factory in his neighborhood.

It is an interesting fact that the more violent of the champions for the speedy throwing off of British domination are men who have received their education in

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England. Physical labor is not held in such high esteem in India as it is in the West. There is a feeling that there is something lowering about work. What India needs more than anything is that the bright and clever young men should have technical instruction, so that they can take charge of and develop the great trades and industries of India. India needs workshops, factories, great engineering plants. It has many; yet with very rare exceptions they are under the control of Britons. Not that there is any antagonism to the control being in the hands of natives,—the Indian Government has been striving for years to foster technical instruction,—but because the Indian himself wants to be something much more dignified, like a lawyer, and perhaps one day a judge.

So thousands of clever young men proceed to London. They are received in the most friendly way; hospitable doors are thrown open to them; they make the acquaintance of English women; they read for the English bar; and the time comes when they are full-fledged barristers. Then they go home, and often there is tragedy. They find the profession of the law more stocked in India than in any other land. They have enjoyed their several years in England. In India, however, they are not visitors, but natives. English homes are not open to them. The returned Indian can no longer play tennis with Englishwomen any more than the Englishman can have social tête-à-tête with the women of the Indian's family. He may be a member of a West End Club in London, but in India he is not permitted membership in clubs where the British meet. He feels the strong line of demarcation between himself and the British, and though possibly a man of caste himself, and resents those of other castes contaminating his presence, his heart is sore within him against the caste of the British. He is always on the watch for slights. He finds that when invited to a Government House reception he must enter by another door than that used by the British. He remembers the offensiveness of some young English subaltern who has reminded him he is no longer in London. And there is where much of the mischief lies.

The Indian reared in India, and accepting caste as a natural condition of things, is usually contented. It is the Indian who has enjoyed the absence of caste in England who returns to India, and finding that the British have their own caste, who lets malice grow in his soul. With scarcely an exception, all the agitators are men who spent their youth in England. The problem is a great one. Is it well that English homes should be thrown open to young Indians when discontent and unhappiness is going to be the consequence? Would it not be better if India had her separate bar and that Indian lawyers were trained in India?

TEMPLE OF HATHI LINGH AHMEDABAD (OUTSIDE THE DELHI GATE) A MONUMENT TO THE ENDURANCE OF JAIN ARCHITECTURAL ART

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The British people are sympathetic toward the aspirations of the Indian people. That sympathy is, however, not so marked among the British in India who control the administrative machine. These Anglo-Indians have done a great and glorious work, and the prosperity and peacefulness of India is their monument. They are much more likely to know conditions in India than the man who lives in London or New York and who is actuated by general principles; but they are a distinct class, and not a few, after long years of service, find it painful, when they return to England, to be treated without any distinction by other elderly gentlemen in the club. In India they were important personages. Many Indians with whom I have discussed Eastern problems are convinced that the opponents to India's self-government are not the British people, but this caste of Anglo-Indian officialdom, which for several generations has held dignity in India, desires to pass it on to sons and nephews, and is somewhat alarmed at plans which would mean the lopping of pensions for Anglo-Indians and their families, small, but sufficient to permit them to reside among their own caste at Cheltenham and Leamington Spa. Such a sweeping assertion is ill founded; yet it is fixed in the minds of many of India's emancipators, as they are called, that the objection to self-government on the part of the Anglo-Indians is selfish, whereas it is more likely to be based on the human weakness which affects us all and is summed up in the question, Things have improved enormously; so why go upsetting everything to effect a change which very likely will be a disaster?

The fact to be noted, however, is not that Great Britain has sternly set its face against India being ruled by the Indians, but that it is preparing for that very thing, though the day of full realization may still be distant. Great Britain is not emotional, and it never acts with spasmodic enthusiasm. It is aware not only of the glory of India, but of its own responsibility in regard to India. As it has high reputation in developing self-government, it has—I am now voicing the views of the great majority of the British people—a wish to accelerate it; but, advancing cautiously, it wants to be quite sure that what fits the Occident will be suitable for the Orient. So it moves slowly and cautiously; but it moves.

It is a popular error, which I have frequently encountered in the United States, that the people of India have no voice whatever in their own affairs. As a matter of truth, the voice of India has an important place in the control of the Government. Distinguished Indians are nominated to the viceroy's council, though they are in the minority. Indians hold high places in the judicature. In most public offices many of the important posts are held by natives. In recent years there have been established provincial councils, not elected on a democratic franchise, but balanced; so that there is due proportionate representation of Mohammedans, Hindus, and those of other faiths and races.

The growing demand is that there should be more direct relationship between the people and the Government. Yet sporadic outbursts of sedition on the parts of persons and parts of the community must not be taken as representative of general popular feeling. Germany misjudged India just as it misjudged the temperament of other parts of the British Empire when the war-cloud burst four years ago. Germany thought there would be a general uprising against British rule. In reality the war stilled sedition, and the whole of India blazed in a panorama of patriotism to the British Empire. There are no truer and more daring soldiers fighting for the king-emperor to-day than the men of Hindustan.

The war is changing conditions all over the world, and they are being changed in regard to India. The claim will certainly be made that India have a greater measure of self-government than it now possesses. There is no question what will be the decision of the British people on that point. It will be found that progress will be made step by step. As each step is justified, there will be another step for-

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ward, until in the fullness of time India will be as assuredly self-controlled as is Canada, Australia, or South Africa.

In England there is no prejudice against color. This cannot be said about some parts of the British Dominions; say, Australia. Although both are parts of the empire, Australia, except in special circumstances, does not permit a native of India to settle in the commonwealth. The use of colored British subjects in tropical Australia is a difficult political issue on which I do not purpose to embark; but I do know that Indians object to being classed in Australia and South Africa with the ordinary negroes, for there is absolutely no comparison. Broad-minded Indians do not question the right of Australians to exclude men of their race. What they say is that they should have the right to exclude Australians and Australian goods from India.

Last year there was an imperial council held in London, the nucleus of a real imperial parliament, representatives of all the empire. For the first time India was invited to be present at the gathering, and the chief representative was the Maharaja of Bikanir. But here there was a distinction which accelerated a decision. It was discovered that India was actually represented at the council by the Secretary of State for India, who was an Englishman, and that the Maharaja of Bikanir was present merely in a *consultative* capacity. This was giving with one hand and taking away with the other. There was a good deal of underground protest, and the matter was discussed behind closed doors by the representatives of all the British. The decision was most significant for the future of India: that at all forthcoming imperial conferences the native representatives of India should sit at the same board and have the same voting power as the representatives of Great Britain, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa.

Such an event, though little noted in these days of hurly-burly, is to be reckoned as one of the great steps toward giving India not independence, for no Indians except the fanatics want independence, but status as a self-governing community such as Canada is. Some worthy Anglo-Indians may wag their heads and say that India is not fitted for such a change. That is probably quite true. The point is that the desire of the British people, through their Parliament, is to educate the Indians in self-government, so that when through evolution the great change is made, India will be in a proper state to manage her own affairs and play her part, along with the chosen men of the Dominions, in deciding the destinies of the British Empire.

ONE OF THE FIFTEEN HUNDRED TEMPLES THAT LINE THE SHORES OF THE GANGES AT BENARES

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A Childhood in Brittany Eighty Years Ago

By ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK

Illustrations by P. de Leslie

CHAPTER VIII

LE MARQUIS DE PLOEUC

IN the Château de Ker-Guélegaan, near Quimper, lived an old friend of my family's, the Marquis de Ploeuc. The château was one of the oldest in Finisterre, an immense weather-beaten pile with a moat, a drawbridge, a great crenellated tower, and a turret that, springing from the first story, seemed, with its high-pointed roof, to be suspended in the air. Tall, dark trees rose in ordered majesty about the château, and before it a wide band of lawn, called a *tapis vert,* ran to the lodge-gates that opened on the high-road. From the upper windows one saw the blue Brittany sea. Along the whole length of the front façade ran a stone terrace with seven wide steps; the windows of the *salle d'honneur* opened upon this, and the windows of the *petit salon* and the dining- and billiard-room. The furniture in the *salle d'honneur* was of Louis XV white lacquer, court chairs, and *tabourets de cour.* There were tall mirrors all along the walls, and in the corners hung four great crystal chandeliers. The curtains and portières were of a heavy, white silk that had become gray with time; they were scattered with bouquets of faded flowers, and caught up and looped together with knots of ribbon that had once been rose-colored. This glacial and majestic room was seldom used; it was in the *petit salon,* leading from it, that guests usually sat. Here the chairs

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were carved along their tops with garlands of roses and ribbons so delicate that we children were specially forbidden to touch them. The walls were hung with tapestries, at which I used often to gaze with delight. One saw life-sized ladies and gentlemen dancing in stately rounds or laughing under trees and among flowers and butterflies. The great dining-room was paneled with dark wood carved into frames around the portraits of ancestors that were ranged along it. The coffers and the sideboards, where the silver stood, were of the same carved wood. I remember once going down to peep at the kitchen in the basement, and the dark immensity, streaming, as it were, with cooks, servants, kitchen-boys, and maids, so bewildered and almost frightened me that I never ventured there again.

The old marquis was a widower, and his married daughters, the Marquise de L—— and Mme. d' A——, usually lived with him and his unmarried daughter Rosine, who became a nun. He was a splendid old gentleman, tall, with a noble carriage and severe, yet radiant, countenance. In the daytime he dressed always in gray coat and knee-breeches, with gray-and-black striped stockings and buckled shoes. At night his thick, white hair was gathered into a *catogan*,—a little square black-silk bag, that is to say,—tied with a bow, and he wore a black-silk suit. On festal occasions, Christmas, Easter, or his fête-day, he became a magnificent figure in brocaded coat and white-satin waistcoat and knee-breeches; he had diamond shoe- and knee-buckles, diamond buttons on his waistcoat, and golden *aiguillettes* looped across his breast and shoulder.

The diamond buckles he left to me, to be given to me on my first communion, and in his lifetime he had made for me a beautiful missal bound in white parchment and closed with a diamond and emerald clasp; inside were old illuminations.

In his youth M. de Ploeuc had been an officer of the Chouans, and he was, of course, a passionate royalist. He always wore the Croix de St. Louis, a fleur-de-lis, with the little cross attached by blue ribbon. I asked him once if it was the same sort of decoration as my Grandfather de Rosval's, which, I said, was larger and was tied with red, and I remember the kindly and ironic smile of my old friend as he answered, "Oh, no; that is only the Légion d'honneur."

Brittany had many marquises, some of them also old and distinguished; but he was the *doyen* of them all, and was always called simply *le* marquis. Any disputes or difficulties among the local *noblesse* were always brought to him for his decision, and on such occasions, if the discussions became heated, he would say, *"Palsan bleu, mes seigneurs, il me semble que vous vous oubliez ici,"* using the dignified oath already becoming obsolete. His French was the old French of the court. He never, for instance, said, *"Je vous remercie,"* but, *"Je vous rends grâce."*

Guests at Ker-Guélegaan arrived with their own horses and carriages to stay a month or more, and open house was kept. Breakfast was at six for those who did not take communion at the mass that was celebrated every morning in the chapel adjoining the château; these breakfasted on returning. It was permissible for ladies, at this early hour, to appear very informally in *peignoirs* and *bigoudics*. *Bigoudics* are curl-papers or ribbons. The marquis almost always took communion, but he usually appeared at the six o'clock breakfast. After mass, once his correspondence dealt with, he played billiards with Rosine, the beautiful girl who became a nun in the order of the Carmelites, an order so strict that those who entered it died, to all intents and purposes, since their relatives never saw them again, and at that time were not even informed of their death. I see Rosine very clearly, bending over the billiard-table under her father's fond gaze, and I can also see her kneeling to pray in a corner of the *petit salon*. It was with such simplicity that any suspicion of affectation or parade was out of the question. In the midst of a con-

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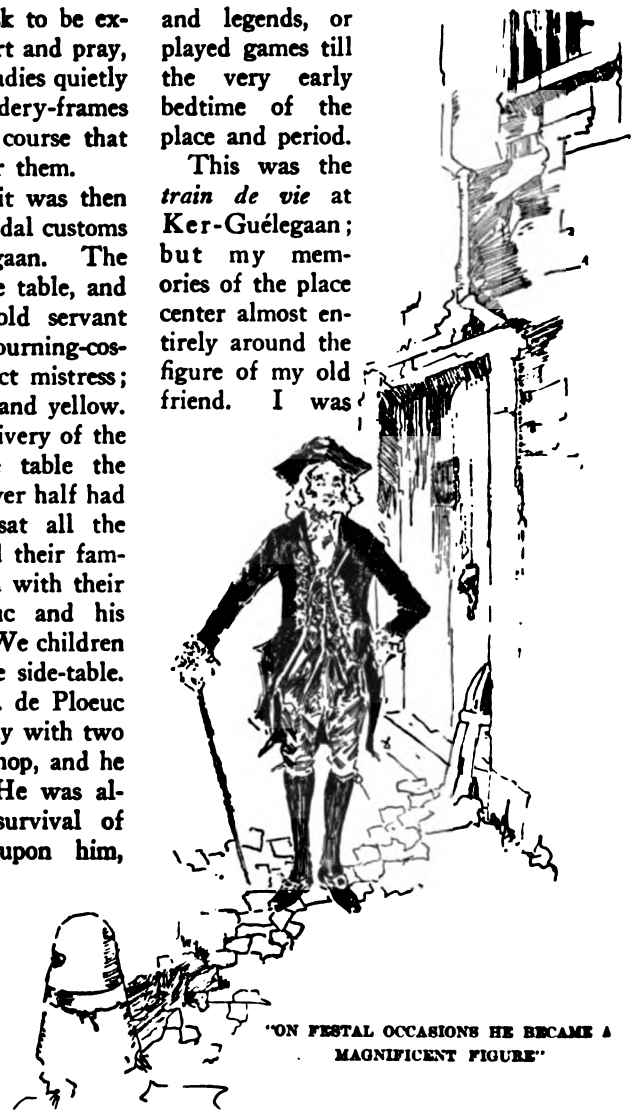
versation she would gently ask to be excused and would go there apart and pray, sometimes for an hour. The ladies quietly gossiping over their embroidery-frames took it quite as a matter of course that Rosine should be praying near them.

Déjeuner was at ten, and it was then that one saw how strongly feudal customs still survived at Ker-Guélegaan. The marquis sat at the head of the table, and behind his chair stood his old servant Yvon, dressed in Breton mourning-costume in memory of his defunct mistress; that is to say, in blue, black, and yellow. The other servants wore the livery of the house. Half-way down the table the white cloth ended, and the lower half had a matting covering. Here sat all the farmers of Ker-Guélegaan and their families, taking their midday meal with their master, while M. de Ploeuc and his guests and family sat above. We children were usually placed at a little side-table. The meal aways began by M. de Ploeuc rising and blessing the company with two outstretched fingers, like a bishop, and he then recited a benediction. He was always served first, another survival of patriarchal custom, forced upon him, rather, for I remember his protesting against it and wishing my mother, who sat next him, to be served before him; but she would not hear of it. During the repasts a violinist and a *biniou*-player, dressed in his Breton costume, played to us.

and legends, or played games till the very early bedtime of the place and period.

This was the *train de vie* at Ker-Guélegaan; but my memories of the place center almost entirely around the figure of my old friend. I was



"ON FESTAL OCCASIONS HE BECAME A MAGNIFICENT FIGURE"

After luncheon the ladies drove or rode or walked as the fancy took them, or, assembled in the *petit salon,* talked over their work. On hot days the blinds would be drawn down before the open windows, but in the angle of each window was fixed a long slip of mirror, so that from every corner one could see if visitors, welcome or unwelcome, were driving up to the *perron. Goûter,* at three, consisted of bread, fruit, and milk, and dinner was at five. After that the ladies and gentlemen assembled in the *petit salon* and talked, told ghost-stories

his constant companion. When he rode out after luncheon to visit his farms, I would sit before him on his old horse Pluton. He never let Pluton gallop for fear of tiring him. "Do you see, *ma petite,*" he would say, "Pluton is a comrade who has never failed me. He has earned a peaceful old age." We passed, in the wood behind the château, a monument of a Templar that frightened and interested me. He lay with his hands crossed over his sword, his feet stayed against a couchant hound, and I could not understand why he wore a knitted coat.

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My old friend burst out laughing when I questioned him, and said that I was as ignorant as a little carp, and that it was high time I went to the Sacré Cœur. He told me that the knitted coat was a coat of mail, and tried to instil a little history into my mind, telling me of the crusades and St. Louis; but I am afraid that my mind soon wandered away to Pluton's gently pricked ears and to the wonders of the woods that surrounded us. We had walks together, too, and went one day to the sea-shore, where there was a famous grotto often visited by strangers. When we arrived at the black arch among the rocks and I heard it was called the Devil's Grot, I was terrified, clinging to M. de Ploeuc's hand and refusing to enter.

"But why not, Sophie? Why not?" he questioned me. "I am here to take care of you, and there is no danger at all. See, Yann is lighting the torches to show us the way."

"But the devil—the devil will get me," I whispered; "Jeannie told me so."

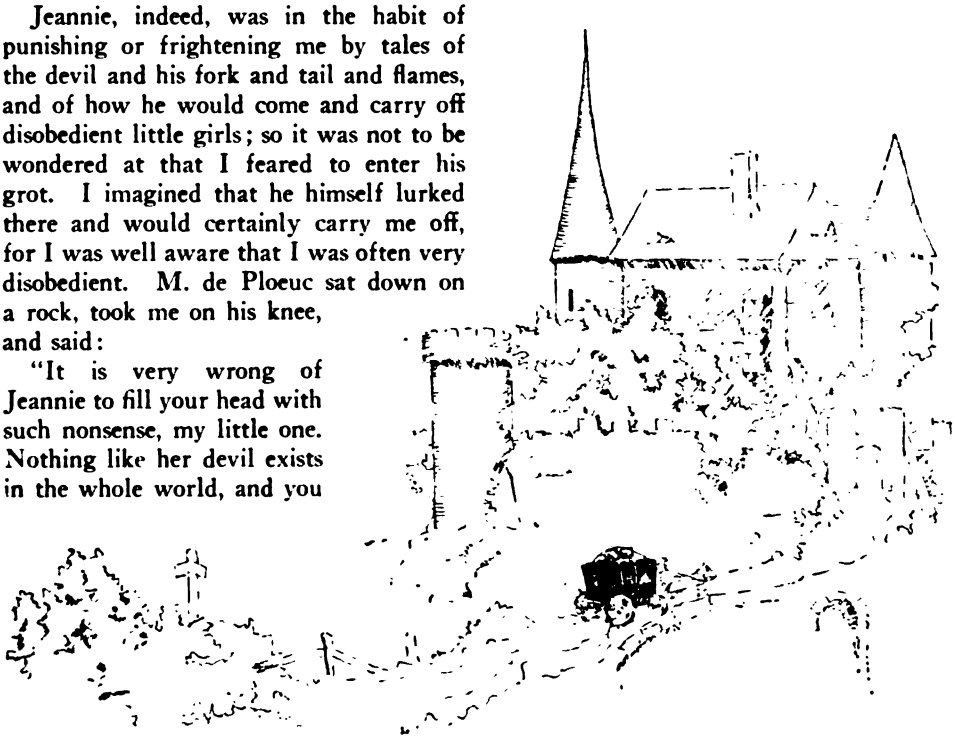
Jeannie, indeed, was in the habit of punishing or frightening me by tales of the devil and his fork and tail and flames, and of how he would come and carry off disobedient little girls; so it was not to be wondered at that I feared to enter his grot. I imagined that he himself lurked there and would certainly carry me off, for I was well aware that I was often very disobedient. M. de Ploeuc sat down on a rock, took me on his knee, and said:

"It is very wrong of Jeannie to fill your head with such nonsense, my little one. Nothing like her devil exists in the whole world, and you must pay no attention to her stories."

He told me that the cavern was filled with beautiful stalactites, like great clusters of diamonds, and was so gentle and merry and reasonable that the devil was exorcised from my imagination forever, and I consented to enter the grotto.

Yann and the guide, a young farmer of Ker-Guélegaan, led us in with their lighted torches, and I suddenly saw before me, strangely illuminated, a somber, yet gorgeous, fairy-land. Diamonds indeed! Pillars of diamonds rose from the rocky floor to the roof, and pendants hung in long clusters, glittering in inconceivable vistas of splendor. I was so dazzled and amazed that I gave the vaguest attention to M. de Ploeuc's explanation of the way in which the stalactites were formed among the rocks. Indeed, that night I could not sleep, still seeing diamond columns and pillars, and my dear old friend was full of self-reproach next day when he heard that during the night the Devil's Grot had given me a fever.

Sometimes the Marquis de L—— ac-



"GUESTS AT KER-GUÉLEGAAN ARRIVED WITH THEIR OWN HORSES AND CARRIAGE"

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companied us on our expeditions, and sometimes I was even left in his charge for an afternoon. I disliked this very much, for he had no amusing stories to tell me and walked very fast, and when my pace flagged, he would pause to look at me reproachfully, tapping his foot on the ground, and crying out, as though I were one of his horses, "Get up! Get up!"

M. de Ploeuc often took me, after lunch, into his little study and played the flute to me. I liked being in the study, but it rather frightened me to see my old friend remove his teeth before beginning to play. Their absence sadly altered his beautiful and stately countenance, and gave, besides, an odd, whistling timbre to his music. Still, I listened attentively, looking away now and then from his rapt, concentrated countenance to the *tapis vert* outside, where the cows were cropping the short grass, or glancing around rather shrinkingly at the headless bust of Marie Antoinette that stood on the mantelpiece. The head lay beside the bust, and there was, even to my childish imagination, a terrible beauty in the proud shoulders thus devastated. This was one of two such busts that had been decapitated by the Revolutionists. The other belonged, I think, later on, to the Empress Eugénie. When the marquis had finished his thin, melancholy airs, it was my turn to perform, and that I liked much better. I saw that he loved to hear the old Breton songs sung in my sweet, piping little voice, and it was especially pleasant, our music over, to be rewarded by being given chocolate pastils from a little enamel box that stood on the writing-desk. While I softly crunched the pastils M. de Ploeuc told me about the countries where the plant from which the chocolate came grew. It was not at all common in Brittany at that time, and the pastils much less sweet than our modern bonbons. M. de Ploeuc also carried for his own delectation small violet and peppermint lozenges in a little gold box that he drew from his waistcoat-pocket, and these gave the pleasantest fragrance to his kiss. I often sat on with him in the study, looking at the pictures in the books he gave me while he read or wrote. He wore on the third finger of his right hand an odd black ring that had a tiny magnifying-glass fixed upon it, and while he read his hand moved gently across the page.

I owe a great deal to this dear old friend. He took the deepest interest in my deportment, and *maman* was specially delighted that he should extirpate from my speech provincial words and intonations. He entirely broke me of the bad habits of shrugging my shoulders and biting my nails.

"Only wicked men and women bite their nails," he told me, and pointed out to me as a terrible warning the beautiful and coquettish Mme. de G——, one of his guests, who had bitten her nails to the quick and quite ruined the appearance of her hands.

"And is she so wicked?" I asked. At which he laughed a little, and said that she must become so if she continued to bite her nails. He made me practise coming into and going out of a room until he was satisfied with my ease and grace.

"Do you see, *ma petite Sophie,*" he said, "a woman, when she walks well, is a goddess. Walk always as if on clouds, lightly and loftily. Or, imagine that you are skimming over fields of wheat, and that not an ear must bend beneath your tread."

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ON THE ROAD TO LOCH-AR-BRUGG

CHAPTER IX

LOCH-AR-BRUGG

AND now I must tell of Loch-ar-Brugg, the center of my long life and the spot dearest to me upon earth. It was situated amidst the beautiful, wild, heathery country that stretched inland from Landerneau. I first saw it one day when I drove over from Landerneau with my father, and my chief recollection of this earliest visit is the deep shade under the high arch of the beech avenue and the aromatic smell of black currants in an upper room where we were taken to see the liqueur in process of being made. I was given some to drink in a tiny glass, and I never smell or taste *cassis* that the scent, color, warmth, and sweetness of that long-distant day does not flash upon me. The liqueur was being made by the farmer's wife; for part of the house, which, as I have said, papa at that time used only as a hunting-lodge, was inhabited by a Belgian farmer and his family. They were all seated at their midday meal when we arrived, and another thing I remember is that the eldest daughter, a singularly beautiful young creature, with sea-green eyes and golden hair, was so much confused at seeing us that she put a spoonful of the custard she was eating against her cheek instead of into her mouth, greatly to my delight and to papa's.

"Monsieur must excuse her," said the mother; "she is very timid." On which my father replied with some compliment which made all the family smile. I see them all smiling and happy, yet it must have been soon after that a tragedy befell them. News was brought to my father that the farmer had hanged himself. The poor man's rent was badly in arrears, but when he had last spoken to my father about it, the latter, as was always his wont in such circumstances, told him not to torment himself and that he could pay when he liked. *Maman* always suspected that my father's agent had threatened the poor fellow and that he had done away with himself in an access of despondency. Papa, overcome with grief, hastened to Loch-ar-Brugg and remained there for a week with the mourning family. He gave them money to return to Belgium, and the beautiful young daughter became, we heard, a very skilful lace-maker.

I was too young for this lugubrious event to cast a shadow on my dear Loch-ar-Brugg, but for many years *maman* disliked the place. We still lived at Quimper or Landerneau, using Loch-ar-Brugg as a mere country resort; but by degrees the ugly walls, nine feet high, that shut in the house from the gardens and shut out the view were pulled down, lawns were thrown into one another, great clumps of blue hydrangeas were planted all down the avenue, on each side, between each beech-tree, and the house, if not beau-

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tiful, was made comfortable and convenient. It was when we were really established at Loch-ar-Brugg that *maman* began to take the finances of the household into her capable hands. She reproached my father with his lack of ambition, and asked him frequently why he did not find an occupation, to which he always replied, *"Ma chère,* I have precisely the occupations I care for." *Maman* wrote secretly to *bon papa* in Paris and begged him to find a post for her husband there, and an excellent one was found at the treasury. But when the letter came, and *maman,* full of joy, displayed it to him, papa cheerfully, but firmly, refused to consider for a moment any such change in his way of life. As a country gentleman he had lived and as a country gentleman he intended to go on living, and so indeed he continued to the end of his long life. I don't imagine that he made any difficulties as to *maman* taking over the financial management. He was quite incapable of saying no to a farmer who asked to have his rent run on unpaid, and realized, no doubt, that his methods would soon bring his family to ruin. So it was *maman* who received and paid out all the money. I see her now, sitting at the end of the long table in the kitchen, between two tall tallow candles, the peasants kneeling on the floor about her while she assessed their indebtedness and received their payments. She was never unkind, but always strict, and I was more than once the sympathetic witness of an incident that would greatly have incensed her. My father, meeting a disconsolate peasant going to an interview with *la Maitresse,* would surreptitiously slide the needful sum into his hand! What would *maman* have said had she known that the money so brightly and briskly paid to her had just come out of her husband's pocket!

I was always a great deal with papa at Loch-ar-Brugg. At first I used to walk with him,—when he did not take me on his horse,—trotting along beside him, my hand in his. Later on, when Tante Rose had given me a dear little pony, I rode with him, and he had secretly made for me, knowing that *maman* would not approve, a very astonishing riding-costume. It had long, tightly fitting trousers, a short little jacket, like an Eton jacket, with a red-velvet collar,—red was my father's racing color,—and on my long golden curls a high silk hat. *Maman* burst out laughing when she saw me thus attired and was too much amused to be displeased. She herself rode a great deal at this time, but it was to hunting- and shooting-parties, from which she would return with her "bag" hanging from a sort of little pole fixed to her saddle; and I remember that one day she brought a strange beast that none of us ever saw in Brittany again, a species of armadillo (*tatou*) that her horse had trodden upon and killed.

It was at Loch-ar-Brugg, on one of those early walks with papa, that my first vivid recollection of a landscape seen as a beautiful picture comes to me. We had entered a deep lane where gnarled old trees interlaced their fingers overhead and looked, with their twisted trunks, like crouching men or beasts; and as we advanced, it became so dark and mysterious that I was very much frightened and hung to papa's hand, begging to be taken out. He pointed then before us, and far, far away I saw a tiny spot of light. "Don't be frightened, Sophie," he said; "we are going toward the sunlight." So I kept my eyes fixed on the widening spot, holding papa's hand very tightly in the haunted darkness; and when we suddenly emerged, we were on the brink of a great gorge, and beyond were mountains, and below us lay a tranquil, silver lake. I have never forgotten the strange, visionary impression, as of a beauty evoked from the darkness. Papa told me the story of the lake; it was called "le lac des Korrigans." The Korrigans are Breton fairies—fairies, I think, more melancholy than those of other lands, and with something sinister and *macabre* in their supernatural activities. They danced upon the turf, it is true, in fairy-rings, but also, at night, they would unwind the

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linen from the dead in the churchyards and wash it in this lake. I felt the same fear and wonder on hearing this story that all my descendants have shown when they, in their turn, have come to hear it, and my little granddaughter, in passing near the lake with me, has often said, shrinking against me, "Je ne veux pas voir les blanchisseuses, Grand'mère."

Unlike the marquis, who filled my mind, or tried to fill it, with the facts of nature and history, papa, on our walks, told me all these old legends, not as if he believed them, it is true, but as if they were stories quite as important in their way as the crusades; and perhaps he was right.

Sometimes, when we were walking or riding, we met convicts who had escaped from the great prison at Brest. I was strictly forbidden ever to go outside the gates alone; but once, at evening, I slipped out and ran along the road to meet papa, who, I knew, was coming from Landerneau on foot. He was very much perturbed when he saw me emerge before him in the dusk, and drew me sharply to his side, and I then noticed that two men were following him. Presently they joined us and asked papa, very roughly, for the time.

"It is nine, I think," said my father, eyeing them very attentively.

"You think? Have n't you a watch, then?" said one of them.

I suppose they imagined that the rifle papa carried over his shoulder was unloaded; but unslinging it in the twinkling of an eye, he said sternly:

"Walk ahead. If you turn or stop, I shoot." They obeyed at once, and as they went along we heard a queer clink come from their ankles.

"Escaped convicts," said papa in a low voice. "Poor devils! And you see, Sophie, how dangerous it is for little girls to wander on the roads at night."

On another occasion we found a wretched, exhausted man lying by the roadside, and papa stopped and asked him what was the matter. He must have felt the kindness of the face and voice for he said:

"I am an escaped convict, monsieur. For God's sake! don't betray me. I am dying of hunger." Papa took out his hunting-flask and made him drink, and then, when he saw that the brandy had given him strength, he put some money into his hand and said:

"MAMAN WROTE SECRETLY TO BON PAPA IN PARIS"

"It is against the law that I should help you, but I give you an hour before I raise the alarm. Go in that direction, and God be with you!"

The church-bells were rung everywhere, answering one another from village to village when a convict was known to be at large; but on this occasion I know that my father did not fulfil his duty, the poor creature's piteous face had too much touched him. Once, too, when we children were walking with Jeannie along the highroad we caught sight of a beggar-woman sleeping in the ditch. In peering over cautiously to have a good look at her, we saw huge men's boots protruding from her petticoats, and, at the other end, a black beard, and we then made off as fast as our legs would carry us, realizing that

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"AS A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN HE HAD LIVED AND AS A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN HE INTENDED TO GO ON LIVING"

the beggar-woman was a convict in disguise. At an inn not far from Loch-ar-Brugg there was a woman of bad character who sold these disguises to the escaped convicts.

Papa and my little brother and sister (Maraquita was not then born) were not my only companions at Loch-ar-Brugg. The property of Ker-Azel adjoined ours, and I saw all my Laisieu cousins continually, dear, gentle France, domineering Jules, and the rest. There were nine of them. It was Jules who told us one day that he had been thinking over the future of France (the country, not his brother), and had come to the conclusion that we should all soon suffer from a terrible famine. Famines had come before this, said Jules, so why not again? It was only wise to be prepared for them; and what he suggested was that we should all accustom ourselves to eat grass and clover, as the cattle did. If it nourished cows, it would nourish us. All that was needed was a little good-will in order that we should become accustomed to the new diet. Jules was sincerely convinced of the truth of what he said; but he was a tyrannous boy, and threatened us with beatings if we breathed a word of his plan to our parents. We were to feign at meals that we were not hungry, and to say that we had eaten before coming to the table. I well remember the first time that we poor little creatures knelt down on all fours in a secluded meadow and began to bite and munch the grass. We complained at once that we did not like it at all, and Jules, as a concession to our weakness, said that we might begin with clover, since it was sweeter. For some time we submitted to the ordeal, getting thinner and thinner and paler, growing accustomed, it is true, to our tasteless diet and never daring to confess our predicament; we were really afraid of the famine as well as of Jules. At last our parents, seriously alarmed, consulted the good old doctor, as nothing could be got from us but stout denials of hunger. He took me home with him, for I was his special pet, and talked gravely and gently to me, reminding me that I was now eight years old and of the age of reason, going to confession and capable of sin. It was a sin to tell lies, and if I would tell him the truth, he would never betray my confidence. Thus adjured, I began to cry, and confessed that we had all been eating nothing but grass and clover. The doctor petted and consoled me, told me that it was all folly on the part of Jules, and that he would set it right without any one knowing that I had told him. He kept his promise to me. It was as if by chance he found us all in our meadow next day, on all fours, munching away. Jules sprang up, sulky and obstinate.

"Yes; we are eating grass and clover,"

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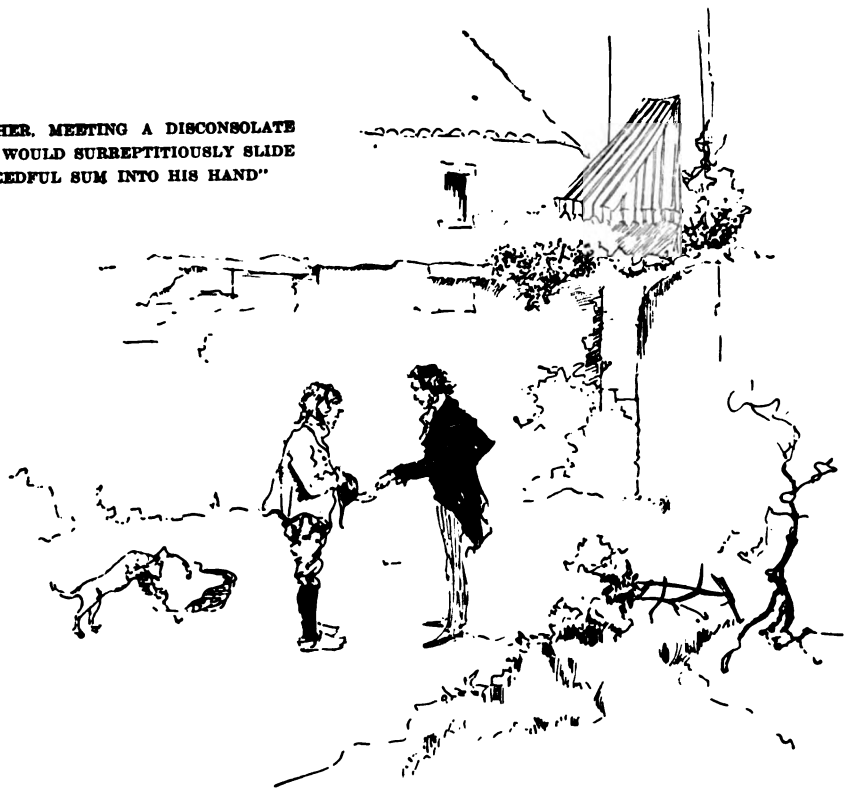
he said, "and we are quite accustomed to it now and like it very much, and we shall be better off than the rest of you when the famine comes."

The doctor burst out laughing, and his laughter broke the spell Jules had cast upon us. He told us that not only was there no probability of a famine, no possibility even, France being a country rich in food, but that even were there to be a famine, we should certainly all be dead before it came if we went on eating as the cattle did, since we were not accommodated with the same digestive apparatus as they. He described to us this apparatus and our own, and at last even Jules, who was as thin and as weary as the rest of us, was convinced, and glad to be convinced. It was not till many years afterward that we told our parents the story.

One day we children were all in a deep lane—perhaps the same that had frightened me years before—when, at a turning, the most inconceivable monster towered above us in the gloom. We recognized it in a moment as a camel (a camel in Brittany!), and with it came a band of Gipsies, with dark skins, flashing teeth, bright handkerchiefs, and ear-rings. Our alarm was not diminished when we saw that they led, as well as the camel, two thin performing bears. But as we emerged into the light with the chattering, fawning crowd, alarm gave way to joyous excitement. The camel and the bears were under perfect control, and the Gipsies were not going to hurt us. They asked if they might make the bears dance for us, and we ran to show them the way to Loch-ar-Brugg. *Maman,* in her broad garden hat, was walking in the beech-avenue, and came at once to forbid the Gipsies to enter, as they were preparing to do; but as we supplicated that we should be allowed to see the bears dance, she consented to allow the performance to take place in the highroad before the *grille.* We sat about on the grass; the camel towered against the sky, gaunt, tawny, and melancholy; and the bears,



"MY FATHER, MEETING A DISCONSOLATE PEASANT, WOULD SURREPTITIOUSLY SLIDE THE NEEDFUL SUM INTO HIS HAND"

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"PAPA TOOK OUT HIS HUNTING-FLASK AND MADE HIM DRINK"

armed with wooden staffs, went through their clumsy, reluctant tricks. *Maman,* from within the *grille,* surveyed the entertainment with great disfavor, and it lost its charm for us when we heard her say: "How wretchedly thin and miserable the poor creatures look! They must be dying of hunger." We then became very sorry for the bears, too, and glad to have them left in peace, and while we distributed sous to the Gipsies, *maman* went to the house and returned with a basket of broken bread and meat, which she gave to the famished beasts. How they snatched and devoured it, and how plainly I see *maman* standing there, the deep green vault of the avenue behind her, the clumps of blue hydrangeas, her light dress, her wide-brimmed garden hat, and her severe, solicitous blue eyes as she held out the bread to the hungry bears!

A great character at Loch-ar-Brugg was the curé. It was he who had baptized me, for I was baptized not at Quimper, but in the little church of St. Eloi that stood at the foot of the Loch-ar-Brugg woods and had been in the Kerouguet family for generations. During my earliest years there he was our chaplain, inhabiting one of the *pavillons* in the garden with his old servant; later on he was given the living of Plougastel, some miles away, and my father had to persuade him to accept it, for he was very averse to leaving Loch-ar-Brugg and our family. Still, even at Plougastel we saw him constantly; he drove over nearly every day in his little pony-trap, and officiated every Sunday at the seven o'clock mass at St. Eloi. What a dear, honest fellow he was, and what startling sermons I have heard him preach! Once he informed his congregation that they would all be damned like Jean-Jacques Rousseau and Fénélon! This threat, pronounced in Breton, was especially impressive, and how he came by the two ill-assorted names I cannot imagine, for he was nearly as ignorant of books as his flock. He was devoted to my father body and soul, being the son of one of his farmers. They were great comrades. Whenever my father had had a good day's shooting he would go to the *pavillon* and cry: "Come to dinner! There are woodcocks." And the curé never failed to come. I see him now, with his rustic, rugged face, weather-tanned, gay, and austere. One of my first memories is of the small, square neck ornament (*rabat*) that the clergy wear, —a *bavette* we children called them,— stitched round with white beads. I longed for these beads, and when he took me on his knee I always fixed my eyes upon

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them. Unattainable indeed they seemed, but one day, noticing the intentness of my gaze, he questioned me, and I was able to express my longing. "But you shall have the beads!" he cried, touched and delighted. "I have two *rabats,* and one is old and past wearing. Nothing is simpler than to cut off the beads for you, my little Sophie."

His performance was even better than his promise, for he brought me a bagful of the beads, collected from among his curé friends, and for days I was blissfully occupied in making chains, rings, and necklaces. Some of these ornaments survived for many years.

The curé was not at all happy in the presence of fine people. *"Je me sauve!"* he would exclaim if such appeared, and he would make off to the garden, where he was altogether at home, true son of the soil that he was. Here he would gird up his *soutane* over his homespun knee-breeches, open his coarse peasant's shirt on his bare chest, and prune and dig and plant; and when he took a task in hand it went quickly. One of my delights was when he put me into the wheelbarrow and trundled me off to Ker-Eliane to dig up ferns for *maman's* garden.

He, too, told me many legends. The one of St. Eloi especially interested me. St. Eloi was the son of a blacksmith and helped his father at the forge in the tiny hamlet called after him. One day as they were working, a little child came riding up, mounted on a horse so gigantic that four men could not have held him. "Will you shoe my horse, good friends?" said the child,—who of course was *l'Enfant Jésus,*—very politely. "His shoe is loose, and his hoof will be hurt." The father blacksmith looked with astonishment and indignation at the horse, and said that he could not think of shoeing an animal of such a size; but the son, St. Eloi, said at once that he would do his best. So *l'Enfant Jésus* slid down, and took a seat on the *talus* in front of the smithy, and St. Eloi at once neatly unscrewed the four legs of the horse and laid them down beside the enormous body. At this point I always cried out:

"But, *Monsieur le Curé,* did it not hurt the poor horse to have its legs unscrewed?"

And the curé, smiling calmly, would reply:

"Not in the least. You see, this was a miracle, my little Sophie."

So St. Eloi was able to deal with the great hoofs separately, and when all was neatly done, the legs were screwed on again; and the child remounted, and said to St. Eloi's father before he rode away:

"You are a little soured with age, my friend. Your son here is very wise. Listen to him and take his advice in everything, for it will be good."

It was no doubt on account of this legend that all the horses through all the country far and near were brought to the church of St. Eloi once a year to be blessed by the curé. This ceremony was called *le Baptême des*

"A WOMAN OF BAD CHARACTER WHO SOLD THESE DISGUISES TO ESCAPED CONVICTS"

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Chevaux. The horses, from plow-horses to carriage-horses and hunters, were brought and ranged round the church in groups of fours and sixes. At the widely opened western door the curé stood, holding the *goupillon*, or holy-water sprinkler, and the horses were slowly led round the church, row after row, seven times, and each time that they passed before him the curé sprinkled them with holy water. After this initial blessing the curé took up his stand within beside the christening-font, and the horses were led into the church,—I so well remember the dull thud and trampling of their feet upon the earthen floor,—and the curé, with holy water from the font, made the sign of the cross upon each large, innocent forehead. Finally the tail of each horse was carefully cut off, and all the tails hung up in the church together, to be sold for the benefit of the church at the end of the year, before *le Baptême des Chevaux* took place again. This touching ceremony still survives, but the horses are only led round the church and blessed, not brought inside.

The Church of St. Eloi was very ancient, and adorned with strange old statues of clumsily carved stone painted in garish colors. One was of a Christ waiting for the cross, His hands tied before Him. It was a hideous figure, the feet and hands huge and distorted, the eyes staring like those of a doll; yet it had an impressive look of suffering. There were no benches in the church except for our family, near the choir. The peasants, the men on one side, the women on the other, knelt on the bare earth during the office. They had used, always, when they entered the church, to pass round before

"HE TOOK ME HOME WITH HIM, AND TALKED GRAVELY AND GENTLY TO ME"

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les maîtres, bowing before them; but even my mother objected to this, and the curé was told to give out from the pulpit that *les maîtres* were no longer to be bowed to in church, where there was only one master. *Maman,* however, did not at all like it that my father should insist on us children kneeling with the peasants, and it was the one subject on which I remember a difference of opinion between my grandfather Rosval and papa. But the latter was firm, and Ernest on the side of the men, Eliane and I on the side of the women, we knelt through mass. This was no hardship to us, for the kind peasants spread their skirts for our little knees and regaled us all through the service with *crêpes.*

Crêpes seem to be present in nearly all my Breton memories. The peasants made them for us when we went to visit them in their cottages, and it would have hurt their feelings deeply had we refused them. We children delighted in these visits not only on account of the *crêpes,* but on account of the picturesque interest of these peasant interiors. The one living-room had an earthen floor and a huge chimney-place of stone, often quaintly carved, and so large that chairs could be set within it about the blazing logs. The room was paneled, as it were, with beds that looked, when their sliding wooden doors were closed, like tall wardrobes ranged along the walls. They were usually of dark old wood and often beautifully carved. A narrow space between the tops of these beds and the ceiling allowed some air (but what air!) to reach the sleepers, and, within, the straw was piled high, and the mattress and feather bed were laid upon it. It was quite customary for father, mother, and three or four children to sleep in one bed, several generations often occupying a room, as well as the servants, who were of the same class as their masters. The beds were climbed into by means of a carved chest that stood beside them. These were called *huches,* and contained the heirloom costumes, a store of bread, and the Sunday shoes! Potatoes were kept under the bed. In the window stood the table where the family and servants all ate together, and above it hung, suspended by a pulley and string from the ceiling, a curious contrivance for holding spoons. It was a sort of wooden disk, and the spoons were held in notches cut round the edge; it was lowered when needed, and each person took a spoon. A great earthenware bowl of creamy milk stood in the center of the table, and with each mouthful of porridge, or *fare,* the spoons were dipped, in community, into the milk. *Fare* was a sort of thick porridge made of maize, allowed to cool in a large round cake, and cut in slices when cold. It was one of the peasants' staple dishes, and another was the porridge made of oatmeal, rye, or buckwheat, served hot, with a lump of butter. For breakfast they all drank *café au lait,* strange coffee boiled with the milk; fortunately milk and butter were plentiful. Of the hygienic habits of the peasants at this time the less said the better; a very minor detail was that the long hair of the men and the closely coiffed tresses of the women swarmed with vermin, and after every visit we paid, our heads were always carefully examined. One peasant, I remember, a good fellow, Paul Simur by name, of whom my father was specially fond, was so dirty and unwashed that a sort of mask of dirt had formed upon his features. One day, at a hunting-party, papa called to Paul to come and sit beside him, and the other huntsmen, with singular bad taste, began to make fun of poor Paul, who sat much abashed, with hanging head. Papa affectionately laid an arm about his neck and defended him, until his friends finally cried out that they wagered he would not kiss him. At this, although he confessed afterward to the most intense repugnance, he at once kissed Paul heartily. Poor Paul was quite overcome. He came to my father afterward with tears in his eyes and said, standing before him and gazing at him:

"Oh, mon maître, que je t'aime!"

"And why don't you ever wash your face, Paul?" papa asked him then, and

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Paul explained that he had never been taught to wash and was afraid it would seriously hurt him to begin. Papa undertook to teach him. He got soap and soda and hot water and lathered Paul, gently and firmly, until at last his very agreeable features were disinterred. Paul was perfectly delighted, and his face shone with cleanliness ever after.

A special friend of mine among the peasants was dear old Keransiflan, the lodge-keeper. I was fond of joining him while he tended the road in front of the lodge-gates and sitting on his wheelbarrow with him to talk to him while he ate his midday meal. This consisted of a huge slice of black bread thickly spread with butter, and it seemed to me that no bread and butter had ever looked so good.

One day he must have seen how much I longed for it, for he said, holding out the slice, *"Demoiselle, en veux-tu?"* I

"A GREAT CHARACTER AT LOCH-AR-BRUGG WAS THE CURÉ"

did not need to be asked twice, and can still see the great semicircle that I bit into the slice, and I was happily munching when *maman* appeared at the lodge-gates. She was very much displeased, and mainly that I should be devouring poor Keransiflan's luncheon, and she rated me so soundly that the kind old man interceded for me, saying, *"Notre maîtresse, c'est moi qui lui l'ai donné."* I think that *maman* must have seen that it gave him great pleasure to share his bread with me; at all events, Keransiflan and I, sitting on our wheelbarrow, were allowed to go on eating in peace.

But the peasants were a hard, harsh race and pitiless in their dealings toward one another. Their treatment of their old people was terrible. If an old mother, past work, had no money, she was ruthlessly turned out to beg. One sometimes saw such an old woman sitting on a *talus,* her pitiful bundle of rags beside her, helpless and stupefied. I remember a story that was told me by one of my servants about such an old woman that she had known. She had four hundred francs, and was cared for in the family of one son until it was spent, when she was turned out. Another son, more kindly took her in; but his wife was a hard woman, and though she finally consented to accept the useless old mother into the household, she grudged every sou spent upon her. Thus, though the only two joys remaining her in life were snuff and coffee, only two sous a week was allowed her for tobacco, and as for coffee, she was given never a drop. When she was dying she told the servant from whom I had the story that what made her suffer most had been to sit by in the morning and smell the delicious odor of the coffee as the others drank it. This has always seemed to me a heart-piercing story. All the Breton women smoked, by the way, and pipes, and in a curious fashion; for the bowl was turned downward, though why, I do not know.

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CHAPTER X

THE PARDON AT FOLGOAT

I WAS taken while I was a child at Loch-ar-Brugg to the famous *Pardon de Folgoat,* to which people came from all Brittany. In Folgoat was the summer residence of Anne de Bretagne, and in the vast hall of the château she had held her audiences. The château is now the presbytery, and is opposite the church, of which there is a legend. A poor child, Yann Salacin, who was devoid of reason, spent hours every day before the altar of the Virgin, which he decorated with the wild flowers that he gathered in the fields, and wandered in the forest, swinging on the branches of the trees, always singing Ave Maria, the only words he was ever heard to pronounce. He begged for food from door to door and slept in the barns. The peasants became impatient with him and began to whisper that he was possessed of an evil spirit, and at last they drove him out of the village. The curé, who was a good man, missed him in the church, sought vainly for him, and at last heard what had happened. He was filled with indignation, and told the peasants that they had committed a crime. Then he set out to look for poor Yann, and found him at last in a distant forest, dead with hunger. He brought the body back to Folgoat and buried it near the church, and one day he saw that a tall white lily had grown up from the grave; when he opened the grave he found that the lily sprang from the lips of the little innocent, and on the petals of the flower one could read in letters of gold Ave Maria. This legend is believed in all Brittany, and a stained-glass window in the church tells the story.

Behind the church is the Well of Love, so called because not a day passes that lovers do not come to test their fate by trying to float pins upon the surface of the water. If the pins float, all promises well, and they go away happy. Astute ones slightly grease the pins, and thus aid destiny.

But to return to the *pardon.* I remember that on this occasion an old cook in the family had permission to start two or three days before the *pardon,* so that she might go all the way on her knees, and during those days one met many such devout pilgrims making their way on their knees along the dusty roads. Some

"ALL THE BRETON WOMEN SMOKED, BY THE WAY, AND PIPES, AND IN A CURIOUS FASHION: FOR THE BOWL WAS TURNED DOWNWARD, THOUGH WHY, I DO NOT KNOW"

of them came from far distances. We children were called before dawn on the August morning, and it was a sleepy, half-bewildered dressing by candle-light. As a closed carriage made me sick, I was put into the coupé with papa and *maman.* Eliane, Ernest, their nurses, and all the other servants, followed in a sort of omnibus, and behind them came all the horses, trotting gaily along the road to share in the blessings of this great day of the Assumption of the Virgin. The horses of Brittany, it will be conceded, are a specially favored race. Although I was in the coupé and had all the freshness of the early air to invigorate me, I remember of the journey from Loch-ar-Brugg to Folgoat only that I was deplorably sick, and the greatest inconvenience to my parents. Fortunately, I was restored the moment I set my feet upon the ground.

We were to be entertained for the day at Folgoat by the curé, and to lunch with him and with the bishops at the presbytery; but we were already ravenously hungry, so, although papa and *maman* must continue to fast until after taking

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communion at the early service, we children had a splendid picnic breakfast in the presbytery garden, and a jellied breast of lamb is my first recollection of the day at Folgoat! Then we went out to see the great festival. Seventy-five years or more have passed since that day, and it still lives in my mind with a beauty more than splendid, a divine beauty. In the vast plain, under the vast, blue sky, six bishops, glittering with gold and precious stones, celebrated mass simultaneously at six great altars among thousands of worshipers. It was a sea of color under the August sun, and the white *coiffes* of the women were like flocks of snowy doves. There was an early mass, and the high mass at eleven. When this was over, we assembled at the presbytery to lunch with the bishops. The table was laid in Anne de Bretagne's council-chamber, its stone walls covered with archaic figures, and it must have been a picturesque sight to see the bishops sitting in all their splendor against that ancient background; but what I most remember are the stories they told of Louis XI and his misdeeds, which seemed to me more interesting and more cruel than the Arabian Nights and Ali Baba and his forty thieves. In the church itself was shown a superbly carved bench where, it was said, while praying, he ordered with a nod the death of a Breton noble who had refused to do him homage. When we went into the church after lunch to see this bench, I sat down on it, and my long golden curls were caught in the claws of the interlaced monsters on the back, and I hurt myself so much in wrenching myself free that I hated still more fiercely the wicked king who condemned men to death while he prayed. O the horrid monster!

"A SPECIAL FRIEND OF MINE AMONG THE PEASANTS WAS DEAR OLD KERANSIFLAN"

Then at three came the great procession. First went the six bishops, mitered and carrying their croziers; then followed the children of the *noblesse,* we among them, all in white, with white wreaths on our heads; then all the vast multitude, twenty or thirty abreast, singing canticles, a stupendous sight and sound, all marching round the plain, from

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altar to altar, under the burning sun. I remember little after that. The Marquis de Plouec was there, his hair tied in the *icatogan,* and wearing his black silk suit: I think he must have lunched with us at the curé's. It was arranged that he and his two eldest daughters were to drive back to Loch-ar-Brugg with *maman* and spend some days with us, and so, though I must have been very tired, I was to ride back beside papa on my pony, which had been duly blessed. It was already night when we started, and what a wonderful ride it was! I remember no fatigue. I still wore my white dress, and *maman* swathed my head and shoulders in a white lace shawl, and all the way back to Loch-ar-Brugg papa told me stories of hunts, of fairies, of saints, and of escaped convicts. Every group of trees, every rock, every turning in the road, had its legend or its adventure.

CHAPTER XI

BONNE MAMAN'S DEATH

WE were at Quimper when *bonne maman* died. She had been failing for some time, and her character, until then so gentle, had altered. Mere trifles disquieted her, and she became fretful, alarmed, and even impatient. She seemed so little in her big bed, and, when I wanted to climb up beside her, after my wont, she signed to Jeannie to take me away and said that it tired her too much to see children and that the air of a sick-room was not good for them. "Tell my daughter—tell her. They must not come!" she repeated several times in a strange, shrill voice. I slid down from the bed, I remember, abashed and disconcerted, and while I longed to see my dear *bonne maman* as I had known her, I was afraid of this changed *bonne maman;* and it hurt me more for her than for myself that she should be so changed.

But one day when *maman* was in the room, she caught sight of me hanging about furtively in the passage, and called out gently to me to go away, that *bonne maman* was tired and was going to sleep. Then a poor little voice, no longer shrill, very trembling, came from the bed, saying: "Let her come, Eliane. It will not hurt me. I want to see her for a moment."

I approached the bed, walking on tiptoe; the curtains were drawn to shade *bonne maman* from the sunlight, and I softly came and stood within them. O my poor *bonne maman!* I could hardly recognize her. She seemed old—old and shrunken, and her eyes no longer smiled. She looked at me so fixedly that I was frightened, and she said to *maman:*

"Lift her up on the bed. I want to kiss her." She took my hand then, and looked at my little finger as she always used to do, and said: "I see that you have been very good with your mother, but that you don't obey your nurse. You must always be obedient. You understand me, don't you, Sophie? Do you say your prayers?"

"Yes, *bonne maman,*" I answered.

"Have you said them this morning?"

"No, *bonne maman.*"

"Say them now."

I made the sign of the cross and said the following prayer, which I repeated morning and evening every day, and with slightly altered nomenclature, my children and grandchildren have repeated, as I did, until the age of reason: *"Mon Dieu,* bless me and bless and preserve *grand' père, bonne maman, maman, papa,* my sisters, my brother, Tiny" [this was my little dog], "Ghislaine, France, Kerandraon, all my family, and make me very good. Amen." When I had finished, *bonne maman* drew me gently to her, pressed me in her arms, and kissed me on my eyes.

After this, for how many days I do not remember, everything became very still in the house. The servants whispered when they had to speak, and the older people, when they met us, told us gently to go into the garden and to be very quiet. We did not see *maman* or *papa* at all. My *tante* de Laisieu was with us, and dear France. *Bon papa* arrived from Paris. One morning was very sunny and

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beautiful, and as I played with Eliane in the garden I forgot the oppression that weighed upon us and began to sing to her

"ONE SOMETIMES SAW SUCH AN OLD WOMAN SITTING ON A TALUS"

a Breton song which Jeannie had taught me. These were the words:

'Ecoute moi bien, ma Fleurette,
Le Roy vient demain au château,
Tu regarderas bien son aigrette!"

"Je regarderai," dit Fleurette,
"Pour bien reconnaître le Roy!
Mes yeux ne verront que toi,
Et mon cœur n'aimera que toi."

While I sang I looked up at *bonne maman's* window, for I knew how fond she was of hearing me. The window was shut, and this was unusual; so I sang the louder, that she should hear me, of *Fleurette* and *le Roy*. Then France and one of the servants came running out of the house, and I saw that both had been crying, and France put his arm about me while the servant said, "Mademoiselle must not sing." And France whispered: "You will wake *bonne maman*. Go into the orchard, dear Sophie. There you will not be heard." In the evening papa came for us in the nursery, and I saw that he, too, had been crying. I had never before seen tears in his dear eyes. He took us up to *maman's* room. All the blinds were drawn down, but I could see her lying on her bed, wrapped in her white woolen *peignoir*, her arms crossed behind her head, her black jet rosary lying along the sheet beside her. We kissed her, one after the other, and I saw the great tears rolling down her cheeks.

"*Maman*—is *bonne maman* very ill?" I whispered. I felt that something terrible had happened to us all.

"My little girl," said *maman*, "your poor *bonne maman* does not suffer any more. She is very happy now with the angels and *le bon Dieu*," but *maman* was sobbing as she spoke.

I knew death only as it had come to one of my little birds that lived in the round cage hung in the nursery-window, and I was very much frightened when papa said: "I am going to take Sophie to your mother's room, Eliane. She is old enough to understand." But I went with him obediently, holding his hand. Outside *bonne maman's* door he paused and stooped to kiss me and said: "I know how much you loved your *bonne maman*, Sophie, and I want you to say good-by to her, for you will never see her again. She loved you so much, my little darling, and

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you shall be the last one to kiss her." The room was all black, and in the middle stood the bed. Beside it, on a table, a little *chapelle* had been made with a great silver cross and candelabra with lighted tapers. A bunch of fresh box stood in a goblet of holy water. *Bonne maman* lay with her arms stretched out before her, the hands clasped on her black wooden crucifix with a silver Christ that had always hung upon her wall. Her hair was not dressed, but drawn up from her forehead and covered with a mantilla of white silk Spanish lace, which fell down over her shoulders on each side. I stood beside her holding papa's hand. Her profile was sharply cut against the blackness, and I had never before seen how beautiful it was. Her eyes were closed, and she smiled tranquilly. I felt no longer any fear; but when papa lifted me in his arms so that I might kiss *bonne maman* and my lips touched her forehead, a great shock went through me. How cold her forehead was! O my poor *bonne maman!* Even now, after all the lusters that have passed over me, I feel the cold of that last kiss.

CHAPTER XII

THE JOURNEY FROM BRITTANY

IT was not long after *bonne maman's* death that we left Brittany and went to Paris to live with *bon papa.* I remember every detail of this my first long journey. The day began with a very early breakfast, which we all had together in the dining-room and at which we had the great treat of drinking chocolate. Then came the complicated business of stowing us all away in our capacious traveling-carriage. It was divided into three compartments. First came what was called the *coupé,* with windows at the sides and a large window in front from which we looked out past the coachmen's red-stockinged legs and along the horses' backs to where the postilion jounced merrily against the sky in a red Breton costume like the coachman's, his long hair tied behind with black ribbon, a red jockey's cap on his head, and black shoulder-knots with jet *aiguillettes.* After the *coupé,* and communicating with it by a tiny passage, though it had doors of its

"THE SERVANTS WHISPERED WHEN THEY HAD TO SPEAK"

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own, was another compartment for maids, nurses, and children, and behind that another and larger division for all the other servants. On the top were seats beside the coachman, and papa spent most of the day up there smoking. The luggage, carried on the top, was covered by a great leather covering, buckled down all over it, called a *bache*. The horses were post-horses, renewed at every post. It was decided that I was to go in the *coupé* with *maman*, papa, and little Maraquita, as I should get more fresh air there. I wore, I remember, a red cashmere dress made out of a dress of *maman's*. The material had been brought from India and was bordered with a design of palm-leaves. Indeed, this red cashmere must have provided me with a succession of dresses, for I remember that when I made my *entrée* at the *Sacré Cœur* years afterward, the bishop, visiting the convent, stopped, smiling, at my bench, and said, "Why, this is a little Republican, is it not?" Eliane and I both wore *capulets* on our heads. These were squares of white cloth that fell to the shoulders and that folded back from the forehead and fastened under the chin with bands of black velvet, a Spanish head-dress. Our cloaks were the full cloaks, gathered finely around the neck and shoulders, that *maman* had made for us, copied from the peasants' cloaks, of foulard for summer and wool for winter. Little Maraquita, who spent most of the three days' journey on *maman's* knees, wore, as always until she was seven or eight, white and pale blue, the Virgin's colors, as she had been *vouée au bleu et au blanc* after a terrible accident that had befallen her in infancy. She had fallen into the fire at Landerneau, and her head and forehead had been badly burned, and *maman* had thus dedicated her to the Virgin with prayers that she might not be disfigured—prayers that were more than answered, for Maraquita became exquisitely beautiful. Papa, I may add here, had many friends and connections in Spain; hence my little sister's name, and hence our *capulets*.

Eliane and Ernest traveled in the second compartment with their nurses, Eliane carrying Tiny and her huge doll, and Ernest, unfortunately for our peace of mind, a drum of mine that I had given him and upon which he beat the drumsticks hour after hour. *Maman*, in the *coupé*, cried out at intervals that it was intolerable to hear such an incessant noise and that the child must really, now, be made to stop; but papa always mildly soothed her, saying: "Let him play. It keeps him distracted; he would probably be crying otherwise." So Ernest continued to roll his drum. In the *coupé* I was fully occupied in playing at horses. Real leather reins had been fixed at each side of the front window, passing under it so that, looking out over the horses' haunches, I had the delightful illusion, as I wielded the reins, of really driving them. I do not remember that I was sick at all on the first day. The country was mountainous, and at every steep hill we all got out and walked down, and this, also, probably helped to preserve me. One feature of the Brittany landscape of those days stands out clearly in my memory, the tall, sinister-looking telegraph-poles that stood, each one just visible to the last, on the heights of the country. When I say telegraph it must not be imagined that they were our modern electric installation, although so they were called. These were of a very primitive and very ingenious construction. At the top of each pole, by means of the projecting arm that gave it the look of a gallows, immense wooden letters were hung out, one after the other; these letters were worked by means of wires that passed down the pole into the little hut at its foot. Each wire at the bottom had a label with its corresponding letter, and the operator in the hut, by pulling the wire, pulled the letter into its place at the top of the pole, and was thus able laboriously to spell out the message he had to convey and to make it visible to the operator at the next post, who passed it on to the next. These clumsy telegrams could be sent, as far as I remember, only at certain hours of the

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day, and I think that it must have been during a wayside halt on this journey that I visited a hut with papa and had the system explained to me and saw a message being sent, for I remember the clatter and shaking as the big letters overhead were pulled into place. I do not know whether this method of communication was used all over France, but one or two of the old poles still survive in Brittany.

Our first stop that day was at Quimperlé. The postilion, as we approached a town or village, sounded his horn, and what excitement it caused in these quiet little places when we came driving up, and how all the people crowded round us! The inn at Quimperlé was called the Hôtel du Trèfle Noir, and though very primitive, the thatch showing through the rafters in the roof of the immense kitchen-dining-room, it was scrupulously clean. We all sat down together at the long table, servants, coachman, postilion, and all, and the *déjeuner* served to us by the good landlady was fit to put before a king. I remember *maman* laughing and asking her why she served the salmon and, afterward, a heaping golden mound of fried potatoes, on a great plank, and the landlady saying that she had no dishes large enough. There was a turkey, too, stuffed with chestnuts and of course *crêpes* and cream. Next door to us, in a smaller room, a band of commercial travelers were also lunching, and as we finished each course it was carried in to those cheerful young fellows, whose hurrahs of joy added zest to our own appetites. That night we slept at Rennes, where I remember only that I was very tired and that a horrid man who came to make a fire in our bedrooms spat upon the floor, to our disgust and indignation. I remember, too, a very pleasant crisp cake, or roll, that *maman* gave me to eat before I went to bed.

It was on the third day that we drove at last into Paris, a fairy-land to my gazing, stupefied eyes. What struck me most were the fountains of the Place de la Concorde, the bronze mermaids holding the spouting fish, and the little sunken gardens, four of them, that at that time surrounded the obelisk. *Bon papa* lived in the rue St. Dominique, St. Germain, and as we drove up to the door I remember that it was under blossoming acacia-trees and that the postilon blew a great blast upon his horn to announce our arrival. The house, which was, indeed, a very pleasing specimen of Louis XV architecture, looked palatial to my childish eyes. *Bon papa* was standing, very portly, on the terrace to welcome us, and we ran into a park behind the house, with an avenue of horse-chestnuts and a high fountain. But Brittany was left far behind, and many, many years were to pass before I again saw my Loch-ar-Brugg.

"LE LAC DES KORRIGANS"

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Blood and Water

By HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

I HAVE heard that "blood is thicker than water" and that the British are our "cousins" until I am sick of these platitudes. Let me try to give some better reasons for the faith within us, that the alliance now formed among English-speaking peoples is durable and may solve even harder problems than "winning the war." But first I must sketch in, no matter how hastily, the traits of contemporary Great Britain, a nation strangely altered.

It was in the midst of the confusion of an air raid that I began my observations. Indeed, I did not know I was in dark London on that night in 1918 until through the windows of my train I saw waving search-lights and stepped into a clatter of invisible crowds and the confusing rumble of unseen vehicles. An hour later the signal-guns boomed. There was a rush of giggling maids past my hotel door,—one was to die the night after,—and the voice of the hall porter was heard ordering every one below. I followed to a crypt below the basement, the farther end of which was open to the street. A fainting woman was carried past me; behind her were little toddlers, sleepy-eyed, with coats over their undershirts; cockneys from the near-by slums; men and women in evening dress; officers—a curious assemblage. Last, as the barrage fire began to rattle above, came a solemn procession of railway guards from the station, each with his lantern. One tipped over a biscuit-box and offered me an end. "Sit down, sir," he said. We sat together and talked of England. "Thank God the Americans have come!" he said. "The war is demoralizing England. The labor-unions are selfish. The people are losing sight of everything great behind. Their courage is only self-preservation."

Two shaky cockneys with bleared eyes edged up beside us to listen. A bomb fell, shaking our refuge with sullen tremors; the barrage redoubled.

"Best throw up the sponge, Ah say," one of the cockneys muttered; the twist-back beside him agreed. My guard turned upon them angrily.

"That 's you and your kind! I say Germany 'all 'ave to be punished for her sins. We 'll see this through." The crowd was with him. On the steps a group of girls and workmen began to sing; bugles sounded the "all clear." Quietly we separated.

Thus I first met England as she is, pessimistic, self-critical, determined. Neither hope deferred nor reverses will change this strong determination. It is a race trait, displayed in France and Flanders and behind every action at home, the product of long inheritance, doubly intensified by four years of conflict.

This is the first, and just now the most important, quality of that British character which in better or in worse we must learn to know more sympathetically than we as a nation have known any race outside our borders. We shall not wholly love it; most probably we shall admire it; we *must* understand its dominant qualities as they have been hardened or altered by war. But of that curious, dogged determination that makes the puny, under-

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sized East-Londoner a better soldier for the defensive than either the Australian or the Canadian, the American desires merely to be reassured. It is the new humility of the British that most needs explanation.

We have, for example, grossly misunderstood the part that Great Britain has played in this war. We have taken the Englishman in particular at his own published valuation. Now, the Englishman, although he has a reputation for self-superiority, is actually diffident, self-critical, and obstinate in national self-depreciation. He has filled his papers and our own for four years with complaints of his inefficiency and mistakes. He has written far more of the humorous experiences of his "Tommies" than of the remarkable organization of the First Expeditionary Army or the astounding transformation of central Great Britain into a workshop of military supplies, where for hours in the train one never loses sight of the machinery of war. He has told us far more of the asinine incapacity of his leaders than of the right-about march of England from the easy ways of commerce or leisure, accomplished, one supposes, under these very men. The British have not boasted, they are certainly not boasting now; but with a kind of shamefaced grumble, "we 've been grousing too much," they are willing as never before to be judged.

The truth is that the Englishman has always been fiercely intolerant of the faults of his countrymen, and therefore, by natural continuation, on the defensive against nations without. Nor can one deny a belief in racial superiority. It is all this that made him the reserved and supercilious person who became the "type" Britisher for us in America. The trait was preferable to German self-assertion, but it was not lovable. And now it has changed. To see the "haughty Englishman" as he was, you must go to Ireland, where special and most unfortunate circumstances still automatically develop all that is most unhappy in the British breed. At home it is a different story. For weeks, to cite a trivial instance, I looked for the well-known figure who refuses to speak except under compulsion, and found instead quiet men in railway carriages who made excuse of the least incident of travel to ask for American impressions, and would give gladly in exchange from their years of bitter experience. At last I met him, churlish, silent, cold, as he sat beside me each morning in the breakfast-room—only to learn that he was deaf, stone-deaf!

Or, for a better example, General Sir Archibald Murray, late commander of the Palestinian army, took me through Aldershot, that marvelous organization where every detail, whether in the bombing school, the gas school, cavalry, or infantry, is devised to train muscle and mind together, an educational establishment of the first order, whether for war or peace.

"If we could put all England through such training after the war," he said, "the English workman could finish his task in six hours a day and have time to live and be happy and be a man. But now we send them through, and then you kill them."

"Not *me*," I answered, startled; but of course I saw his point, and realized, too, the essential humility of the remark. England was England still, but aware of its neglects and its failures, as ready now for sympathy with its new undertakings as in the past it had been indifferent to criticism from without.

I do not know how effective the British general is in the field; no one will know until after the war. It is certain that he has made his mistakes. I do not know how much leadership in a time of confusion is to be found in English statesmen. Certainly England lacks now such definite leadership as President Wilson has given America. But this I know from experience, and since I am estimating racial character rather than racial achievement, it is important, in several months of association with naval officers, with army officers of all ranks, with public officials of all conditions from the War Cabinet down, and with a multitude of unassorted, not once have I missed the new note.

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"It has been a hard four years. We are glad America is with us. You see that at least we are 'carrying on.'"

Yes, once I missed it, in a munition superintendent traveling with me through northern Wales. It was in the midst of the spring offensive.

"You 'll see what England is now," he said. "She has to be almost beaten. It was so in Edward I's time. It always will be true." This is the spirit of determination; but it is previsely not the dominant note of this new England which has learned with a humility dangerous for arrogant enemies that stubbornness without science and hard work and a will for the future as well as a memory of the past is not enough. No American in the flush of optimistic preparation can guess at the burden of armament upon Great Britain, of the effect of the daily sacrifice of young life, of the darkening of existence that results from strain long continued. "There is no joy in life now," said one of the most vigorous and hopeful of the ministry workers. "Spring is a mockery." But there has been gain as well as loss.

The third racial characteristic springing to new life in this war is energy, but energy of a new kind that is worth studying in America. I have been through vast ranges of clanging shops, airy, well lighted, perfect in modern equipment and completeness, and all built upon what was swamp or common two years ago. I have seen I do not know how many thousands of men and women busy over every instrument of death devised for this conflict, cheery, healthy, content, as seldom before the war. Overall skirts mingle with overall trousers down the long lines of machine tools. One sees silk stockings beneath rough working-garments, jewelry at the throat of blackened working-blouses, mob-caps on fresh faces of girls who laugh as they turn and smooth the shells. An old granny fishes out red-hot shell rings like loaves from an oven. A pretty creature bombards a casting with hammer blows in rhythm.

There is energy in brains, too. Each great government plant is provided with its enthusiastic specialists, captains who beg you to smell their new gas, majors who can think only in terms of engines, organizers who are passionately eager that you should understand in five minutes the work of two years. What were these men and women before the war? I ask unceasingly; and rarely I find a decline in condition. Usually energy has been released. It may be disconcerting to discover that clerks in munition plants were once educational experts—a few people *are* what they *seem* to be now in England,—but it is thrilling to meet a duke's daughter assembling parts, and heartening to find cricketers and fox-hunters happy in real work that for thousands a year they would not have turned to before, or girls, once shop assistants or idle "flappers," now rosy from exercise, filing or hammering for good wages, or swinging with strong arm-sweeps the passengers on board a bus, one grade up at least from the unhealthy conditions of our bad world as it was in 1913.

But when I saw the finished product of all this new energy, great howitzers beside their vast carriages, shells by the million, hangars of flying-boats (sperm-whales with broad wings, each a marvel undreamed of in last year's philosophy), aërodromes like wing-encircled pigeon-houses, ships of enormous length, rising, like Mulciber's palace, to the reverberating music of a thousand hammers and drills; when I went on the gray, silent cruisers, miracles of human ingenuity, crouching in coast harbors, each with its sea-plane like a dragon-fly above the prow; and saw the trawlers, the chasers, the submarines, the destroyers, little and big, that, born of this vast energy, now sweep and harry the sea for thousands of miles, why, then I was driven back upon the cynical thought that must come again and again to every one who sees the activities of Great Britain doubled in aid of death. Can England, which the Germans thought decadent, and we effete, renew its youth only to destroy?

No, there is more than galvanic activity in this new energy of Great Britain.

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It will last after the war, because it is inspired by something more than self-preservation. It springs from sources too little explored in our old industrial system, from the innate, perhaps the inherited, desire of the gregarious animal to work for larger issues than his own food and his master's pocket-book. As a girl in a munition plant waited for the frame to bring the next shell to her tool, I asked:

"Do you like the work? Are you happy here?"

She answered as she caught and turned the shell:

"Of course. I get good wages. And then I 've got a boy in France. I make the shells. He shoots them."

Humanitarians may object to this story, but the principle is sound. Millions in England have been working, and are working now in America, with a consciousness that they are earning more than their wages, and that the surplus is going not to stockholders or employers, but for the common welfare of all. It is ironical, if not pathetic, that war, the greatest destroyer of goods, was necessary in order to establish in effective practice a truth we have long known, but neglected.

This generous, light-hearted, independent endeavor is not a purely British virtue, as I well know; but it has had, I think, its first and best release here. It has been safeguarded by a labor policy that Americans have criticized with little knowledge of the facts; and though sprung from conflict, it is not, as in Germany, tied fast to a state that protects and encourages its subjects only that they may be more fit for war. If the words of great employers can be trusted, and the plans of the reconstructionists and the desires of such powerful labor leaders as Thomas and Henderson and Gosling, this old-new discovery will not be forgotten with the coming of peace, and the new and better-directed British energy will remain.

Here, then, are three dominant traits of the new England. The first an American must admire, for his ancestors possessed it, and he hopes that he still retains it. The second warms his heart, as its absence would have chilled him. The third he welcomes as his own best-admired virtue, and may envy as firmly set upon a path which he is beginning to follow. And all three should make it easier for us to like and understand Great Britain as the war has molded it. But the crisis is too grave, the corner we are turning in the world's history too sharp, to rest hopes for the future upon manifestations of character, no matter how significant they may be for the better understanding of two great peoples. Indeed, that these British qualities stir a response in us might mean little for our alliance if it were not for another factor of the highest political importance. The Germans lack neither energy nor determination, and Austria in these latter months has aspired toward humility; but no upspringing love is thereby engendered in our breasts. It is different with the British, for with them and with the races they have fathered we are essentially like-minded. This is a kinship much truer than the highly watered Anglo-Saxonism that is supposed to unite us.

I do not of course mean anything so improbable as an identity of feeling. No one expects precisely the same reactions to ideas and experience in a Hoosier of German descent and a Shropshire farmer or an East London shopkeeper. Indeed, it is easy to find whole sets of conditions, some trivial, some important, where the British and the American will never come together. The English conception of food, for example, as something to be calculated by mass instead of by taste is quite un-American; but let that pass. Or again, an American in Ireland finds that his most violent urging against the extremists can make him no enemies, while the most concessive Englishman can make no friends. This is a political factor to which I shall return, but it may serve here as proof that I am advancing no argument for the complete brotherhood of the English-speaking races.

Nor am I insinuating that France and America are not in many respects in extraordinary agreement. Their ideals,

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especially as regards the freedom of the mind and the worth of the individual man, are much alike, and this is the best guarantee of mutual faith in the war. Furthermore, French thought touches the American imagination with curious ease and with results most beneficial. But the better one knows the French, and appreciates their unique and highly self-contained civilization, their tradition of the family, their view of how to live, the clearer it is that the French and ourselves will remain the best of friends and admirers without being like-minded. As a now famous American said recently, to learn to know the real France is to admire as a woman of thirty the girl you loved from a distance in youth.

With the English-speaking races—Americans, Canadians, Australians, New-Zealanders, Irish, English, Scotch, and Welsh—the story is a different one. It was borne in upon me first by the sight of Australian soldiers on leave in London. Fine, bronzed fellows, with clear eyes and a reckless swing to their limbs, they so absolutely placed themselves as recruits from our Rocky Mountain States that their unexpected accent was always a shock. Blood relationship? No, blood relationship evidently had little to do with it; for the Westerners with whom I identified them might be named Blankenberg or Fitzenheimer. It was like conditions that had produced like results, and the likeness had extended to more than broad spaces, a free life, and a new world in the making.

I wish we had a term for the variety of world civilization that has extended itself over the English-speaking countries, and deeply affected many where English is only a *lingua franca*. It is British in origin, of course; but to tell an Irishman or a German-American that his culture is British does not further world peace. Nor is it true, for the like-mindedness I am trying to describe long since passed from British control. To call it an Anglo-Saxon culture is equally unfortunate. If it were, then only Anglo-Saxons would be like-minded; whereas the bond of which I write links the Anglo-Danish-Norman-Celtic Englishman and the Anglo-French-Dutch-German-Celtic "old American" with the pure German or the pure Italian of the second generation in America.

If we break free from some of the nonsense about races and look at the facts in our own country, the thing becomes clearer. Here are a dozen or more races in the slow progress of amalgamation, all living in the same environment, all studying (and this is enormously important) the same text-book (your text-book is your great leveler), all subject to the same general ideals of what life is for, what success means, how a country should be governed, how a man should treat his wife and bring up his children. It is absurd to suppose that this makes them all into Americans of the type we developed before the Civil War. No, the ideals, the text-books, the very character of the nation, are all altering in response to the new blood. But the change is in degree, not in kind. The essential qualities of the English-speaking culture, if I must use a term, with which we began, remain the same, though lightened by French and Italian, given humor by the Irish, and tolerance by the Jews. And this in a lesser degree has happened in Canada and Australia, while New Zealand, the youngest offshoot, proves how far the original stock may vary without infusion of alien blood.

I venture to assert that the son of an Italian, having graduated from an American high school, can better understand the ideas of a Manchester boy of the same age, despite vast differences in temperament, than the point of view of an eighteen-year-old Neapolitan, even if, as is by no means certain, he can talk to him in Italian. I know that this war has brought a revelation to many Americans abroad. They have found it difficult to remember that the Canadians are not fellow-countrymen. They have found that the native Britisher of every class who at first, in his restraint or in his mannerisms, burlesqued on our stage time out of mind, has seemed to belong to another world, is after a little acquaintance curiously familiar. The dif-

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ferences that once irritated become a source of pleasure. There is a breakdown of alien feeling, so that your very accents become passports to good understanding. A fellowship is established that comes from looking differently and talking differently and thinking just about the same. "You Americans and hus ought to 'ave been in it before together, Hi sy," says my table mate at "The Fish and Anchor." It was not an appeal; it was a testimonial.

Again, I talked recently of a possible league of nations with a man responsible in no small measure for Great Britain's policies. The French and Italians, he said, regard the League of Nations as an idea belonging particularly to the British Empire and to America. They would gladly join in a new world order, once it became effective, but the hope of it, and the desire to realize it at all costs, appertain to an order of thinking and experience different from their hard training in nationalism. Or still again, the special brand of moral indignation aroused in the English-speaking world by German aggression is quite different from the perhaps clearer-sighted self-defense of the French. No reader of French books of the last three years can have failed to observe how fundamental is the belief of France that she is defending a unique civilization which was to liberalize, not subdue, the world. Her endeavor is beyond praise, but it differs, nevertheless, in character, if not in object, from our binding passion for a "square deal" and the rights of nations to follow their destinies. In this, English speakers everywhere are like-minded; so much so that the German-American, who has no love for England and owes her nothing except through the common American inheritance, nevertheless has opposed himself whole-heartedly to men of his own blood whose minds in matters of war and politics have become different from his own.

If, then, we speakers of English of all races are in a few essentials like-minded, let us unhesitatingly apply this fact of supreme historical importance to the test of the present and the hope of the future. Americans and the British Empire, with France, half hostage in the hands of the enemy, and a precarious Italy, are opposed to a military, Napoleonic empire strongly centralized in the midst of vassal states. This is a condition that must alter for better or for worse, must give way to a new and sounder international arrangement, or lead to a renewed and more vicious balance of power between camps armed and overdriven until Western civilization gives way beneath the strain. It is this we have to face.

How can we grasp and secure the better alternative? How can we realize those ideals of a better international order that now, to most sane men, are the final, though not the sole, justification for further fighting? Only by finding and strengthening that common will which resides in like-minded communities, able to feel and think and act together in a common cause. In America and the British nations such groups are dominant. In America and the British nations, now that France and Italy are engaged to the height in mere self-preservation, is to be found the surplus of power not only to win the war, but also to make sane construction arise upon the ruins of destruction, and direct what is sure to be a doubtful conclusion toward ends profitable for the world.

I do not for a moment intend to imply that idealism and a desire for a cleaner future are confined to the English-speaking peoples. We have plenty of allies here, even among the enemy. Russia, in her fashion, is certainly with us. But the definite purpose to make a better organization emerge from this struggle is, as is natural, best felt by America, the least involved of the Allies in ancient entanglements. And our ideas are best understood by the nations most like-minded, Great Britain and her Dominions. In us, while France, with a military sense far keener than ours, holds Germany back, and Italy protects her heart, is a power and a will to forget old ambitions and work in joint leadership, not, God grant it, for an "Anglo-Saxon *bloc*" and a new

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balance of power, but rather toward a federation realizable for us now, and which France and Italy, in all surety, and some day Germany in a different mood, will be glad to share.

But we must first prove our ability to federate ourselves in the face of armed peril. Perhaps no man alive has had more experience with national federation than Lord Milner. Here is his opinion as he gave it to me in a conversation which touched upon the subject of which I am writing:

"Americans are like us, and we ought to work well together. The present situation proves that we must work together. The League of Nations is right enough, only if we keep up the war until it is completed, there may be few of us left to enjoy the benefits. And there is one league in existence now, the British Empire. I say to our internationalists, 'You talk of all the world sitting down at one table, and here is a league in working order that you don't give a hang for.' And now America must stick with us. I am called an imperialist for talking so much of the British Empire. Why, what imperialism is there in England and Australia and Canada? We all do as we please. There should be an understanding between America and England which would make war as impossible as between England and Australia. It may be that only one system of thinking and governing will prevail on earth; but it is quite conceivable that militarism, or whatever you choose to call the German method, may suit certain countries. In any case, at present and perhaps for some time to come, it is likely to prevail there. Eventually our ideal will win, must win; but not unless we who believe in it can learn how to hold together." It would be well if we Americans gave more thought to the means already at hand for beginning world federation.

The risks attending the association of so many like-minded countries are of course evident. I see the danger of attempting to impose Anglo-American "democracy" upon nations that rightly prefer another kind—the danger of a new and gigantic imperialism; the danger of frightening the world after this war into some vast opposing coalition. But it is clear that American leadership, like American common sense, is committed to war aims in sharpest conflict with such recurrences of ancient error. And no observer in England can doubt that the majority sentiment in Great Britain is with us in this respect, bound to us by self-interest as well as by sympathy and a common desire. We must strike out boldly and truly on these lines or prepare for heavy failure. The alternative is world disorganization, or a German imperial domination which will succeed, if we fail, by sheer superiority in efficiency and morale.

If, however, salvation is to be sought through the like-mindedness of our peoples, then it is not formal engagements, but the concurrence of dumb desires which in the long run will hold them together. And an American, speaking for his own nation, should not be afraid to write down the difficulties in the path.

These are, for example, the American prejudices against Great Britain, and particularly against England, which common war aims and better knowledge may overlay, but will not of themselves remove. Some of these prejudices are merely sentimental, as is some of our affection for France; some of them are honestly based and must be honestly encountered. They are the more serious because England for years to come will be our point of contact with the politics of the British Empire.

Most intense is the Irish distrust of everything English that spreads down through the second and third generation of Irish-Americans. The Irish and the English, in fact, are the least like-minded of all the English-speaking nations. But Ireland is as pro-American as she is anti-English, and the Irish-American has become more like-minded with the British than his grandfather would have believed possible. America has the power, if she has the will, to explain Ireland to England and England to Ireland; and they sorely need it. Hope, then, balances fear in this direction.

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Less passionate, but more deep-seated, is the passive resistance of our non-British races—Jews, Germans, Italians, Slavs, and Scandinavians—to common action with an empire the traditions of which are sharply different from their own. If our purpose were to Anglicize America, this difficulty might well be insuperable. But no such national suicide is contemplated. These races, alien only as the Dutch, the Huguenots, and the Low Germans were alien to the English of our colonies, have accepted our English-speaking civilization, have modified and improved it, making it more flexible and, I hope and believe, more fruitful than the parent stock. In entering the English-speaking bond they have increased, not lessened, the opportunity for international like-mindedness.

Our schools have been a chief factor in this development. But they have succeeded because it was written down that they should succeed, not with the conscious purpose which must now be grasped. How fantastically wrong is the history of the American Revolution which most of us studied in youth, wherein George III appears as the type of the England of his day, and Burke is a voice crying in a wilderness! If patriotism could be stirred only by misrepresenting the foreigner, then this last and most stupid breeding of prejudice would be at least understandable. But we must be rid of it.

These are real difficulties. Let us not add to them by building upon false hopes. I do not belong to that group of optimists who think that combats together on a bloody field for a common cause insure for all time the fellowship of nations. Such is not the lesson of history. Soldiers have fought side by side one year and face to face the next too often to build upon that shallow belief. In the confusion of the next decade it is all too probable that the material interests of the English-speaking peoples may conflict on issues which in the past have made wars. It is folly to expect agreement because we have fought against a common enemy. It is good sense to strive and hope for agreement because of our hundred years' history of peace, because now as never before we react alike to the great impulse of this epoch, like each other when we meet, and have a common language of the mind as well as of the tongue. But it will never be easy, as the orator would have us believe, for the most like-minded of nations to remain inseparable.

And yet at the last I must inscribe myself optimist; for optimism just now is the function of America. Western Europe is worn and weary and a little cynical. Europe seeks rest, regardless of what may come after. We of the farther West, with our naïve enthusiasm and our unsapped energy, must supply the impulse toward large issues. Help in the battles of the present we are offering to France. Escape from the perils of the future may come if we learn to see eye by eye with Britons, Canadians, Australians, as our Poles and Italians and Germans have learned to see eye by eye with us at home. Let us set no bounds to our hope.

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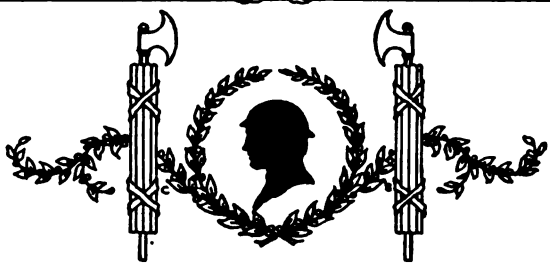

Braveries

By IRWIN EDMAN

For those who think it beautiful to die
One need not sigh;
Death is, they hold this truth,
Unique fulfilment for high-visioned youth,
And, in a saving cause to bleed,
Sets seal and consecration to their creed.
The cold catastrophe will but entice
Their souls to smiling sacrifice;
The precious, unpredicted end can give
A keen, clean brilliance to the days they live.
Each doubly cherished moment falters past,
Haloed as if it were the last;
They go, exalted from the dear caress,
To irretrievable success.
A radiance lures them, and they see
Themselves there in the fair fraternity
Who perished in the promise of their years,
And, dead, lived immemorial careers.
Gaily they go,
And confident; they know
Forever they shall linger in the light
They made to shine upon the realms of right.
With careless rapture, as of clear-eyed boys,
They sing their sufferings into joys.
They lack no consolation;
Death is itself a bright initiation
That sets their hearts to dance;
To die, a happy, glorifying chance.

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One rather pities those
Who most feel war's immedicable woes,
And see no palliating gleam of grace
In its dark face;
Who are, while sharing freely in the strife,
Irreconciled to iron ways of life;
Who take their part,
Yet feel the horror heavy on their heart;
Those who cannot deceive
Themselves with soft illusions while they grieve;
Who while they sternly act,
Build no sweet fiction round a bitter fact.
They learn to kill,
And hate their hideous skill;
They will not, because they must,
Think it a glory to return to dust.
To their last breath
They detest death;
Nor will they be
Forgetful of its vast futility,
Its sheer negation of young hopes begun,
Of dreams undreamed, and victories unwon.
They count the cost,
The heroic life enlarging visions lost,
The fine fragilities of peace
That sharply cease.
No dreamed immortal influences blend
With death; for them a fixed and endless end.
More than all else, in truth,
They treasure youth.
They do not lie,
They do not hold it beautiful to die.
But to the end sunlessly they fight
To make secure the regions of the right.
No healing consolations save
These from despair; these also are the brave.

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Conrad Norman

By HARVEY O'HIGGINS

Illustrations by F. R. Gruger

ONE hates to rub the plum-bloom off a newspaper romance, but his real name is not Conrad Norman. It is Con Gorman, and he was born in Centerbrook, New Jersey. So, I think, was Flora Furness. At any rate, they both grew up there, from childhood, as neighbors.

Not that the Gormans and the Furnesses were neighborly. There are two kinds of human beings in Centerbrook. Each is sustained by a feeling of superiority to the other, and this feeling of superiority has doubtless been provided by an all-wise Nature to enable each to endure with indifference the other's self-conceit. The native Centerbrooker regards the commuter as a Parisian regards a member of the American colony in Paris, or as a member of that colony regards an American tourist there, or as any one who is comparatively permanent and in possession regards the passing and the transitory. And the commuter (living in Centerbrook because "New York is no place to bring up a young family") regards the native Centerbrooker as the summer visitor in the Catskills regards the buckwheater and the local village life, or as any one who is progressively transient regards the permanent and rooted. Humanity, as the philosopher says, is "like that." It is one of humanity's compensations for being so human.

Con Gorman was in the rooted camp because his father kept the bakery on Front Street, near the railway station. Flora Furness was of the commuter's circle because her father took the 8.25 to the city every morning. But, as a matter of fact, neither the Gormans nor the Furnesses were spiritually at home in the tents of their respective factions. They were only more antipathetic to each other than they were to their economic kind. Nothing in the newspapers could have sounded less likely to Centerbrook than the possibility that a daughter of the Furnesses would ever look twice at a son of the Gormans. The head-line "SCREEN STAR WEDS PEERESS," would not have puckered many mouths in Centerbrook; but, "CON GORMAN WEDS FLORA FURNESS," that would certainly have started whistles enough to bring out the Ivy Hook and Ladder Co.

For my part, the first time I saw Con even speak to her I thought that I had turned his head.

It was at a concert and dance given at the Centerbrook Country Club in aid of the Belgian Relief Fund. I had just seen him act in a little sketch that was part of the concert, and he played his rôle so engagingly that it was evident he had dramatic talent. There is no mistaking it in a boy of nineteen; it is too rare to be overlooked. When the concert was finished and the room was being cleared for the dance, I hunted him out in the crowd on the club-house veranda, and proposed that he should let me give him a letter to a playwright who, I knew, was in need of a juvenile. We were still shaking hands when I said it, and his gratitude was so violent that he all but wrung blood from my finger-ends.

"Really?" he said, half-choked. "Will you? Gee!" And the rest strangled in his throat.

I tried to explain that I was not doing him a favor so much as I was doing the

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playwright one; that the movies had taken so many presentable juveniles off the stage that there was little left but *Romeos* in false teeth and toupees.

"If you do as well at rehearsals as you did here," I assured him, "Bidey 'll probably adopt you to keep them from buying you away."

"Really?" he cried. "Was I all right? Gee!" He strained at my hand again. "Gee! Wait a minute!" And he turned to buck his way back through the crowd as if I had passed him the foot-ball in a scrimmage, and he was going through the line for a touchdown.

He was a handsome boy, with an entire lack of self-consciousness. It was this lack that had struck me in his performance. When his friends in the audience applauded his entrance, he grinned genially; and his grin was just as contagious then as it is now. As soon as he began to speak his lines, his voice took all the innumerable sliding graduations of a conversational tone; and it seemed impossible that he could do such a thing without training, yet his accent was quite obviously untrained. His r's were ferocious.

They did not matter. I had understood that the rôle of the boy in my friend's play was not a straight part.

In a few minutes Con came rushing back to me to explain that he was not really an actor; that he had done only amateur stunts; that he sang and danced chiefly; that he had never thought of getting a part in a real play, only in musical comedy, and he had never been able to "break in" there. I promised to write a letter of introduction and mail it to him early in the morning. He bolted away again. He was in a pathetic state of pale excitement.

"Too bad!" said the man with whom I had been talking. "Nice boy, too!"

"What 's too bad about him?"

"No good for anything." He was the proprietor of the coal-yards on Leedy Street. "Parents' fault."

"What 's he been doing now?"

"That 's the trouble; he 's not doing anything. He 's never done an honest day's work in his life, and I don't believe he ever will. Huh! I see we have the stuffed-heart aristocracy with us."

He was referring to the Furnesses as "the stuffed-heart aristocracy."

The entertainment was a charity affair, and therefore open to any one who had a dollar; but, for that very reason, we had not expected the Furnesses to come. We forgot that the Belgians might be regarded as under the special protection of the British flag. There was a copper-bronzed and curly-headed young Englishman with Flora. He looked like a naval officer. I heard later that he was Lieutenant Cuthbert Williamson of the Atlantic squadron.

And my coal magnate referred to the Furnesses as "the stuffed-heart aristocracy" because they were known to be as poor as they were considered "snooty." They had no motor-car; they kept no servants; they were such notoriously "slow pay" that they could not get credit even at the news-stand on the railway-platform when they were in a hurry to catch a train. They never entertained. The butcher reported that they bought chiefly beef hearts. (Hence the "stuffed-heart aristocracy.") The grocer added, "and bushels o' turnips." And, as if to make themselves wholly ridiculous, they always dressed for dinner. Always. The town was full of stories of how Mrs. Furness cooked in an evening gown, and Albert Edward, her husband, after dinner lighted a postprandial clay pipe of Army Cut, and smoked solemnly in his "soup-and-fish." Some one, on a midwinter evening, had seen Flora, with her bare arms goose-fleshed in a frozen drawing-room, trying to keep herself warm by playing Beethoven sonatas on a piano that had the "crash" of falling icicles, while her brother, Howard Hartley Furness, twisted old newspapers into solid wads and fed them into the fireplace to encourage the cannel-coal.

I suspect that the "some one" who saw this was a younger Gorman, spying through a crack in the closed shutters of the Furness front window. They lived under a common roof, the Gormans and

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the Furnesses, in the old Voss house, on the corner of High and Leedy Streets, the Furnesses having a front door on High Street, and the Gormans using what had once been a side door and veranda on Leedy. Their lawns were separated by a class-barrier in the shape of an old lilac-hedge, planted by the last of the Vosses, Miss Elizabeth Voss, when she had been compelled to rent half her residence in order to be able to live in the other half. She had divided the house with a series of sound-proof walls, filled with sawdust. She had cut the back yard in two with a spite-fence high enough to discourage any social aspiration. And although she was now dead and buried exclusively, her work remained unchanged.

On the High Street side of the house there were still shuttered windows and a sun-blistered, weather-crackled, high-eyebrowed, old colonnade porch that was prouder than paint. Behind their street hedge the Furnesses could drink afternoon tea under the Voss elms, safe from the intruding curiosity of any but neighborly mosquitos, and Mrs. Furness rather managed to make them part of the function by calling them "midges." (Have I said that the Furnesses came from Bury, near Houghton, in Sussex?) Their front door still had its prim Voss air of being unapproachable to any one who had not been formally introduced, an air of never having extended its bell-pull to the fingers of the great ungloved. Occasionally, as you passed the gate in the hedge, you overheard the antique Furness piano articulating faintly in a high, precise soprano tinkle; not another sound. Whereas, on the Leedy Street side of the house, where there was no hedge, the whole brood of Gormans lived with unshuttered windows opening on a public veranda, and pounded the piano and sang and danced to the phonograph, and quarreled and smacked one another and played rough-house games as noisily as a kennel of young Airedales.

High Street still had some claim to residential respectability, although one house had been rented for a public library, two were boarding-houses, and another had put on a false front and become a milliner's shop. But Leedy Street was beyond the pale. There was not only a livery stable on it; there was a plumber's shop, a coal-yard, and a brick terrace where day-laborers lived. It was not to be expected that a family on High Street would associate with one on Leedy.

And the Furnesses did not really associate with any one in Centerbrook. They lived in the same general world as the other commuters, belonged distantly to the same country club, played silent golf on the same club-links, and prayed regularly to the same Deity. But, under Providence, all their aims in life were as palpably alien to the Centerbrook commuters as the Gorman aimlessness was repellent to the coal-yard proprietor.

To him the Furnesses were "the stuffed-heart aristocracy" and Con was "no good for anything."

He was telling me why he had discharged Con after a week's trial in his office. I was confused by a vague recollection of a report that Con had said he was fired for refusing to give a customer short weight—or something of the sort. Centerbrook is full of such gossip about its shopkeepers.

Flora Furness caught my wandering eye, across the veranda, and she gave me not exactly a smile, but at least a facial movement of friendly recognition. Her mother had discovered that I had once visited a member of the artist colony in Amberley, which is beside the river Arun, opposite Bury; and though I had never been in Bury itself, I had stood on the downs above Amberley and seen the spire of Bury church among the trees across the river and the weald. It gave me a standing with the Furnesses that no one else in Centerbrook could approach.

The next thing I saw was Con Gorman speaking to Flora Furness. And, as I say, I thought that I had turned his young head.

She was standing near the veranda door, between her mother and Lieutenant Williamson. The music had struck up inside; the dancers were streaming past

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her in answer to its call; and Con had stopped, incredibly, to ask her for a dance. At least I judged that was what had happened. I could not see his face, but I could see hers and her mother's and Williamson's.

Mrs. Furness wore her hair like the Queen Dowager Alexandra, whom she respectfully resembled. She was holding herself regally erect, high-shouldered, with her hands clasped on her stomacher, so to speak; and her expression had calmly obliterated Con Gorman from the surrounding cosmos by an act of will. Williamson's face, I did not understand till I met him later; he had, in fact, the absent-minded eyes of young Europe, gravely condemned to death, and watching contemporary America dance to rag-time. Having regarded Con a moment, blankly, he shifted the look to a passing couple.

As for Flora Furness, she seemed at first, naturally, surprised at Con. She smiled a formal, polite refusal. He persisted. She glanced at her mother, and then darted a look at him that confessed I did not know what. It was an alarmed, reluctant, warning look. It was a look as of conspiracy betrayed. And it was so evidently private that I turned away at once, as if I had been spying.

I found that the coal-dealer was refuting an editorial allegation that coal-dealers had caused the rise in the price of coal. When I looked at Flora Furness again, she was talking to Williamson, with her eyes fixed on me. Con had disappeared. For a moment I thought guiltily that she was studying me to see what I had noticed. Then I understood that she wished to speak to me.

I made a strategic retreat from the labor war in the Pennsylvania coal-fields, and moved toward her with the current that was being sucked in to the music. It seemed impossible that Con could have told her what I had said about his acting. Why should he? And yet why, otherwise, should she summon me in this way? And, most of all, why the look that she had shot at *him?* What was going on between them?

When I had been recognized and greeted by her mother and her, she said that she wanted me to meet Lieutenant Williamson. That was pleasant, but unilluminating. The lieutenant was equally so. I was not piqued, but I had once talked to a silent Englishman about the Boer War for two garrulous hours before I learned that he had served as an officer through the whole campaign; and I promised myself that Williamson might be as amiably unilluminating as he pleased, he should not betray me into trying to enlighten him about the British navy. I turned my intelligence on her.

We talked of the concert, condescendingly.

"I 've just discovered an actor," I said, "a born actor."

That was an inspiration. There had been only one dramatic number in the concert, and her eyes at once betrayed her. She had a clear, young pallor that did not speak well for stuffed-heart and turnips as a health food, and that pallor slowly reddened.

"Is n't it warm?" she said. It was not particularly warm. "Could we find a cool drink?" We could.

The Furnesses were stanch in their English aversion to ice-water, and her mother showed some incredulous surprise; but before she could move to arrest her daughter we were through the door.

The girl took my arm.

"I saw you talking to him," she said quickly, under her voice. "What is it? What has happened?"

I was as much taken aback as if a marble Venus had suddenly turned its sculptured head to me and spoken breathlessly. It was Con Gorman of whom she was speaking! I could believe that Con might have stood outside the railing and gazed up reverently at the placid face of the goddess, but I could not believe that the Olympian eyes had ever been lowered to look at him. She held her head high while she asked me about him. She was of that statuesque type of gray-eyed English beauty of which Du Maurier loved to make architectural drawings.

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I repeated what I had said to Con. It did not seem adequate to her. "But he was so excited!" she murmured. We were making our way across the semi-baronial hall of the country club, and suddenly she deflected me toward the side veranda. "It 's so hot," she said, hurriedly, "I feel almost faint."

I understood that she had seen Con, as I had, coming to intercept us. She escorted me rapidly outdoors and down the deserted porch to the back steps and out across the lawn toward the tennis-courts.

"I want to speak to him," she said, "alone"; and she stopped me with a hand on my arm, and went on into the darkness without me.

She must have known that Con was right behind us, although she had not turned her head, and he, in his dancing-pumps, had not made a foot-fall audible to me. He shot past me instantly and overtook her. I heard him say:

"Is it true? Are you going to——" Was it "marry him"?

It sounded like "marry him," and his tone was agonized.

I turned back to the porch, sat down on the steps under an electric light, and consulted a cigarette.

I did not share the prejudices of Centerbrook, but the more I thought over the situation, the more impossible it appeared. Con was simply the ne'er-do-well son of a drunken Irish baker whose business was held together by his wife and his daughters. Con had once helped them by driving the wagon and delivering the bread, but of recent years he had not done even that. He had worked for a week in the coal-office, he had been a clerk for at least two weeks in the grocery, he had tended the soda-fountain in the druggist's for perhaps a month, and there had been a period when it was understood that he was employed in New York; but though he had no conspicuous vices, he had a cheerful irresponsibility that unfitted him for commercial life. He treated the grocery, the coal-office, and the drug-store as if their business were suffering from a lack of gaiety that could be supplied by bright impertinences and practical jokes. The till at the bake-shop being open to him always, he was never without pocket-money. He dressed smartly, he was the spark of life in any party that included him, he was a high favorite among many of the young people of Centerbrook; but their wise elders waited not too patiently to see him come to his inevitable bad end.

Among those whose frowns were expectantly prophetic I could not imagine the Furnesses. They must have been merely unaware of his existence. And how he had managed to come to speaking terms with Flora Furness was not to be learned from a cigarette. Yet there they both were, dimly to be seen on a bench under the trees beside the tennis-courts, in the animated intimacy of a secret conversation. She was seated, immovably, with her back to me, and he was turned sidewise toward her, talking rapidly, and running his hand up through his hair. I tried not to notice them, but I could not help seeing his arm go up and then out in a passionate gesticulation.

It was undoubtedly some sort of clandestine love-affair; and yet, of course, it could not be. I could believe it was while I was looking at them, but when I looked away it was incredible. It was like seeing a ghost, and turning from it to blink at its familiar surroundings and to say to yourself, "There must be something the matter with my eyes."

I ended by keeping my attention fixed on my cigarette, as you might feel that, if you did not notice your ghost, it would disappear. After all, no one in Centerbrook would have credited the report of such an intimacy. If I refused to see it, it was as good as non-existent. I refused to see it.

I refused even when the girl returned alone, almost running, in an agitation which I could not avoid hearing in her shaken breathing. I rose without looking at her, and followed her up the porch, and, discreetly silent, hastened to open the screen-door for her. She controlled her-

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self with difficulty, facing the crowded hall. I did not try to help her. I was afraid of intruding.

We crossed the room without a word. As we approached the other door she said, after a struggle in a tone of shamed desperation:

"Please take him away. Don't let him come to—to speak to me again. I 'll tell them I feel ill. Don't stay to talk to them. Take him home."

Her distress was painful. I hastened to assure her:

"Yes, yes; I 'll fix it. Don't worry. It 'll be all right," remorseful because I had not offered some approach to the subject in order to make it easier for her to speak of it.

We were at the door. As I reached for it she faltered out, with extraordinary poignancy, "Be—be—*kind* to him."

I was afraid that she was going to break down, and I fumbled blindly with the door-knob, frightened and embarrassed, whispering to her, "Don't! don't!" unable to look at her.

She did not answer. I drew the door open. She passed me and went out. On the veranda she gave me her hand in a hasty parting, her eyes averted.

"Thank you," she said in a clear, controlled voice. "I feel much better. Good night." And as I turned back I heard her tell her mother: "I 've been feeling quite faint. I think we 'd better go."

I went, rather dazed, to look for Con, and I found him on the bench where she had left him, facing the night. I spoke to him, without reply, and sat down beside him, and struck a match to light another cigarette. I did not light it. Glancing at him furtively in the small flare of the match, I saw that he was crying, his face drenched with tears—crying silently, his mouth open, his jaws trembling, his eyes staring, unaware of himself or of me. It was not the audible grief of revolt or self-pity, but the mute suffering of complete bereavement and despair. And it so shocked me that I immediately blew out the match.

I could not think of anything to say. I could not imagine what was the matter. It was not like a boy's grief; it was widowed, tragic. I sat helplessly waiting.

And suddenly I was overcome with a sickening depression: the sense of his unhappiness beside me, the sound of the dance-music from behind us, the sight of the desolate tennis-courts vaguely in front of us, the taste of the cold cigarette in my mouth. Life has such aspects. They are intolerable. The mind cannot endure them. It escapes at once into some future, some plan, some hope. I began desperately:

"I think I 'd better go into town with you to-morrow and introduce you to these people. They want to start rehearsals right away, and I 'd like to get a copy of your part and run over it with you. A good deal will depend on the first impression they get of you." And so forth. I talked about salary, contract, the probable success of the play, his opportunity to make a hit,—anything rosy that came into my mind,—ignoring the whole situation. He did not speak, although I paused several times to wait for him. When at last I turned to him directly and demanded, "Well, what do you say?" he answered:

"It 's too late." And his voice was not tearful, but quite toneless, out of a tight throat.

I ignored that, too. I went ahead babbling about his acting, the fact that he plainly had imagination, that it was the great gift in acting, that I was sure he would make an immediate success, that I had seen So-and-so, of whom he reminded me, walk on to the stage in New York in what was almost his first part, and get himself accepted by the critics as "the best actor in America under twenty-five years of age." And if So-and-so could do it—

"It does n't matter," he said hoarsely, more to himself than to me; "it 's too late now." And he began to sob.

I could not ignore the sobs. I took him by the shoulder.

"Look here. Pull yourself toget[illegible] This is all nonsense. If you get all [illegible] to pieces this way, you 'll be good[illegible]

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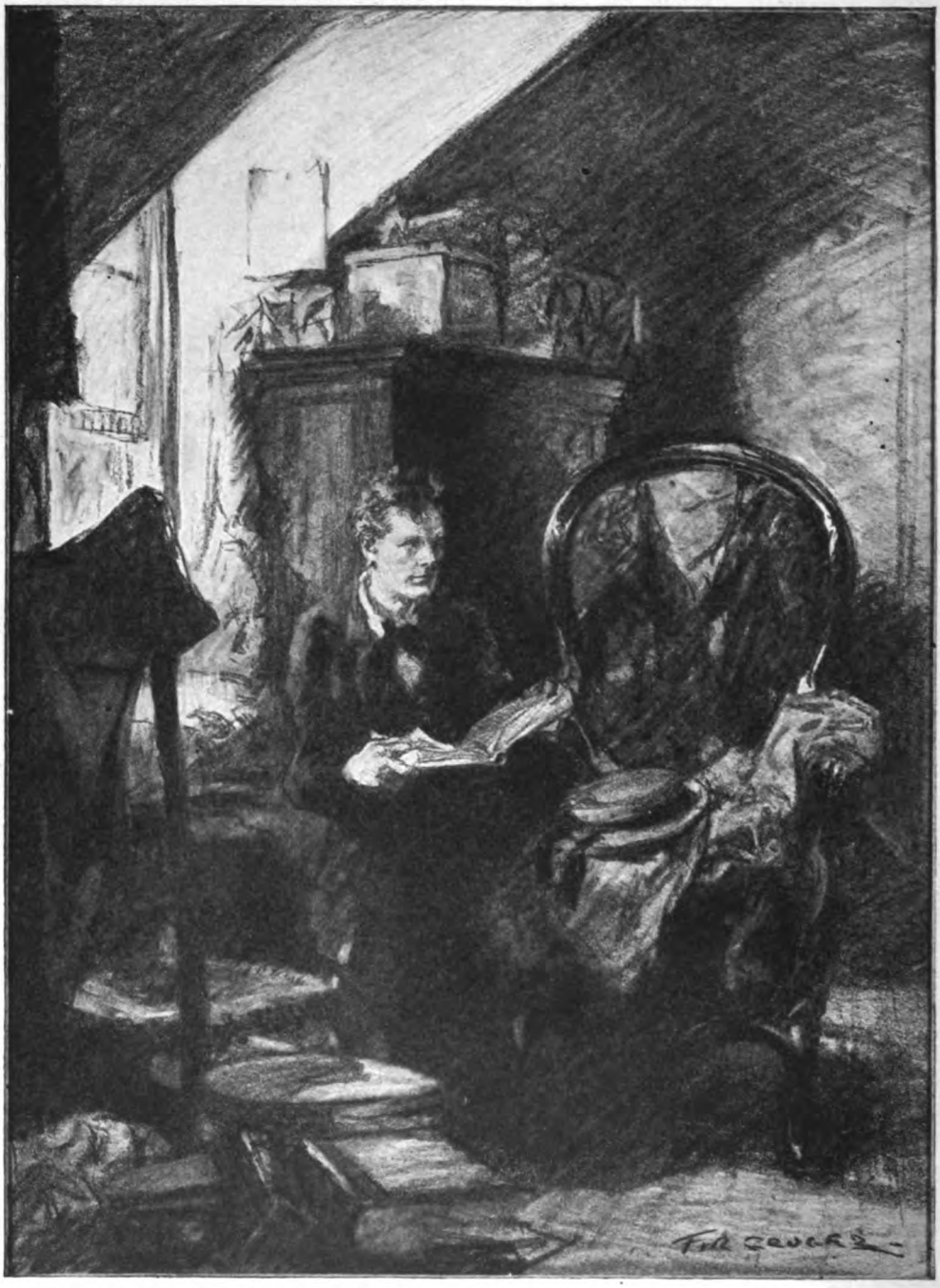

"SOMETIMES, WHEN HE HAD LOCKED HIMSELF IN, HE MOVED THE BED ASIDE, AND WENT INTO THE OTHER ROOM AND PRETENDED THAT SHE WAS THERE WITH HIM"

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nothing to-morrow. I don't know what you imagine 's happened to you, but it probably is n't half as bad as you think. If you make a ten-strike in a part, it 'll change everything. Don't be a fool."

He broke down completely, collapsing in a huddle when I shook him, sobbing with a frightful laboring effort to get his breath, and gasping out that she was going, that she was to be married, that it was too late. I threw away my cigarette. I put my arm around his shoulders and pulled him over to me. He fell across me, his face in his hands, and lay there crying like a child. I gave him my handkerchief when I felt his tears soaking through my thin summer trousers.

"If I knew what was the matter," I said, "I might be able to help you." It had struck me that he was crying as if he had lost something more than a sweetheart. "If it 's Flora Furness, I don't think she 's turned against you. She told me to take you home and to—well, she asked me to be *kind* to you."

He sat up at once, frantically wiping his eyes.

"Where is she? Where is she?"

"No." I held him by the arm. "You can't go and make a scene with her. You stay where you are till you 've pulled yourself together. Besides, she 's gone home with her people."

With that he began to curse her family like a truck-driver, even while he mopped away his boy's tears, abusing her mother in language that was beyond belief—delirious indecencies, the sort of language that you hear from a patient in a surgical ward coming out from under ether. I put my hand over his mouth, afraid that some one might hear him.

"Shut up," I threatened, "or I 'll throttle you."

He struggled with me a moment, trying to bite my hand, and then he collapsed again into hysterics. I scolded him in an attempt to get some backbone into him in that way.

"You young cad, calling decent people names like that! What 've you to do with a girl like her, anyway? Or any girl? You don't earn your salt, never did, never even tried to. If she 's going to marry, she 'll marry a better man than you, no matter who he is. I don't see how she ever came to look at you, or how you ever had the—the effrontery to speak to her—to suppose that—that she——"

He had come back to himself with a sort of shudder.

"I know," he said abjectly. "I 'm sorry. I—I can't help it." He choked again with tears. "You—you," he gulped—"you don't understand."

"No," I said; "I 'll be hanged if I do. How long has this been going on?"

"Always," he wept. "Always. Ever since I can remember."

"What? Why, you 're *crazy!* Here in Centerbrook!"

"Yes. Nobody knew, not even her family—or mine."

And then the whole story began to come out pell-mell, every which way, wrong end first, the middle nowhere, and all confused with mixed emotions—tears and young despair and disorderly outbursts of vituperation against himself, Centerbrook, his ill luck, her family, and everything and everybody but the girl herself. For a long time I could not believe him. Then, when I believed, I could not understand, for much of it he did not understand himself and could not make credible. But what a situation! With a little of the bathos of actuality taken out, and its place occupied by romantic motive and symphonic "bunk," what a situation for a fictionist! Well!

They had met years before, as children, in circumstances that were just absurd. He had been chopping kindling in the woodshed, with his pockets full of bake-shop cookies. The Furnesses had that day moved into their half of the house; it had been for some time vacant, and a missing board had not yet been replaced in the fence that made the rear wall of the woodshed. Con, straightening up from the kindling in order to cram a cooky into his mouth, saw her watching him through this hole in the fence with an expression of hungry envy. He grinned, and held

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out a cooky to her. She studied him between shyness and temptation. ("They never had enough to eat in the house," he explained, "but they were so proud you 'd never guess it.") He went over to the opening and said: "Go on; take one. They 're good. My father makes them. We own the bakery. Go on. I got lots."

She took it, and said, "Thank you," polite, but embarrassed.

He introduced himself.

"What 's *your* name?"

Instead of replying, she said unexpectedly:

"Mother 'll not let me play with you."

"Why won't she?"

"She does n't let me play with any one."

"All right," he said; "then I won't ask her to. Have another."

He gave her a handful. She was more at her ease, having confessed that she could not play with him. She nibbled the cakes greedily, looking at him over them.

"My name 's Flora," she confided.

That was their beginning.

"She was n't so pretty," he said, "but she was n't like any girl I 'd ever met before, she was so quiet. She 'd just stand and watch you and listen and look—look friendly and never say a word. I was dead nuts about her in no time. I used to take all sorts of things in my pockets for her, and she 'd slip out and get them when she heard me chopping wood. I used to make all the noise I could on purpose, and bang on the side of the woodshed when she did n't come.

"I don't know how she let me know—I guess she told me straight out—that she could n't speak to me if she saw me on the street. I did n't care, but I pretended I was sore. I had some Scotch short-cake for her, but I said I would n't give it to her unless she let me kiss her. She said she would n't do it for the short-cake, but she 'd do it because she could n't speak to me on the street. It was the—the first time I kissed her." And then he began to sob again.

He must have been about eight years old at the time, and she ten. Her father had come to New York for an English publishing house. He was an Oxford man and a younger son. He had not yet developed his destructive weakness for brandy and soda, and although his income must have been beggarly, the family kept up appearances. She did not go to school; she was taught at home by her mother. And she was not allowed to associate with the neighborhood children, because their accents were bad. There was, in fact, no accent in Centerbrook that her mother considered it safe for her to hear too often. Her brother, Howard Hartley, was sent to a boys' boarding-school up the Hudson, after the English fashion. Mrs. Furness was secretly giving piano lessons in a girl's school in Plainfield, and Flora was left alone in the empty house every afternoon.

Con could not recall how the meetings in the woodshed were discovered, but he remembered clearly enough that he found the missing board replaced one day, and no one answered his industrious uproar among the kindlings. He was not outwitted. He had loosened that board himself in order to get into the Voss backyard before the Furnesses occupied it, and he had had another way of entering: he had clambered out a dormer-window on to the roof, and forced an entrance through a corresponding window on the Voss side of the house. And more than that. Miss Voss's sound-proof walls did not extend to the top story. There was a door from the Gorman attic into the Voss attic. It was bolted on both sides; but having entered the Voss attic through the window, Con had withdrawn all the bolts. He had gone down through the house and unlocked the cellar door, and with a picked following of young burglars he had made the vacant house the resort of a gang of imaginary desperadoes of which he was captain.

The day that he found the woodshed repaired he went at once to the attic, took off his shoes and stockings, and crawled across the roof again into the Furness top story. He unlocked the attic door to open a quick retreat for himself, according to the best traditions of the profession, and started tip-toeing down-stairs in search of

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the imprisoned princess. There was not a sound anywhere. He reached the ground floor before he heard so much as a cough. There, through the hinge-crack of an open door, he saw her sitting in the parlor, reading a book. He made sure that there was no one else in the room before he put his head in and whispered, "Have a gingersnap?" She dropped her book and cried, "Con!" And she made so much noise about it that he knew she was alone in the house.

That began the second stage of their affair. They met in the attic thereafter, and talked and read and played together while her mother was away. It was easy enough for the girl; there was no one to spy on her as long as she remained indoors. But Con had to practise all sorts of stratagems and deceptions in order to escape from his small brothers and his boy friends, and at first he did not spend much time with her; he would just run up to see her for a few minutes after school was out and take her some cakes. When the novelty wore off, it was rather a deprivation for him to be shut up on a holiday afternoon with her over a book or a game. If he had been another sort of boy, he might have tired of it. But he was naturally gentle and affectionate and "sorry for the kid," as he expressed it to me, and sufficiently out of tune with his surroundings to enjoy his escape into a hidden friendship with a girl like Flora Furness; and he was not proud enough to resent the fact that she could not know him publicly. He had in him a Celtic strain of poetry and imagination that kept him as secretive about her as if she were one of those invisible playmates that solitary children invent. She never asked him to come, she never reproached him if he was late or hurried; but she was always waiting for him, and she glowed with a touching pleasure, repressed, but flatteringly sincere, when he arrived, and she played his make-believe games with him, fascinated by an inventiveness that was beyond her. She was probably rather stupid as a child in everything but the depth of her feeling.

Apparently he did not realize how far matters had gone with him until she was sent away to a girls' school where she could not receive letters or write to him without it being known. He mooned around in a state of desperate loneliness for a long time before he returned to his proper associates. It was during this absence of hers that he took the Gorman attic-room as his bedroom and study, with some boyish idea of being nearer the memory of her. He put the high head of his bed against the connecting-door to conceal it; but sometimes, when he had locked himself in, he moved the bed aside, and went into the other room and pretended that she was there with him.

Then she returned for the holidays, and the thing began to be serious. She had been unhappy at the school. The other girls were all daughters of the well-to-do; she had put on the pride of poverty in her association with them, and they had retaliated as Centerbrook would have retaliated if it had had the opportunity. She had made no friends. She could not appeal for sympathy to her mother, whose ideal of character was not exactly sympathetic. And it was impossible to appeal to her father; her mother had always been between them in the family administration. So she poured it all out to Con. He took it greedily, and consoled her with the whispers of adolescent love. They began meeting at night after the others of the household were in bed. She came to his room.

Well, as I say, the middle of their story was missing from his account of it. The end came first; and it ran back only as far as the time when he left school to go to work. She tried to persuade him to continue his studies, but he was too impatient. He was eager to earn money, to make himself rich, so that they might be married the sooner. That was why he gave up driving the bakery-wagon; there were no riches in sight along that route, and while he traveled it, he had to deliver bread to her back door and be treated as a hired man by her mother. And that was why he left every other occupation that he tried in Centerbrook.

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He lasted longest at the soda-fountain because the Furnesses had not the American weaknesses for cold drinks and proprietary medicines. The apparent cheerfulness of his irresponsibility was a humorous Irish mask for his distaste for commercial drudgery and the growing unhappiness of his divided life. He flung out impatiently against a situation which only the most deadly application of industry could have cured.

When he tried working in New York, he was away from her all day; she had now refused to meet him at night after the others were asleep, and he could not endure the deprivation of not seeing her. She must have discovered by this time that their love-affair was becoming a guilty madness. While he was with her he had all sorts of plans, the most impossible hopes, the wildest dreams; but away from her he could not fulfil them. She was like a drug to him, which left him enervated, instead of a stimulant to spur him on.

For a year at least a silent struggle had gone on between them; and then, apparently, she gave it up. He began drifting aimlessly, and she did not reproach him. He took it for granted that she was satisfied to wait for the realization of his vague ambition to be a singer,—he was the baritone soloist in the Choral Club,—to "break into" musical comedy, to take to the concert stage. She had become patiently melancholy, but he attributed that to the war. Her mother's was a military family, and five of her relatives had been killed at the front. The letters from home were full of tragedy and discouragement. She tried to talk to him about it, but he knew very little about the war and cared less. His father was an irreconcilable hater of the Sassenach, rejoicing in the British disasters, and Con felt himself superior to both sides in his neutral indifference.

Now she had just returned from a visit to friends in New York, and she had returned most affectionate, but most depressed. Her brother, Howard Hartley, was going to England to enlist. She had even hinted that there was talk of the whole family accompanying him. But she had said nothing about Lieutenant Williamson, and it was only accidentally that Con had overheard some one at the country club speaking of the Englishman as her fiancé. That had happened on the club-house veranda just a few minutes before I spoke to him. It was the cause of his excessive emotion at my offer of assistance. It was the reason why he had tried to get a dance with her, and waylaid her when he saw me with her, and followed us to demand of her, "Are you going to marry him?"

She had refused to say that she was not. She had admitted that she was probably going to England with Howard and her parents.

"We 're needed. We 're all needed," she kept saying. "And what 's the use of my staying here? I 'm only ruining your life."

"And she 's *not!*" Con cried. "She 's not! She can't leave me now, after what there 's been between us. I 'll go crazy. I 'll kill myself. It 's all I 've had to live for in this—If she 's needed over there—needed! I know. I know. It 's her mother. She 's got her all doped up with this English stuff. She always did it. She 's kept her away from everybody and everything. If it had n't been for me, she 'd 've gone crazy, shut up that way, with no one even to talk to. She does n't understand. She believes what her mother tells her. She 's always doing things because her mother—She should 've—When I wanted her to—when I had a job in New York in that big clothing store, I wanted her to beat it and get married, and she would n't. She said it would be 'too terrible—for mother.' That old snoot! I 'd like to know—I don't see what hold they 've got over her. *I* can't make her—Half the time I can't even tell what she 's thinking about any more. She just sat here to-night and shivered till I could hear her teeth chatter and said, 'No, no; I 'm ruining your life!' And she 's *not!* She 's *not!* Oh—oh—if I lose her—she *can't!* I can't let her! She's *got* to wait! I 'm only nineteen. I 'll find some way; I 'll

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do anything! I don't care as long as she does n't go and oh, my God! I 'll go crazy!"

And I was afraid that he might. I never saw anything like it. He would talk himself into comparative exhaustion, and then the thought that he was going to lose her would strike him like a physical pang, and he would bury his face in his hands and cry out as if he were contorted with actual pain. And then he would begin to rave again. He had an amazing capacity for suffering. He wore me out with it. I would certainly have given him an opiate if I had had one with me. For a long time I could think of nothing else to do.

I was convinced that she had made up her mind to break with him. It was the only course open to her. He could not marry her; he could not marry any one; and there was no prospect that he would ever be in a position to marry a girl of her traditions. She could not introduce him to her family and its conventions even as a friend; it would have been torture for both him and her. She was returning to her own people. There was nothing for him to do but to return to his. That was obvious.

But it was equally obvious that if he realized what she was doing he would fight it in a scandalous frenzy. He would expose her to everybody, as he had already exposed her to me. He was beyond the reach of persuasion, caution, reason of any kind. He talked incoherently of going to her family and confronting her mother and "bawling them out." It was just frantic nonsense, but he seemed capable of doing it. And since she had made me by her appeal responsible for him, I could not walk away and leave him to run amuck.

I began to persuade him that his situation had been entirely changed by the fact that I had a part for him in a play. I assured him that he was an actor, with a career before him. If he could convince her of that, or if he could even persuade her to wait a month while he proved it, even if she went to England, she might be willing to wait for him.

"Show her," I argued. "That 's what you have to do. Show her. Make good. Get her to give you time. That 's all you have to do. Get her to wait. She 'll do it, I 'm sure. Even if she goes to England, she 'll wait if she sees any hope. She 's that sort of girl. Show her that you have the backbone, and she 'll stand by you. Sure."

And I intended to find some way of reaching her and saying:

"You can't go off like this. He 'll do something mad. I can't hold him. Nobody can, except you. If you have to go to England, wait till you get there before you break with him. Give him some hope, and take it away from him gradually if you must. But meanwhile help me in some way. You 'll have to. He 's in a frightful state."

I persuaded him easily enough. He was ready to clutch at anything. But I persuaded him too well. I persuaded him so well that he insisted only *I* could persuade her.

"She won't believe *me,*" he confessed pitifully. "I 've had too many plans that never came to anything. But if you told her that I can act, that you 've got this part for me, that we 'll go and land it tomorrow morning, she 'll believe *you.* Yes, she will. 'Phone her. 'Phone her. Come on and telephone her."

"I 'll do it," I said, "if you 'll promise to go home and stay there and keep quiet and get ready to come to town with me tomorrow morning."

"All right. All right." He seized my arm. "Come on. You can 'phone her from the drug-store. Hurry up. We 'll be too late. They lock up—"

At least he was no longer in hysterics; there was that much gained. And he had given up his idea of bursting in on her family and demanding her out of hand. But in some unconscious need of physical action to relieve his impatience he tried to start me running to the drug-sto[re] stead of taking my car.

"Keep quiet, you idiot!" I said. [It] has to be done carefully. Get in the seat there and keep quiet.

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of what to say to her to get her to come."

I might as well have tried to think in a Bellevue ambulance on the way with a patient to the psychopathic ward. He had gone from a frenzy of despair to an insane height of voluble hope. Certainly, he would make a great actor if temperament could do it.

I left him in the car when I got out at the druggist's to telephone. And I had a moment to collect my thoughts while her brother, who answered the 'phone, went to call her. I began guardedly to explain to her that I needed help, mentioning no names; that I had succeeded in persuading him to go home: but he insisted that I must see her; that I had something to propose—

She cut me short with "Tell him I 'll come."

I did not understand.

"Where?" I asked. "When?"

She repeated:

"Tell him I 'll come." And she hung up.

He understood.

"Come on! Come on!" he cried. "Hurry up! My room; it 's my room."

I was glad that Centerbrook went to bed at ten. He hung over me from the back seat, urging me on, like the heroine of a movie race between a touring-car and sudden death. And when he had hurried me, stumbling, through the dark halls and up the creaking staircases of the sleeping Gorman family, and pushed me into his room and locked the door behind us and switched on the light, he stood, with his eyes on the faded chintz curtains of a clothes-closet, panting with all the impatient emotions of a screen-star with the chest-heaves. It seemed to me that life had become amazingly melodramatic.

He began to pace up and down the room, under the sloping ceiling, talking in low, eager, distracted tones, and throwing out abrupt and meaningless gestures at me. He was vitalized with emotion to a degree that made him feverishly demonstrative, but inexpressive. He bewildered me. He filled the little dormer-windowed room with a noiseless clamor of incoherent whispers and incommunicable dumb show and jumpy shadows. I sat down on the side of his bed and felt dizzy.

And suddenly he stopped. He stood waiting in a breathy silence. The chintz curtains parted before her over an open door, and with her entrance our movie melodrama became at once the tragedy of beauty and dignity and poignant repression.

She was dressed in a low-cut gown, and her hair had been hastily gathered up in a coiled disorder high on her head. She came in from the darkness, to our light, noiselessly, and found him with a slow, set look that pitied him and suffered for him and stood firm. It was a look of irrevocable judgment and unmerciful compassion, and it made her most movingly beautiful to see.

Con cried out at once and rushed to her and took her in his arms. I went to blink out a window. I began to realize the seriousness of the situation in which I had undertaken to help. She had more character than I had supposed. She was more mature. She was not sparing herself, and I had to persuade her to spare *him*. I did not believe that I could do it. But when she spoke to me, and I turned, she was sitting in an old arm-chair, bending over Con, who was kneeling on the floor at her feet, his face buried in her knees, childishly; and she was consoling him, like a widowed mother, with silent caresses, herself in tears. If she had that maternal love for him—

I began to tell her about the part that I had for him, talking for *his* benefit and making conspiring signs to her. It is an amazing thing to look back on. I did not predict half the success that he has met with, and yet neither of us believed a word I said. He alone was convinced by me. He looked up at her while she listened, and she pretended to be interested and impressed.

"All he needs," I said, "is a little time —a month, say—to show you. ["Just a month!" he pleaded. "Just a month!"] Don't do anything final even if you have to go to England. Wait. Give him a chance. ["I 'll make good. I will. I

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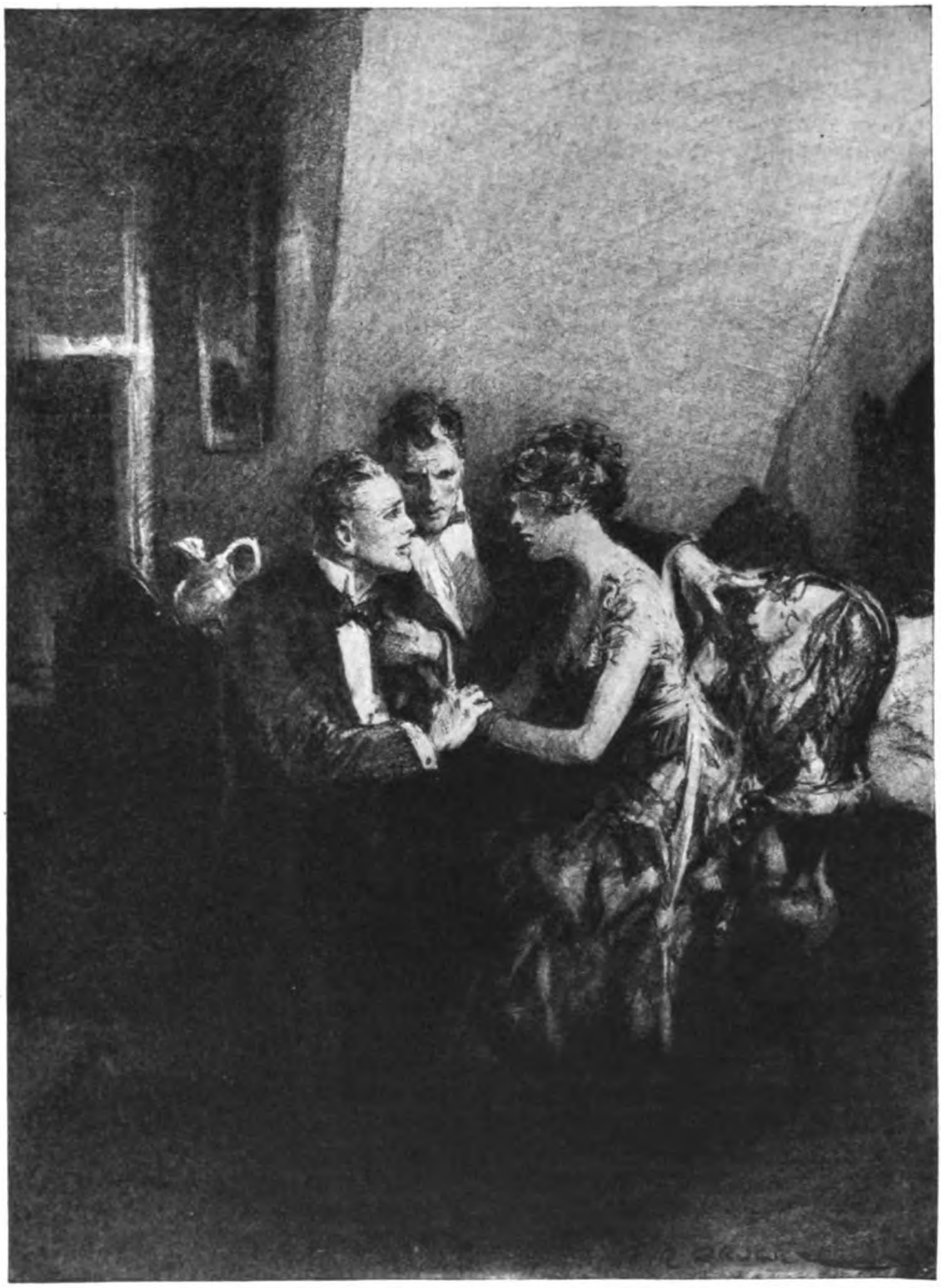

"JUST A MONTH!" HE PLEADED. "JUST A MONTH!"

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promise."] He has real possibilities, real imagination, a real gift for the stage." And so on.

She kept saying in reply to him:

"Yes, yes; I 'm sure you will," trying to smile, and patting at him blindly. "Yes, yes; I know."

In the midst of it she turned to me, in response to something in my manner of which I was unaware, and said jealously: "You must n't blame him. He 's been so good to me. He 's—he 's such a dear! It has all been more my fault than his. I was n't brave enough. I 'm not now. We were just—just children—innocent. We did n't understand. And we were—so happy!"

"O Flora!" he sobbed. They clung together like the babes in the wood. I felt like the cruel uncle.

I went back to the window. The lights of my car were burning in the street below. When there was a pause in their pitiful endearments I said:

"We want to be in town early tomorrow morning." I could n't stand any more of it. "You come along with me, Con, and we 'll run in to-night in the machine, sleep in my room there, and get hold of Bidey before anyone else is given the part. I can 'phone up to the house and say I 've been called in to New York unexpectedly. It often happens." I made a sign to her. It was as if we both knew that she was dying and we were planning to get him away in ignorance of it. She took it with just that face.

"Yes, yes," she said. "Go on, Con dear. Does he need to take his things? Let me pack them."

"And I 'll run along and telephone, and be back in ten minutes." I was glad of the chance to escape. "I 'll toot for you."

She held out her hand.

"Good-by," she said simply. "Thank you." But the look and the clasp of the hand that went with it were secretly in the manner of a death-bed farewell. Not merely haste and darkness made me stumble going down the stairs.

I took as long as I could at the telephone, and had the car filled at the garage, and dawdled returning. Even so I had to wait before the light in his room went out, and I knew that they had parted.

I could imagine what the parting had been when I saw him stagger down the steps with his suitcase, and I was sorry enough for him. But I had to pretend to be optimistic or betray her confidence.

"Now, boy," I said, "get in back there, and make up your mind to leave this trouble behind you till you 've landed the part and landed it big." He dropped the bag and sank into the seat exhausted. "There 's room to lie down on the floor if you want to sleep. You can put back that foot-rail." He muttered something feebly, and shook his head. I threw in the gas. And Conrad Norman started toward his unbelievable success.

He did not arrive in *my* care.

I got him the part in the play with no effort whatever. He seemed ideal for it. He began to rehearse, and after watching him for a few mornings I left him to his fate. It was evident that he lacked training; beside the cultivated "reading" of the professionals in the cast he sounded amateur, pale-voiced. His tones had no theatrical "make-up" in them; they did not carry his points. At the best it would take him three or four years to acquire the experience and authority needed to put him over with an audience. And even then would Flora Furness marry him?

How could she? All the years that we had been laughing at the Furnesses in Centerbrook Mrs. Furness had been instinctively molding her son and her daughter to a career that was now beginning. Like a queen in exile, she had kept her children reminded of their royalty, stanch to their class. She had preserved in them the accent, the manners, the conventions, the ideals of the governing English. Flora could no more escape from them to marry Gorman than if she were a crown princess whose whole family depended upon her to succeed to a throne. Her very beauty made escape impossible. I could foresee that much.

I did not foresee Con's complete failure at rehearsals.

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For a week everything went fairly well. Apparently he tried to work and forget her. He tried to keep her out of his thoughts and learn his lines. And I judge that what he succeeded in doing was this: by a very common trick of the mind he inhibited not his memory of her, but his memory for his rôle. When every one else in the cast was letter-perfect, he was still stumbling and uncertain. He began to lose his self-confidence. He could not read a single line correctly, because he was trying to recall it, not trying to *mean* it. No one understood what was the matter with him. They thought that he was simply stupid. When they found him crying in the wings, they accepted it as his despairing recognition of his own failure. (He was crying, I learned afterward, because she had sailed from Boston that morning.) The stage-director "let him out," as they say. I did not hear of it for some days, and he did not come to me for any further help. He went to Los Angeles with a film company. Three months later we got the news in Centerbrook that Lieutenant Williamson had succeeded to some sort of title by the death of his two elder brothers in France, and Flora had married him in the church at Bury. And, as far as I was concerned, the story was complete.

When I saw Conrad Norman in "King Charles the First," I realized what fools we had all been and of what a young genius the spoken drama had been deprived. I realized also that the disastrous ending of his affair with Flora Furness had been the making of him, artistically. He had qualities of repose and pathos that were marvelous in one so young. His salary was advertised as a thousand dollars a week. At that price he was irrevocably lost to the playwrights. I felt sorry for them; I even felt sorry for Flora Furness. As for the Centerbrookers, the joke was on them both ways. The daughter of the stuffed-heart aristocracy and poor Con Gorman, the ne'er-do-well, had both arrived at their distinguished goals by following the impractical bypaths which Centerbrook, in the person of the coal-yard proprietor, had despised. Life has a way of playing such little jokes upon the wisdom of the too practical.

That, I insist, is the point of the whole business. It is not altered by the fact that the New York newspapers recently ran this item:

SCREEN STAR WEDS PEERESS

Conrad Norman secretly married to Sir Cuthbert Williamson's Widow

Conrad Norman, popular star of the Domino Film Co., and Lady Flora Williamson, widow of Sir Cuthbert Williamson, late of the British navy and who was killed in the Jutland battle, were married by the Rev. Simon G. Montague, in St. Agatha's Episcopal Church, upper Broadway, last Tuesday afternoon, it was learned yesterday.

One hates, as I said in the beginning, to rub the plum-bloom off a newspaper romance, but it has been simply a fortuitous succession of meaningless accidents that Williamson was killed in battle, and Howard Hartley, being invalided home from France, married an English heiress; so that the Furness family, I suppose, no longer depended on Flora to maintain their position in the world, and she went free. These are events without any artistic significance as incidents; mere news. I do not know how he reached her in England. He did not ask my help. He probably blames me, as she may too, for not believing in his future as an actor. That is to be expected. Neither of them would see the real point of their story. They would naturally believe the important thing to be that they were happy ever after, whereas it has nothing to do with the case. It is merely something that has happened off stage since the final curtain fell on Centerbrook receiving the news that Flora Furness was Lady Williamson, of the English aristocracy and Con Gorman was Conrad Norman of movie fame.

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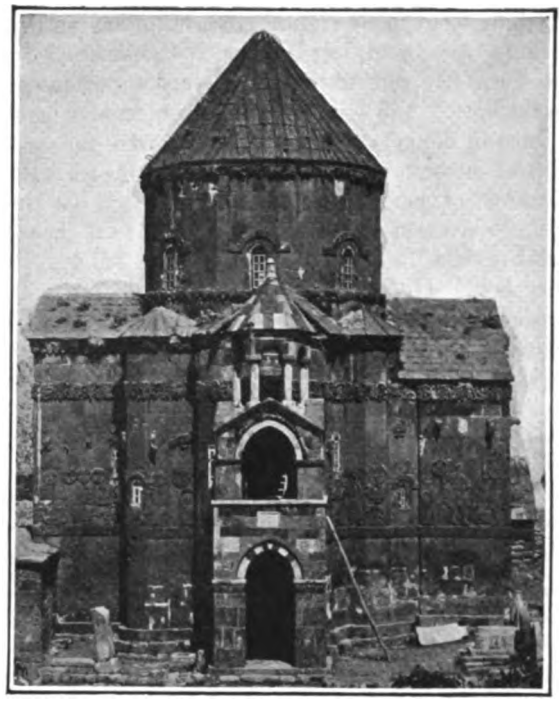

THE BEAUTIFUL AGHTAMAR VANK, ISLAND CHURCH OF THE TENTH CENTURY. DESTROYED BY THE TURKS IN 1915

Persecuted Armenia

By NISHAN DER-HAGOPIAN

WHEN a man has been slaughtering human beings for many months, and his eyes have grown accustomed to the sight of blood, his ears used to the scream of shell and shrapnel, and his soul calloused to all save his sense of duty, he moves automatically, and it is only when there comes a lull, and the black-winged horrors lift for a little, that with clear vision and delicate ear he sees and hears the world around him.

On June 12, 1915, there came to the terror-stricken city of Van, Armenia, such a lull, and for several hours the mind was free to wander over the present and in and out of the past. Taking advantage of this respite, with Captain Ashghar-Beg, assistant professor to the world-famous antiquarian, Dr. Mare, I climbed to the top of Zum Zum Maghre, and, like Moses of old, surveyed the land. It was not a land flowing with milk and honey upon which we gazed, but one drinking in the life-streams of its people. Our minds leaped to the past as we scanned the natural picture before us.

Armenia centers in the high mountain-ranges from which sweep out the great water arteries, the Tigris, Euphrates, Halys, and Araxes rivers. She belongs to hallowed ages. It is supposed that she contained the Garden of Eden. On Mount Ararat rested the ark. Armenia grew in power, in splendor, and in culture. She was one of the first nations to embrace Christianity, her churches dating back to A. D. 34. In the sixth century the kingdom was overthrown by the Babylonians. Following this, many battles were waged with and won from the Assyrians. In 67 B. C. she was allied with Rome; later, for a short period, she became subject to Persia.

A beautiful episode in Armenia's Christian history took place in A. D. 451.

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Prince Vartan Mamigonian was commanding the Armenians. Yesgerd II, king of Persia, who fulfilled all the ordinances of the magi, issued the decree, "All peoples and tongues throughout my domain must abandon their heresies and worship the sun." Accordingly, Mihermish, the grand vizir of the Persian court, wrote a long letter to the Armenians, making charges against their religion. The Armenians replied, repudiating these charges, and adding: "No one can move us from our belief, neither angels nor men, fire nor sword. Here below we will choose no other God, and in heaven no other Lord but Jesus Christ." Whereupon the Persians declared war, and the armies were arrayed for battle on the plains of Avaraye, by the river Dughmood, near the present site of the city of Van.

Before the onslaught Vartan Mamigonian knelt and prayed to God for help and to Christ for his own salvation. Then, turning to his men, he said:

"Soldiers, as Christians we are averse to fighting, but to defend our religion and our freedom we must fight. Surely our lives are not so valuable as the life of Christ. If He was willing to die on the cross for us, we ought to be willing to die in battle for Him."

With this appeal the Armenians rushed against the vastly superior forces of the Persians, swept them backward, and won the victory. In the engagement Prince Vartan was mortally wounded. He was buried in Eurmia, Persian Armenia, between the cities of Koy and Dizadiz. In gratitude to him, his people built him a great tomb on a tiny hill by the river. Since then this tomb, now falling into decay, has stood under the blue Persian sky.

In February, 1915, our military camp was pitched for a few days about an hour's distance from the tomb. I made a special trip to visit it, took several pictures of the stately ruins, and then on my knees I gave sincere praise to God for the man who had accomplished so much for Christianity and for humanity.

Armenia had regained her independence in Cilicia, but lost it again in 1375. The Turks and the Huns had whispered together: "These are the heirs. Come, let us kill them and cast them out, that the inheritance may be ours," and the slaughter which has cried out to the world for the last five hundred years began.

Armenia was hemmed in on the west by the Ottoman power, constantly growing in strength and numbers; on the north and east by the Mongolians, under the leadership of Torgrul Bey, Alf Arslan, Genghiz Khan, and Tamerlane, who desired to be called the greatest warriors and the most cruel sons of the world; on the south by the Mohammedans of Egypt, under the Mameluke sultan, who was no less formidable than the others in his hatred of the Christians and his cruelty toward them.

Photograph by Paul Thompson
VILLAGE AND FISHING-BOATS ON LAKE VAN, ARMENIA

The church has held the Armenian people together through all these long years of unceasing persecution. The Armenians had missionaries in British India sixty-three years before the British Government took possession of the country.

Armenian women are not allowed by

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the men to work outside the house; all their time is devoted to the care of the home and the education and upbringing of the children. After my father's death, when the Turks had pillaged and stolen our property,—all the old heraldic treasures that were priceless to our family,—my mother used to gather us together in the evenings and read the Book of Job. Such is the faith of the Armenian women; and it is to their wonderful training, their practical and beautiful Christianity, that the peacefulness and obedience and moral strength of the people are due.

An uprising has never been known among the Armenians, and yet their courage is superlative. An evidence of this was the holding of the pass to Ardjish valley in April, 1915, by four soldiers against several thousand Turks for twenty-four hours, thus giving the villagers of Ardjish time to escape.

Physically, intellectually, and morally, the Armenians are the equals of the other world races. In the Old Testament

Photograph by Paul Thompson
GENERAL VIEW OF BITLIS, ARMENIA, THE MOST IMPORTANT CITY IN THE LAKE VAN REGION

Ezekiel mentions their industry. In business fields, both at home and abroad, they have shown remarkable tact. They attain to highest ranks in educational culture; in America to-day many Armenians are holding leading positions in colleges and universities. There is no Orientalism in the Armenian mind. The Turks have nicknamed them the "Anglo-Saxons" of the East. Virtually only a very small percentage of Turks or other Orientals have reached the heights of the Armenians.

It is always the geographical position of a country that makes the history and character of its people. Armenia is what may be called a "bridge" country; that is, a buffer state. Now, as in times past, it is of great strategic importance. For this reason its security has always been threatened and frequently attacked. Its people have always been fearing or repelling an invasion, until the nation has become exhausted and almost submerged; but it still survives.

Some thirty years ago England began to use her influence to put an end to the Armenian massacres of that period, but German diplomacy blocked the good grace of God. If England at that time had insisted on a termination of the Armenian atrocities, the world war would have been precipitated then. Red Sultan Abdul-Hamid knew how to promise and how not to perform. For the time being he kept both England and Germany deceived. Since then Turkey has become a serious problem for England. After the downfall of Abdul-Hamid the influence of Germany became supreme in Turkey. The Turkish revolution was neither an intellectual nor a moral movement; the people had no part in it: it was the guise under which Janabad Enver Pasha sold the Turkish Empire to the Germanic Organic League, and under the protection of Germany Janabad Enver murdered more Armenians within a few years than had Abdul-Hamid in the preceding twenty-five.

The Germans knew that Sultan Abdul-Hamid was too feeble-minded and too shrewd to be used as a tool in their hands and they set about to destroy him. They began to cultivate the Young Turks, telling them what a paradise their country would be if only Abdul-Hamid were dethroned. Janabad Enver Pasha was chosen as the leader of the revolution. He had been educated in Berlin and he knew how to bribe. The world was led

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to believe that the revolution was a triumph for liberalism in Turkey and that liberty was being born in that nation, but the régime that followed was worse and more cruel than the one which preceded it. The persecutions of the Armenians increased, and the massacres multiplied.

One cannot sympathize with the sufferings of other nations unless he himself has suffered; the blessing of health is not fully appreciated until one is ill. The Turkish Empire is a sickness in Europe, and Europe will not be well until health has been restored. To-day we stand by the graves of nations that are flooded with many tears. Shall we be blinded to the facts? Shall we shrink from the horrors of war? Or shall we nobly resolve to fight to the end that liberty and democracy may be established in the world?

Photograph by Paul Thompson

ARMENIAN REFUGEES

The hypocrisy of European diplomacy and the misrepresentation of the attitude of neighboring governments by a venal press contributed largely to the making of the conflict. The Berlin Congress of 1878 established a cause for jealousy and mistrust over the ultimate division of the decadent Turkish Empire and the position of Constantinople. In 1877, Germany and England united to thwart Russia's advance upon that city, because neither of these powers was willing to trust the others. In 1878, Russia's relief of Armenia was only a cover under which to extend her power to the Orient, or so at least the English thought. After the unspeakable Armenian massacres of 1896, Great Britain was willing to do something for the relief of that persecut[illegible] people and proposed action toward t[illegible] end. Russia, in turn, suspected Eng[illegible] motives. Again, in 1912, England [illegible] posed to relieve the Armenian[illegible] yoke of their oppressors, but [illegible] opposed by Germany, because [illegible] the high bridge of a possible [illegible] vance upon Constantinople.

self-styled German protector of the Mussulman world and the Young Turks placed themselves in opposition to any assistance to Armenia and, as was shown in the Balkan War, took a negative stand, all the while preparing for this war. If the German dream of the control of Constantinople was to be realized, it would be a long stride toward the fulfilment of her ambition for world dominion, and would enable her to undermine both Russian and British power in Asia.

In 1787, Joseph of Austria asked Catharine of Russia, who planned the restoration of the Grecian Empire, what would be done with Constantinople. For more than a hundred years this question has remained unanswered, and the conclusion is irrefutable that it is one of the fundamental causes of the present war.

The Treaty of Paris, in 1856, was only one of the many efforts to maintain a balance of the European powers and to post[illegible] answer to this question. Now [illegible] is suffering for the evasions [illegible]nts of a century and for [illegible]to hold the balance of [illegible]Edmund Burke, reply[illegible] British Parliament, [illegible]efore heard that the [illegible]en considered any [illegible]ower in Europe.

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They see the crimes, but never act justly." To give Turkey that right was a great wrong. It has contributed toward the present strife, and there is no hope that European diplomacy will ever be sincere and truthful until democracy is triumphant on that continent.

The re-alinement of the political map of the Balkan States after the last Balkan War was for the advantage of Germany and helped to pave the way for German access to Asia Minor and the absolute control of the territory lying between the North Sea and the Gulf of Persia.

After the Armenian massacre of 1896, Germany pretended a sincere interest in that unhappy country and professed to be the protector of the Christian population within the Turkish Empire. Germany established missions, and the German missionaries have been agents in the hands of Germany. Particularly was this the case in the 1915 outrages. Ne er until its alliance with the kaiser did the Turkish Government commit a massacre so cruel, ruthless, deliberate, and extensive as that.

Germany has poured great stores of her wealth into Asia Minor. In building the Bagdad Railway she made a direct threat to England's Indian dominions, and her ambition in this region was one of the underlying causes of the war. The Turko-German Alliance was a constant menace to the peace of Europe. The Turks also had a dream of world dominion, but though they realize it not, they are broken and cast into the German melting-pot. Their dream is already shattered.

From 1895, Armenia has been constantly before the world because of the persecutions repeatedly visited upon her for no other reasons than her faithful adherence to the Christian religion and her persistent refusal to embrace the religion of Islam. These massacres have been organized by successive governments since the Middle Ages. Armenia's sturdy defense of her faith prevented the Mahommedan power from imposing its faith on the whole of Europe in the Middle Ages. Armenia helped to save Christian civilization from perishing at the time of the Crusades. As the Belgian is the hero of the present struggle, so likewise is the Armenian the hero of the Middle Ages.

The Armenian questior is as important to-day as it has ever been, and this war must result in the liberation and rehabilitation of that land if the Christian nations are sincere in their allegiance to democracy and liberty. The ghastly tragedies which have afflicted that people since 1878 have been explained to the world over and over again.

Some may think that the people submit supinely to the atrocities inflicted on them; but during the last fifty years many a Thermopylæ of which the world has never heard has been fought in her mountain passes. Time after time small bands of Armenian forces have successfully resisted whole Turkish divisions. No people has ever shown a more indomitable resistance, no people has ever fought more bravely against overwhelming odds. Atam Pasha has testified that a small Armenian force fought courageously against four Turkish divisions. In 1896, Zaitoomlis destroyed one whole division of Atam Pasha's soldiers. To-day the brave and heroic people of Zaitoomlis have been almost obliterated by the Turk.

Russia has failed to respond to the hopes of the Armenian people, who had justly expected better treatment as a reward for their loyalty; for it must not be forgotten that from the beginning the Armenians had espoused the cause of Russia at a great sacrifice. For two long centuries this people gave the highest proof of faith and loyalty and absolute allegiance to the Muscovite throne.

For fifteen hundred years Christianity maintained itself in Armenia till the fell hand of Moslem jealousy and European rivalry came to root it out. But the Armenians know how to live and how to die. The genius of their nation can steady its faith and life. In 1915 the Turks refused to allow medical aid to reach the victims of their diabolical cruelties, and had the Armenians not known how to care for themselves, they would have passed into

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oblivion. Eventually they would have died off, anyhow, had it not been for the entrance into Armenia of a mighty Russian army. To-day there are over one hundred thousand Armenian soldiers in the Russian Army.

When Germany started the war in August, 1914, for the consolidation of the German Empire from the Bosporus to the Gulf of Persia, had she willed, she could have stopped Turkey's crimes in Armenia. Instead of that she taught the Turks to deport Armenians from their homes and torture them. In 1915 one entire village was deported by German and Turkish officers.

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood
AN OLD SURVIVOR OF THE GREAT MASSACRE

I had my own military training in America (all Armenians are as anxious for military achievement as they are for business activity), and when the war broke out in 1914, I was in New York. I feared this would mean the destruction of my people, for the massacre of 1896 was still fresh in my mind, a never-to-be-forgotten memory. I went to Russia, and immediately from there to the Armenian front. June 5, 1915, I was in Van.

Few cities in the world are as ideally and beautifully situated as Van. Before the war she lay like a rainbow across the tender heart of an exquisite garden valley, set in a framework of vine-clad foothills flanked by superb mountain-ranges. Beside her, in crystal purity, stretches a lake. This lake is embosomed in a verdant plain surrounded by an exceedingly beautiful mountain-chain, which culminates farther north in the sublime monarch of western Asia, Mount Ararat, and its lesser companion, Mount Massis. This wealth of mountain scenery and sky repeat themselves in inverted splendor in the lake. A string of tiny villages on the foot-hills used to surround Van as diamond chips surround a fire opal in a ring. The morning sun picked up these villages in his journey over the mountains, lingered with them all day, and then drew the sunset through them as he dropped into the night.

In Van were churches and schools and monasteries, beautiful homes in beautiful gardens, fine business places, streets, and boulevards. On one of the islands in the lake was the church built by the Arzroonian Dynasty in the tenth century. Not only was the interior of this church beautiful, but the exterior was decorated with wonderful carvings, the Armenians excelling in architectural skill. As we stood on Zum Zum Maghra, June 12, this church was still standing. On August 26 the Turks riddled it with shrapnel, and the titanic structure, its altar smoke streaming to heaven, went down forever.

Northwest of the lake, Vara ka Vank (Vank means monastery), built in the eighth century, nestled in a picturesque little hollow on the top of a mountain as a bird's nest nestles in a tree-top. In front of this aggregation of buildings a powerful spring of water leaped from the mountain and rushed to the valley below. Jasmine blossoms, grapevines, and roses, garden beauty and wild nature, lay spilled around them as they faced the lake. Here, too, was one of the greatest libraries and museums of the world, filled with ancient and modern books and works

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of art. In April, 1915, the Turks burned this wonderful institution to the ground. In the following June our regiment camped for a week upon the sacred ruins, and for the whole time my heart cried out with the misery of it all.

After this first stay in Van our entire army moved toward Bitlis. On July 15 a great struggle began under the blazing sun. During that age-long day the smoke of battle rose to the skies; women were dying, children crying, men fighting furiously and courageously, and the Russian soldiers doing magnificent work. Many Armenian refugees were rescued by them that day. About the first of August we forced the Turks from their trenches, and they began to retreat ahead of us toward Bitlis. As soon as they reached Bitlis they reveled in their fiendish work of looting and massacring innocent people; then, after abducting all the young women for slaves to the army, they burned the city, with all its remaining inhabitants.

Our forces did not enter the city on reaching it, because of the burning bodies and the stench. I stood upon a hill and watched the smoke of the beautiful city streaming into the clouds, my heart breaking with pity for the multitude of suffering men and children. The moans of women and children could be distinctly heard.

The Turks then moved toward Mush, still committing their dastardly crimes. No civilized person will ever forgive the Turks for their abuse of the young women and the suffering of the old women and little children. Pashas Kalil and Jauded had three times the army we had, yet they were retreating before us. It seemed to me that they lacked the military knowledge of how to put up a good fight; but they lacked no knowledge of how most villainously to massacre the Christians.

At this time, just south of Mush, at Sasoon, there were forty thousand Armenians. We were about to set out to their rescue when a report, which was subsequently found untrue, caused our Russian commander to order a retreat. What became of those Armenians I never heard. We fell back hurriedly upon Van, but the retirement did not stop there. On the evening of August 13 I was in a friend's house, where they were holding a mourning party in Oriental fashion, drinking and crying. At midnight came the order to leave the city. Every one rushed to evacuate. In the morning I hurried to the hospital for the sick and wounded soldiers, and we soon had them, in various carry-alls, on the way. Then I went to the American mission to offer my assistance to Miss Usher, an American missionary at Van, but the Russian Hospital Corps had given her good accommodations. At eleven o'clock I again went through the city. It seemed to me that the sun had stopped. There was no more happiness; even the birds had ceased singing. The great city looked like the ruin of the ages. Again had she gone to her grave.

When, with my men, I left the city I saw a chain of people numbering three hundred thousand men, women, and children, on the highway of the north bank of the lake. No human being can imagine the misery of that long procession. In the evening a little boy and girl came to me and many others and said:

"We have lost our mother and father. We can't unload the ox. We don't know where to camp."

I answered:

"I guess, my boy, my place will be good enough for you. Come here." I kept them for a few days, because we could not find their parents.

In the morning, on the way, there was a continual stream of agony. I found a blind man and put him on a wagon; later I came upon a woman sitting on a stone with three barefooted little children. She was crying and completely exhausted. She had lost her husband in the crowd and did not know what to do with the little ones. I told her not to be afraid, that my horse would be for her until we found her husband. During that fifteen days' march I never once mounted my own saddle; I tramped to Russia.

On August 25 we reached Bargherry village. Beyond this village we had to

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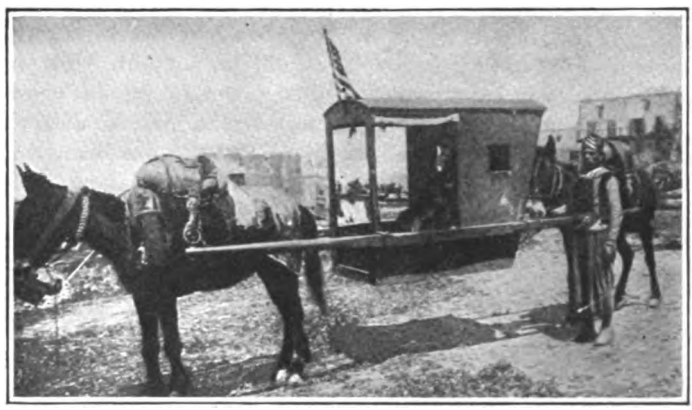
pass by a narrow road through a great mountain pass. About this time the food gave out; sickness broke out, and many were dying. Then there came the report that Bargherry village was locked; so the army went through first, and the people followed. The day was not long enough for all to go through, and great masses were still in the passage when night fell.

Huge mountains walled each side of the valley, and a mighty river rushed by on one side of the road. If an attack were made there, it would be impossible to escape. At 2:30 A. M. about forty Kurds, brigands, fired on us. Our men sprang to action and drove them out of the way in double-quick time, but confusion seized the women and children. There was no checking their fear. Many hundreds threw themselves into the river. There was one young woman from Van whom I knew who said, "I 'd rather kill myself with fire or in the river than to be taken by the Turks." True to their Christian faith, they plunged into deep water-holes and river rather than be captured and imprisoned in the Turkish harems. So numerous were the suicides that evening that in places the stream was black with the dark-clothed corpses. On the journey there was not a day but numbered its four hundred dead. I myself was ill for weeks after, enervated by the long abstinence from food and the suffering of the multitudes by the way. Not able to continue in the ranks, I left Etchmiadzin, and, by proceeding through Siberia and Japan, returned to the United States.

This is not a war. It is the destruction of civilized humanity. To-day, in Turkey, the Armenians are absolutely destroyed, their wealth, their property, and their lives taken. During the defense of Van, April, 1915, before the arrival of the first force, the inhabitants of Van had held out against the Turks for twenty-seven days. How did the struggle start? In the first place, Pasha Jauded wanted to massacre the people as he had in other cities, and then followed the execution of Mr. Eshgan, the leading Armenian. The attempt to arrest the high priest and other leaders was made. It failed because the people decided to be massacred rather than to give up their leaders.

The Jauded army, numbering thirty thousand, surrounded the city, cutting off all communication from the outside; but the faith and the courage of the Armenians rang to victory. They drove off the Turks and captured the whole district of Van before the arrival of the main Russian reënforcements.

My race is now face to face with destruction, and its helplessness cries mightily to humanity for immediate and effectual aid. The situation is unprecedented in history. If it is permitted to continue unchecked, it will cast an eternal cloud over the twentieth century.



Photograph by Paul Thompson

AN AMERICAN MISSIONARY TRAVELING IN ARMENIA. EVEN IN PEACE TIME IT WAS THE CUSTOM OF ALL FOREIGNERS TO FLY THEIR COUNTRY'S FLAG AS A PROTECTION AGAINST MARAUDING BANDS

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Three Sketches

By JAMES STEPHENS

Drawings by Wilfred Jones

I. Sawdust

A PRIVATE bar of a public house is called "the snug." It is usually about seven feet long by four feet wide. There is a screened counter there, and through this, as through a grill, orders are called to the barman. In very gorgeous public houses the snug is bigger, in many it is smaller than the measurements given above; but in the house where she went the snug was exactly of this size.

She was known in this public house, and she cared to go only where she was known. It is a difficult thing to make new acquaintances. A new acquaintance is a new habit, and she did not wish to add anything to her possessions. She was not set on keeping all that she had of either acquaintances or habits, but decidedly she did not wish to enlarge them. She avoided trouble not as one shrinks from a task, but as one avoids a shower of rain without caring in earnest whether it be avoided or not. She could whisper confidentially to the barman "Paddy" or "Johnny" or "Malachi," "you might get me the same again," and they would bring it with an easiness of bearing almost as if they were brothers of hers, or cousins. A family feeling had grown about her in this house, and she liked that as she liked the taken-for-granted air of the house.

Once on a time she would not have dared to go into a public house. She would have been ashamed; but she had not wanted to go into them then. Things were quite different then, and the time that had elapsed seemed to have included more hours than one year could hold: it had all the sense of length and dreariness of fifteen long years.

Except when the money lacked, she passed all her evenings in this public house. She would enter with a certain noiseless haste, and get at once into the snug. Sometimes there was another person in it, and she always felt that the other person had no right to be there, and that if she appealed to Paddy or Johnny or Malachi, that occupant, intruder, would be put out. But such an appeal meant the raising of voices, unpleasantness, strain, and she did not want any of these things. She wanted to be comfortable. No, she did not quite want that; she wished to be quiet, she wished that no notice should be taken of her, and she wished that, when she came into or went out of the shop, no one should remark her or look at her.

When she sat in the snug she could not be seen. There she was sheltered, and need not lift her eyes from the yellow and drab sawdust that covered the floor except when she sipped out of the glass,

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which she did at about two-minute intervals. When the glass was empty, she would sit staring at the sawdust for about a quarter of an hour; then, if Paddy or Johnny or Malachi peered at her through the screen, she would order "the same again," and they would bring it with no more words said.

Five glasses carried her through a fair slice of the night. They were rather expensive, these glasses, and every week or so they became more expensive; but that did not matter. Nothing mattered much except that the hours should be assisted to go by, and they dragged less in the snug than they did in the two rooms at home. Often while she stared at the sawdust on the floor she stared through the floor and away into the two rooms at home. She saw the bed there; it was not made yet, but it is not difficult to make a bed; she would do that when she wanted to get into it. She saw the three chairs, two of them tattered in the back, the third bristling and truculent in the seat. The flat pleated canes in these chairs stuck up and down like yellow wires, but for a long time yet they could be sat upon. She saw the gas-stove, which had accumulated much grease and would accumulate more; and she saw the strip of oil-cloth on the floor. It had cracked in a few places, but it was not good enough to sell, and nothing is ever bad enough to throw away.

She looked at these things through the sawdust, and then she reached mechanically for her glass, sipped it, and put it down again.

The snug-bell tinkled, and Paddy or Johnny or Malachi pulled the wire which released the latch.

A face peered through the door. She knew the face, for it smiled at her. She did not know the name of the face, but it lived in the same house that she did. Then the face came in, and three other faces, similarly known and unknown, and three other rusty bonnets and faded shawls came shyly into the snug. They entered shyly, slyly, silently into the snug as though they were going into church, and were afraid of disturbing the devotions of other people. The last one to enter put on the latch, and in confidential whispers the new-comers told Paddy or Johnny or Malachi what it was they wanted to drink; or at least one of them named a liquid, and the other three murmured hastily, "I 'll have the same Paddy or Johnny or Malachi." Then the four women sat down and whispered together with a queer, savage, concentrated eagerness of whispering, leaning close and confidentially toward one another, and nodding their bonnets at one another's murmuring, and when one sipped from her glass, they all sipped and sighed, and nodded their bonnets in unison. They whispered to her, too, and she leaned to them and whispered back again, but what the whispering was about she did not know. Maybe it was all about nothing.

The snug-bell rang a second time, and they stopped whispering.

There was a tiny commotion outside in the shop. Through the little screen she could see that Paddy had ducked under the counter; Johnny has turned his back quickly to the bar, and had plucked from the shelf a well-polished glass, which he polished anew industrially and with an air of detachment not only from the shop, but from the world. Malachi had his mouth screwed up in an elaborately careless and sneering fashion. He moved with a too languid ease to the wire that opened the snug-door, and pulled it.

The door opened and was pulled widely open. A very tall, very dark, lank man stood without. It was a priest.

The women in Dublin know every priest in Dublin by sight, but none of them knew this priest. This must be a stranger, one of those traveling clergymen who conduct a mission for a week or two, and then go away to some other country, and from that place away to far countries, traveling continually so, and talking and preaching to all the people in the world.

The great thin, dark man stared in terribly on the women.

"Come out of that," he said. "Get out of this place and go home with you and be decent from this day out."

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The four women leaped from their seats, from their glasses, as though they had been touched by electricity. They mumbled and whispered and ran out, and were gone before the priest could speak again.

But she did not move. At first, and on the instant, her heart had beat a sudden hard thud in her bosom. It was as though her breast had been thudded within by a great hammer; then for an instant her heart ceased to beat at all, and then it went as it always had gone, so that she did not notice it or feel any movement of her body. She also had stared when the door opened, and at her staring the priest stared.

"Get out of this place, woman, and be off home with you," he said.

She remembered in a flash the look on Malachi's face as he moved to pull the wire that opened the snug-door, and her mouth screwed itself up in the same fashion, and sneered into the lean, set face that was staring down at her. She reached her hand to her glass, lifted it, sipped quietly, and put it down again. She did not speak or move.

The priest came into the snug. He bent to her.

"Will you get out of this place, woman?"

She did not answer, she did not look at him; but she stretched out her hand again to the glass and sipped at it.

The priest stepped to the door, turned and shouted at her in a terrible voice:

"You 'll die roaring," he said.

Then the door of the snug crashed to, and the whole shop became for the space of three heart-beats as silent as the tomb. Malachi looked through the screen.

"You were right, too," he said, "coming round the way they do be coming round, interfering with other people's business. If the people were n't afraid of them, there would be a quick end to that game, so there would be."

He said more, but after a while he went away from the screen, and she was alone.

She could look again at the sawdust and through it to this and that thing which moved in her mind. She did not think things any more; she looked at things, and the things that she looked at brought her neither contentment nor sorrow. They never ceased coming, these pictures. When one had been examined, it faded away, and another, unsought, uncalled, took its place and went away in its turn. Sometimes they were pictures of the many rooms she had lived in and moved from. Sometimes they were pictures of the people she knew or had known. There went the friend of twenty years ago, and there the one who had played her a bad turn when they were both children. They had a little tight pigtail bobbing against each shoulder, and each pigtail was bound an inch from the end in a red ribbon. She saw clean pinafores and torn ones and dirty ones, and stockings with and without holes—all sorts of things and places and people. Seldom did she see her husband, and she never saw her children. He! The war had killed him far away in foreign, heathen lands. What was it the officer had written to her? It did not matter. And they? It did not matter, either; they also were dead.

The pictures came and were looked at and went away, and were replaced unceasingly; but they were outside of her, they were underneath the floor, and inside of her there was nothing. Well, there was something; there was silence, and while she looked at the pictures she listened to the silence inside her head. It was a wonderful silence; it fascinated her. It was more interesting, more compelling, than any sound. And at a moment that silence might explode into sound, or it might murmur gently, ever so gently; it might whisper to her while she looked at the pictures and was watching it.

There was such and such a place, and here was such another place: she remembered that kitchen-dresser, and there was the little garden, with the rusty watering-can lying against the wall. And he was dead and they were dead. And there was the yard of the old school, and here was the gate that you passed up when you

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were going to the chapel, and here was—

She saw it coming. All the pictures fled. She looked on her silence, and it was still silent, but it was going to speak. She gathered it and molded it and ventured a hand into that drab darkness, and with her mouth open a little, pursed a little, almost smiling, she prepared to echo what the silence would say. It was holding back, but she drew it and dared it and wooed it, until at last it crashed upon her louder than thunder, yet clearer than the tinkle of a bell. And when it had spoken, she echoed it from her pursed lips, screaming it suddenly into the roof of the shop.

"You 'll die roaring," she screamed. "You 'll die roaring."

She snatched at the latch of the snug, and disappeared from the shop in an instant.

Paddy and Johnny and Malachi, with their blood suddenly frozen and their backs creeping and wrinkling, stared at one another, and then they vaulted the counter, and leaped to the door to look after her. They saw the last they would ever see of her as her shawl swirled round a corner and disappeared. No, not quite the last of her; Malachi saw her once more when something was fished out of the canal, and he helped to identify it as a Mrs. So and So who lived in such and such a street, a decent, harmless, poor creature, said Malachi, or perhaps it was Johnny or Paddy.

II. The Wolf

ONE had only to look at his face to know that he was a quiet man. Indeed, he was the quietest man in the village. There were some who carried that modest statement further and maintained that he was the quietest man in the world; but these people, as we say, go beyond the beyonds. He was tallish, without being tall; he was thinnish, without being skinny; he had pale blue eyes that seemed as though they had been glazed after they were put in; he had light, fair hair that plastered itself down in the places where it could be seen, and stuck a hair or so up in the places where they could not be seen; his feet turned inward, not much, it is true, but whatever turn [illegible] them was inward; and although his knees did not knock together when he walked, still, they nearly knocked together; his ears were put on so unhandily that you would have sworn he put them on himself, and a glance told you that he was an unhandy man. When you looked at him first you thought of a sheep, but on a second glance you racked your brains to think of some animal that was not so larky as a sheep. Does not a sheep carry itself with a certain timid dignity? And it has a robust curiosity, to boot.

He did not seem to be married, but he was, and he had the right wife. So the neighbors said afterward, and the saying gave her a modified popularity. Her sole

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claim to note before that had been that every time she came close enough to her husband's head she hit it. She hit it with anything that was handy—a pot-stick, a saucepan, her fist, anything. It was not that she disliked her husband's head; it was more that she did not see it, or that she saw something which seemed to be eternally in her way. That she hit and shooed out of doors as carelessly as she would have shooed out an enterprising, unnecessary chicken. When a chicken is hit it squawks and rustles and runs, a brief featherly uproar; but when he was struck he just went; he faded; he was gone. His wife did n't know he was gone: she did n't know he had come; she did n't know she had hit him. He was a quiet, quiet man.

That being so, one was the more stupefied when he was brought before the magistrates, and folk unerringly, unanimously remembered the name of the animal they could not recall when they said he was not exactly like a sheep, but that he was more like one of them—one of them what-do-you-call-thems.

"Has n't he the look of a wolf," said the people—"a wolf with softening of the brain?" and every one was satisfied, for they had a name on him at last. They said, "Wait until he does his six months hard and the wife gets a grip of him!"

There was a fair at Carroll's Pass, five miles away. To get to Carroll's Pass from where he lived you turned to the east and turned straight in front of you to a narrow valley, a funnel of green bushes and gray rocks that zigzagged between two long, low-lying mountains. His wife took him to the door of their cottage, which was itself perched on the spike of a hill, turned him in the necessary direction, and said, "Follow your nose until you come to Carroll's Pass." She slung a crate of live fowl on his shoulders and pushed him on the road, calling out, "Half a crown the chicken, and don't bring back less, or—"

He did follow his nose. People passed him, but they passed him the way one goes by a bush or a rock or a cow. He was almost as invisible as these quietudes are, and for the same reason; for who, having seen a cow twice, ever sees a cow again in life? The milkman? Not he; he milks something that he does n't know is there. But a bull has to be warily met, warily passed, and he bears an uneasy, irresponsible hook beside each of his ears. One sees a bull perpetually, and one even sees him in places where he is not. But a cow!

He went down the rough slope, he trudged through the valley, and he came to Carroll's Pass.

The world was there before him. A world of squawks and squeals and grunts and cackles and shrill calls of women and great guffaws of men, with now and then the long, lamentable uproar that is made by a donkey, pealing above all other noises, and continually the sharp and gruff and eager bark, yelp, howl, growl, and snarl of every kind of dog that you could put a name to. At a little distance all these noises become one sound, and it is the sound of the sea.

He heard that sound and he walked into it; it swallowed him up, and therein he disappeared from mortal eye for six hours.

When he reappeared, the sun was sinking in a red distance; the fair was all gone home again; there was deep silence everywhere, and he was as drunk as a lord.

How had he managed it? That is a mystery; but he had no longer a crate of chickens on his shoulders; he had no hat; he had no coat. His boots were laced to his feet, so he had them; his trousers were braced to his shoulders, and were still his own. He trod with a kind of cautious happiness into the track of the settling sun, and stood all in a glory of misty gold for a few minutes; then he pointed his nose due west and started for home. He took two steps to the left, then two steps to the right, then he took one step in front, and then he halted again, readjusted his nose to the compass, spat on his hands, and had another try at it. That was his progression, and by balancing his nose on the wind he got forward half a mile in good shape.

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He was in the green funnel that wound between two hills. Now and then he tried to kick out of his path a rock that was eight feet deep and twenty feet round; now and again he waved a bush from the road with the gesture of one who will be obeyed: but he was cheerful, he was tolerant, and when these objects refused to budge, he went round them and laughed at their discomfiture. "They," he said, "would never think of going round me. Stupid!" said he to a tree, and he dodged it in the neatest way imaginable.

Midway in the green-and-gray funnel there was for a considerable distance on each side a sudden flattening of the ground. The mountains had, as it were, taken two steps backward, and a narrow, mile-long hollow lay between them. The path still ran through this hollow, and here on each hand it was bordered by a ditch, into which the hills drained themselves in the wet weather, and which was always moist even in the dry.

He came to this point and undertook the path, but had the trouble of the world in circumventing the two ditches. They met him everywhere, and instead of being, as they ought to have been, on his right and left hand, they were continually, unaccountably in front of him. But he was cheerful, and each time that he found himself staring into a hole he nodded at it, turned away with a chuckle, balanced his nose on the wind that blew from the west, and won a pace forward.

During one of these adjustments, as he stared forward with his chin up, he became aware of the stir of life immediately in front of him, and on this movement he gazed with the gravity of one who understands movement and approves of it.

Two small children were playing on the path. They were prettily dressed, and at a glance one saw that they did not belong to the farmer or laboring class of the neighborhood. At a distance in front up the hill to the right there was a neat cottage that was sometimes let to those folks who have a strange, but quickly satisfied, liking for country air. There possibly they were at home for a week or two.

The children, a boy and a girl, were very young, perhaps six or seven years of age, and they were playing together. Their game was not in the least complicated, and could be followed by the haziest eye: they stood each to one side of the road, and then they trotted past each other to the other side of the road. There was a curious, demure deliberation in their play, and there was a curious, demure silence between them.

He looked on these little ones, and his heart filled suddenly with tenderness. He smiled on them from afar, and then, recovering his balance, moved in their direction. Every few steps he stood and gazed, and wagged a tender wag at the little ones, and the nearer he drew to them, the tenderer he became; but they were intent on their game and did not observe him.

By dint of loving them he became aware that they also loved him, and when only a small distance away he lifted up his voice in that belief and waved a friendly hand.

The children turned at once in his direction and stood at gaze.

He beckoned to them, but they did not move, and the smallest, the most trifling irritation stirred in his mind. He loved them, and they did not run to him! What a singular thing that was! Well, he would go to them, and he at once set about it.

He took two steps to the right, then he took two steps to the left, then he took one step forward.

Without a word said, with one sole accord, the two children turned about and trotted down the road.

He was bewildered. He looked at those little legs trotting their demure trot, and it seemed to him an injustice was being committed. He loved them, and they were running away from him! He spat on his hands, and took himself to a dog-trot after them.

A drunken man walks with great difficulty, but he can run with no trouble at all. The quickened action gives him his balance, and the momentum he gets holds him in the balance and in the road. He

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caught up with the children in two minutes, and gripped each of them in a hand that was easily large enough for those small shoulders.

But now he was standing, and his standing was uneasy. The little girl twisted from his hand and trotted forward again. He shook the little boy with loving violence. The girl trotted back to him, and with all the fury of a tigress, but with only the weight of a butterfly, she beat her small fists against his thigh.

"Let out my brother, man!" said she.

He twisted his head round to her, raised his hand, and with all the irritation of a loving, but vexed, parent he slapped her on the cheek. That slap sent the child backward the width of the road and down into the dust.

He lost his balance, and, to save it, let go the boy's shoulder. He staggered, waved his arms round and round like the wings of a mill, and with only half of a balance captured stared down into a deep hole.

He went inevitably, almost willingly, into the ditch, and as he fell, the children, silent, still, but with staring eyes, began again their demure little trot down the road.

He nodded gravely to the bottom of the ditch, and after a moment he spoke gravely to it:

"I 'll teach you," said he, "to run away from me."

Then he placed his cheek carefully on a large, soft piece of mud and went peacefully to sleep.

III. School-fellows

I HAD not seen him for years. We were at school together, and I remembered him perfectly, for he had been a very clever and very prominent boy. He got prizes for being at the top of his class and prizes for good behavior and prizes for games. Whatever prizes were going, we knew that he would get them; and although he was very nice about it, he knew it himself.

He saw me first and he waved his hat and shouted, but I had jumped on a tram already in motion. He ran after me for a considerable distance, but the trams stop only at regular places, and he could not keep up. He fell back and was soon left far behind. I had intended jumping off to shake his hand; but I thought he would catch up, he ran so fast, and then the tram went quicker and quicker, and a stream of cars and taxis were in the way, so that, when the tram did stop, he was out of sight. Also, I was in a hurry to get home.

Going home, I wondered for a few moments why had he run so hard after me. He ran almost desperately. It would strain every ounce of a man's strength to run like that, and his eyes had glared as he ran. Poor old chap! I thought, he must have wanted to speak to me.

Three or four days afterward I met

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him again, and we talked together for a while on the footpath; then, at whose suggestion I do not remember, we moved into the bar of a hotel near by.

We drank several glasses of something, for which, noticing that his hat was crumpled and his coat-sleeves shiny, I paid. We spoke of the old days at school, and he told me of men whom he had met, but whom I had not heard of for a long time. Such old school-fellows as I did know of I mentioned, and in every instance he took their addresses down on a piece of paper. He asked what I was doing and how I was succeeding and where I lived, and this latter information he penciled also on his piece of paper. "My memory is getting bad," he said with a smile.

Every few minutes he murmured into our school-day conversation, "Whew is n't it hot!" and at other times, laughing a little, apologizing a little, he said: "I am terribly thirsty to-day. It 's the heat, I suppose." I had not noticed that it was particularly hot, but we are as different in our skins as we are in our souls, and one man's heat may be tepid enough to his neighbor.

I met him frequently after that. One goes home usually at the same hour and by the same road, and it was on these home-goings and on this beaten track that we met. Somehow, but by what subtle machinery I cannot recall, we always moved or elbowed one another into a bar, and as his hat was not getting less crumpled or his coat less shiny I paid for whatever liquor was consumed. One can do anything for a long time without noticing it, and the paying for a few drinks is not a matter likely to weigh on one's memory. Still, we end by noticing everything, and perhaps I noticed it the earlier because liquor does not agree with me. I never mentioned that fact to any one, being slightly ashamed of it; but I knew it very woefully myself by the indigestion that for two or three days followed on even a modest consumption of alcohol.

So it was that setting homeward one evening on the habitual track I turned very deliberately from it, and with the slightest possible feeling of irritation went homeward by another way. And each night that followed I took this new path.

I did not see him for weeks, and then one evening he hailed me on the new road. When I turned at the call and saw him running,—he was running,—I was annoyed, and as we shook hands I became aware that it was not so much the liquor I was trying to side-track as my old school-fellow. He walked with me for a considerable distance, and he talked more volubly than was his wont. He talked excitedly, and his eyes searched the streets ahead as they widened out before our steps or were instantly and largely visible as we turned around a corner. A certain malicious feeling was in my mind as we paced together; I thought, "There is no public house on this road," nor was there.

Before we parted he borrowed half a sovereign from me, saying that he would pay it back in a day or two; but I cheerfully bade adieu to the coin as I handed it over, and thought also that I was bidding a lengthy adieu to him.

"I won't meet him for quite a while," I said to myself, and that proved to be true.

Nevertheless, after a fair month had elapsed I did meet him again, and we marched together in a silence that was but sparsely interrupted by speech.

He had apparently prospected my new route, for he informed me that a certain midway side-street was a short cut, and midway in this side-street we found a public house. I went into this public house with the equable pulse of a man who has no true grievance, for I should have been able to provide against a contingency which even the worst-equipped prophet might have predicted.

As often as his glass was empty I saw that it was refilled, but, and perhaps with a certain ostentation, I refrained myself from the cup. Of course one drink leads to another, and the road between each is conversational. My duty, it appeared, was to supply the drinks, but I thought it only fair that he should supply the conversation. I had myself a fund of silence

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which might have been uncomfortable to a different companion and against which he was forced to deploy many verbal battalions.

We had now met a number of times. He had exhausted our school-days as a topic, he knew nothing about politics or literature or city scandal, and talk about weather dies of inanition in less than a minute; and yet—he may have groaned at the necessity—there had to be fashioned a conversational bridge which would unite drink to drink or drinks must cease.

In such a case a man will talk about himself. It is one's last subject; but it is the subject on which, given the preliminary push, one may wax eternally eloquent.

He rehearsed to me a serial tale of unmerited calamity and of hardship by field and flood, of woes against which he had been unable to provide, and against which no man could battle; and of accidents so attuned to the chords of fiction that one knew they had to be true. He had been to rustic-sounding places in England and to Spanish-sounding places in America, and from each of these places an undefined, but complete, misfortune had uprooted him and chased him as with a stick. So by devious, circuitous, unbelievable routes he had come home again.

One cannot be utterly silent unless one is dead, and then possibly one makes a crackle with one's bones.

"You are glad to be home again?" I queried.

He was glad, but he was glad dubiously and with reservations. Misfortune had his address, and here or elsewhere could thump a hand upon his shoulder.

His people were not treating him decently, it appeared. They had been content to see him return from outlandish latitudes, but since then they had not given him a fair show.

Domestic goblins hinted at, not spoken, but which one sensed to be grisly, half detached themselves between the drinks.

He was not staying with his people: they made him an allowance. You could not call it an allowance, either; they paid him a weekly sum—weekly sum was a large way of putting it, for you cannot do much on fifteen shillings a week. That sum per week would hardly pay for—

"The drinks," I put in brightly, for one cannot be persistently morose in jovial company. "I must be off," I said, and I filled the chink of silence which followed on my remark with a waving hand and the bustle of my hasty departure.

Two evenings later he met me again.

We did not shake hands, and my salutation was so brief as not really to merit that name.

He fell in beside me and made a number of remarks about the weather, which, if they were as difficult to make as they were to listen to, must have been exceedingly troublesome to him. One saw him searching as in bottomless pits for something to say, and he hauled a verbal wisp out of these profundities with the labor of one who drags miseries up a mountain.

The man was pitiable, and I pitied him. I went alternately hot and cold. I blushed for him and for myself, for the stones under our feet and for the light clouds that went scudding above our heads, and in another instant I was pale with rage at his shameful, shameless persistence. I thrust my hands into my pockets, because they were no longer hands, but fists, and because they tingled and were inclined to jerk without authority from me.

We came to the midway cross-street that, as well as being a short cut, was the avenue to a public house, and he dragged at the crossing as I held to my course.

"This is the longest way," he said.

"I prefer it," I replied.

After a moment he said:

"You always go home this way?"

"I will go a different way to-morrow," I replied.

"What way?" he inquired timidly.

"I must think that out," said I.

With that I stood and resolutely bade him good-by. We both turned one pace from each other, and then he turned again flurriedly and asked me for the loan of half a crown. He wanted it to get a—

I gave it to him hurriedly, and walked

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away prickling with a sensation of weariness and excitement as of one who has been worried by a dog, but has managed to get away from it.

Then I did not see him for two days.

Of course I knew that I should meet him, and the knowledge was as exasperating as any kind of knowledge could be.

It was early in the morning, and he was waiting for me outside my house. He accompanied me to the tram, and on the way asked me for half a crown. I did not give it and I did not reply to him. As I was getting on the tram he lowered his demand and asked me urgently for sixpence. I did not answer or look at him, but got on my tram and rode away in such a condition of nervous fury that I could have assaulted the conductor who asked me to pay my fare.

When I reached home that evening he was still waiting for me; at least he was there, and he may have hung about all day or he may have arrived just in time to catch me.

At the sight of him all the irritation which had almost insensibly been adding to and multiplying and storing itself in my mind fused together into one sole consciousness of rage that not even a language of curses could make explicit enough to suit my need of expression. I swore when I saw him, and I cursed him openly when he came to me with the sly, timid, outfacing bearing that had become for me his bearing.

He began at once, for all pretense was gone, and all the barriers of reserve and decency were down. He did not care what I thought of him, nor did he heed in the least what I said to him. He did not care about anything except only by any means, by every means, of cajolery or savagery or sentimentality, to get or screw or torment some money, no matter how little, out of me.

I knew as we stood glaring and panting that to get the few pence he wanted he would have killed me with as little compunction as one would kill a moth that had fluttered into the room; and I knew that with as little pity I could have slaughtered him as he stood there.

He wanted sixpence, and I swore that I would see him dead before I gave it to him. He wanted twopence, and I swore I would see him damned before I gave him a penny.

I moved away, but he followed me, clawing my sleeve and whining:

"Twopence. You can spare twopence. What is twopence to you? If I had twopence and a fellow asked me for it, I 'd give it to him. Twopence—"

I turned, and smashed my fist into his face. His head jerked upward, and he went staggering backward, and fell backward into the road. As he staggered, the blood jetted out of his nose. He picked himself up and came over to me bloody and dusty and cautious and depreciating, with a smile that was a leer.

"Now will you give me twopence?" he said.

I turned then and I ran from him as if I were running for my life.

As I went I could hear him padding behind me, but he was in no condition, and I left him easily behind. And every time I saw him after that I ran.

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Confessions of a Grafting Wife

By HELEN DAVENPORT GIBBONS

NEAR the house where I live in summer is the garden of Mme. de Rossignol. Her husband was the florist. He came to Houlgate *en permission* during the Battle of the Somme. When soldiers come home they take up the old work, and find out how business has been going since the last *permission*. M. de Rossignol spent several of the precious days inserting small shoots in some of the fruit-trees on his place. He went back to the line of fire, and in two days came word that he had been killed.

During the summer this year I sometimes went to the garden to talk with madame as she worked. When I stepped through an opening in the hedge on my way to say good-by before coming home to Paris I saw her bending over the trunk of a fruit-tree. We looked at the shoots monsieur had started last year and we talked about the possibilities of grafting. She explained that the tree on which one puts a shoot is called the subject. The subject furnishes vigor and nourishes the shoot. The shoot determines the kind of fruit.

Then I knew that that was what for nine years I have been trying to do. I am a grafter, and I confess it. The reason I have had to graft is war. Through our years in Turkey and in France we have lived in war.

War means poverty, suffering, savagery, and death, we say. Yes, and to nearly everybody it means separation. Whether your man is in khaki or in mufti it means separation, yoke-horses torn away from each other, one left alone to pull the double load. What we are is less than half what we were born to be. Little do we realize when the first separation comes what a powerful force is working upon us.

When my man goes away, duty-bound and danger-beset, I am amazed at his courage, perplexed, and sustained by a grim pride in him. I am like the *White Queen,* for I do my screaming before I am hurt. When a separation is coming it strikes my reason first. I give approving consent. When the day draws near I am the clinging vine I was born to be; I have the "yowl" I know must come. When the day has dawned, I put on my best clothes, and get him off to the station or the steamer as though he were going to his pet *tabac* to get the *cigares plats à deux sous* that are his habit.

Don't brace yourself up with the idea that you will get used to having your man away. There is nothing in that. You cannot get used to amputation. You can learn to face it. After he has gone, the powerful force of separation begins to act on you. You grope and stumble. The two sides of your brain won't work together; can't, for one side is gone. You sit and wait and listen. And then you don't. There is nothing in that either. What is the matter with the clock? Yes, you feel it in regard to time. The time you used to put on him is now on your hands. Certain hours of the day are painful. When I hear the elevator going up and down the shaft in our apartment-house bringing men on other floors home

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to lunch, something has to be done. I bless the friend that sent us a talking-machine from America last year. When lunch-hour is near I put "The Marseillaise" or "Kilty Lads" on the machine, and keep it going till the other women's men-folks have all got home. Then comes the telegram. When we build our house near New York after the war, I can paper a whole wall in my studio with telegrams from my husband saying he arrived safely.

You devise ways of using the time you gave to him. You work your body or your brain, two handy weapons to fight the blues. Marie Guyon, the old French governess who took care of me in baby-days, says I must take my mind off the *départ* and put it on the *retour*. In one way and another you fix things up for him to see when he comes home. You buy a lot of white paint and do the bedroom over nice and fresh. You keep a diary for the children. You study French. You try again to find out what the war is about. You learn to run a type-writer. That is one fine way to liberate nervous energy. If you harness up your nerves to do something useful, you will never be a candidate for a rest-cure. You spend a little time on your clothes if you are a heedless body like me. Usually I have "no regard" for clothes, forget them until I suddenly need something.

The *Poilus* tell me that when a home-sick man comes back he wants to see his wife looking like something. You must guard against that blind spot a man has that makes his memory see you as you used to look. If you happen to be at Nice, sitting on a bench on what is going to be called the Quai des Etats-Unis now, and your man is at sea, coming from Egypt, and the paper in your lap says the *Persia* has gone down, you wonder what is the matter with the prayer-book in your muff. You are thanking Heaven there is a heavy gale going and the submarines are too blown about to shoot straight, but there 's nothing in the prayer-book to give answers to all the questions in your head. When it gets too bad, and you have to cry, you cry a while, then you go scrub something. Nothing like good old-fashioned scrubbing to relieve feelings. Swishing water about and flinging a brush back and forth against the grain gets boards spotless.

Separation hits you hard on the money-question, too. Youthful ignorance about money affairs has persisted in me beyond the place where the adjective applies. The influence of separation has been working even here, for only once this year has my patient bank sent back checks to be indorsed when I had forwarded them for deposit. Our bank-account is at the mercy of my stupidity still, but, thanks to separations, I am learning to take care of money and no longer weep when I have to do accounts. You can take lessons in accounting, and promise yourself a business-like report to be made when Johnny comes marching home. You can look at yourself from the commercial point of view and use or develop earning capacity. It is good training for you, and the best life-insurance for Johnny.

Time is money, used to be a man's slogan. Let 's realize that we have taken it over. It is yours and mine now. Your man and mine know that time is like money: you can spend it, save it, waste it, and invest it. The real difference between people lies in what they do with their time and what they do with their money.

I know a little lady who, when she had to go to the hospital, cheated the superintendent when it came to her age. She felt it was delicate and refined to do so. She is a cherished being. But you know one, too. Study the one you know. Write down a list of her qualities. Measure yourself by them. In the light of them face yourself frankly, then throw away most of her qualities. Don't let her know. Why? She was born when the Civil War was finishing and never saw any hard times. She is the spoiled and adorable expression of American womanhood.

All this, you may say, is by the way and generally speaking. Well, I can be more definite. When I threw away the

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clinging-vine qualities, there was one I did not let go. I mean the cherished little lady's way of consulting the Good Book. In one place there it says, "Quit you like men, be strong."

There are three places in our character where we must build strongly if we are to withstand the flood of problems in the days ahead. There are three masculine qualities we can graft on our character. There is protection. There is your children's world for you to create. "Baby's skies are mother's eyes," and to the older children you are the fellow who sits in the prompter's box. Here you are alone to pull the double load. They must be sheltered while he is gone. Half a dozen times in the winter I invite the kids from my kids' school to the house for a romp. Once we hired a whole guignol-show and had fifty children to see it. I have taught my kids to sing a song that used to be sung long before we left America to live. Once our three-year-old surprised us. She had taken in the song. Her father had just come from Verdun. She greeted him with, "Hello! Bill Bailey!"

In your natural taking of the eldest into your companionship, be careful not to let him feel too much responsibility. The second quality is decision. I am writing this in Normandy. If you ask a Parisian what, after avarice, are the Normandy characteristics, he will begin with indecision. Any Frenchman, if he is not sure of the answer to some question of yours, will say: "As to that, I am a Norman. I say, '*Ni oui, ni non.*'" Don't be a Norman. When you study a proposition, don't be hemispherical; look at the thing all round. When you have looked all you have time to look, choose one way and refuse another. After that don't worry back. That is decision. Girls break their engagements not because they are not in love or not just to be flirtatious, but because they have this everlasting feminine fault of indecision. Masterful handling of problems by men is due to decision. How many times have you said to your particular John, "Well, what 's the final word?" Get into the mental habits that made him able to give that word.

And the third quality is independence. Until they have been up against a serious situation, women have an idea that independence means having their own way. We need a sterner kind now. Don't count on the sympathy of your friends. When democracy is at war, everybody has his troubles. That fact helps you to bear yours. Don't talk much. Don't lean on anybody. "If you want it done, damn you, do it!" is a vulgar way to say it; but it is good practical psychology. How be independent? Why, think independence. Whatever you are feeling, be to your world brave, gay, and resourceful: brave, because it is the order of the day; gay, because somebody has to keep alive the capacity. If you have always had the habit of good nature, don't break it now. Early in the war men, coming home, found people looking too grave. Now we have learned. I have had soldiers tell me it had been gayer at the front than in their homes. When you are with people, don't fling into the conversation a chilly something that is going to lower the average of good courage. That is waste. Be resourceful. You must disregard precedents if the day requires it, or the war will leave you on the wrong side of the abyss that separates our generation from the last.

With protection, decision, and independence emphasized and become healthily grafted on your character through the experience of separation, when the old Liberty Bell and all the other bells ring out to-day and ring in to-morrow, you will find yourself protecting him and deciding for him, perhaps. God knows he may need your grafted qualities. And independence? If he never comes back, that will save you.

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PRACTISING WITH THE VICKERS MACHINE-GUN

Training to Fly and Fight

By PAUL FORTIER JONES

Photographs by the author.

"I DON'T care a cent what I have to do if only they 'll teach me to fly soon and let me do it all I want to. I joined the Royal Flying Corps to fly, see? A friend gave me two joy-rides, and there 's just nothing on earth that 'll touch flying. I could n't stop at school for thinking about it. I just *had* to get into it; and now look here—" The sentence died away in profound disgust.

He gazed through the frosted panes of a barracks-window. The hair on his head was dangerously near to a crushed-pumpkin hue, and his china-blue eyes had in them an expression that in no way belied his recently attained eighteen years. Painstakingly, but no less subtly, despite an ill-fitting infantry uniform, he exhaled the spirit of his consuming ambition. He was *stream-line* all through. His hair was bushed that way, he walked that way. His long, thin nose seemed to cleave the air. When he spoke of the joy of flight, one felt that he needed only an attached propeller to flit right off. He was indeed keen on it and he wanted very much to begin at once, even as all the rest of us. His irate gaze shifted from the window. "Damnation!" he finished.

[redacted] the smooth, plate-like expanse of the snow-covered aërodrome, with a dozen hangars and barracks dotted about its edges. A gale blew, and flurries of snow thickened the air. It seemed no place for wings and thrills. Over the snow and through the gale several hundred men were doing drill formations, the white bands and brass badges of their caps alone distinguishing them from infantry, designating them as embryo airmen. They were three-day-old rookies. For two hours they had been drilling. They would drill more, break off for mess, attend a fleeting lecture on machine-guns or wireless, and finish the day with more drill. Next day this schedule would be repeated, and so on in like manner for five or six weeks. Through the clouded windows of the hangars, at this camp closed for the winter, they caught the tantalizing glimpses of aëroplane wings, propellers, a stripped fuselage or so, and that concluded their aërial experiences for this phase of training to fly and fight.

Toward the barracks the drilling flights moved, and drew up in parade for dismissal. There was much inexperienced shuffling about to get their dressing, and having got it, the rookie lines were about as straight as the foaming contours of surf. Their feet would move, and their heads

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followed their feet. Then came a moment of dread silence, while the freezing wind bit into their faces and ears; for in the army coat-collars are mainly for ornament, and they are not ornamental when turned up on parade. Then came one who could not possibly have been anything but a soldier and a sergeant major. He walked in front of the parade as straight as fifteen years in the Grenadier Guards could make him, which is one degree straighter than

CADETS LEARNING TO USE THE LEWIS MACHINE-GUN ON THE RANGE

seems humanly possible to a rookie. His coal-black mustaches were waxed and pointed; his jetty eyes seemed pointed, too. He had been gassed at Ypres, and twice wounded by shrapnel. The gold bars were on his sleeve, and the Distinguished Conduct ribbon on his breast. His ears were beginning to freeze, growing hard and frosted; but to that he was oblivious. A cold ear is naught; and, besides, the cadets' ears were freezing, too, which evened things up. As he looked at the rookie parade his air congealed, became as frigid as his ears. He became as impersonal as Mount Blanc or Michelangelo's law-giving Moses. He spoke, and when he spoke it thundered.

"For the almighty love of Mike! tyke in that stomach!" And the hundredth man away from him, in the rear rank, took it in. One wondered why a person who could see and shout like that had not dodged the shrapnel and puffed away the gas. "When the old gentleman and lydy at the end down there finish their jig, this paryde can carry on. Paryde! Pa-ry-de, shun! Not a move! Not a move! You bally fool in the rear rank, what er you doin' with that ear? Corporal, tyke 'is nyme an' number. Bring 'im up for orders. You er worse than a bunch of school-girls. Hy, you fat man there, why ain't you standin' at attention? You 'd be lyte for your own funeral. Tyke 'is nyme an' number. You er the worst-drilled men ever seen in this camp. You er awful. Now buck up an' see if you can't have a smarter paryde after mess. If you don't—"

It may not be simple to be an efficient non-commissioned officer, but the persons picked for these positions usually seem thoroughly qualified to carry on with them. One day our sergeant had been drilling us industriously for two hours, and the result was even worse than usual. He had shouted himself blue in the face with abuse and admonitions. The far confines of his profanity seemed to have been reached at last. Suddenly he became calm and sweet-tempered, called us to attention, and began sympathetically:

"O' course I knows soldierin' don't come easy to everybody. Youse can't learn it all at once. Now, I 'd been wantin' to be a soldier all my life. I remembers when I was just a little shaver I had a lot o' toy soldiers. O' course they was only just tin, could n't move without bein' kicked about, stiff as a frozen poker, deaf as a post, dumb as a dead woman, an' no brains at all, nuthin' but tin an' paint. But I thought a heap o' them soldiers, an' I cried a week when they was lost; hunted 'em everywheres. 'T was n't no good; they was gone. Well, I tells youse men I been sort o' looking for 'em ever since, and, by Jim! this mornin' I 've found 'em, every one of 'em, an' just as stiff an' stupid an' dumb an' worthless an' trifling an' lazy an' foolish as ever. There ain't never

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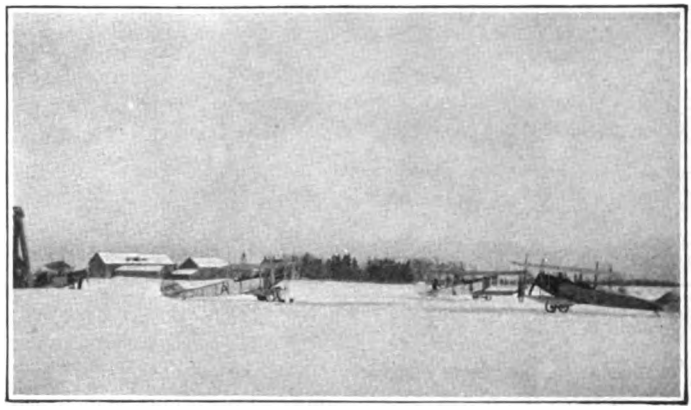
been a flight like youse before, an' I prays Heaven there may n't never be no more. Now double around this hangar! Double, I sye! *Double!"*

So at the rookie camps the cadets of the Royal Flying Corps meet and imbibe discipline, the backbone of all armies and all branches of service. To effect this, non-commissioned officers specially fitted by nature and experience are brought from overseas. One of the strong appeals of aviation lies in the fact that by necessity the aviator is the most individual of all fighting men. He is a unit all to himself. Upon his own initiative, exercised far from any superior command, sometimes depend issues of enormous importance. Superior officers are not always by his side. It is left to the power within him what shall be done, and if he is to be disciplined at all, the habits of discipline must be formed strong enough to follow him into the sky. Even he of the auburn-haired impatience appreciates thoroughly that such discipline will form the only dependable canvas on which a military aviator's complicated background may be painted. The five or six weeks given almost wholly to drill and discipline which every rookie cadet goes through may be monotonous, but are certainly valuable.

Every month that the war continues the fighting airman's background of training grows more important, exigent, and varied. Military aviation to-day is in hardly any particular comparable with what it was at the war's beginning. It is well to remember this when speaking of armies of the air. Thoughts of aërial combat thrilled the cadet who wanted to begin to fly immediately. They thrill most people, stimulate the imagination, make staid journalists voluble. In the press fleets of battleplanes a hundred thousand strong are conjured into being with no apparent effort, and sent victoriously whirring over a bomb-shattered, dismayed enemy. It is so desirable a thing to destroy the German army, and the ways of an aëroplane in the air seem so facile, swiftly unfettered, and sure!

The picture is fascinating, and the accomplished fact will be more so; but without pessimism it is well to recall that the flying fighters who spiral and loop and roll and spin in the swift whirls of their cloud-thronged battles have ever behind them this period of broad preparation, which must be precise and thorough or else worse



FEBRUARY AT A CANADIAN AVIATION CAMP

"GROUND AVIATORS." WHEN THE DAY IS A "DUD" FOR FLYING

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than useless. Granting the tangibility of the conjured aëroplanes, the conjured aviators have to be produced in large numbers, with a specialized training.

Yet air fleets vast enough to stir wonder in the most dubious are being created.

THE CEREMONY OF MOUNTING GUARD AT AN AVIATION CAMP

As military aviation is growing out of the experimental stage, the training necessary for it can be systematized. Allied brains have organized methods of instruction that seem to be turning out capable aviators now with much the same inevitable regularity as our colleges confer degrees. To the ground-lubber aviation may still be uncommon enough to appear to demand extraordinary men, but there are not enough of that sort to supply the demand for pilots. The beauty of the training now given is that it can take the average man and make him worth his salt in the air.

Flying to fight is not by any means mostly a matter of wings. The few squadrons who composed the Royal Flying Corps in 1914 accompanied the "Contemptibles" to France with planes as innocent of armament as a perambulator. They first took off to meet flying Fritz armed in the impromptu, nondescript fashion of a Bolshevik army. While the infantry was learning to make hand-grenades out of jam-tins in the trenches and, unsupported by artillery, were holding the Germans off Calais, they were invading the German heavens with revolvers, sawed-off shot-guns, and rifles. Neither side then thought äerial machine gunnery practicable. Bomb-dropping was quite as good a gamble as Monte Carlo roulette, and the bombs were more or less indifferent affairs, which exploded whimsically and with little effect, except in rare instances. To-day bombs are sighted and launched with the precision of rifle-fire, and even if the aim is a bit off, their destructive radius has been increased until something exciting nearly always happens when one explodes. No wireless transmitter light and compact enough to be suitable for aëroplanes had yet been produced, which meant that the present all-important coördination between aviation and artillery was virtually nil. The system of mapping battle areas was not in existence, and aërial photography was rudimentary. So it was all wings then, great days for the sporting pilot who could fly — days that grew into the period when individual combats became the great factors, and the bright names of Guynemer, Bishop, Ball, and their colleagues began to shine in the aviators' heaven, opposed by Boelke, Immelman, and Richtofen. Looking at the stream-line, indignant cadet, one knew such days would appeal to him irresistibly. The Lewis machine-gun ushered in this phase of aërial warfare. Some

AT SUNRISE EVERY SERVICEABLE AËROPLANE IS OUT ON THE AËRODROME

one thought of mounting it on a scout plane, and from that time the real world of air-fighting was fashioned. Besides the movable Lewis, soon the stationary Vickers guns were mounted on machine, synchronized to shoot between the whirling propeller-blades; tracer bullets were devised to aid the pilot's aim, and improved sights were fitted on the guns. Each month saw faster, more powerful machines on the front, until men are now fighting at eighteen thousand [illegible] that

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travel one hundred and thirty miles an hour or more, and armed to pour bullets into the enemy at the rate of twelve hundred per minute. At the same time the vastly important work of artillery observation, photography, line patrol, and contact patrol, done in close relation with attacking infantry, was developed, made effective by the invention of a wireless transmitter suitable for aëroplanes. Bombing developed from a game of chance into an art that demanded training. Last year individual fighting became relatively of less importance, and formation tactics are fast taking precedence. From the beginning the Germans regarded aviation in the same light as other branches of the service, and not in the sporting spirit which has largely colored the aërial work of the English, French, and Italians. They preferred to attack only in greatly superior numbers, to follow definite plans of battle. To these methods the Allies have to a certain extent come. It is not so fine a game, but it seems better warfare. So the tactics of the air are just beginning to be worked out, an entirely new field, where every move is empirical, and where the opportunities for progress seem limitless.

A FLYING-CAMP IN TEXAS THAT FOR MONTHS HAS SUPPLIED A STEADY STREAM OF PILOTS FOR OVERSEAS

Briefly sketched, these are the things of which the fighting fliers must have a working knowledge before it is of any avail to begin to fly at all. In addition, greater expertness in flying is constantly demanded. "Stunting" plays an important part in aërial battle manœuvers, and the tremendously fast machines now in use cannot be safely landed by any sort of pilot. Also, pilots should know something of the wherefore and how of their motors and aëroplanes. It is a formidable array of knowledge to be inculcated wholesale into large numbers of cadets within a reasonable length of time. A year's work in college would not be more.

At the end of their training pilots must be soldiers of the air in quite as literal a sense as marines are soldiers of the sea, and marines do not have to navigate their ships. Good soldiers should be both tough and dangerous. The six weeks in a rookie camp work marvels with city-bred figures. It "tykes in" stomachs, fills out chests, and "knocks the 'umps off" shoulders. It will make the average cadet sufficiently tough, and the process of growing dangerous is then begun. To achieve this desirable result, we were posted to the School of Military Aëronautics at the University of Toronto, where the art of war in the sky is reduced to an educational system. And side by side "Scarlet Jimmie," the impetuous, and I took up the new work. Jimmie already felt himself flying. Journeying up on the train from the arctic desolation of camp, his swift desire conceived the school course as the merest incident in a broad and shining pathway straight to the flying-fields. His fancy hurtled it disdainfully and concerned itself wholly with live aëroplanes. Then we saw the syllabus posted for our course. We gazed, but still the wonder grew that one small syllabus could hold so many things we never knew. It covered six weeks, six and a half days to the week, eight hours to the day. In its complicated gloom only one bright spot shone—no drill was indicated. In its unassuming little way it announced lectures and practical work on motors, magnetoes, carburetors, bomb-sights and bombing; wireless telegraphy, receiving and sending; signaling with *panneau* and lamps; aëroplane construction and rigging; the theory of flying, aërial cameras, and photography; the mechanism and use of machine-guns; artillery observation, with various codes to be learned; map-reading, cross-country flying, general mili-

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tary knowledge and military law; astronomy and meteorology. There were several additional lectures on general subjects.

"Damnation!" moaned Jimmie. "I joined the Royal Flying Corps to fly, not to become a doctor of philosophy!"

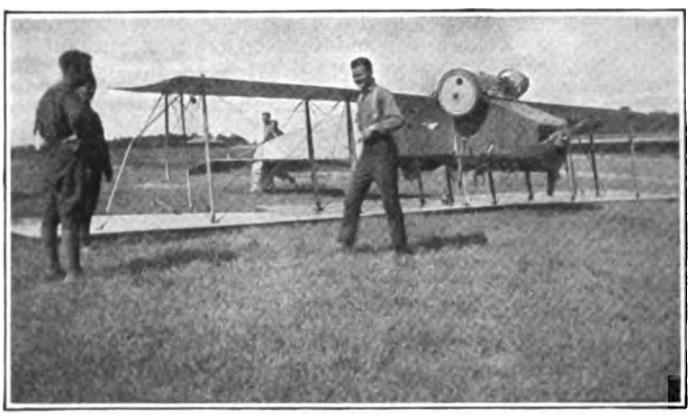
And as Jimmie swore there came another to scan the bulletin. He was from Nova Scotia. One glance at him convinced any one that he had fibbed two years on his age to be accepted. There was dazed amazement in his face.

"Well, why did *you* join the R. F. C.?"

Very serious he was.

"I 'll tell you the plain truth," he said. "I was so sick of college and studying and all that stuff I just could n't stand it."

Life at the School of Military Aëronautics seemed not unlike college days. At camp a very efficacious part of the toughening process had been the strictly army rations that were served us. Army rations need never divorce body and soul, but neither are they likely to inspire laudatory sonnets. Here we messed in the college dining-halls, with remarkably good food, well prepared and satisfactorily served under the direction of expert women dieti-



WHEN THEY COME DOWN LIKE THIS IT LOOKS INTERESTING. BUT THE PILOT USUALLY DOES NOT GET A SCRATCH

tians from the School of Domestic Science. There were covers on the tables, there was china, and everywhere cleanliness. Only soldiers can appreciate how rare such gastronomic good luck is in the army. After our first meal that syllabus did not look nearly so terrifying, which undoubtedly is one reason why the mess has been made so good. Cadets are quartered in the various college dormitories, where one may live in comfort despite the inevitable crowding. Any would-be patriotic martyr should not go to the School of Military Aëronautics to consummate his sacrifice. He would surely grow sleek and fat there and quite disinclined toward martyrdom.

In Australia, in England, and in Egypt, as well as in Canada, schools of this type are supplying the ever-increasing number of pilots needed for the air fleets of the Royal Air Forces. In its practical workrooms aërial warfare goes forward each day. It is like a gigantic toy-shop built under the divine inspiration to kill Huns. Enemy batteries flash, are discovered by cadets eight thousand feet above them, and reported by wireless for their sure destruction. Bombs are dropped on factories and railways far behind the Hun lines. Aëroplanes are rigged and repaired, the inner mysteries of motors brought to light, ingenious instruments pulled to pieces and investigated, and the comforting efficiencies of machine-guns displayed.

In Flanders an aëroplane goes over the lines, and from five or six thousand feet photographs the enemy's country, a trench system, lines of communication, or a battery area. These photographs tell the truth accurately. They are the ultimate spies and are correspondingly valuable. From such a photograph a lantern-slide is made, and the image, enlarged to any desired scale, is projected upon a screen, where it is painted in colors, thus furnishing an exact picture of the area as seen from the aëroplane. The picture is then stretched upon a frame underneath which tiny electric bulbs are placed. Around it, perched on a platform ten feet high, cadets are seated with maps of the district, also

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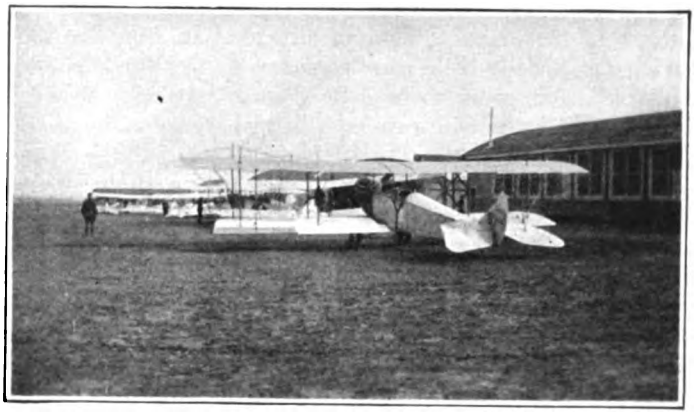
drawn from the actual photograph. Beside each cadet is a wireless despatching-key. By a simple system of square and subdivisions, marked on the maps and lettered and numbered, any point on the picture may be designated exactly in a very brief message. The cadets orientate their maps, and keep a sharp lookout on the picture below. Suddenly a flash appears among some buildings, in a field, or behind a wood. Immediately its location is noted on the key-maps of the cadets, and the corresponding code message is buzzed down to the hypothetical British battery below. In a few seconds this battery is seen to fire in a succession of tiny flashes and, after the time of the shell's flight has passed, another flash indicates its burst near the hostile target. This target is the center of an imaginary clock-dial, twelve o'clock being considered due north, and the other figures representing corresponding directions. A series of concentric lettered circles indicate successive distances. Thus the shell's burst is instantly located and buzzed down to the battery, telling the gunners just how far wrong the shots are falling. These make the proper corrections, and shots continue to fall closer about the target until the holy task of silencing another Hun battery is finished. The actual work at the front toward which this training is directed constitutes one of the prime factors in the present warfare. One has only to recall Hindenburg's official statements as to the number of guns destroyed in a single month on the Western front to comprehend its importance.

Frequently during this war the statement has been made by both sides that in the end it would prove a contest between the nerves of the opposed groups. In addition to the helpful material havoc that aërial bombs skilfully launched can accomplish, their moral effect upon reserve troops, whose rest billets are never for an instant safe, and upon manufacturing centers far behind the lines, is incalculable. The Germans, having deliberately chosen to use such a weapon against civilians, the Allied airmen's skill in reprisals alone can stop them. In the School of Military Aëronautics the bombing laboratory is a reassuring exponent of this skill. Jimmie was entirely recompensed for the laborious diagram of the insides of a one-hundred-and-twelve-pound bomb that he had to draw when, seated in an aëroplane, he got his first direct hit with a miniature bomb on a miniature Hun railway station.



MACHINES GATHERED TO BE TAKEN INTO THE HANGARS

A curiously simple bomb-sight is fitted on the right side of the aëroplane fusilage, capable of adjustment for any height and speed of flying, and a system of levers makes it possible at a slight pressure of the pilot's finger to drop the huge bombs and automatically arrange them for instantaneous or delayed explosion as he may desire. Beneath the aëroplane in the laboratory a painted photographic landscape dotted with tiny models is placed on rollers, which are electrically controlled from the "joy-stick," or controlling gear, of the stationary aëroplane. So that, while Jimmie sits quite still, every action he makes as if actually driving his aëroplane, imparts to the landscape below a corresponding movement, and his blue eyes have to be just as much on their job in order to hit the target as if his ambition were al-

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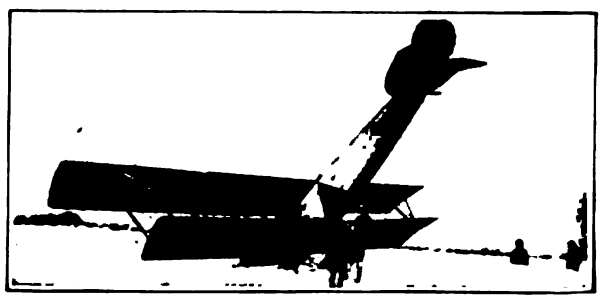
ready a rich reality and he were truly soaring over Flanders' fields. Certainly, later training will give him actual practice in the air, but conveniently and effectively the principle of bombing may be taught him in that school-room.

Some courses of that uncompromising syllabus doubtless seem only remotely of interest to the practical fighting airman, having superficially little more connection with the actual work to be done than a doctorate thesis has with earning a living; but such instances are rare. Most of the subjects brought to the cadets' wavering attention have a direct logical appeal. When some returned officer with the gift of vivid speech describes what a misbehaving engine may mean on a bombing raid, even the truant student of Nova Scotia gives deep devotional study to motor troubles. Altogether the weeks of study have variety enough to avoid monotony and are sufficiently thorough to be practical.

From the arctic aspects of the disciplinary rookie camp in Canada to the real thing in France seems a far cry, and even people who are not mentally red-headed may grow impatient; yet there in the first camp is felt the breath of the Flying Corps' real life, its *esprit de corps*. Like all supremely powerful forces, *esprit de corps* is mysterious in its origin and not to be explained. It is not drilled into men, for that is mechanical discipline, and *esprit de corps* is a living force; nor is it talked into men's natures or taught to their minds, for it is not of the intellect alone. Somewhere in the significant comradeships that war brings it is born, and it drifts through an army's masses as quietly as the sun rises, and, like sunlight, it permeates them. It grows fierce by splendid example until it can make brave men of cowards and becomes impervious to adversity. It is the antithesis of mob selfishness, the only thing capable of combating that mass greed where individual responsibility is lacking. Any one who has been close to it at great moments knows its miracle. Russia has learned what its disintegration means to a nation. It made possible the retreat from Mons. It won the Battle of the Marne, and at Ypres and Verdun it showed itself stronger than physical forces. It alone gave a hundred thousand Serbian peasants the fierce nobility necessary to choose incredible suffering, starvation, and death rather than easy surrender. Its death endangered Italy, and its resurrection saved her. With the fighting aviators it must be and is as a religion. Scarcely is it ever mentioned, yet it is constantly evident. It comes to the rookie cadets in the bearing and action of returned men. Sometimes it flashes unconsciously in a chance phrase. The men with wings on their breasts and the ribbons of valor beneath them are silent about the ribbons, but the things the wings stand for are the things that count with them. The work of the corps is more than a king's decorations, and the good name of a squadron is worth a man's life. That is the significant thing that appears through the weeks of drill, prolonged to weariness, and the weeks of lectures that stretch out before the Mecca of the flying-fields is reached. It is the faith of the flyers.

Jimmie has it pretty badly. He is flying in Texas now, and if letters are any indication, learning to fly is all that he expected of it, which is a great deal. But he has n't the grace to be content. Almost to the point of insubordination he swears at things in general. He knows he can already fly well enough. He is sure he is wasting time. He wants to get at them in France right off.



IF ONE MUST ACT LIKE THIS, A SNOW DRIFT IS NO BAD PLACE TO CHOOSE

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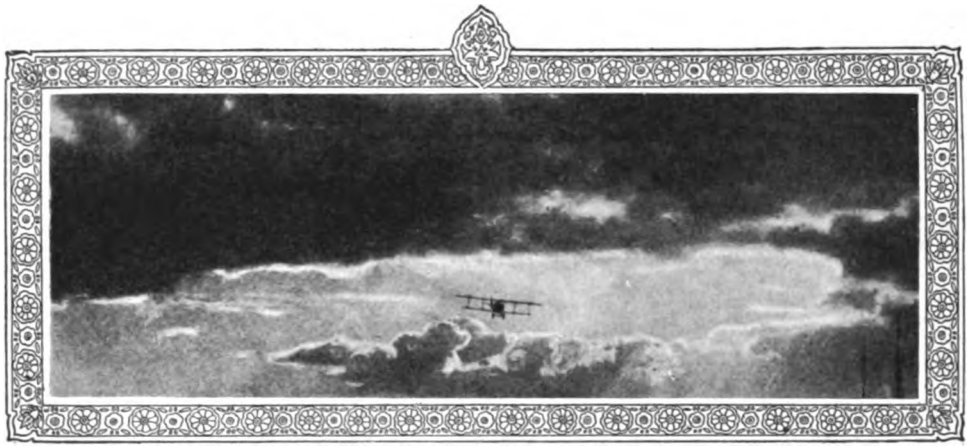

Eagles of Democracy

By JOHN HALL WHEELOCK

Chapman gone, and Lufbery flown his last brave flight to the farthest place!
Bow your head for the dauntless dead! In grief and glory lift up your face!
Raise a shout to the winds about to voice the triumph of all the race!

Yes, for still what the human will may dare to dream of the strange and new;
Still we find the hand and the mind to dare the devil and see it through—
The hand and the brain to dare the pain, till soul is lord, and the dream come true.

Cæsar's pride may debar and divide men's hearts from men with the spears of war;
These are brothers that make all others brothers and lovers from shore to shore,
Man, not *men,* one spirit again in the struggle Godward forevermore.

Each in the race, not each in his place, the king and the beggar, the sage and the clod,
Lives or dies, must sink or rise. On the road of the ages that man has trod
All together we brave the weather—the upward march of the soul toward God.

Though to the earth, whence we all have birth, their bodies sank when the worst was done,
Not with these down the baffled breeze their souls sank, soaring beyond and on,
Upward ever and on forever, till the haven of all true hearts be won.

Hail, all hail, in the beating gale still battling onward against the blast!
The motors hum and the stars cry, "Come!" Hail! All hail! And farewell at last!
Song would follow, but sinks back hollow and worn with winging the windy vast.

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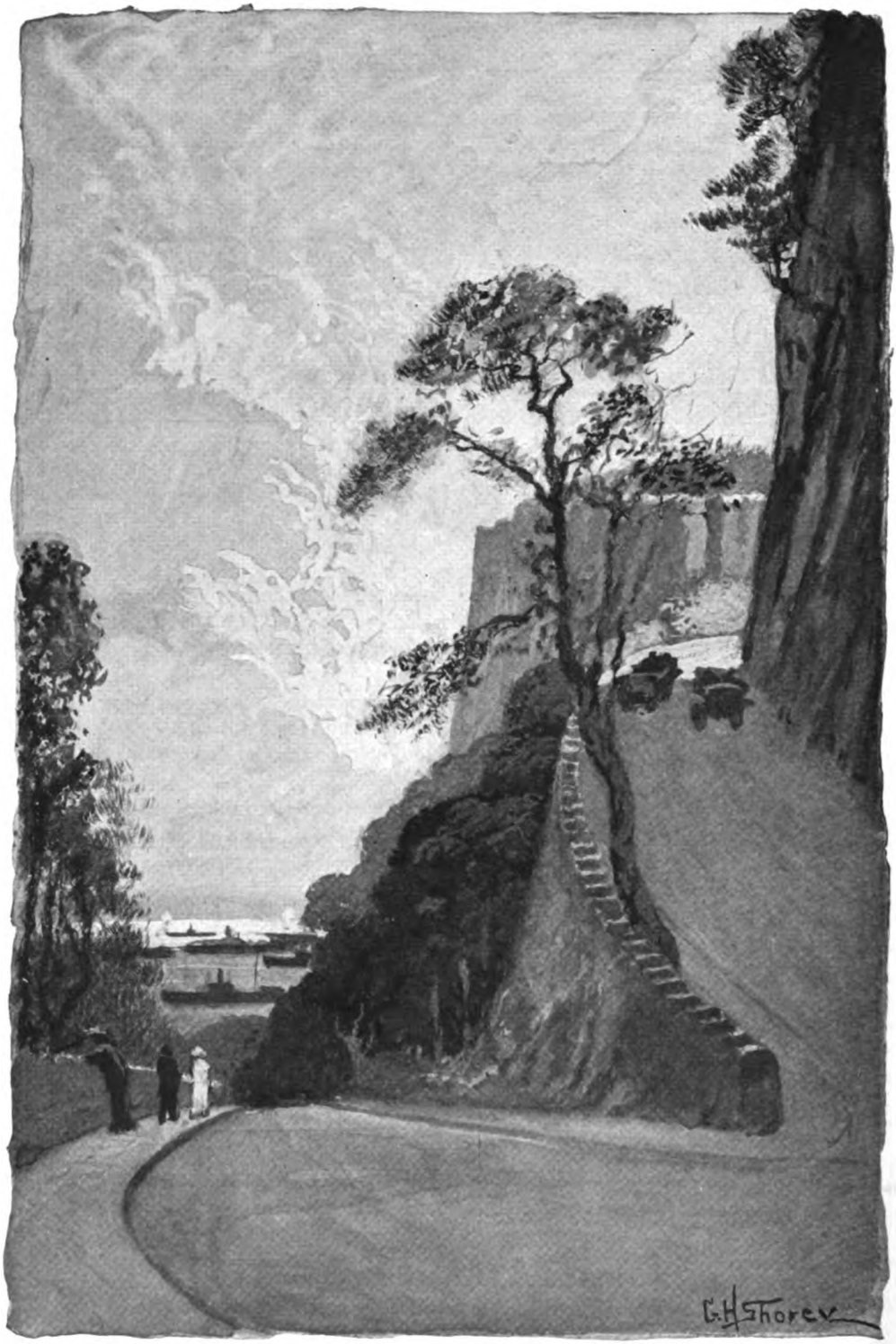

THE ENTRANCE TO THE INTER-STATE PARK AT DYCKMAN STREET FERRY

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A Sentimental Tramp Along Inter-State Park

By RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

Illustrations by G. H. Shorey

THE greatest of all poets has praised the daffodil, because it comes before the swallow dares, and takes the winds of March with beauty. My friend and I, as, on the twentieth of February last, we started from Fort Lee and tramped the Inter-State Park, with the bastions of the Palisades above us, and the Hudson gleaming on our right, islanded with ice-floes on which we expected every moment to sight a polar bear, felt that, had that great poet been acquainted with us that morning, he might have re-written his poem, and celebrated two whose courage was even greater than the daffodil's.

Three or four days before—to be exact, on the day of the blessed St. Valentine—there had been such seductive clemency in the air that we, captive so long in the prison-house of an intolerable winter, had promised each other to take our first spring walk together, the following Sabbath morning, by Hudson side. We had read, too, in the newspapers that the wild geese were already flying north. When that happens, even our pessimistic Weather Bureau permits itself the publication of a ray of hope. So we felt secure in the wisdom of the wild goose. But, when Sunday morning came, and we met at Fort Lee Ferry in a glittering glory that recalled the Ice Palace of his dethroned majesty the czar, with flashing sword-blades of sunshine that seemed to have been drawn from scabbards of polar crystal, and with a northeast wind such as Kipling's *Tomlinson* met blowing "between the stars," we could not help feeling sorry for the wild geese, those intrepid airmen, stringing along in those implacable altitudes, unwarned of one of those ambushed cold waves which are among the many coquetries of the American spring.

We took courage from the thought of them. If they had the courage to keep on going, so had we. So presently we had left the ferry-house behind, and the trolley-track that sweeps in great loops up the side of the mighty rampart to warm homes populous with children and Sunday newspapers, and in a few minutes we were in that long strip of wilderness, running from Fort Lee to beyond West Point, between the river-bank and the turreted battlements that guard it on the west in one continuous wall of preadamite masonry. The States of New Jersey and New York, through the public-spirited activity of a commission which will be even more honored by the future than by the present, have so arranged matters that this wilderness, inhabited by grandeurs and enchantments which probably no other city in the world except New York has so near at hand, "belongs to the people forever," a phrase which I confess I

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cannot transcribe without emotion. That it has now passed into that august ownership is the result of a long, unselfish battle against the powers of darkness, against human greed and the blindness whose sense of beauty is limited to the numismatical beauty of the dollar, a coin, it must be admitted, not unattractive. The story of that battle is too long to tell here, though I trust it will some day be told in the epic fashion it demands. However, it has come about from its winning, due mainly to the patriotic work of the women's clubs of New Jersey, that all that solemn, soaring, fantastic stone is safe from the drill and the dynamite of the quarryman forever; and, more than that, there is not a tree from Fort Lee to West Point that is not under the all-loving eye of Uncle Sam; and, still more, there is not a wild flower that is not under the special protection of the police. Had there been a daffodil that had really come before the swallow dared that Sunday morning, we would have plucked it at the imminent peril of arrest.

Speaking of the powers of evil, the beginning of the road into the wilderness—a road, I ought to say, still in the making and only here and there completed—is graced by a debris of ruins near the river's-edge, charred beams and the foundations of a large building evidently once devastated by fire.

"Here," said my friend, who is well versed in the antiquities of American politics, "is the remains of a once famous bowling-alley. Down there once stood the famous club-house—you can still detect traces of the gaming-tables—where Boss Tweed gloried and drank deep."

"Boss Tweed?" I said, with involuntary reverence.

"Boss Tweed," he repeated, and we passed on in silence, though inwardly I found myself quoting, "I passed by the walls of Balclutha, and they were desolate."

Presently my friend called me to other memories. Pointing to a cliff a short way ahead of us, he said:

"It was from there that Washington watched the defeat of his army over yonder at—what was the name of the battle?"

I looked across the river, and there was nothing to aid the memory but apartment-houses of a pessimistic uniformity.

"Don't you remember?" said my friend, impatient with me for his own forgetfulness. "It was the battle after which Washington rebuked Lee for disobeying orders."

I blushed, but was still unable to remember. Then once more we walked on in silence. Perhaps the reader may be able to help us out.

We had thought ourselves the only pilgrims into those "thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice," but we had not proceeded much farther upon our way before I drew my friend's attention to two knapsacked young creatures, of differing sexes, ahead of us. They were regularly accoutred with all the picnic panoply of a summer's day as they swung springily side by side along the ice-bound track. And for them, indeed, what was it but a summer's day? For it was at least conjecturable that they were lovers, walking in search of that most desired desideratum of all lovers since "the sad world began"—solitude. Certainly, they could hardly have made a better choice, for I can imagine no place better adapted for the uninterrupted communion of souls than the Inter-State Park that February morning. We ourselves were unable to detect the presence of any wild flowers, nor upon the bass- and beech- and tulip-trees sweeping up in gray columns beneath the grim walls of rock was there a sign as yet of any green; but to them—who could doubt it?—it was all under the greenwood tree, and birds inaudible to us were turning their merry notes to the accompanying song of their hearts. Such a fire of happiness, we doubted not, was within them that we expected the snow to melt every moment, and the arbutus to scent the air, and the frozen cascades to come leaping down the ravines with April laughter. We hastened reverently by, respecting their wish to be alone,

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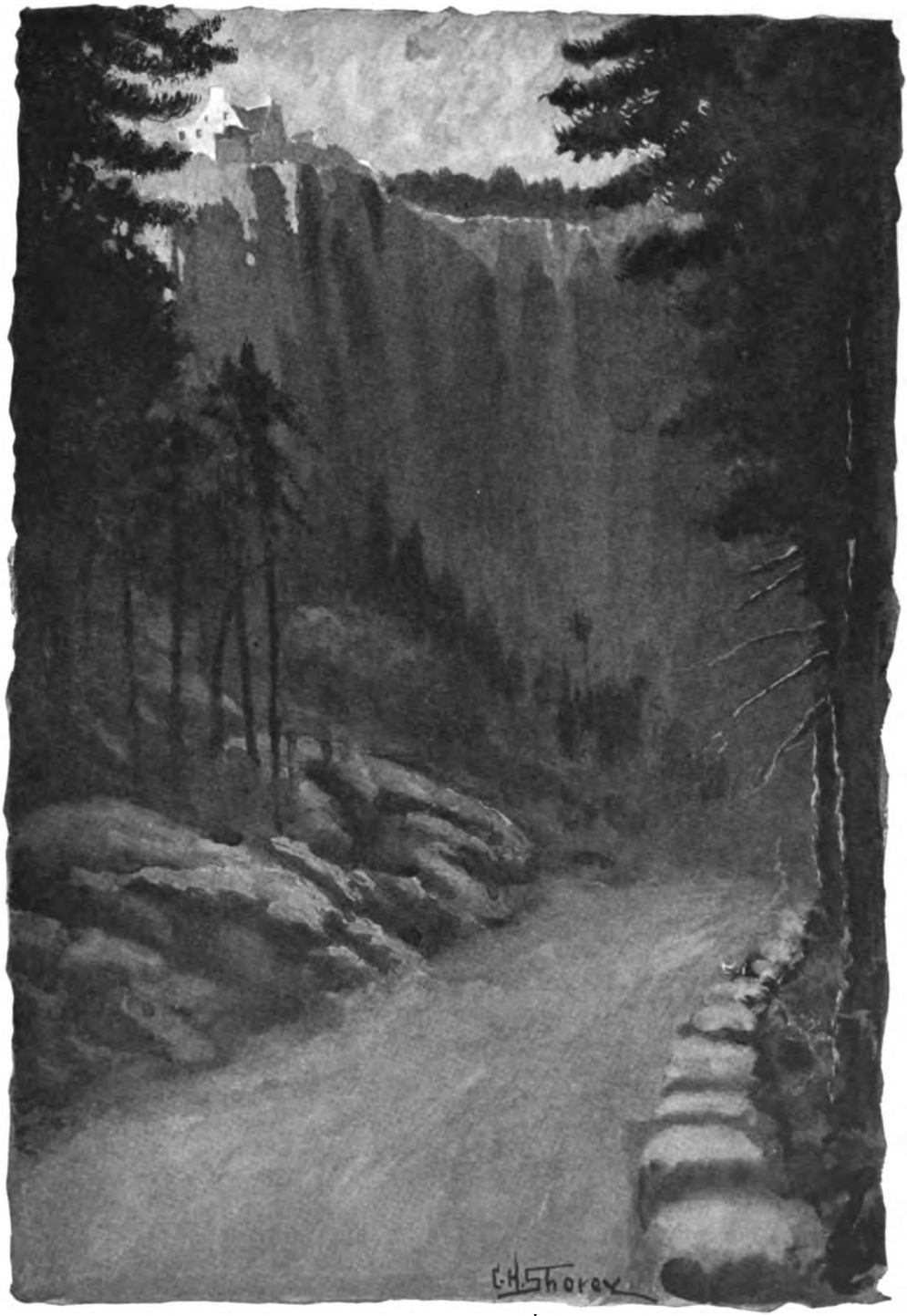

"THE ALMOST UNVARYING LINE OF ITS TOPMOST RIDGE—SOME FIVE HUNDRED FEET HIGH"

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as Charles Lamb said of "Zimmerman on Solitude," and presently I asked my friend about his six children.

A little later I asked him what he thought of these lines:

How wonderful are Youth and Love!
Be the thermometer above,
Or be it twenty-five below,
'T is summer, 'spite the drifted snow,
To Youth and Love.

Though all the grown-up world should freeze,
And, unromantic, sneeze and sneeze,
They walk in fadeless woodland bowers,
Their feet upon immortal flowers
Beneath the trees.

After a while we came upon something which, as a brutal matter of fact, appealed to our imagination more than the lovers—a sort of squatter's encampment, which might be named Flotsam and Jetsam City, seeing that it was made of a curious congregation and harmonization of various maritime wreckage: old barges roofed in and windowed around ever so comfortably; dismantled sloops whose bottoms all the copper paint in the world could help no more; a once pert tug-boat even, with its smoke-stack leaning against the sky at an angle that suggested a mortar "somewhere in France"; a forty-foot pleasure power-boat, trim still, and, to a short-sighted inspection, needing little but some brass polish on its fittings, still rustily intact, but, seen close, how sorrowfully chap-fallen! Will no one sing the sadness of forlorn, forgotten machinery, rusting there in the eel-grass, with fiddler-crabs securely drilling their little houses in the oozy grave from which not even the last trumpet can raise them, and timid birds weaving their nests among the corrosion of wheels that even they know will never turn again? Once so bright, so expert, the pride of engineers and gay young "owners," and now! No one who has ever loved any form of engine but will understand the tears my friend and I brushed away as we looked upon all that graveyard of pathetic old iron and steel, with the names of famous foundries, mortuary-like, upon it. To such a one the ruins of some Norman castle cannot compare in sadness with the ruin of a noble old engine or the rust on powerful "tackle" of any kind lying useless in the grass. To come upon an old locomotive wheel deep in wild flowers, with a dozen worm-eaten freight-cars behind it, never to move again, sinking deeper and deeper each year into the ground, each year subjected to all the indignities of birds, gnawed on and wasted by all the chemic degradations of decay—is there, if you take a serious human view of it, a sadder spectacle?

But, as though to lift our melancholy thoughts, as we gazed over that curious encampment of wreckage, which seemed to be blending its various shapes and individual forms into one harmonious organism of decay, from somewhere in it rose a slender, blue spiral of smoke, that most friendly smoke of a galley. Some happy man made his home in those ruined halls of rotting decks and rusting machinery. Some deserted engine-room, maybe, was his dining-hall, and the spacious hold of yonder barge was his sleeping-chamber. What a quaint palace, indeed, a man might make merely by connecting all this varied maritime ruin together by swaying planks and secret passages! Evidently our unknown friend who was then cooking his lunch in that lonely galley had had the same idea, and had made such a home for himself—a home, I suppose, such as only those who have dreamed of living in an old parlor car on some rusting, grass-grown track will be able to appreciate. We walked on, wishing such a home were ours.

"Thirty million years old!" said my friend, presently, looking up toward the giant wall of dark volcanic rock, columnar in formation, like our old school-book friend the "Giant's Causeway," the almost unvarying line of its topmost ridge, some five hundred feet high, seeming more like the castellated battlement of some old

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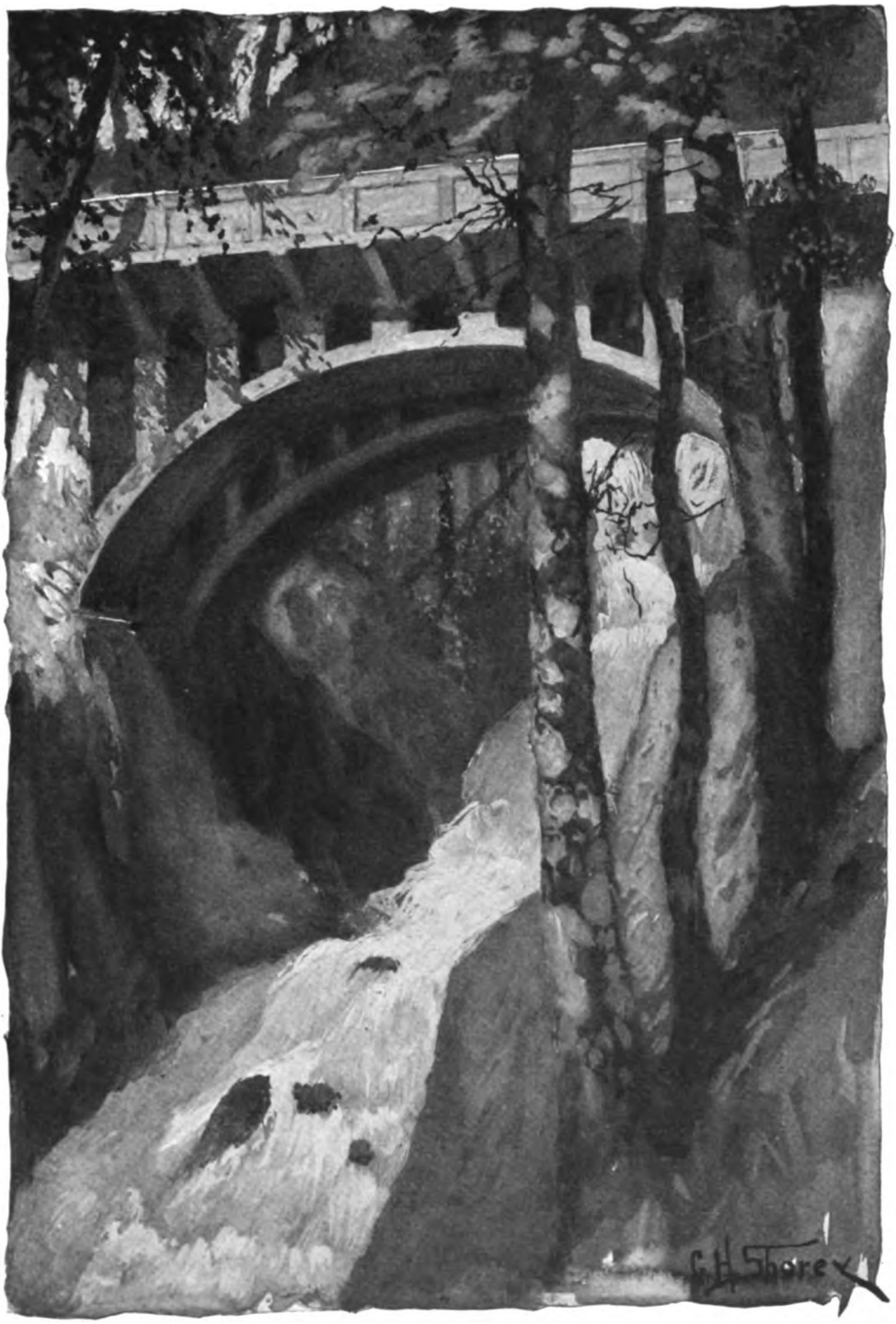

CONCRETE BRIDGE NEAR ALPINE, NEW JERSEY

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Provençal fortress (Les Baux, for example) than a work of nature, so fantastically buttressed and turreted it was, on and on as far as the eye could see.

"Thirty million years old!" repeated my friend; but such geological mathematics are like the figures of Wall Street, and fail to impress the imagination by their very vastness. Thirty million dollars! Thirty million years! Perhaps a billionaire or a Hebrew patriarch might find some meaning in such statistics; but being neither, they have as little meaning for me as Homer's "Iliad" has for the mind of a new-born katydid. My mind falls wholly away from them, like some tiny bewildered insect frustrated in climbing a height never meant for its infinitesimal feet. I was glad to escape from their awe-ful companionship by the human touch, one of the few to be found in that grandiose winter solitude, afforded by a passing glimpse of two young men cooking their lunch among the slabbed ice and fallen trunks of the river-side. Two sleeping-bags near by showed that they had had the courage, or the circulation, to spend the night out amid those glacial inspirations. How one envied them! How wonderful to fall asleep amid all that ghostly grandeur of the gleaming night, to hear the living Hudson, like some night animal, mightily pushing its way with great tidal shoulders among the smothered crashing of the ice-fields, and at dawn to look up and sleepily watch the eagles circling high above those mysterious, rocky walls!

Their preparations for lunch reminded us of our own, but, as the "winter wind" remained in that same mood which Shakspere preferred to man's ingratitude, and was evidently entirely opposed to our lighting a fire whereon to boil our coffee, we agreed to walk on farther in search of a more sequestered spot. We found it at last in a quaint little graveyard tucked in under an angle of particularly soaring rock, presided over, at the southern angle, by what at twilight it would have been impossible to distinguish from a Norman keep. Meanwhile we had passed the corner where the Henry Hudson Drive, a noble piece of road-making, sweeps up southward from the main road, to climb the bastioned walls to the respectabilities of Englewood, leaving us and the blessed wilderness behind. At this point stands a pleasant studio, the only house we had encountered except three or four inaccessibly perched here and there on the dizzy edge of the lofty wall, places to dream of living in, places in which to live must surely be to dream.

But to return to our little churchyard. It was not so very old or yet so very young. The oldest grave we found—they were scattered here and there among great fallen boulders—bore the name of Wagner, and was dated 1818. But there was one tiny grave that touched our hearts, the grave of "Our Little Johnnie"—no other name but that. This was the inscription:

•

OUR LITTLE JOHNNIE
DEPARTED THIS LIFE
Oct. 26, 1872
AGED 2 YEARS AND 10 DAYS
"Of such is the kingdom of heaven"

We remarked on the wise taste of those unknown sorrowing parents, who had evidently felt it unfitting to weight that tiny life with the absurd funereal pomp of a surname. Surely "Our Little Johnnie" was enough, and as we set about looking for sticks to build our fire, we felt that he was "Our Little Johnnie," too.

The wind seemed kinder among the graves, so presently we had a friendly fire going not far from "Little Johnnie's" grave, and soon were gladdening our hearts with that greatest of all comforters on a winter's day, some steaming coffee. As we sat there drinking our coffee and munching our sandwiches, we watched the ice floating down the Hudson in squares and parallelogram and triangles and every form of "cut-out" pattern, like, as my friend said, scattered portions of a child's puzzle; and, presently, far beneath us, some largish birds flew out from some unseen cover with the unmistakable, ab-

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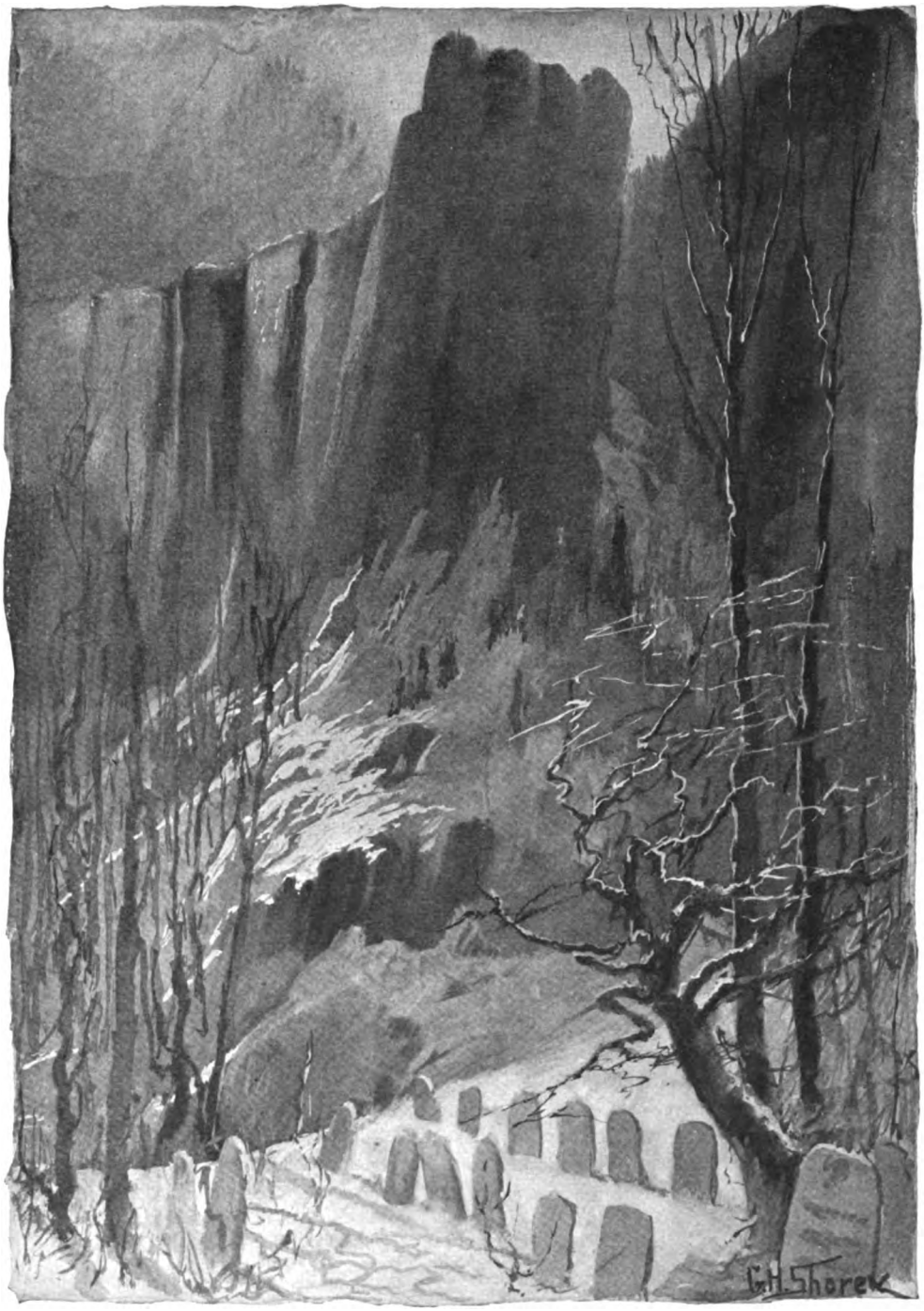

"OUR LITTLE CHURCHYARD. IT WAS NOT SO VERY OLD OR YET SO VERY YOUNG"

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surd flight of duck. I appealed to my friend, who is more learned than I in such matters.

"Duck, for certain," said he—"black duck."

Those black duck were absolutely the only signs of bird or animal life we came upon in our whole walk, except gulls, now and then, standing observant on the edges of the ice-rafts, and the cabalistic writing of tiny wild feet, birds and small, frightened furry things, making dainty tracks in the snow. The wind, which must have been blowing at least fifty miles an hour, evidently kept the practical wild things of winter within doors. We could not help reflecting how different it all would be when spring did at last blow her fairy horn in earnest, when that dark Dantesque wall of perpendicular rock would be hidden by veil upon veil of delicate green leafery, with sudden banners of blossom,—April with her dance of the seven veils,—and the whole Malebolgian blackness be an enchanted forest, ringing and calling with thrushes and robins and all the various "feathered musicians of the air," as good old Izaak Walton happily phrased it; when ferns began to lift up their bishop's croziers among the rocks, and the violets to pattern the soft carpets of the virgin moss, and bloodroot to shine out like stars from the crevices of boulders, and Dutchman's-breeches and Solomon's-seal and jack-in-the-pulpit and all such pretty toys of April and May be back once more for the children of men to play with.

But, mark you, all wild flowers in the Inter-State Park bear a charmed life. No hand can gather them. In other words, they are protected, as is all other wild life that enjoys its existence therein. It is hard on humanity not to be able to carry a handful of fairy freshness to one's city home after a day's excursion, but when you reflect that, according to a statement I recently came upon, two million five hundred thousand people made holiday in this park in 1916, it becomes obvious how necessary such protection is. And, talking of wild life, I understand, too, that in the higher reaches of the park, where it widens out to some sixteen miles, not only is the indigenous wild life to be protected, but other wild life to be encouraged, even imported, to make their home there—black bears, big-horn sheep, and mountain goats, and these, I have read, are the special concern of Colonel Roosevelt and Mr. Thompson Seton.

The only wild life, however, we encountered on that winter day occurred soon after, our lunch and our meditations among the tombs concluded, we had once more taken the road, in the shape of three boys, the third form of triumphant youth we had come upon in our wayfaring. They were vociferous and active after their kind, and seemed to feel the cold as little as the two lovers we had met on our starting out. One of them, some way up the hillside, called down, chiefly, we realized, for our benefit, and with quite a convincing simulation of excitement, that there was a dead horse up there. A dead horse! We stopped, taken in for a moment; but, observing the smirk on the three young faces, we, to employ the vernacular, "caught on." It was a moving-picture dead horse! for, alas! the Palisades are not protected against the most energetic of modern industries outside munitions. To the boys, doubtless, it was a romantic discovery; to us, alas! it brought back all the melancholy of modernity, which was further accentuated as we looked across the river to gain some idea of our whereabouts, for there is such noble uniformity along the foot of the Palisades, with few landmarks. The other side is uniform, too, but with what a different uniformity! Throughout our walk the noble and the ignoble uniformity had marched abreast on the opposite banks. Will the spirit of beauty, which has so wisely presided over the conservation and adaptation of the Inter-State Park, never be allowed to have a hand in the building of towns, and must the multitude forever house itself in hideousness? He and she who in summer-time takes the walk we were taking should be careful never to turn their eyes across the river, unless

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FISHERMEN'S HUTS

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they wish to lose their Eden; for a more dreary and sordid procession, or, rather, mob, of domestic architecture, hundreds and thousands of identical, small, undesirable residences as dogged us across the river all the way from Fort Lee Ferry is happily inconceivable. How it outrages, with its bourgeois ugliness, the grandeurs of the Jersey shore! We looked across, as I said, to take our bearings, and then rapidly looked away. No wonder, for we were facing Yonkers.

A few yards farther on, however, a natural grandeur presented itself for our consolation—a steep, dramatic gorge, hung from its lofty sky-line with a frozen cataract of massive pearl and crystal and alabaster, and spanned by a bridge scarce less noble than itself. Coventry Patmore, almost sole among poets, has sung his preference for winter among the seasons.

I singularly moved
To love the beauty that is not beloved,
Of all the seasons
Most love winter, and to trace
The sense of the Trophonian pallor of her face.

To stand and watch that frozen cataract was almost to be persuaded that the beauty of the other seasons is confused with too much color and throb of the senses for us to be quite sure that it is beauty alone that we are worshiping. But here was the beauty of Diana high up among the chaste stars, unprovocative, but holding one with the spell of a deadly fascination, touching one with the hand of a cold more thrilling than that of any honeysuckle warmth. Still, it has to be admitted that this beauty we were looking on was not all winter's. Again we observed that the wild geese were right. Spring had her share in this beauty. Already it was answering to her soft breath; for, beneath that impressive mask of ice we could perceive the loosened waters already slipping down. Here and there the ice had been refined into delicate veils, and here and there were windows already won open, through which we could see the happy escaping stream. But the flowers were still all winter's, the lovely ice ornaments, often so fantastically shaped like summer's own, all the fretted forms that nature so strangely loves to repeat again and again in various materials, ice or the stuff of leaves, or of the fungi in the damp woods. Ice ferns, ice flowers, ice fungi, decorated the margin of that frozen cataract; but, as I said, half of the beauty was the whispered work of spring.

Looking up the river, we noted that winter still held her own beyond Yonkers, for, half a mile or so ahead, was a straight barrier of unbroken ice from shore to shore. And we noted, too, that the sun had set and the twilight would soon be upon us. But there was still light enough to wonder at the care which the Inter-State Park Commission takes of its trees. Many were protected, like base-ball players, with pads of narrow planks,—against the blasting necessary for the making of the road,—and round others circular walls had been built, like little wells. We recalled Algernon Blackwood's strange story of "The Man Whom the Trees Loved." Surely the man responsible for the forestry of the Inter-State Park must be well beloved of his trees.

Then we took a last look at the wilderness, and started to mount the splendid road that sweeps once more up to the levels of every-day humanity. Night fell as we walked, for it is a long climb, and, as we reached the top, the tilled fields, flooded with half-melted snow, shone wintry wan in the half-light. It was picturesque enough, of course, the walk to catch the trolley at Tenafly, but still it was man's land, a land of homes and barns and railway stations and country post-offices; and somehow it seemed small and stupid and saddening after a day spent in the wilderness with such great presences as the Hudson and the Palisades.

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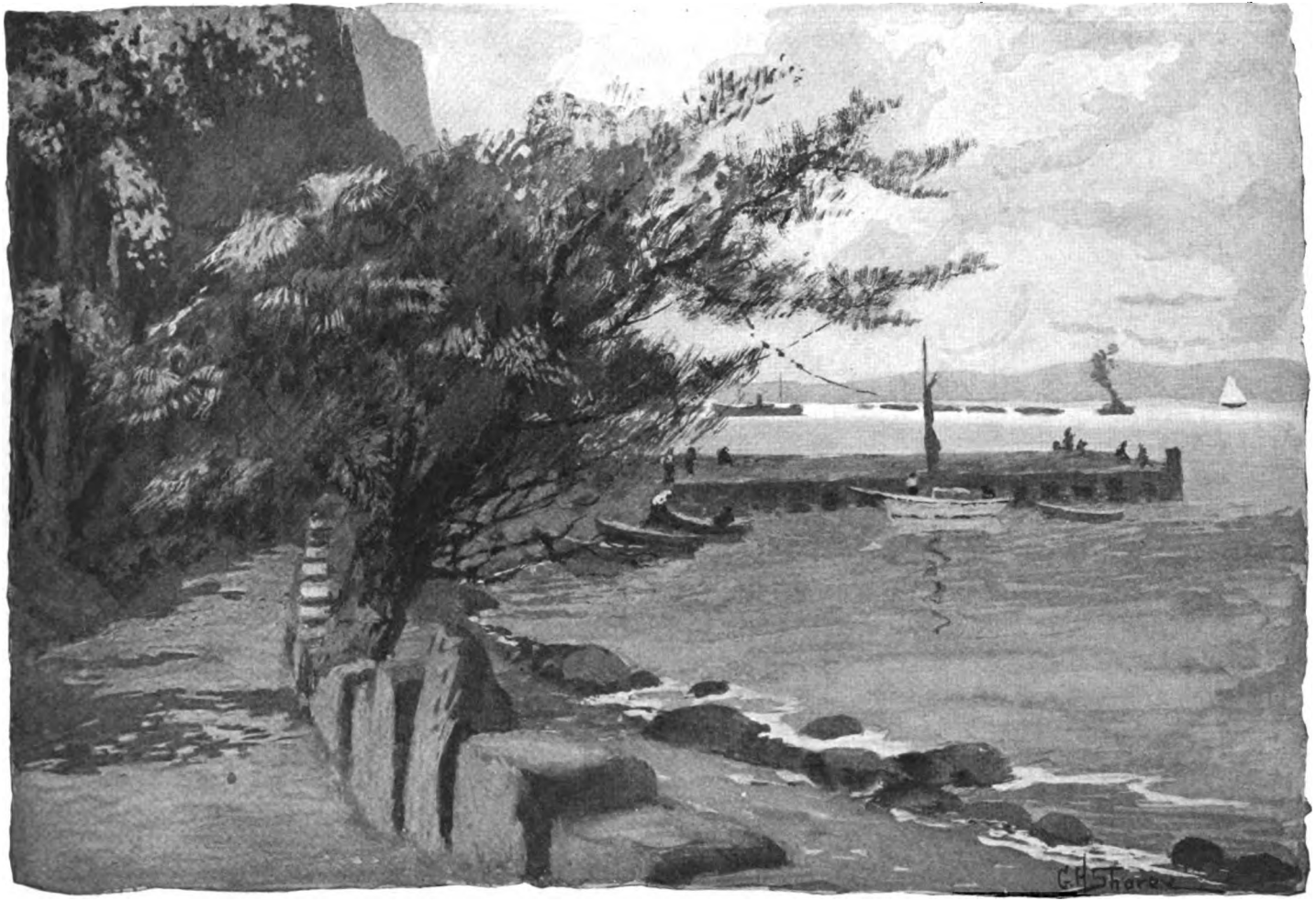

"A DAY SPENT IN THE WILDERNESS WITH SUCH GREAT PRESENCES AS THE HUDSON AND THE PALISADES"

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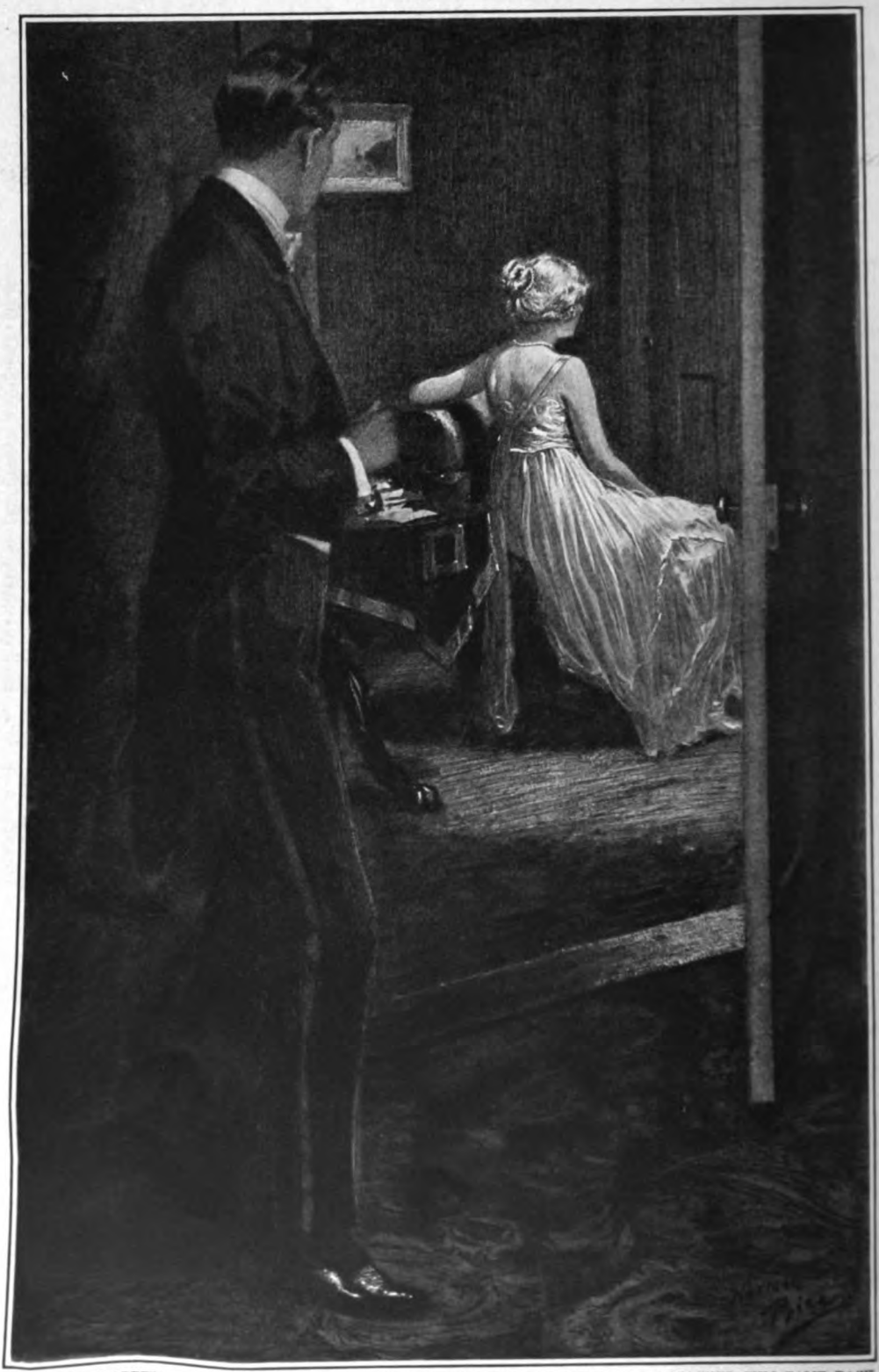

"JERRY STOPPED. . . . THE THING THAT TWICE BEFORE THAT EVENING HAD ATTACKED HIM CAME BACK AGAIN"

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The Boomerang

By DAVID GRAY

Illustrations by Norman Price

CHAPTER XVI

A FEW moments later Jerry made his way around the veranda to the corner where Grace was sitting with young Parker. Evidently the conversation had not been going easily, for the young man rose as Jerry came up and went back to the ball-room.

"May I sit down and visit?" he asked.

"It would be very nice," she answered.

Jerry caught the subdued note in her voice and chuckled.

"Budd told me that you 'd sprained your ankle," he said. "I thought I 'd come and see if I could be of any use."

"It 's nothing," she answered.

"A sprained ankle is a good deal," he said. "Which one is it?"

"Why, this one, the right," she answered.

"Let me see it."

She stretched out her right foot, and Jerry, bending forward, took it. He ran his fingers over the ankle, felt it, and flexed it.

"Does that hurt?"

"A little, but not much. I think I just turned it. It 's much, much better."

"I don't think there 's anything serious the matter with it," he observed, straightening up. "You might put it in hot water when you go to bed and put a compress on it. But as long as it 's comfortable now, that 's the main thing." The injured ankle was, as he had suspected, imaginary. By this time Budd and Virginia should have been dancing, and he wanted Grace to get the full effect of it.

"I wish I could do the things that some of those boys are doing in there," he observed. "Look at Gertrude Ludlow's brother!"

"He 's very good," Grace answered; "but you could learn if you 'd take a few lessons."

Just then Virginia floated by the window with Budd. There was a silence; then Grace said in a constrained voice:

"What a pretty girl Miss Xelva is, and so smart!"

"Is n't she?" he answered. "And so nice, too. I see you found out her name."

Grace nodded.

"She looks very nice. Is she a friend of yours?"

"Oh, in a way I know her. Have n't you ever seen her before?"

"No."

"That 's funny."

"Why? Has she been in town long?"

"Oh, a month or so."

"A month?"

"Just about, I should say."

"Stopping with friends?"

"Don't you know where she 's stopping?"

"No."

"Why, *here*. She 's been visiting Mrs. Woodbridge."

Grace started.

"Ankle hurt?" he asked.

"Just a little. I gave it a twist." Her voice had grown more strained.

"It 's funny you have n't met her. You must have heard of her."

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"Why?"

"I thought everybody had been talking about that."

"That?" she repeated.

"About her and Budd. They 've been together ever since she came. Looks to me like a desperate case on both sides. Of course I don't *know* anything about it, but having eyes, I 'm expecting an announcement any day. I thought perhaps to-night they 'd spring it on us, seeing that it was his birthday."

"I see," said Grace in a voice that was scarcely audible.

"It would be nice, don't you think?" he went on. "Budd has plenty of money, and she 's delightful. Then Mrs. Woodbridge is devoted to her, and that means something even in these days."

A weak "Yes, it would be very nice" came from the darkness beside him.

A wave of pity swept over Jerry. The girl was suffering. There was no doubt that she cared for Budd. For a moment he thought of throwing off the mask and telling her the truth, but his better judgment held him back. He must be merciless and play the game out, or all his work would go for nothing. He knew Grace well enough to be confident that she would fight to the end, and that, since she believed Budd to be in love with Virginia, she would do everything in her power to get him back. All that he had to do was to keep Budd in check and let events take their course. The game was all over but the shouting, and Jerry was not without a certain complacent self-satisfaction over the success with which he had worked it out.

Another thought also came to him as he sat there in the dark beside his writhing victim. At the outset the conception of love as a game of tactics and counter-tactics had been invented for Budd's benefit rather than evolved from his own matured convictions on the subject. Now, as the facts seemed to bear out his proposition, he experienced a sense of somewhat bitter disillusionment. What he had formulated with half-humorous cynicism for a benevolent end was, after all, the truth. It was a sorry business, but one had to face the facts. He registered a vow of gratitude that he had always been wise enough to escape the fatal and humiliating pangs of jealousy. As the silence lengthened, he knew that he had to say something. The music had stopped, and a waltz began again.

"Do you think your ankle could stand a turn of this?" he asked. "You know it sometimes helps a sprain to exercise on it."

"I don't think I could," she answered huskily. "I really think I ought to go home. Somehow it 's made my head ache."

"I 'm awfully sorry," he said. "Do you want me to find your motor for you?"

"I 'm afraid it is n't here," she answered. "I did n't order it to come for me. If you 'd be good enough to telephone—"

"But I 'll run you home if you are really going."

"You 're very good, but, you see, Preston was going to stop for me about half-past eleven. Will you telephone him that I 'm ready to go now? Just say that I 've asked you to ask him to come for me right away in his runabout."

"Of course," said Jerry. "You 'll wait here?"

She nodded, and he started for the telephone.

"So she 's going to play Preston again," he thought; "had him up her sleeve in case of accident. Some head that girl has." As he reached the front door and was about to enter the house, an impulse led him to stop and glance at the line of automobiles drawn up along the curb. The fifth car was the Tylers' limousine, with the family chauffeur sleeping peacefully at the wheel. He chuckled. "She 's certainly a quick actor," he thought. turned into the house and called up Witt's apartment. The servant told that Preston had gone to New York morning and had not returned. smiled, and made his way to the libr Here he lighted a cigarette and began figure out the next move. The cards w

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running against Grace. The question was how to play them. He knew that Budd's new-found independence was not to be relied upon. If Grace started a vigorous counter-offensive with De Witt, it would wilt like a plucked wild rose, and they would be back where they were at the beginning. Without delay he must get Budd and Grace together, and let her make her effort to win him back instead of reducing him by the indirect fire of his old jealousy. She was evidently deeply in love with him. She was masterful and fearless. If she felt that she had an even chance, Jerry believed that she would not balk at doing the proposing herself. Her lesson had been a severe one and would not have to be repeated. The thing to do, therefore, was to send Budd back to her with instructions to be friendly and kind, dropping the suggestion also that possibly in years to come, if he kept himself in hand and made no demands, she might grow to care for him again.

As he flicked away the ashes of his cigarette, the part that Preston had played in this triangular comedy passed through his mind. It was clear now that Grace had never cared for him. He had amused her, and she had used him to torment Budd and protect herself from his distasteful assumptions of proprietorship. It was also probable that Preston had had no misconception of the situation. He was much too clear-headed to be taken in. If, then, he knew that he had no chance with Grace, it was the more possible that he was seriously interested in Virginia. The circumstance that she was apparently Mrs. Woodbridge's guest might well be construed as indicating that she was far from penniless. Dressed as she was that night, she might have been the daughter of anybody great and important, and in herself she was certainly a sensation. He wondered why he had never realized it before. But that had nothing to do with the matter in hand.

If Preston was really in love with her, it was an outrageous and impossible thing. He was unworthy to be her door-mat, and it was inconceivable that she could think seriously of him. Yet it was not uncommon for girls like that to throw themselves away on just such men as Preston.

He ground the lighted end of the cigarette into the ash-tray as if it had been Preston's head. As soon as he got Budd off his mind he would take a hand in the matter. However, Budd's case must be attended to first. Jerry rose, and started to hunt for his patient.

Now, the patient, having accomplished three turns of the room with Virginia, was intercepted by the red-headed boy, who had fallen a sudden and complete victim. Without a partner, he stepped back out of the way of the dancing. There were two things that presented themselves as next on the evening's program. First, he might take that drink that the doctor had prescribed. Second, he ought to dance successively with his female guests. However, the evening was still young. There was plenty of time for dancing. As for the drink, he did n't want it. The scene with Grace in which he had displayed so much nobility and resolution was already troubling him. He had honestly tried to put the mind of a conscientious and anxious woman at rest, but he was aware that he had not wholly concealed his anguish, that undoubted traces of bitterness had flavored his utterances on the subject of his being a changed man. The more he thought about it, the clearer it became to him that he had bungled as usual. A nice girl who has wrecked a man's life can be only more troubled when she sees her victim trying earnestly, but vainly, to conceal his suffering. He decided, therefore, to go to her again and put things to rights. How he was to do it was not clear, but he felt that he ought to try.

Just about the time that Jerry was telephoning Preston's house Budd slipped out of the ball-room window. As his eyes became accustomed to the darkness, he made out a dim form on the divan. He advanced cautiously, making sure that no one was beside her. Within a few feet of her he stopped. He could distinguish the outline of her body reclining against the cushions, but apparently it was without a

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face. This unusual circumstance occupied him for only a moment. Then strange little sounds arrested his attention. They came, muffled and irregular, from the region where, in the natural course of things, the face should have been.

Budd's first thought was that the sounds were laughter stifled with a handkerchief or a cushion. Grace had some joke that amused her beyond endurance. He could see dimly that her body shook in little spasms as in a series of uncontrollable chuckles. He drew back a step. He was in no mood for that kind of thing. Then his ears caught a note that made him start. It was not laughter. He stood frozen with apprehension and horror. Grace was weeping, sobbing her heart out, with her face buried in a sofa pillow. Only one thing could be the cause of it. His effort to be noble and set her mind at rest about him had failed more calamitously than he could have imagined.

With breath coming quickly, Budd moved noiselessly to the divan.

"Grace," he whispered.

The girl looked up apprehensively, saw who it was, and buried her face deeper in the pillow.

Calling her name again, he bent over her. She had never seemed so beautiful. Pity and love swelled in him. Yielding to an overwhelming impulse to fold her to his heart and comfort her, he laid his hand upon her arm and bent down. She turned to shake off his hand. Her face met his, and the next moment he had kissed her fairly on the mouth.

She gave a little cry and struggled to push him away; but Budd, beside himself, clasped her fiercely, kissing her cheek and hair.

In an instant she tore herself free and stood before him, speechless and white with anger.

"You cad!" she gasped. "You—" Then bursting into a fresh outbreak of sobbing, she ran along the veranda.

Budd, stupefied with horror, stood and watched her. As she disappeared around the corner of the house some command of his senses returned to him, and he followed. He reached the front steps in time to see her pass through the gate and turn down the line of waiting motors. A moment later he heard the snap of an automobile door. Then an engine started, and the Tylers' limousine began to move down the street. He was still watching the red tail-light when Jerry's voice brought him back to earth.

"I was just looking for you," said Jerry. "Where 's Grace?"

"She 's gone," Budd answered in a hollow voice.

"Gone?"

"She just drove off in her motor." Without saying anything more, he went down the steps toward the street and, hatless as he was, hurried off aimlessly in the opposite direction to that which the motor had taken.

Jerry's first impulse had been to call after him, but he checked it. What he thought had happened was this: Grace had suddenly remembered that Preston was out of town and that she was getting in deeper by asking Jerry to telephone him. Therefore she had suddenly decided to escape in her own car, which she knew was waiting, and reserve the opening of her campaign till later. There was nothing to be done about it. After all, the main thing had been accomplished, to make Grace believe that Miss Xelva had captured Budd, and to keep Budd from giving the truth away. Loose on the streets, the boy could get into no trouble, love-sick as he might be, as long as Grace was safely at home, nursing her own wounded sensibilities. Jerry, therefore, turned back into the house, resolved to get a bite of supper and go home. Taken as a whole, he felt that the surprise party had accomplished much that he had hoped for. A man cannot expect everything to come out according to schedule. He lit a fresh cigarette and, with the glow of satisfaction that comes from hard-won victory, turned back into the house.

Opening off from the library was a small room with an outdoor entrance that the late Mr. Woodbridge had used as an office and den. Mrs. Woodbridge used

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it on occasions to interview servants and receive business callers, but for the most part it remained unoccupied, and the door leading to the library was invariably kept shut. As Jerry passed the library on his way to the dining-room he happened to glance in. In the corner near the office door Virginia was sitting on the arm of an easy-chair, her back toward him. The lamplight fell on her hair, making an aureole like a saint's about her little head. Jerry stopped. The thing that twice before that evening had attacked him came back again. He made no effort to combat it. Despite anything his brain might tell him, every drop of his blood, every fiber in his body, cried out that the slim girl before him was the end and object of ex-

"'I DARE SAY THAT WAS WISE,' HE SAID DRYLY. 'THE BEST PLACE FOR AN A

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istence. If that was love, then love had him fast, and he knew that it was nothing else. At last the great adventure had overtaken him. There was no doubt to be argued with, no question as to whether the thing was some transitory gust of passion. The uttermost depths of his nature answered hers. He had absolutely no doubt.

Despite the emotion that set his pulses throbbing, his mind worked quickly. He would go forward then and there and confront her with the whirlwind in his soul, confident that she would respond, knowing that she must, certain that the fire that she had kindled in him must be burning in her also.

Precisely at that moment the office door opened, Mrs. Woodbridge appeared and beckoned to Virginia. The girl rose and passed into the little room. The door closed, but apparently caught her dress, for it quickly opened again, and Jerry saw Preston De Witt standing in the doorway. A moment later Mrs. Woodbridge emerged with the satisfied smile of the woman who believes she has been acting as confidential agent for the angel of fate.

Jerry wheeled as if under a blow, and passed down the hall. The band was crashing out a rag-time with drums and cymbals. The dancers were gliding and whirling. The lights blazed. Dazed and unaware of it all, he reached the door and plunged out into the night. Which way he turned as he reached the street he did not know, but walked blindly on through the dim, tree-arched streets. At some corner that he rounded ten minutes later he came upon Budd. They passed in the darkness without speaking. Suddenly Jerry caught himself up, looked back, and put his hand to his head. He, too, was hatless. He straightened himself, threw back his shoulders, and laughed. His laughter was loud and ringing, but there was little mirth in it. A lone policeman started and looked at him suspiciously. Then Jerry went on and, turning into Elm Street, made his way slowly home.

CHAPTER XVII

THE next morning Jerry appeared at the family breakfast-table outwardly much as usual, but only outwardly. He was grateful that Marion had not put in an appearance. The colonel was going through his letters and took no notice of him. Suddenly his father's face lighted.

"Well, this is amazing!" he exclaimed. "Here 's your hospital, my boy! Fallen from the sky! A million to start with! More if you need it!" He brandished the letter excitedly.

Jerry gazed at him dully.

"Who is it?" he asked.

"Bruce Gordon," the colonel answered. "He wants to give the town a memorial to his mother. The last time I was in New York I told him about the way you 'd taken hold, and now he wants to put this matter in your hands."

"It 's very good of him," Jerry said quietly.

"You don't seem to be very enthusiastic," said the colonel, with a note of disappointment in his voice. "I thought it would please you."

"It 's great, of course," Jerry answered. "I 've got some work that 's on my mind just at present. We 'll talk about it later." He rose, leaving his eggs untasted, and went to the office. As he entered he started apprehensively. He had forgotten that Virginia would be there. Then he cursed himself. Of course he would have to meet Virginia. Why in heaven's name should n't he? If she chose to be interested in another man, was that an excuse for him to behave like an idiot, like Budd? The bell lay on the desk within reach of his hand. A touch of his finger, and she would be in the room. He would show himself that he was not in Budd's class yet, not by a jugful. He had undergone a disturbing experience, but it was past, and he was himself again. Besides, Virginia was not yet married to Preston, and a great deal might happen before she was.

However, instead of pressing the button, he lighted a cigarette, took one puff, and flung it toward the fireplace. Then

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in a fit of indignation with himself he rang violently. Almost instantly the door opened, and Emile entered.

"What are you doing here?" demanded Jerry. "Where 's Miss Xelva?"

"She telephone she be late this morning," the man answered.

"Is she ill?"

"She say some one come to see her, but she be here by office hours," Emile answered. "Mr. Woodbridge want to see you," he went on. "He been out here twenty minute', walk up and down, up and down, very restless."

"Show him in," commanded Jerry. He began to feel better. The absurdity of Budd's troubles helped him to realize the absurdity of his own.

"Hello!" he called out cheerily as Budd entered. "What 's up now?" A glance at the patient showed that Emile's description of him as "very restless" was an understatement. The boy looked as though he had been put through a wringer. He carried a hand-bag, which he set on a chair.

"Doctor Sumner," he began abruptly, "I want you to tell my mother that you 've ordered me to take a trip."

"What for?"

"For my health."

"And where am I sending you?"

"To New York."

"That 's a good place to go for health. How soon are you leaving?"

"By the next train—the eleven-twenty."

"Sit down," said Jerry. "Now, what is this all about?"

"It is n't necessary to talk about it. All I want to do is to get away."

"But it happens that it is necessary," Jerry answered. "Just before Grace went home last night you were going strong. Everything was fine. Then the next thing I knew, she had bolted, and you dashed off like a crazy man without a hat."

"I met you going home without a hat yourself a little later," Budd countered.

"That 's neither here nor there," said Jerry, high-handedly. "I want to know what happened."

"I tell you," said Budd with dignity, "that I prefer not to discuss the matter. My treatment is finished."

"And I suppose you 're a well man; in which case I don't see why I should order you off on a trip."

Budd sank into a chair and gazed at him miserably.

"Now tell me all about it," said Jerry, kindly.

Budd told him. As he drew toward the close of his account of embracing Grace on the divan, his emotions got the better of him, and he had difficulty in going on.

"It was terrible," he said, "terrible."

Jerry suppressed a desire to laugh.

"It *was* terrible," he said gravely. "But there 's one more thing I want to know. Did you see her again last night?"

"Oh, no!" the boy answered. "Of course I can never see her again after behaving as I did."

"Well," said Jerry, hopefully, "I can't see that any great harm has been done. I was afraid that you 'd given our little plan away."

Budd looked at him anxiously.

"What harm would that do?" he demanded. "Because, after I got home, I wrote her."

"Apologizing for having behaved in an ungentlemanly manner, I suppose."

"Yes, and a lot more."

"You did n't tell her that you loved her still?"

"I did."

"And that you 'd never cared for anybody else?"

"Yes."

"And about my part in the matter?"

"I told her everything—that I 'd tried to get over it, but that I was worse than ever."

"Budd," said Jerry, with exasperation, "you are a hopeless idiot."

"I know it," said Budd, "but I can't help it."

"Can't you see that everything was going just as we hoped and planned it should? Why in heaven's name could n't you have let well enough alone?"

"When I found her crying out there," the boy began.

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"But don't you know what made her cry?"

"I suppose her ankle hurt her. What else could it have been?"

"O Lord!" Jerry exclaimed hopelessly. "Don't you know that she was crying because she was jealous?"

The boy looked at him in amazement.

"Because she was jealous?" he repeated incredulously.

"Is n't that enough to make her cry? Has n't it the same effect on you?"

"But who would she be jealous of?" the boy demanded.

"Why, Virginia, of course. Did n't she see you dancing with her? Could n't you guess that I was helping you along by telling her that you and Miss Xelva were great friends and for a month past she had been stopping with your mother?"

A light dawned slowly upon the boy.

"Good heavens," he exclaimed, "I believe that 's it!"

"Of course it is," said Jerry. "And can't you see that if she is jealous, it proves that she must care for you?"

"Oh, no; it is n't that," Budd answered. "She 's jealous of Virginia, but that has n't anything to do with me. She 'd know that Virginia and I were just friends."

It was Jerry's turn to look surprised.

"But who else could it have to do with?" he demanded.

"Why, Preston De Witt. I don't suppose you know about that. I only found out myself last night."

A strange numbness came over Jerry. The room began to swim. The inkstand on the desk seemed to recede. The boy in the chair grew small and far away. With an effort of the will he collected himself.

"Found out what?" he demanded in a voice that he dreaded to trust.

"Why, it 's this way," Budd answered ingenuously. "You see, Grace has been completely fascinated by that fellow, but ever since he was sure of her I suppose he 's cared less about her than he did at first. It 's just your theory about love. Anyway, for the last two weeks he 's been coming to see Virginia. How he met her I don't know. I never cared to ask, and he never came to the house when I was there except once; but mother let it drop that something was up. She thinks Preston is a very nice fellow, and of course he is bright. Well, last night after the party mother said he had been there again. He did n't know about the surprise."

"Your mother certainly is n't encouraging that bounder to make love to Virginia?" said Jerry, savagely.

"She does n't think he 's a bounder. I 'm afraid there 's a good deal to it," he added. "It 's terrible for Grace."

"Do you know anything more about this?" Jerry demanded.

"Well, Preston called to see her again this morning. I did n't know it, and was just going into the library when mother stopped me. She said he was in there with Virginia. I asked her what it meant, and she smiled—you know the way women act about such things—and answered that I 'd know in time, and that Virginia was a very lucky girl, and that there would be a great surprise when it came out. It will break Grace's heart."

"The devil take Grace!" Jerry muttered under his breath. Everything bore out the conclusion that had been forced on him last night. He sat stunned and helpless for a time while the boy watched him wonderingly. Presently he swung round in his chair, rose, and squared his shoulders. He wanted to be alone. He must have time to think. If there was anything that could be done, he must do it. If not, he must get himself in hand to face the facts. But Budd's case came first.

"So you want to go to New York?" he said grimly.

Budd nodded.

"And then what?"

"I don't know."

The boy sat there crushed and hopeless. A wave of sympathy such as he had never known before swept over Jerry. Now that he was up against the same situation and knew the pain of it, he felt drawn to Budd in a new way. The boy's pathetic helplessness wrung his heart.

"Did you write her that you were going?" he asked.

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Budd nodded.

"I said that she would never be bothered by me again. It was the least I could do."

"Budd," said Jerry, "I don't feel as competent to advise you as I once did. Things don't seem to work out always as they should, but I think it would be very unwise of you to clear out to-day."

"I don't see why," the boy answered. "I can't stand hanging about here any longer. I know you 're a great doctor, but these anti-jealousy bugs certainly have n't done anything for me."

"There are lots of things in this world that a man has to stand," Jerry answered, "and I don't think your case even now is half as hopeless as a great many. In the first place, the chances are that you 're entirely wrong about Grace being jealous of Preston De Witt's attentions to Virginia. I don't think she knows about them, for one thing, and what you don't know does n't make you jealous. In the next place, I don't think she 'd care if she did know about them. Grace has never had any serious use for Preston except to torment you, and I 'm pretty sure Preston has known it as well as any one. If he could have married her, he would have been glad to do it, because she 's attractive and will have money; but that 's all there is to it. Now, if you could only remember this and behave in a sane, reasonable way, everything would come out all right."

"It 's easy for you to say so," said Budd, gloomily, "but it 's no use. You can't understand, because you 've never been jealous."

Jerry winced, but said nothing.

"Just loving her does n't seem to count for anything," the boy went on, "but that 's all I can do. You 're wrong about her caring for me. If she cared for me, she would n't treat me the way she does. The best thing for me is to clear out and not bother her any more."

"You can wait till to-morrow at least," said Jerry. A new idea had begun to shape itself in his mind.

"I suppose I could do that. If I do, will you promise to order me away on a trip? I don't want mother to know."

"I 'll make no promises," Jerry answered, "but I 'll expect you to wait. Come in to-morrow morning."

Budd rose and took his bag.

"What are you going to do?" he asked.

"I don't know now, but I 'll tell you to-morrow," Jerry answered.

At the door the boy stopped suddenly.

"Look here," he said, "why should you think Preston has given up trying to marry Grace?"

"Have n't you just told me that your mother says he 's going to marry Virginia?" Jerry answered testily.

"But why should he want to marry Virginia? She 's nice, but she has n't any money."

"Perhaps he does n't know she has n't any money. Perhaps he 's in love with her. If he is n't, I give it up. You 'd better leave your bag here," he added.

Budd made no comment, but set it down and went out.

As the door closed, Jerry pressed his fingers against his eyes. They ached dully. The world, which had always been so pleasant and reasonable, seemed to have turned mad. As Budd suggested, why, indeed, should De Witt want to marry Virginia? But, again, why should n't he? Was n't the girl in herself the most desirable thing in the universe? No sane answer to anything seemed possible. He roused himself presently. His was not a nature to give way to despair. He must make a last effort to get Budd straightened out if only to put his own troubles out of mind. But his efforts to think were abortive. Always that slim figure was before him as he saw her sitting with her back to him just before the door opened and Mrs. Woodbridge came out of the den. With a sudden effort of the will he pressed the bell for Emile.

The door opened, and Virginia entered. A tremor ran through him. Instead of the nurse's uniform that she usually wore she was dressed in a dark-blue, tailored suit, evidently a traveling-suit, for, like Budd, she came in with a traveling-bag.

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He stared at her, unaware of his ferocious aspect.

"Good morning," she began, then stopped, disconcerted by his manner.

"I was expecting Emile," he said. "Did you notice if my car was outside?"

"Yes, it is," she answered, her perplexity deepening.

"'WELL, I 'LL BE HANGED!' SAID PRESTON, IN FRANK AMAZEMENT. 'HOW DID YOU KNOW I WAS THERE?'"

"I 've got to make a call before office hours," he announced shortly.

"Your car is in front of the house," she said, with embarrassment. "I did n't see you again last night," she went on. "Mr. Woodbridge came in after every one had gone to bed. I have n't had a chance to speak to him. Did anything go wrong?"

"Everything," Jerry answered.

She stood silent and ill at ease.

"Are you going away?" he demanded.

"I was going to ask you if you had any objection to my going away for a few days," she answered. "Emile says he 's willing to look after things."

"Why, of course, I 've no objection. When do you want to go?"

"The train leaves at eleven-twenty."

"You 're going to New York, too?"

"Too?" she repeated, with a mystified look.

"Budd thought of taking the same train. Did n't you know it?"

She shook her head. She was silent for a moment, thinking.

"You 're not angry with me?" she asked.

"Why should I be?"

"I don't know," she answered, with a note of distress. "Only—" she broke off and added: "Of course I should n't think of asking you so suddenly like this, but it 's something important. I 'd like to tell you all about it, but I 'm half afraid." She laughed nervously.

"Have I asked you to tell me?" he snapped. "I 've no right to pry into your private affairs. You 're at perfect liberty to go as soon as you like and stay as long."

"You 're very good," she answered, a little crushed. She shot him a look of wonder and reproach, and turned to go.

He called after her, and she stopped.

"You 'd better take this," he said. He held out some new bills that he had taken from his pocket.

"But I don't need any money."

"It belongs to you. Your month is up."

She came back dejectedly and took the money.

"But this is too much," she said, protesting.

"It 's your salary," he answered. "You 've earned it."

She thanked him and stood uncertain. She had never seen him like this before. What could it mean?

"Perhaps I don't understand," she faltered. "Do you expect me to come back?"

"Why, of course, if you want to. This place will be open to you—*always,*" he went on with a tremor in his voice, "and whatever it is that is calling you away, I hope it will bring you happiness."

He remained standing, as if to intimate that the interview was ended. She looked at him nonplussed, then turned to go as Emile thrust his head in.

"I beg pardon," he said, "but Mr. De Witt wish' to speak to Miss Xelva on the telephone."

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"Will you excuse me?" she said in some confusion, and went out.

Jerry paced the length of the room and back with fierce strides. "Is that man always to be turning up?" he muttered impatiently. Then the significance of the telephone message and her trip to town burst on him. Preston's aunt, his nearest relative, lived in New York. Virginia was going on to be presented to her exactly as was to be expected. It was perfectly clear, but why had n't she told him? In the next breath he was demanding of himself why in heaven's name she should. He had nothing to do with her private affairs. He was a doctor, and she was an office employee, and that was all there was to it. He flung open the door that led into the house, passed through raging, and made for his motor-car, which stood beside the curb.

CHAPTER XVIII

TEN minutes later Jerry was ringing the Tylers' front door-bell. Once for all he was going to get Budd's tangle straightened out. Just how Grace would receive him was a question. Now that Budd had written her the whole story of the "treatments" and of his part in the developments of the past month, she had a right to be angry and undoubtedly would be. Moreover, Budd's revelation had lost him the whip-hand, which only the night before he seemed to have gained completely. It was a bad business, but he must face it.

As he heard the door open, he began to turn over in his mind what he would do if she refused to see him. He decided that the best thing would be to give her no chance to refuse.

"Is Mrs. Tyler in?" he asked the maid.

The maid answered that she had gone out in the automobile about ten minutes before.

"I 'm Dr. Sumner," he announced. "I have an appointment to see Miss Tyler professionally."

The girl raised no question, but took his hat and led him up-stairs. She knocked, opened the door, and ushered Jerry into a little sitting-room where Grace was lying on a sofa with an unopened book upon her lap. She looked up at the intruder apparently without surprise, smiled somewhat wanly, and held out her hand.

"'I KNOW EVERYTHING,' GRACE ANSWERED. 'DON'T YOU KNOW THAT YET?'"

This struck Jerry as odd.

"Ankle pretty bad?" he asked.

She nodded.

"You were good to come so quickly. Mother could have only just telephoned you."

So she had telephoned for him; but why? Why had she wanted to see him? Was it to berate him? Her reception of him indicated nothing of that sort.

"I was just starting out," he answered truthfully. "It only took a minute to

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run over. You got away from me last night," he added after a pause. "I came right back after telephoning De Witt and found that you had gone."

"I know," she answered. "My ankle hurt so I could n't bear it. And after you had gone, I remembered that mother said she was going to send the car for me. So I just went."

"I dare say that was wise," he said dryly. "The best place for an ankle of that kind is bed. But what can I do for you now?"

She avoided his look.

"You see, I felt terribly at leaving you without an explanation after I had sent you to telephone Preston. I wanted to tell you I was sorry and—well, I wanted to find out what he said when he came and found I 'd gone."

"How do you know he came?" demanded Jerry.

"Well, did n't he?"

"When I telephoned his apartment, they said he was in New York."

"But he came?"

"Yes, he came," said Jerry, grimly.

"Surely not to see Budd?"

"No, not to see Budd," he assented. "Have n't you called him up this morning?"

"I could n't get him," she answered. "He was out. They said he had a pressing business engagement."

Jerry laughed hoarsely, and their eyes met. Suddenly he realized that she had read what was in his mind.

"You don't mean that *he 's* trying to make a hit with that Miss Xelva?"

"I have n't mentioned Miss Xelva," Jerry answered.

"But it 's so. She 's very attractive," Grace added with an effort. A moment later her lip trembled, and burying her face in the pillow, she began to sob.

"Perhaps I 'd better have a look at the ankle," Jerry said after he had given her a little time; "I know how the pain gets on one's nerves. I don't suppose you slept much."

She raised her head with an effort, smiled dolefully, and mopped her eyes.

"I 'm the limit, am I not?" she said brokenly.

"You 're all right," he answered. "That is, you would be if you 'd let me take charge of the case."

"How do you mean?" she demanded; but he knew by the way she avoided meeting his eyes that she understood.

"Let 's talk plainly," he said. "I know all about your ankle and how it came to make you go home. More than that, I 've got a cure for it if you want to be cured."

Her color rose, and she shook her head.

"You don't know what you 're talking about," she said fiercely.

"I know perfectly well what I 'm talking about," he retorted. "All you 've got to do is to promise to obey instructions."

"You 're a very extraordinary man," she observed.

"I am," he admitted, "and I 'm going to tell you some very extraordinary things. In the first place, as the fortune-tellers say, you 're going to receive a letter from a man you 're very fond of. It 's probably on a tray in the pantry at this moment, having been forgotten by the maid that brought up your breakfast. Now, when it comes, I want you to give it to me without reading it."

"The pieces are in that waste-basket," she said in an icy voice. "If you wish them, take them."

"You did n't read it?"

"Naturally."

"You knew it was from Budd?"

"I never wish to see or speak to Budd again!" she answered explosively. "He 's not a gentleman."

"I know what Budd did," he said quietly, "and you know that he never would have done it if he had n't thought you were suffering terribly from your ankle."

"That made it all the worse," she broke out. "I don't want any one to be sorry for me."

"But if a person likes you he can't help being sorry for you."

"What!" she cried, and glared at him.

"I said if a person likes you he can't

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help being sorry for you. You don't seem to know much about men," he went on. "You think that a man who likes one woman can't like another at the same time, but that is n't so. Now I 'm going to talk to you like an uncle. If Budd is interested in Miss Xelva, it 's because you 've driven him to it. Never mind how I 've found it out; but I happen to know that he 's cared for you for more than a year, and you 've treated him like a dog. He 's sweet and simple and devoted, and because he was jealous, as any man would be of a girl as attractive as you are, you flaunted De Witt at him and made his life a burden. Is it any wonder that when a gentle, sympathetic woman turned up, he should try to find some consolation? Just how far it 's gone I don't pretend to know, but I can guess how far it will go if you don't change your tactics. If you don't want to get him back, all right. But if you do, and I believe you still have a chance, you 've got to take him as he is and let his loyalty and devotion make up for his being a little exacting. You see, he 's very young—well, he loves you a good deal."

"But he does n't," she answered falteringly. "He told me so himself last night."

"Can't you understand how a boy like Budd would tell you that?" he demanded. "He thinks he only bores you and that his attentions make you unhappy. The brave and generous thing for him to do in such a case is to tell you not to worry about him. And that 's what he tried to do. Of course, the danger is that he 'll get to believe it himself and ask Miss Xelva to marry him."

"You think he has n't asked her yet?"

"I know he has n't."

Grace looked away and sat very still. A struggle was going on within her. Suddenly she turned toward him and held out her hand. He took it.

"Now you 're talking sense," he said, smiling.

"You 've been very good," she answered meekly. "But why have you taken all this trouble?"

"Why should n't I?" he answered. "I 'm fond of Budd and I 'm fond of you. Besides, there is n't any too much happiness in this old world. If one can straighten out a tangle, it 's a good day's work."

She gazed at him searchingly.

"Somehow you 've changed," she said, "or I 've misjudged you. I should n't have thought you 'd understand this way."

"Stuff!" he answered. He felt his color rise, and he looked away to avoid her gaze. "I 've got to go back to the office," he went on. "I 'm late now. Good-by and good luck! Remember what I tell you. Lose no time in proposing, and when you 've married him, practise appreciating him. It 's the only way to keep things." He grasped her hand and was gone.

Grace heard his descending footfall on the stair, the closing of the front door, and the starting of his motor. She lay back on the couch, her eyes closed, thinking. A strange surmise had come to her at the moment when he avoided her eyes. Something certainly had happened that had worked a subtle soul change in Jerry. It was n't her fancy. He was different. Suddenly she found it. The man was in love. As surmise crystallized into conviction, she started up, a vague suspicion taking possession of her. With a quick movement she reached the basket where she had deposited the torn scraps of Budd's unread letter and drew it toward her. She must see with her own eyes what Budd had really said. She had paste and tissue-paper at hand. She would put the torn pages together again. She would make sure that what Jerry had told her it contained was the truth. To her dismay she found the basket empty. The maid must have removed the contents when she did the room. She hesitated a moment and then rang the bell.

Julia, the housemaid, came promptly.

"I put an address that I wanted in the waste-basket," Grace said. "Where do you empty those things?"

"Frank burned all the waste paper in the furnace this morning," the girl answered. "I 'm sorry."

"It 's of no great importance," said

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Grace, disingenuously. When she was alone again she went to the telephone. Her impulse was to call up Budd and ask him to come. If Budd was not interested in Miss Xelva, he would be glad to come. If he was—well, she could quickly tell. What perplexed her was Jerry's motive for going to the pains he had taken to bring Budd and herself together. A man who had just fallen in love was apt to be occupied with his own affairs.

Suddenly the full truth flashed upon her. Jerry was in love with Virginia. Whatever might be Budd's real attitude toward herself, his attentions to Miss Xelva stood in the doctor's way. He wanted to get Budd safely side-tracked. To the circumstance that Preston had dropped into the party to see Miss Xelva the night before she did not attach much importance. She knew Preston like a book. He was not the kind of rival that would disturb a man like Jerry. Jerry would realize that his cleverness and superficial charm would make no deep appeal to a girl such as Virginia appeared to be. On the other hand, Budd, with his sweetness, his boyish simplicity, his loyalty, and his capacity for devotion, might very well be feared. It was possible that Jerry as an interested party had been grinding his own ax rather than hers. She must make sure.

She called the familiar number and asked if Mr. Budd was at home.

"Why, no, Miss," said Hartley. "Mr. Budd left the house a few minutes ago. I believe he was going to New York."

"New York?" she repeated.

"That 's what I understood, Miss; on the eleven-twenty."

"Do you know when he 'll be back?"

"He did n't say, Miss."

She hung up, baffled for the moment. Then resolving on another tack, she called Preston's office again. She would summon him. She knew him so well that she was sure she could find out if he was giving Mrs. Woodbridge's guest what she called a "serious rush," and, if he was, what he thought of Budd's relation to the girl. The next moment she recognized Preston's voice.

"You 're a nice person," she began, banteringly. "Came to the party last night and never even danced with me. What do you think of yourself?"

"Well, I 'll be hanged!" said Preston. "How did you know I was there?"

"I know everything," Grace answered. "Don't you know that yet?"

"Did Budd tell you?"

"No."

"Who did?"

"Can't tell you; heard it in confidence. Heard a good deal more, too.

"That 's nice," said Preston, recovering his usual equanimity.

"If you 'll come up and see me right away, I might drop you a helpful hint or two."

"But I can't get away."

"Fudge!"

"It 's absolutely impossible."

"Got a date with Miss Xelva?"

"Quit your kiddin'," answered Preston.

"But I 'm not kidding; I hear it 's all over but the wedding march."

"Your intelligence bureau must have broken down," he answered. "Did n't you you know she was out of town this morning?"

"Out of town?"

"Sure. You ought to change your detectives. She 's taking the eleven-twenty for New York."

Grace's heart stopped beating.

"That must be quite a blow," she said.

"Yes, it is," he answered. "If I can, I 'll stop in this afternoon rather late."

"All right," she said mechanically, and put the receiver on the hook. She rose unsteadily from the chair, made her way to the couch, and dropped miserably upon it. Budd and Virginia together on their way to town! Her suspicions of Jerry Sumner were confirmed. That letter that she had destroyed doubtless said only what Budd had told her himself the night before, with perhaps some lame apology for his outrageous behavior. She buried her face in the pillow and fell to sobbing.

(To be concluded)

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"Sans Camouflage"

By LAWTON MACKALL

Drawings by Gluyas Williams

AS he concluded the commencement address, Professor Bumsen glowed with eloquence and perspiration.

There was tremendous applause, and all the élite of Stonyville came forward to shake his hand. He received their compliments with stately dignity, for he was the same man off the platform as on it. Indeed, his personality was at all times less yielding than his person (he filled the chair of ethics at Hamlin College a bit bulgingly); it remained stiff much longer than his collar and prow-like white waistcoat.

"HE RECEIVED THEIR COMPLIMENTS WITH STATELY DIGNITY"

Stationed at his right and left, the officious Mrs. Weems, and her glossy-browed daughter Irene, the head of the class, made sure that every one realized that the great man was to stay at *their* house.

Just far enough away to be out of things waited Mr. Weems until at last the hand-shaking was over; then Professor Bumsen was conducted by his hosts out of the stifling hall and assisted into a still hotter coverless surrey, which had been baking in the sun all the afternoon.

By the time the lazy horse had ambled through the town and reached a private driveway on the outskirts, Professor Bumsen was utterly melted.

"Here we are," said Mrs. Weems, briskly, as she put down her parasol.

"Ah, quite an old house, is it not?" commented the professor, separating himself noisily from the leather.

At this Mr. Weems looked up placidly.

"Yes," he admitted with some pride, "it is an old house. My great-grandfather put it up a hundred years ago, and it 's just as good as the day it was built. It wants plumbing, though, and gas and electricity; otherwise it can't be beat."

At the word "plumbing," the pleasant smile on the professor's dripping face became slightly fixed. The shower-bath to Professor Bumsen was all that made summer bearable. His hopes of relief ebbed slowly.

Later, left to himself, Professor Bumsen obtained what consolation he could from the wash-basin. It was small comfort.

When he appeared down-stairs, arrayed once more in his stately and stuffy cutaway, he found Mr. Weems in much cooler garb.

"Don't you want to take off your coat, Professor?" inquired his host.

"Yes; do, please," chimed in Mrs. Weems, solicitously. "It 's too hot this evening to be formal."

But he could not. There was some-

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thing in his nature that made it impossible. He would sooner have perished from suffocation than appear thus brazenly before a lady without his coat.

All during supper he was so miserable that he hardly opened his mouth, and soon afterward, despite all entreaties, the great man made some pitiful, panting excuses and puffed dizzily upstairs.

Once safely inside his room, he divested himself of his outer garments and collapsed, gasping, upon the bed. A-a-ah, what a relief! He lay there exhausted, his heart panting for the waterworks at home.

"DELECTABLE, BEATIFIC MOMENT! THE COOL DROPS CAPERED RAVISHINGLY DOWN HIS BACK"

After about an hour he sat up. As if in response to his craving, there came out of the general stillness a most refreshing sound: big drops of rain were falling. He heard them splattering cheerfully on the porch-roof, just under his window. They sounded delightful to him.

Then there occurred to him an original idea. If the shower would n't come to him, why should n't he go to the shower? It was pitch-dark both outside and in the room, and there were no lighted windows in sight. There was no reason on earth why he should n't stand out there for a few minutes.

Removing the few garments that he still had on, he sat sidewise on the window-sill and swung his legs over, accomplishing this manœuver with as much grace as could be expected of any one with the physique of a sedentary bullfrog. Then he stood up.

Delectable, beatific moment! The cool drops capered ravishingly down his back.

Whereupon, just as in ancient time the bathing Archimedes had come to the realization of a great scientific principle, so now the bathing Bumsen made an equally sudden discovery, namely, that wet shingles are slippery. Before he could catch the window-frame, he found himself coasting with gathering speed toward the edge of the roof. When he reached it, he was agitating two arms and one leg in the air.

The young fir-tree in the top of which he attempted to perch bent over and deposited him carefully upon the lawn.

Picking himself up in bewilderment, he looked about distractedly for some means of regaining his window. In so doing he became aware that he was standing directly in front of another window, the bright glow of which fell upon him. He scurried to shelter behind the nearest shrubbery.

Crouching like a savage in ambush, he peered at the unsuspecting family within. There sat the good mother, her workbag on her lap, engaged in some kind womanly task; and the worthy father, dozing peacefully over his newspaper; and their innocent daughter, playing "Hearts and Flowers" on the piano. None of these happy beings dreamed that near them lurked a desperate man.

Instead of being quieted by the contemplation of this charming picture, Professor Bumsen only pressed the more furiously to the assault. Creeping around to a place that was out of range of the window, he attempted to scale one of the porch columns. Then he tore down an inoffensive vine. Then he grappled frenziedly with a rain-pipe, which sustained the attack until he succeeded in dislocating its elbow, whereupon it yielded unconditionally.

Dissatisfied with this trophy, Professor Bumsen paused, breathing hard, and tried to devise some more effective strategy. The shower had ended as abruptly as it had begun. Stars and mosquitos were coming out. Both took a mean advantage of him.

At about the thirteenth bite he realized that unless he got inside the house *soon,*

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his topography would be one continuous mountain-range — mountains that felt like volcanoes. Thus goaded, and despairing of further acrobatics, he tiptoed to the front door and knocked, then scurried to the bushes to watch who would get up to answer.

Ah! Mr. Weems opened his eyes and sat up.

But at that moment Mrs. Weems, who was sitting close to the entrance of the room, rose quickly to her feet.

"That 's strange, now," she remarked as she peered out into the dark in every direction. "I was *sure* I heard some one knock."

There was nothing to do but pin his hopes on Mr. Weems and try again.

This time the door opened, and the clear, sweet girlish voice of Irene called:

"Here, Kitty! Kitty! Kitty!"

But puss was shy. Creeping away with feline stealth, Professor Bumsen persisted in eluding her, although she followed him by sound for quite a distance.

"THE CLEAR, SWEET, GIRLISH VOICE OF IRENE CALLED, 'HERE, KITTY, KITTY, KITTY'"

"All right for you!" she said at last, provoked. "Now you can just *stay* out."

When one is misunderstood and comfortless, nothing makes such a difference as friends. As soon as Professor Bumsen heard the approaching blare of tin horns and cow-bells and a rousing

Rah! rah! rah!
Ray! ray! ray!
Stonyville High School
Sis-boom-ay!
Bumsen, Bumsen, BUMSEN,

he knew he was not forgotten. And when a stream of automobiles and carriages, accompanied by pedestrians with red torches, began to turn into the driveway, he was only too sure of it. Indeed, he was so overcome with emotion that he plunged into a clump of young evergreens, where he burrowed excitedly, while the veering motors played their spot-lights about him.

His many well wishers assembled in front of the house. Their leader, as soon as he could make himself heard, explained to the delighted Weemses that this surprise-party was intended as a demonstration of the high esteem which the people of Stonyville felt for their honored guest, and that they hoped he would accept it as such. On being informed that the great man had retired for the night, they proceeded to serenade him.

Somebody had brought a dog, a restless, inquisitive beast. Now, this dog did n't care anything for music; so having smelt at every one of the singers and sneezed sufficiently at the smoke from the torches, he strolled off on new adventures. As he was passing a certain clump of evergreen, he paused, drew nearer, and barked.

" 'S-s-sh!" whispered Professor Bumsen, nervously. "Nice doggy!"

A loud bark followed.

"If he does that any more, I am ruined!" thought the professor in a panic.

A series of very loud barks, and from the impatient serenaders:

"We want Bumsen! We want Bumsen! We want Bumsen!"

With the agility that only terror can give, Professor Bumsen scrambled upon all fours, snatched off a small branch with which to defend himself, and made a strategic retreat from under the bushes, leaving the dog in possession of the clump.

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The barking grew louder and louder. The cheering had stopped. There was trouble in the air, and Professor Bumsen, though screened, was without shelter.

Glancing about him wildly, he descried what appeared to be a small outbuilding. He made for it cautiously on his hands and knees. The dog followed close behind him, still barking furiously.

A voice from the crowd said:

"I wonder what 's the matter with that dog." Torches began to move.

The human bear increased his speed. Finding the door luckily unlocked, he jerked it open, threw his branch into the dog's face, and staggered inside.

Whereupon the seventeen hens whose sleeping apartment he had thus rudely invaded set up an indignant clatter. Flying crisscross in the dark, they hurtled against him with fluttering thuds.

While inside the hen-house, he was being thus jarred and feathered, he was besieged from without.

"Don't let the thief escape!" yelled some one.

"Let 's all rush in and overpower him!"

"No. Better wait till Mr. Weems brings his shot-gun."

Professor Bumsen groaned.

"Good people," he began amid the cackling. Then a hen flew into his face.

"Aw, lem me go!" protested a shrill voice. "I ain't scared o' nothin'."

The next moment a small and squirming boy, holding a lantern ahead of him, crawled in through the chicken run. At sight of Professor Bumsen, he stopped still, his eyes and mouth wide with amazement. Then he yelled:

"Gee! Who d' ye think it——"

"Wait! Stop a moment!" pleaded the professor, earnestly, crouching down and trying to cover himself with a struggling hen. "Don't say anything to them, please! You see—I—met with a most unfortunate accident. I 'll explain later. Tell them I greatly appreciate their demonstration. That 's a good boy. You 'll help me, won't you?"

The heaven-sent child rose magnificently to the occasion. Backing out and addressing the crowd, he cried:

" 'S all right. 'T ain't nobody."

"Nobody!" exclaimed the owner of the dog. "Here, let me into that!"

There was a general rush for the door.

Intervening with a quick move, the small boy braced himself desperately.

"Aw," he shouted, "let 'im alone, can't yuh? It's only Mister Bumsen, and he ain't got nothin' on but a chicken!"

The story of this escapade was carefully hushed up. At Mrs. Weems' urgent request, everybody concerned swore never to breathe a word; yet the following September, when Professor Bumsen strode in his academic robes down the aisle of the college chapel, there spread from student to student a gentle, but insinuating clucking sound as of indignant hens.

" 'WE WANT BUMSEN! WE WANT BUMSEN! WE WANT BUMSEN' "

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NEW YORK

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"CRAWFORD STOOD FACING HIS STUDY TABLE . . . AND SWINGING CLEAR IN THE AIR JUST ABOVE THE TABLE WAS A SHORT, THICK ARM AND A HAIRY HAND"

From a painting made for THE CENTURY by Howard Giles
(Illustrating "The Eternal Balance")

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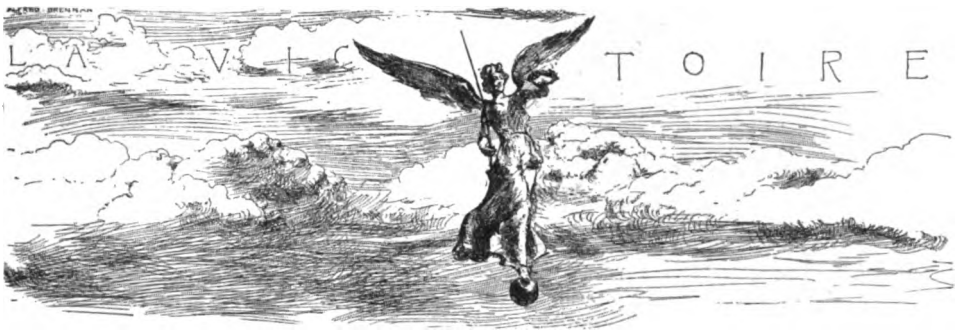

"Nothing is Lost"

Reconstruction and Evacuation in Northern France

By ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT

"*On est tout de même content d'être de nouveau chez soi*" —"One can't help being glad to be at home again." This phrase was a sort of Greek chorus to my journeys across liberated France last autumn and winter. It was poignant enough when one heard it in ruined barn-yards, in villages that looked like a cross between Pompeii and a Western mining town. For home meant little more than a piece of French earth cut by old trenches, crumpled by shell-fire, or devastated by deliberate enemy hands; a piece of earth that had come down to the owner from generation to generation, or been bought by the savings of a lifetime. There might or might not be a fragment of a house on it; but the house mattered less than the land. Now we have been hearing the phrase again in the Paris stations from the people driven out once more by the new German offensive: "We were so glad to get home again." The French peasant is the most local creature on earth. He will look with a cold eye on the snow-clad Pyrenees, on the green fields of Normandy, or on the red sails of the Breton fishing port to which the fortunes of war have assigned him, remembering only the ugly, smashed-up little village in the Somme which he has had for the second or third time to leave behind.

A woman with whom I stayed at Noyon last October gave me a description of the German retreat of March, 1917, as we had breakfast in a kitchen the windows of which were still without glass. She apologized for the lack of a table-cloth; the Germans who had occupied her house for a time had taken her linen to make ropes to dry their boots on. They had also taken the clothes of her husband, who was mobilized, and her crockery; but she had been more lucky than some of her friends, for she still had most of her furniture. That was because it came from her grandmother, and was too heavy to be moved. It was not often, she said, that they had demanded the food provided by the Belgian Relief Commission;

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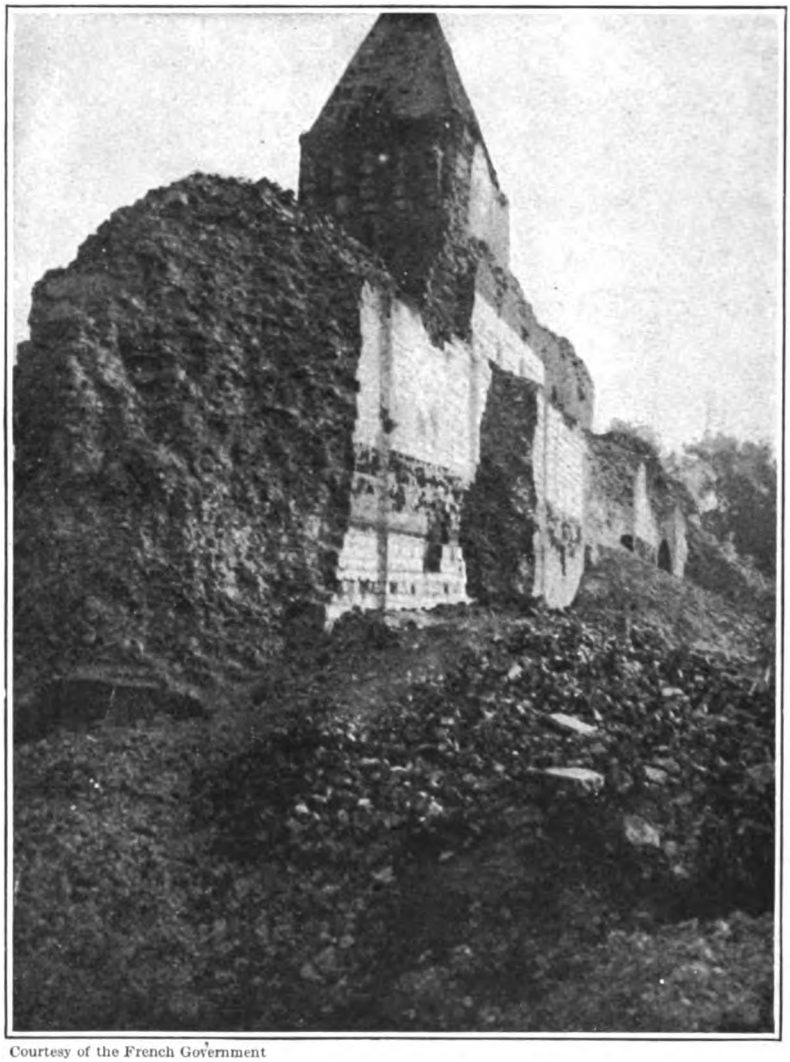

Courtesy of the French Government

RUINS OF THE CHÂTEAU AT HAM. NOTE THE THICKNESS OF THE MEDIEVAL WALL

eight-year-old girl looked scarcely six and showed other signs of undernourishment.

Noyon was before the war just one of the many sleepy old French provincial towns, with an *hôtel de ville,* and a cathedral, and little gray streets twisting out into a rich, green agricultural plain; now it will always be remembered as the town nearest to Paris—only sixty-five miles away—where the enemy stayed for two and a half years. It had been used during the occupation as a sort of concentration center for the French populations evacuated from the actual firing-line. Before the retreat, however, virtually all the useful members of the community had been deported: all the men between sixteen and sixty—there were a good many of territorial age not mobilized during the first days of the war, and therefore caught by the German invasion,—and most of the women between the same ages except those who had dependent children. It was, then, a community largely made up of women and children and of the very old, who, on a certain Thursday in March, were ordered to go into their houses, close the shutters, and not come out for forty-eight hours. Promptly a series of explosions began, very alarming explosions,

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which made the poor people inside tremble. What new horror were they up to now? The sounds went on for a day and a half, gradually growing fewer on the second morning. By afternoon, strangely, nothing whatever could be heard; not a voice, not a rumble. The boldest spirits pushed open the shutters a little and perceived that the streets were absolutely deserted; the gray-green soldiers were nowhere to be seen. Slowly and cautiously, halting at every step, they ventured out and up into the center of the town, coming back with the astonishing news, the news that nobody dared believe, that the Germans were gone. They had blown up the bridges, burned a few factories, cut down trees along the roadsides, and made off. Even then the French inhabitants believed there must be some trick about it; and when their own soldiers, looking unfamiliar in blue uniforms instead of the old red and black, entered the town the next morning, they tried, in the midst of the tears and welcomes, to hold them back lest they get caught in an ambush. But they were again free citizens of France.

But the war was not over. As I heard the story in far more vivid detail, to the late captives the significance of this blasting fact came home to me. Of course the war would be over when the Germans left, they had argued. For this end it had been possible to endure almost any degree of suffering under the eyes of hated conquerors; but to go on for another year, or two or three, still separated from daughters, young girls now prisoners on the other side of the line, husbands in bondage or at the French front, still living miserably in exile, crowded into somebody else's house with somebody else's furniture, how was this to be endured? The French Government answered the question by allowing the exiles to return to their own villages wherever possible, providing them with temporary shelter until permanent rebuilding could be done; and the relief societies of France and America and England answered it by sending out groups of workers with stocks of furniture and clothes and animals to help them make a fresh start. It was thus that devastated France became liberated France; it was thus that the land which the Ger-

Courtesy of the French Government

VILLAGE CHURCH AT GUIVIÈRES, WHICH THE AMERICAN RED CROSS HAS UNDERTAKEN TO RESTORE

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mans had reduced to a desert became again a place where life, though lived close behind the battle-line, was almost normal; a place where the power of mere destruction was denied by a whole new series of creative efforts.

"The line of reconstruction should always follow the fighting front," said Mme. de S—— at the end of our lunch, such a delicious meal as only a French woman could have conjured out of a country altogether without resources, under the shadow of the gaping factory at Athies, near Péronne; and the French captain and the lawyer-poet who had come to gather the rehabilitated farmers of her village into a coöperative agricultural society applauded her words.

This courageous young woman had lost her husband during the first year of the war; her father, an elderly sugar manufacturer, for three years a prisoner in Germany, had just been repatriated. Their château, their factory, the village houses, had been deliberately destroyed by fire. Only skeleton walls remained standing, and in the factory bent and tortured machinery. Virtually all the trees in the town had been cut down. But Mme. de S—— had returned, had secured portable houses from the Government, had encouraged a certain number of the inhabitants to come back, helped them to clear their land, and had settled down with her children and her father in the midst of this desolation. She said that she no longer saw it at all; what she perceived was the vast number of things there were to do. And, as I followed her slim, black figure through the ruins, I realized that she spoke truly. The ministry of labor had promised to help rebuild the factory next year. The army hoped to be able to assist her with teams of soldiers and a tractor plow.

"When France is rebuilt, it will be by the women," said her father, rather sadly, and Captain de Warren again agreed. It was the peasant woman, he said, who saw the advantages of the group activity in which he was interested.

All through the Somme and Oise and

Courtesy of the French Government

GRUNY, WHERE THE QUAKERS DID RECONSTRUCTION WORK

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Aisne French women like the Marquise de S—— were establishing themselves last summer. Sometimes, like Mme. F—— at Lassigny, they returned to a wooden shack built on the wreck of their own homes. One lady at Babeuf came back to a country house still intact and full of excellent furniture, only it did not happen to be hers! Some German general had preferred another variety. The women who came as representatives of relief societies were usually not natives of the region, but their spirit in either case was the same—the spirit of the social settlement in the best sense. More than furniture, live stock, seeds, the people of liberated France needed friends who understood what they had endured for three years, who realized that they were not "charity cases" in the sense that the immigrants in our big American cities often are, but self-respecting citizens requiring only a little fraternity and a little material aid to get them on their own feet again.

Courtesy of the French Government

CHURCH AT ATHIES. NOTE THE DELIBERATE CUTTING DOWN OF TREES

It was the delegate of the American Red Cross at Noyon who gave me my first sight of the Oise and Aisne, and as we drove in his car from one village to the next I was amazed to see how much had already been done. We went to many places named in the recent *communiqués*—to Ribécourt, for instance, where two ladies of the French Red Cross had established a dispensary in a half-repaired house. There was a sick soldier in the front room, and a prize rabbit in the courtyard, and the nurses' bedrooms were almost roofless; but we were treated to a fine glass of Madeira in the little kitchen where good things were cooked for the sick children of the village. The Red Cross delegate was a favorite.

In the most unpromising backyards, by wells which were still polluted, we found women weeding rows of lettuce. Though the Germans had cut down many of the fruit-trees, the people had managed to collect a store of apples, and were making cider in presses improvised from material taken from the old trenches. We passed villages where school-houses were being set in order by elderly *instituteurs*, who rejoiced to be getting to work again. Green and red wooden *barraquements* were springing up everywhere; but it must be said that the natives regarded these with a very unfavorable eye. They much preferred living in a piece of an old stone cellar of their own, like rats in a familiar wall. In one place a French lieutenant, a contracting architect in private life, was rebuilding three villages with a hundred German prisoners. He had a forge and a carpenter shop in full blast, where the late destroyers, now clad in verdant green, with "P. G." on their backs, were earnestly engaged in forging hinges and locks, repairing furniture and making mattresses, sawing out window-frames and patching doors. Nobody but such rebuilders as this loquacious Frenchman and the relief workers can appreciate how complete was the destitution of the country. Pioneers have at least forests to draw on; here the armies and the Germans had swept the country bare, and now the rail-

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Courtesy of the American Red Cross
AN AMERICAN SOLDIER WOUNDED IN THE GERMAN OFFENSIVE

roads and the motor transport had first to serve the *Poilus* in horizon blue, whom we met everywhere winding over the roads with their convoys of guns and supplies. The lieutenant had to make even his nails, he told us.

Ribécourt had been destroyed by shell-fire; so had Lassigny; so had Tracy-le-Val, a once beautiful, gray little village that now lies almost as flat as Delphi, with the same sort of red and blue flowers growing between the stones. We passed miles and miles of no-man's-land, such as those stretches between Noyon and Vic-sur-Aisne, where the few trees that remained were mere specters, and slumping trenches and barbed wire, red with rust, crisscrossed into the distance. In contrast the German graveyards rose insolently on the hillsides, surrounded by high marble walls, led up to by marble steps, adorned with tombs carved from French mantelpieces, rustic benches made of French trees, hedges and rose-bushes transplanted from French gardens. They looked as if the Germans intended to stay forever, we said to one another, little dreaming that they would be back again. The French had surrounded these graveyards with wire to prevent their desecration. There had been quite enough of burning and sacking already. You might go into a blacksmith's shop and think, "Here is at last something that escaped." Then you would discover that the leather had been cut out of the bellows, and the anvil smashed with a hammer. You might see a farm-cart standing in a barn, but when you examined it, you found that the wheels had no spokes or the spokes no rim. At Ham the French officer in charge of agricultural work took me to see a great dump into which the Germans had thrown hundreds of plows, wagons, and agricultural implements and set fire to them. Behind it was another forge, another carpentry, and another paint shop, where French soldiers were busy making new wheels, forging new parts. "It is wonderful how many of them can be repaired," said the officer. "The love of the French peasant for his soil is more than a match for the hatred of the *Boche.*" A whole row of nicely painted wagons stood ready to be given out to villages and coöperative societies.

The French army's part in reconstruction was first to fill up the trenches and

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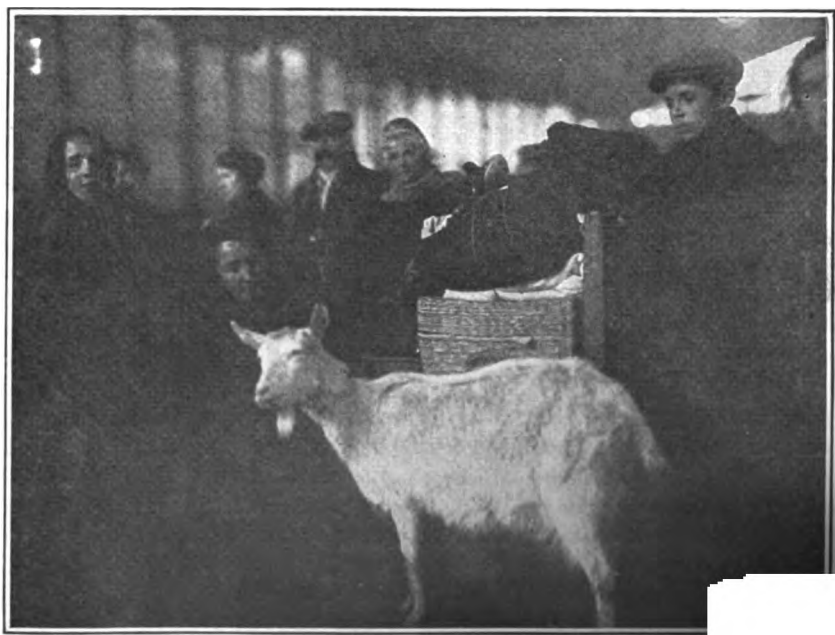
to roll up the miles and miles of barbed wire. The blue-coated Territorials who guard Lassigny were engaged in these slow labors in the cold mists when I spent a few days there in December. They were, as the two French Red Cross nurses of the "Village Reconstitué" said pityingly, *pères de famille,* middle-aged men who had been separated from their families for too long a time. That was probably why in the dusky hour between five and six all the children of Lassigny might be seen hurrying with some sort of can or sauce-pan toward the soldiers' mess. The *pères de famille,* before they retired to the subterranean caves built in the hill-side that sheltered them for the night, shared their evening soup with the inhabitants, a proceeding, of course, strictly against the law. But what would not a French *Poilu* do for a family that was willing to come back and begin life over again in Lassigny? The same children betwen eight and nine in the morning came with milk-cans to the *dispensaire,* which, with its blue paint and gay-flowered trimmings, looked like a sort of Noah's ark come to rest in a country destroyed by flood. Between the soldiers and the nurses, the children of Lassigny were fast forgetting the past.

The old first-line trenches ran straight through the town. The inhabitants spent forty-eight days in their cellars under French bombardment before they were evacuated in the autumn of 1914, living on raw wheat, on such vegetables as they could conceal in their cellars, and such bread as their kindlier captors gave them. Of the German common soldier one said, *"Ils ne sont pas plus mauvais que ça."* All the same, it was at Lassigny that a boy of fifteen knocked over, entirely alone, all the monuments in the German soldiers' graveyard. A soldier had killed his pet horse wantonly before his eyes in September, 1914. He had struck the soldier, and had been punished with prison, and his first act on getting back to his native village in May, 1917, was to lay low the monuments, which, by the way, were statues that the Germans had looted from the fine Gothic church.

The schoolmaster at Lassigny was having a rather hard time with boys who had been running wild for three years. This was a feature of the German invasion that I had not thought of. Here were boys



Courtesy of the American Red Cross
THE GOAT THAT ALMOST CAUSED THE FAMILY OF TWELVE TO BE TA

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and girls of ten or twelve who had almost or altogether forgotten how to read and write, because they had not seen a French book or a pencil or pen since the war began. The schoolmaster had other duties, too. He was the *remplaçant* of the *maire,* and when there appeared at his portable *mairie-école* a woman from Bordeaux who wished to find the grave of her son, he was of course obliged to hand school over to his daughter and start out into the desert with the woman from Bordeaux. For three whole mornings they searched before they found the grave—in a shell-hole.

This woman slept at the other end of the dispensary ward where I was also living. The *infirmière-major* said that she kept a sort of hotel, for there was no other in the town. Our ward was a cold place. All the coal was being saved against the arrival of a woman who was expecting a baby; but it was my stay under this heart-warming roof that finally convinced me that reconstruction work back of the front was worth while. To see the main room of the *dispensaire* crowded with seventy-five women from all the surrounding villages on a Thursday afternoon, making themselves clothes, listening to the phonograph, drinking tea, talking of the future, was to realize that community life had begun again; and when I now think of the place as a heap of charred ruins, of the lately restored population of Lassigny as scattered through the interior of France, I feel convinced that even more than after the first evacuation they will want to come back when the war is over, and know that they have a community to come to.

Courtesy of the French Government

QUAKER BOYS REPAIRING THE NEUVE BLANGY'S ROOF AT GRUNY

If my journeys with the Red Cross delegation were fruitful in the knowledge they brought of the "social service" and relief aspect of the reconstruction work, my three days of motoring with Captain de Warren's mission gave me a profound impression of something still more vital to the peasant of northern France—agricultural reconstruction. The real purpose of the French Government in repopulating the region back of the front was, aside from the moral and psychological elements already mentioned, to get the soil back into cultivation. The German strategic retreat had freed more than a thousand square miles of the richest land of France. The ministry of agriculture and the ministry of war accordingly combined on a program the basis of which was the cultivation of these vast spaces with tractor plows run by teams of militarized agriculturists. They pushed their ideas, with a program for coöperative effort, taking first the farm, then the village, then the town. This was normal reconstructive progression, Captain de Warren argued. Little more than temporary shelter could be provided until the end of the war. Material was almost impossible to get, and labor still more difficult in this zone of military activity. The idea which existed in America that model towns could spring up behind the front during the war never for a moment prevailed on this side of the Atlantic.

For two days Ham was Captain de Warren's center—Ham, the first consider-

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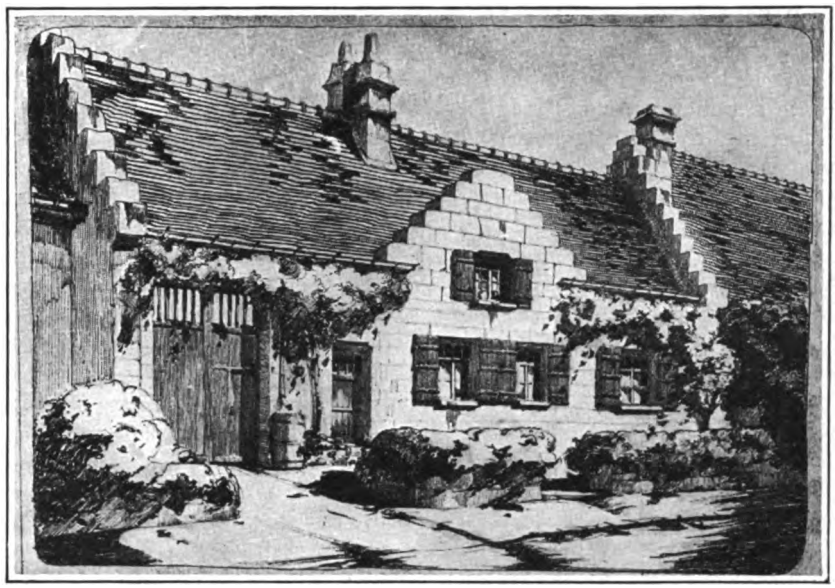

Courtesy of Mr. George Ford of the American Red Cross Reconstruction Bureau in France

PRIZE PLAN FOR THE RECONSTRUCTION OF SMALL FARM-HOUSE IN THE AISNE

able town of the Somme to fall into German hands in the battle of Picardy. The hotel, the proprietor of which was a prisoner on the other side, had never been cleaned up since the Germans left last year. I wish them joy in their return to this hostelry. The Château-fort, almost as fine an example of the medieval fortress as Coucy, had been very thoroughly dynamited. Otherwise the town had suffered little, although the Boche had spent his leisure hours in digging for treasure in the cellars, to judge by one where I was escorted during an air raid, a baby raid compared with those we are now used to in Paris. Yet the trenches were only a few miles away. Occasionally we saw a few German *avions* in the blue sky, surrounded by little white puffs of exploding shrapnel. But we scarcely believed in the battle last October, so absorbed were we in the soil. Even the captive sausage balloon to which I drove out after dark had *petits pois* and *salades* planted about its anchoring ropes. So do they grow about all places where the French soldier makes his semi-permanent abode.

The Somme was a region of rich, flat fields of wheat and sugar beets, of dull brick villages, which look peculiarly forlorn in ruin, in contrast to the Oise and the Aisne, where the lovely contour of the hills, the shining turn of the rivers, the soft gray of the stone, give a certain charm to devastation itself. But the few big farms in the Somme that escaped burning were fine to see. I have been thinking these last days of one where we stopped, an old stone manorial farm built about a hollow square. The courtyard was crowded with Poilus in fatigue-caps, sitting cross-legged about the fires, drinking their wine. The low-ceilinged kitchen was crowded with ancient, ancient men, dominated by the widowed mistress of the farm, discussing agricultural expedients.

"Pool the land," urged Captain de Warren; "it 's the only way. The Government and the army will send you tractors and teams of soldiers to drive them, and when the army moves on, you can buy the tractors for a song, and continue the work for yourselves."

The old men shook their heads despairingly, but madame spoke up with a decided, "We 'll put it through." She did, and I have a conviction that her tractor was saved and that she rode out behind it on a Red Cross truck.

The Red Cross Bureau of Reconstruc-

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tion and Relief was organized last August under the direction of Mr. Edward Eyre Hunt, who had been an aid to Herbert Hoover in Belgium. He divided liberated France into five districts, each with at least one field delegate, men of high caliber, some of whom had also had previous experience in Belgium. The delegate was in effect a *liaison* officer and lived in his motor-car from early morning till late at night, driving from *sous-préfet* to *maire,* from *maire* to French *commandant* or British town-major, from relief unit to relief unit, finding out what their needs were, what their plans were, and what the Red Cross could do to help with money and supplies. A chain of warehouses and camionettes was gradually established from Arras to Soissons. When Lassigny needed pumps to clear out its polluted wells, it was the Red Cross that provided them. It was the Red Cross delegate at Amiens who established a sort of factory where all the material used by the *ouvroirs* supported by the Red Cross were cut. It was the Red Cross delegate here or there who reported to Paris that this village needed rabbits and that one sheep, and this one spades and that one seeds. During the long invasion the name of America had already become dear to the inhabitants of northern France. What more natural than that Americans should still be patrolling their villages?

Courtesy of the French Government

HOUSE AT CROIX-MOLIGNAUX, SHOWING TEMPORARY REPAIRS BY AMERICAN RED CROSS

The work of the bureau was designedly indirect. It undertook only one piece of rebuilding, or, rather, temporary repairing. Five villages in a particularly rich agricultural region about Croix-Moligneaux were being set in order as a sort of laboratory experiment. At Gruny, Golancourt, and Ham, units of the English and American Friends, allied with the Red Cross, were patching roofs and windows and helping out with agricultural work. No task was too menial for the Friends, though a great part of them were college graduates, and they had probably done more for the land than any *one* other American group. The American Fund for French Wounded at Blérancourt, partially financed by the Red Cross, had done some successful repair work in a series of villages on the Aisne. As to medical aid, the Children's Bureau of the Red Cross had established a twelve-bed children's hospital at Nesles, the Pavillon Joffre, and by its traveling dispensary regularly visited seven of the surrounding villages. The Smith College Unit at Grécourt, whose difficulties and successes during a hard winter are already familiar in America, became affiliated with the Red Cross in January. It had a doctor and nurses, and also a traveling store that took the place of a shop in many a village that lacked one, providing utensils, clothing, and seeds.

The growth of an understanding is a delicate thing to estimate in normal times, but a crisis shows exactly what it amounts to, and the part played by the American Red Cross during the offensive in March is a tremendous testimony to the strength of the foundations of coöperative sympathy established during the past seven months. In one brief and terrible week the whole of a year's work in liberated France was swept away; in one week the Germans were again at Ham, at Nesles, at Noyon, all but at Amiens and Compiègne —both of which they attacked with fierce swooping aëroplanes, armed with chains of bombs, and with a hail of shell-fire. In

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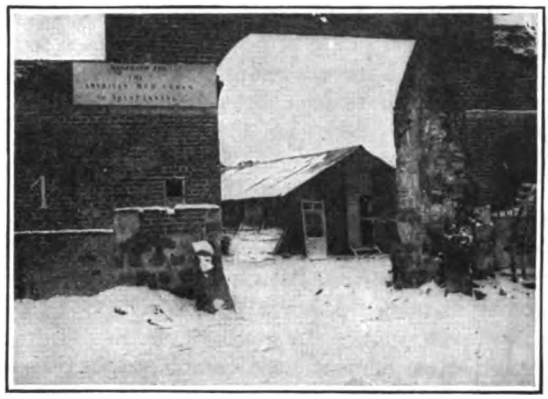
one week Major Hunt's lieutenants had emptied their warehouses for the benefit of the French civilian refugees and the soldiers of the Allies, and had with their own cars and *camions,* with the cars and *camions* that the American relief societies in the region at once put under their command, with more motor transportation and tons more of supplies rushed up from Paris, helped the French civil authorities and the English and French officers in the orderly evacuation of the civilian population, and the evacuation of streams of wounded, and in feeding these outgoing and incoming hordes at the rail-heads and junctions. Red Cross doctors and nurses, too, hurried toward the battle. It was an admirable piece of emergency work, and perhaps did more than a great many months of quieter labors to establish America in the hearts of her Allies. Women as well as men played a great part. Many were the young girls who ran their cars under fire to save "their people."



Courtesy of the French Government

OFFICE OF THE AMERICAN RED CROSS AT CROIX-MOLIGNAUX, ENGAGED IN RECONSTRUCTING THE VILLAGES OF THE SOMME

Major Hunt established emergency headquarters at Compiègne the first day, from which he patrolled his line of outposts from Arras to Soissons. Compiègne, already evacuated, was totally deserted of civilians, but bristling with military activity. A rolling Red Cross kitchen on the very spot where Joan of Arc was captured served from ten to twenty-five thousand British, French, and American soldiers a day. Those who merely tore by, hungry and gaunt, received from an American clergyman standing in the midst of the mad traffic chocolate, cigarettes, and condensed milk. They caught the bundles on the fly as the trucks dashed past. The once famous and luxurious hotel was taken over by the Red Cross. Some nurses of a hospital unit that had been driven from its own base did the cooking, serving all the while at the canteen and giving emergency aid in the salon to the wounded who were always being brought up the blood-stained steps. Few were the hours they stole for sleep at night in the hotel cellar. Still closer to the fighting-line, in the very midst of the guns, some American doctors who had stuck by an evacuated hospital were giving invaluable medical aid to desperately wounded men, while cavalry,—French cavalry, British cavalry, and American cavalry, too,—blocking the enemy's road to Paris, were saving the day with their sheer fury and their sheer determination. This was the intensest center of the Red Cross aid so far as the army went.

The civilian population was meanwhile withdrawing in the other direction, on Montdidier, on Beauvais, driving before it the precious live stock so hardly acquired, pushing wheelbarrows and baby-carriages full of blankets and clothes. The exodus of civilian refugees has already been too many times described in this war to need repetition. The evacuation of liberated France had a peculiar poignancy, and was distinguished from other exoduses by its admirable order and its high morale. This was an élite already purged with an almost Greek purgation. The Red Cross followed up its vigorous help along the way as far as the trains which took the people toward Paris and the provinces; and at the Paris stations Red Cross men and women were again waiti[illegible] French societies, with the [illegible] French police to give food, t[illegible] ing, to give comfort and hop[illegible]

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The fugitives were particularly glad to see American faces, grateful for human kindliness, and very careful not to ask for special favors. Perhaps nothing touched them so much as the care the American girls gave their domestic animals. Few cows got as far as the Gare du Nord, but one goat which had nearly caused a family of twelve to be captured by the Germans became a famous figure, and at least one kid is said to have been born there. And the dogs! One poor widow who had four helpless woolly pups, obviously of most plebeian origin, clasped to her breast, stands out in memory, and the delightful old woman with a blooded fox-terrier of voracious appetite. "He never was so greedy at home," she explained apologetically as he emptied the plate for the fifth time. A member of one Red Cross bureau had the pleasure of taking home to his mother at midnight a little boy of nine who had come all by himself from Amiens, some thirty-six hours on the way. The superstition that an organization like the Red Cross cannot "take an interest in details" was denied at every turn.

Farther on, in the country regions to which they were assigned, the *évacués* were again met by Red Cross delegates already experienced in the art of making the poor exile feel at home in a strange province. All winter the *repatriés,* who knew no "freedom" in March, 1917, having remained on the German side of the battle-front, have been pouring back through Switzerland and Evian, often a thousand a day; and the bureau directed by Dr. Edward T. Devine, formerly of the New York School of Philanthropy, has been collaborating with the French civil authorities in meeting and establishing the convoys in the interior of France. The late "liberated" are, alas, only a fraction of the inhabitants of northern France who are longing for a definitive return.

Has this redevastation of the liberated region retarded or disintegrated the eventual return? Will the desert be now more likely to remain a desert? By no means. It is the liberated who will prove the leaven in the numbed masses of the refugees. When Paris newspapers advertise, for the benefit of scattered citizens, the establishment of a "municipality" like that of Rheims in a place of safety, the very advertisement proves the strength of the entity. A community like Péronne, which migrated two hundred and fifty strong to southern France, escorted by its mayor and vowed to inseparability, will be a tonic influence to repatriates who have known neither the pangs nor the spurs of homesteading. The liberated realize that houses can be rebuilt, that devastated land will bear anew, that even goats and furniture will be again forthcoming.

This is also the attitude of the French governmental authorities. These will probably be questions for government loans and interallied finance to solve. But meanwhile the Red Cross, at the request of and in collaboration with French architects, sanitarians, industrial, social, educational, and agricultural experts, is again laying foundations. This time it is by means of a campaign among refugees for better housing, healthier living conditions, more effective domestic economy, improved agricultural and industrial methods. Unless measures are taken to make rural life more attractive, and in particular to improve agricultural methods, there is danger after the war, with the decrease in man power, of something like an agricultural crisis. Therefore movies, traveling lecturers, journalism, toys, tracts, photographs, and, most convincing of all, a fascinating series of pasteboard models reproducing prize designs by French architects of model farms and villages in the purest style of the different regions of the North, are to bring home to the *évacués,* wherever they are, the advantages of modern civilization. It is consoling, while the *Boche* is still battering down beautiful old walls, while shells are whistling over Paris, to think of a quiet band of Franco-American experts meeting together on Saturday mornings to plan for the future of a finer and richer northern France.

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The High Seas

By ELINOR MORDAUNT

Illustrations by W. M. Berger

THE Yeld boys were twins. It was an odd layout altogether, so every one said; for twins are supposed to be alike, and Agar, —"rantin' roarin' Agar," as they called him—and his brother Bran were as different as any two could well be. They are supposed to love each other, too, these twins, and it would be difficult to find in any port from Bombay to Riga, from Funchal to Frisco, from Canton to Surrey Docks, two men who hated each other worse. Agar looked on his brother with a bragging, loud-voiced contempt. When they were both boys he bullied him unmercifully, beat him, took all he had. Yes, always that; took everything that he had or might have had, so that Bran hated him with a righteous hatred, if a personal hate can ever be righteous, feared him, brooded over him so continually that his swaggering, broad-shouldered figure, his high-colored face and flaming hair, blocked out everything else, even the girl, Ivy Dene

Night after night Bran lay awake planning what he would do, what he would say, to Agar; but he did nothing, and it was seldom indeed that he said anything.

Both men were bred to the sea, living, when at home, in that slip of a village, Rye Harbor, with its tall, pitched, weather-board houses, edging the tidal basin of the River Rother.

The village lay flat on the shingle. To one side of it was the river, little save mud at low tide; to the other the gray flats and the gray Camber Castle. To the front of it were mounds of shingle, alive at midsummer with vivid patches of Madonna-blue borage and yellow sea poppy—gray shingle and dike and gray mud and slimed herbage stretching for a full mile to the sea.

Back of it were more dikes, pastures a trifle greener, scattered flocks; and then Rye itself, hung in a sort of maze upon the hill, forever agape, like the old woman in the ballad; looking down at her shorn skirts, at the place where the sea had once frothed about her feet, like lace and lawn, where galleons and great ships had laid their offering upon her quays—fine laces, gin, and other liquors from Holland; silks and wine from France, oranges and dried figs from Spain.

Always—well, almost always—the two boys had been enemies. At the very beginning, perhaps, Bran had been ready to adore his brother; a gentle word would have won him. If he was weak, his brother was strong; if he was slender and timid, his brother was broad and fearless, or so it seemed: for when you are able to make other people fear you, personal cowardice is apt to go unnoticed. Bran would have been willing to admire in his brother what he lacked in himself, to feel these traits were, indeed, almost his own, since they were twins. A feeling like this might have led to that lifelong and beautiful affection which may at times be found among brothers. In place of this it led to a bitter hatred, that hatred which a little thought will show us may become almost beyond words between twins. Agar could not bear the sight of Bran, could scarcely pass him without a kick, and yet sought him just for that—to kick and gibe and twist. If Bran was near, his color grew even

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higher than ever; he swore he could have nothing in common with such a "runt." Bran on his side felt that he had been cruelly robbed. If there was not enough of Agar to make two men, there was enough to make one man and a half; and that half, if God had only been fair, would have gone to swell his own slender shape, to lengthen his right leg, an inch shorter than the other, to provide muscle, blood, some of the flamboyant, arresting color of his brother.

Look what Agar robbed him of — one half of the flesh and bone that should have been his; his belief in God. For if there were a God, how could He have looked on, seen him defrauded in the very womb, and of all that made life worth living —lastly of Ivy Dene?

During the boys' childhood there was no school nearer than Rye, and they walked to and fro each day, taking their dinners with them. Between leaving in the morning—his mother's good-by kiss, the last sight of her waving her hand—and the return during the late afternoon, there passed every day a long, complete, and most dreadful lifetime for Bran Yeld. He left home a child, afraid, but refreshed by sleep; he returned every evening old—old and gray-faced with misery.

The walk to school was not so bad. The bigger boys—always, as it seemed, Agar was one of the bigger boys—larked along the side of the dikes, chasing the sheep, throwing stones at the water-rats and moor-hens, seeking for birds' eggs, for pignuts, for water-cress.

The first hours at school were not so bad. There had been Ivy Dene walking by his side, and now she was there in the same class. They went up and up together, while Agar remained stationary, sullen, scowling. "I 'd darned well lick the kid if I 'd a mind to such flimsy goody-goodying," he said. But he never did lick him; not in class, anyhow. He took it out of him on the asphalt playground at the mid-morning break, behind some rick or hedge at the dinner-hour. It was not only that he bullied Bran; he shamed him, forcing him to kiss his big toe, as though he were the pope, to eat food that he had spat upon, and in front of Ivy Dene, too. Worse than that, on the way home he would twist his fingers in the girl's lint-white hair, while she screamed to Bran to deliver her—Bran who could do little more than kick at Agar's shins and scratch, toppling sidewise upon his one weak leg, weeping with rage and hatred and the heartbreaking weariness of the day, but suffering for Ivy's little hurt far more than he suffered for his own great one. Yet always Agar had only to look around, with a jerk of the thumb, and Ivy would follow him.

"SUFFERING FOR IVY'S LITTLE HURT FAR MORE THAN HE SUFFERED FOR HIS OWN GREAT ONE"

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Often Bran would creep out after tea, along the hollows between wind-driven mounds of shingle, find Ivy, and sit with his arm around her neck, comforting her, crooning over her like a mother; while she lay her head upon his shoulder and sighed, saying:

"I am always happy with yer, Bran; oh, how I love yer, Bran! Don't let Agar come a-nigh me! don't yer! Don't yer, now! He 's ugsome, ugsome."

"An' yet yer follow him."

"I din na follow him 'cause I 'm lief, but 'cause I must. I 'm freet of him, Bran Yeld—freet of him as my teeth are all freet o' lemon."

"Yet yer go with him." It was hard for Bran to be hard to her, and yet he persisted; it seemed as though there was something that he must get at.

"But I 'm not lief ter go with him. O Bran, I 'm not lief ter go with him; strike me dead if I am." She would draw a little back and look at Bran, and he would know that she was speaking the truth. She paled at the very thought of Agar. " 'E tied up a puppy as 'e found wandering," she breathed one day close into Bran's ears, "an' set un o' them there fightin' cocks o' Squire Tasker's ter peck un's eyes out." Her own large, pale-blue eyes were strained with terror.

"Yer shun na 'a' looked," said Bran, hardly; upon which she wept.

"I 'd liefer not looked, but I cun na not look when he bade me look," she would wail; while Bran kissed her and comforted her, kneeling at her feet, holding her slender little hands to his face.

Bran brought her forget-me-nots from the dikes, wove her wreaths of pink convolvulus. He made a little poem to her and sang it:

> She is very pink and white;
> She is not eight, not quite.
> I 'd like her for my wife,
> And I 'll love her all my life.

He also made her a bead ring, with beads as blue as her eyes,—all true-blue beads,—and they were betrothed.

Then one day she appeared at school so late that Bran had gone on thinking she was not coming, so shamefaced that she could scarcely sidle into the door, wearing a barbaric trophy—a dead shrew, hung round her neck with a piece of twine.

" 'E bade me wear it, an' I mun, though I 'd liefer 'a' died first." That was what she said.

By the time she was thirteen and the twins fifteen, she was tall and slender, and as faintly colored as the pale sands, save for her eyes, which had darkened to the same tint as the borage; and timid, sweet, kind, and good as any girl could well be.

Agar had already gone to sea. Bran would follow soon; he was not so strong as his brother and would be as well with the fishing-nets and lines for a while.

When his brother was away he was intensely happy, so happy that he felt no one in the world had ever known such a rapture of life, had such a girl to love, found such beauty in the sea and sky, the red-brown sails, the gray and purple shingle.

From the moment his brother returned, however, he was possessed; he could think of nothing else. He hated Agar for himself; but even more he hated him for the way in which he absorbed his every thought, pushed his way in between him and everything which was beautiful and sweet and tender.

The first time Agar boasted of having kissed Ivy on her lips, so faintly red and smooth and finely curved, Bran could have killed him; would have killed him had it not been that the divers pictures of the way in which it should be accomplished, each more terrible than the first, followed one another so quickly that his decision became blurred. Besides, it seemed that whenever he saw Agar he was facing him, high-colored, swaggering, contemptuous.

Still, he would kill him some day. He told himself that again and again; he, Bran Yeld, with his long, clearly pale face and soft, fine, dark hair; his brown eyes, timid and appealing as a fawn's; with gentle wistfulness—Bran, who, if it had not been for his broth[illegible]im

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"'COME, NOW, OUT O' THIS BRAN YELD'"

hatred, might have well stood for a type of saint.

When Agar was away on his voyages he forgot about him; once he was back again there was no forgetting. Agar boasted of his light loves in every port; but when he was at home at Rye Harbor he divided his attentions between the sloe-eyed girl at the inn and pale Ivy Dene.

Bran's idea of love was all giving; Agar's all taking. Bran gave flowers and books, plants which he had set himself, such fruit as he could gather or buy; but when Agar gave at all, he was wiser in his generation.

One day Bran came to Ivy's house toward evening carrying a basket of blackberries decked with crimson leaves, more leaves than blackberries. When he entered the kitchen Mrs. Dene was standing at the table skinning a hare. Ivy sat in one corner, her hands in her lap; it seemed to Bran that there was the light of a past, complacent smile in her eyes.

Mrs. Dene drew off the skin of the hare as one might draw the glove from one's hand, and held up the faintly grinning, bloody thing by one leg.

"There," she said—"there 's a love-gift as is worth the havin'. Yer brother Agar brought 'un fer a present fer our Ivy there. A fine present, too; four full days' dinner in it fer us two lonely 'omen, I go bail. A love-gift worth the 'avin'. Come, now, out o' this, Bran Yeld, you an' yer rubbish. I 'll 'ave no more of it, cluttering up the 'ouse. Agar, now, that 's different. Only last week 'e brought 'er a boco o' fish." She paused for breath, then took up her tale again shrilly: "Eh, come, now, don't yer stand there all o' a goggle, Bran Yeld, fer I 'll not 'ave yer

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an' yer muck litterin' the 'ouse, sawying arter my gel. What 'u'd yer give 'er if she married yer, tell me that, yer an' yer rubbish—three jumps at the pantry door an' a glass o' cold water!" She laughed loudly, coarsely. "Come, now, an' done with it."

She caught roughly at his little basket as she spoke, and flung it and its contents out of the window. Bran glanced at Ivy. She had covered her mouth with one hand, but her eyes were laughing.

He had it out with her afterward.

"I was na laughin' at yer, Bran Yeld; only—only yer did look so sort o' cobobbled."

She glanced at him piteously.

"It 's not as how I like Agar; I 'm freet o' him, with his hair all a-gleed. It 's yer, Bran Yeld, as I love," she cried. And Bran held her in his arms, kissed her, comforted her.

But the next night she was out among the shingle banks with Agar. Bran, in a sweating agony, could hear how Agar laughed, and kissed her great smacking kisses.

It was after this that Bran, eighteen now, took his first long voyage, round the Cape of Good Hope to Australia and on to Frisco, then down by the Horn and so home.

When he got back he found that Ivy was married to his brother, who boasted openly in his cups that he had married her only to larrup her and 'cause she could cook well. Partly this and partly to spite that sniveling young brother of his, younger by three minutes than himself, or so the midwife had said.

After this the two brothers came and went, sometimes on long, sometimes on short voyages, though always, by some chance, as it seemed, the one went east while the other west, and never once did they strike the same port or the same ship at the same time.

Both alike they kept clear of the dawdling coastal traffic, for the blood of deep-sea sailors ran in their veins; it was the one point in which they resembled each other. Agar was the stronger, the tougher, but Bran's seamanship was by far the best. As for steam, they regarded it with scorn; would speak of "knockin' off goin' to sea and goin' in a steamer."

In between their voyages they returned to the harbor, the one man to his mother, the other to his wife.

A child was coming to Ivy.

"I will wait to kill the man until it is born, for fear the fright should harm her," thought Bran. Then when the child was born dead, it seemed that Ivy was too broken to stand any further shock; that all their lives had settled to a changeless, dreary dusk as gray as the dunes.

Then Bran met her among the sand hills at the farther side of the harbor one evening, and she was weeping.

She was frightened, frightened, she said.

"He allus freeted me with his gleed hair and his yaller eyes, allus, allus! Ugsome, that 's what he is, that brother o' yourn, Bran Yeld."

"What did yer want fer to go an' marry him, then?"

"I 'd a liefer not, but I did," the woman's voice dragged tonelessly between weariness and despair. "Aye, yer are right there; I did, though I 'd 'a' liefer not."

"Yer loved him?"

"Not me. It 's yer I loved, Bran Yeld; but while yer was goin' on with yer flowers and verses, 'e took me, though I 'd 'a' liefer not. An' now it 's hell that I 'm in, Bran Yeld, day and night, whensumever he 's at 'ome."

She pulled down the neck of her torn, faded dress—poor Ivy, with all the fine smoothness of her dragged, discolored, faded—and showed her bruise.

"Thank God as he 's away on a long voyage to Australia come next week, and maybe afore he 's back again I 'll be dead. Please God, I 'll be dead," she cried.

Bran himself had only a week more at home. He watched Agar, his comings and goings, followed his drunken footsteps home at night; but he was never alone, he was never drunk enough to be helpl The week past, and he was still alive w Bran went up to Scotland to join his at Glasgow. He had sailed on her be

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and knew her. He had friends in the town, and out of his heart sickness, feeling that there was nothing more to be done, he joined up a day sooner than he need have done.

When the rest of the crew came on board next day, behold! Agar was among them.

Now, thought Bran. Never once had it crossed his mind that it would be wrong to kill his brother. Wherever he went Agar carried unhappiness; he had broken his mother's heart, he was killing his wife. And yet in a way Bran was glad that the thing was being done in order; that the man had been, as it appeared, delivered into his hands.

Once again, however, luck seemed against him, for the brothers were put in different watches, and it seemed as though they were never in the same place at the same time.

From the beginning it was a bad voyage. Some one had given the old man a small porker just before he started, and he brought it aboard with him, killed it while they were yet off the west coast of Ireland, endangering their lives in that wind-driven spot, when he might well have waited till they reached the belt of calms, all for a bit of fresh pork, and not yet two weeks at sea. No wonder the men grumbled; for there 's not a deep-sea sailor who does not know that killing a pig at sea brings wind.

One stormy midnight the watch below was called up to trim the main yards, and Bran and his brother worked together at the capstan. But Agar was behind Bran, maliciously treading on his heels, and there was no chance to get at him.

They trimmed the yards to

Yo-ho, Piper, watch her how she goes.

He was near him again when the fore yards were trimmed, but great seas were washing them both alike, and neither had a hand to spare.

If ever the winds had a spite against a special ship, they had it against the *Catherine* that voyage. All down the west coast of Ireland she was torn and buffeted, until she should have been close upon the track of the northeast trades. Here she dropped into a heavy swell, worse than any dead calm, fretting and wearing the lank sails against the rigging, fretting and wearing the hearts out of her crew.

To keep them employed, the old man set the men to holystoning decks and touching up the paintwork.

Bran, a neat hand with a brush, was set to grain the break of the poop a fine, streaky yellow like oak.

Agar was holystoning decks; again and again Bran looked at the broad back in the blue shirt and thought, "There 's the place for a knife"; but for some time the two men were never alone on deck. Besides, Bran had a feeling that his time would come. God—once more he believed in God—had brought his enemy to him there on the same ship. The rest would follow.

One day when he had finished the break of the poop and was busied with the rail, leaning well over it, he saw Agar below him, down on his hands and knees. No one else was in sight.

"This may be my time," thought Bran, and dropped his heavy seaman's knife point downward directly above his brother. But at that moment Agar, raising one arm to wipe the sweat from his forehead, turned a little sidewise, so that the knife stuck in the deck.

Next day the finely grained break of the poop was all smeared and spoiled.

From that moment the brothers watched each other constantly. When one was asleep in his bunk, the other would make some excuse of seeking oilskins or knife in the forecastle to make sure that his enemy was there, not lurking behind the midship-house, a knife in his hand.

Agar had no desire to put an end to Bran. Your really cruel man seldom kills save in an access of zeal; it spoils sport. But whenever they passed each other, coming on or going off watch, he would turn aside to jump upon Bran's bare feet; he stole his blanket, fouled his clothes, upset his tar-pot when he was tarring down, bring-

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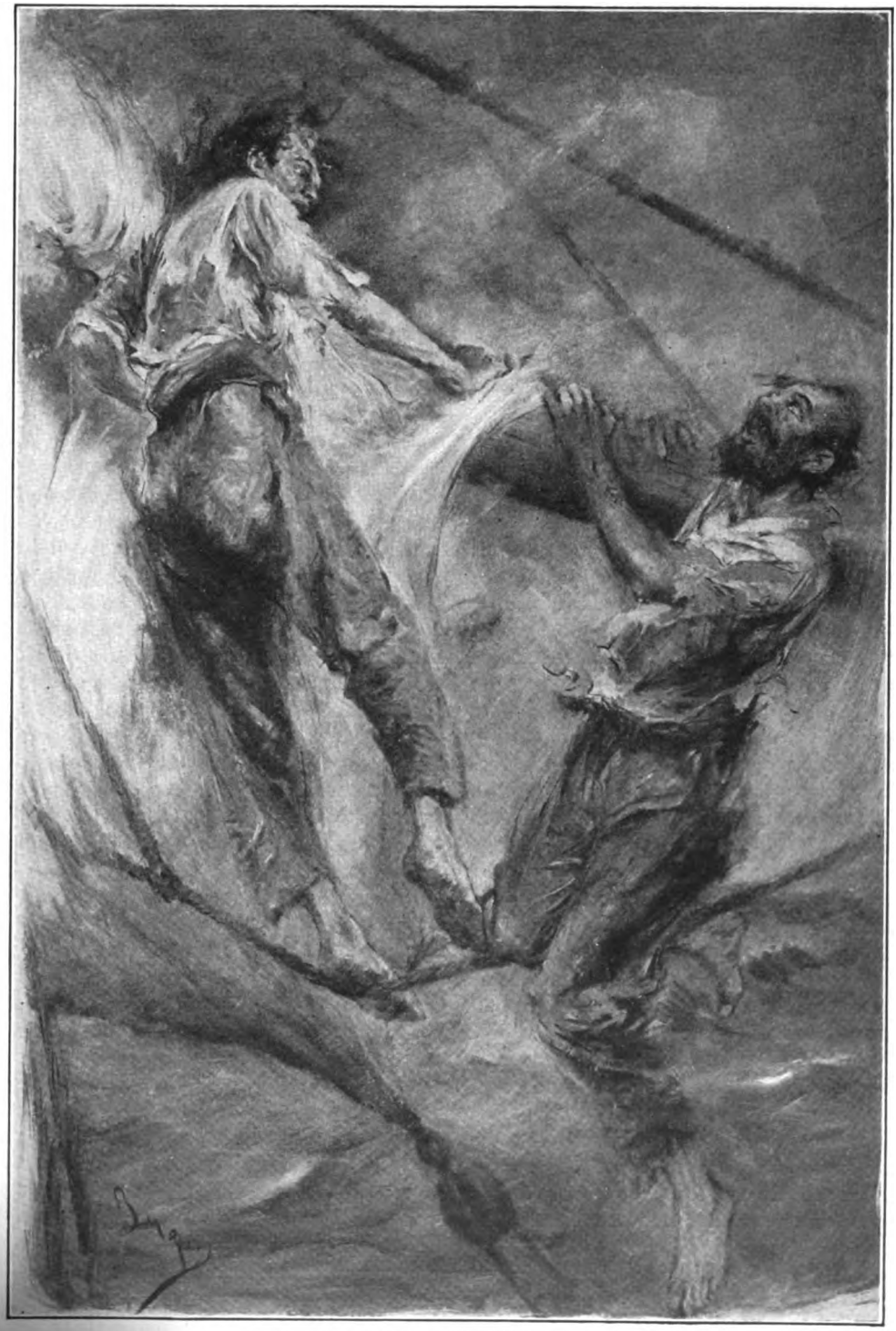

"THERE WAS SOMETHING ALMOST COMIC IN AGAR'S FACE"

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ing the mate about his ears. At the wheel one day, when Bran had been sent aloft to clinch a new crossjack leech-line, he spilled the wind from the sail, shouted with laughter to see his brother cling to the slackly flapping canvas. And always, without ceasing, he held Bran up to brutal ridicule before the other men; told how he had stolen the girl his brother wanted from under his very nose. Not that she had been worth the having; he would toss any man aboard for her.

Another bark, a barkantine, and a schooner hung near them. Now and then it seemed as though the four vessels drew a little closer under pressure of that mysterious attraction which draws ships together in midocean, but that was all. The three others had their noses pointing homeward, and not one of the men but would have given a month's pay to be safe aboard one of them, free from the *Catherine,* which struck them as ill omened.

For two weeks they hung there. Then the wind came, blowing aft; at first small and fitful, freshening to half a gale, and the *Catherine* wallowed forward, rolling both rails awash.

Thence onward there were forever changing winds. It seemed impossible to make the trades, for which they sighed as landsmen for land.

Neither of the watches could count on a quiet spell below; it was trimming yards, taking in and making sail, morning, noon, and night.

At last,—and it was as though Nature had been playing like a cat with a mouse, then pounced,—just southwest of the Azores, the bark was caught in such a run of storms as no one aboard her had ever known.

It was impossible to keep the galley fire alight for the seas she took. The forecastle and deck-house were swamped; the men were never dry; there was sleet in the rain.

The first day of the storm the royals carried away before the old man, mad proud of his carrying on, would have them taken in. Then the main upper-topsail split from head to foot; and as there could be no question of bending another in that gale, the lower topgallant-sail was made fast, so that they ran under the lower topsails and foresail.

The water poured in an avalanche over the weather bulwarks and back over the lee bulwarks. Day and night the main-deck was a maelstrom of yellow water; the men worked in it up to their waists; half the cook's pots and pans were gone from his galley.

A man, sent aloft, fell and was killed. The first officer, making his way to the poop, was caught on the companion-ladder, which was torn from its hooks and carried away, he with it. On his way to relieve the wheel one morning another of the crew was washed overboard. There were three more men sick in their bunks, and thus both port and starboard watches were so weakened that it was difficult to make any move without calling up the men below.

The vessel was pooped again and again; more than twenty feet of the taffrail was torn away, and a couple of boats were lost. The ends of the running gear were washed through the ports. Drinking water began to run short. The men went in a body to the old man, haggard, drenched, red-eyed specters of men, and begged him to put about. But he would not heed them, and Bran Yeld laughed in his heart. Sometimes it seemed to him that the captain, mad with vanity, half-drunkard, half-fanatic, was in reality God Himself.

There was no rest possible either on deck or below; any moment an extra big sea might break in the forecastle doors and the men be drowned like rats in their bunks, if they happened to be there, which was seldom enough.

Then one forenoon came a sea which rose high above the bark, poised, and dropped.

The ship gave an awful sickly roll under the weight of water, swung a good five points out of her course, then recovered just as a second sea struck her amidships.

With a roar it poured across the poop and clear over the top of the midship-house. The door of the forecastle gave

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way, and the men there, including the three invalids, were killed.

Once more the bark was righting herself, shuddering, when a third wave launched itself upon her. The old man was lying in the scuppers with a fractured skull; the decks were swept clear, for six men, caught at the braces, were gone; the galley, and the cook with it.

This left five whole men, the second mate, the carpenter, one A. B., and the two brothers.

That evening the old man died. He had been mad to carry on as he did, but now there was no stopping the *Catherine;* for how was it possible to heave to with only five men to steer, trim the yards, attend the braces, haul the spanker-boom amidships, let go the sheets?

That was what they said. Then in desperation they had a try at it.

The two brothers and the other A. B. went aloft. The A. B., stupid with cold, his fingers so numb that they were without feeling, fell from the shrouds and was killed.

Bran and Agar were left aloft. Fighting with the fore upper-topsail, toiling savagely, shoulder to shoulder, the blood spurted from the tips of their hooked fingers as they wrestled with the ice-stiffened sail.

Between them they got the bunt up and the bunt gaskets made fast. The sail was like an immense wild bird, savagely fighting for its life, tearing at their hands, striking them in the face.

Then by some superhuman effort Bran wriggled his way upon the yard and lay across it, picked up the leech of the sail and held it down, hugging it with chest and belly.

An immense sense of exhilaration swept over him. Suddenly it seemed that he was master of his brother on the swinging foot-rope below him, and he cursed him, yelling through the wind for him to pass the gaskets.

Agar's head was thrown back, his eyes wild with fear, his face gray. It seemed that he was too numbed and dazed to do as he was bid, though he tried obediently again and again with great fumbling hands to pass the gaskets round the sail; while the man above shrieked at him:

"You sodger, you! you gory fool! you landlubber, you! You white-livered Turk! Dutchman! Dog!"

The words came in gasps, for it needed a fierce pressure of Bran's lean body to keep the heaving sail close to the spar.

There was something almost comic in Agar's face, with its wide stretch of cheek-bone, its flaming beard, staring up at him.

"If I took a knife to him now it 'u'd be both of us," Bran was thinking, when a dreadful, grinding wrench ran through the bark from stem to stern, so that she writhed like some wounded animal with a knife in its belly, heeling over until the two men hung far out above the tumult of gray waters, clinging like drenched flies to the yard.

"My God! he 's let 'er run off!" shrieked Agar. Bran caught sight of his brother's eyes. They were rolling with fear, his face ashen. "My God! he 's let 'er run off!" His shrieks dropped to a muttering, he shivered, showing his teeth like a dog. "The sticks 'ull be out o' 'er. O God! the sticks 'ull be out o' 'er—eh! eh!"

He glanced down at the decks, lost in a turmoil of water, then sidewise at Bran, half appealingly. It was clear that the man who had set others trembling was himself half wild with fear.

There was another tearing crack. The foremast shuddered and shook like a little tree in a great storm; it seemed certain that the men must be shaken from the rigging. Their teeth chattered, and they clung with hands and knees. The mainmast had gone, snapped off at two thirds of its height from the deck, breaking down the lee taffrail. How the bark kept afloat was a wonder, for her lee was rail-deep under water, her deck like the side of a house.

The loosened sail, which had torn itself away from under Bran's body, flapped wildly, with bangings and shriekings.

Right at the back of his throat Bran began a hoarse shanty, "Shenandoah," beloved of all deep-sea men:

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The sails set free, a gale is blowing—
Away my rolling river!
The braces taut, the sheets a-flowing—
Aye, Ah; Aye, Ah!

He had never been frightened of anything or any one in his life save his brother, and he was no longer frightened of him, for he had seen his very soul naked, indecent with fear.

Somehow or other he made his way down to the main-deck, clambered along the starboard taffrail, and so to the poop, with its chart-house flattened like matchboard.

The carpenter, whom they had left at the wheel, was lying across it with a broken arm.

"No one man livin' could 'a' 'eld 'er," he moaned as Bran touched him, his ruling passion—a pride in his belief that no man could steer as he steered, that he could humor a ship, holding her alone against any storm—still strong within him.

The rudder had broken loose. The mate, who had stood to the braces, was overboard with the mast.

Thus there were only three left to man the *Catherine*.

The wind had dropped a little. After a while the carpenter got to his tools, and they set to work to try to get the broken top of the mast clear away, so that the vessel might have a chance of righting herself. Presently Agar joined them, and they worked like men possessed, running like flies up the steep deck at each fresh onslaught of the waves.

As dusk thickened to darkness they got the mast clear. But the carpenter, clumsy with his one arm, caught his foot in a trailing rope and went overboard with it. The two brothers were left alone.

Low down on the horizon, beneath the dead pall of greenish black sky, ran a fine strip of red, outlining the horizon like a blood-stained sword.

It struck across Agar's face. His red hair and beard were all "a-gleed," as Ivy would have said. His eyes ran to and fro over Bran, anxious, ingratiating.

"Well, old man, there 's only us two left," he said, and gave an awful half-grin of propitiation; then he muttered something about making the best "o' a hellish bad job," and whisky in the lazarette, if only they could get at it.

Bran did not answer, but he looked at him and smiled, an odd one-sided, half-crazed smile. He was singing again amid all that beat of sullen water, that roaring, shrieking, grinding which is the voice of a wind-jammer in labor for her life:

For we 're bound to Rio Grande,
And away, Rio! aye, Rio!

The laugh and the song frightened Agar even more than the curses which had sounded so strangely from Bran's lips. Suppose he should go mad and jump overboard! The sweat pricked out upon Agar's forehead at the thought, for he had an awful dread of loneliness.

For five days the hulk of the *Catherine* drifted before the wind, which on the sixth

"AGAR'S AWFUL HEAD DRESSED IN ALL THE PANOPLY OF FOAM"

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day dropped to a calm, fifteen degrees north of the line.

Here in the doldrums, region of stifling heat, of oily seas, of vast depression, they hung for another week, then slowly drifted up close to the line, and lay there.

The cutting away of the mast had eased the ship, but the cargo had shifted, and she still wallowed with one rail to the water's-edge. Sharks swam round and round her; the sea grew thick and foul with the débris which was thrown overboard or had slid from the steep deck—hen-coops, casks, gaping barrels.

Bran went about his work with no spoken word, though he sang continually, easing the ship all he knew, keeping her in some sort of order; while Agar followed him like a cur-dog close to heel. It seemed that he could not be quiet; he talked incessantly. There was nothing that he would not do for his brother; he fetched, carried, cooked for him, fawned upon him in a state of misery and fear beyond all words.

The horizonless sea; the pall of mist, like some dank, greasy dish-cover dropped above them; the rotting, stinking ship; the silence,—above all the silence,—terrified him beyond words. Yet when Bran sang, it was even worse; for he sang not to Agar, but as though there was no living soul aboard save himself; sang with a high triumph in his note. Within him was the serene strength of the man who feels that he can afford to wait.

Then one day he set his brother—still without words, pointing—to help him repair the lee taffrail. It was reasonable; any day the wind might rise with the sea, and both of them be swept overboard.

Together they collected spars, Agar carrying them, for by this time Bran was very weak. The bigger man could have felled the other with one hand, and yet, out of the very terror of loneliness, his one desire was to propitiate him, to keep him alive. Often Agar would hear his own voice talking, talking, and seeing Bran with no sign of hearing, he would grow wild with the terror of madness.

Then the appointed time came to Bran; quite suddenly and yet unmistakably. For as they made the spars fast in the place of the broken taffrail Bran saw that his brother, driving a nail, was leaning far over the edge of the ship. Throwing his weight on the opposite end of the heavy beam on which Agar leaned, Bran tipped it sharply, so that Agar fell overboard.

Agar could swim a little, and the lee rail was low in the water, and he would have caught it or some trailing rope had not Bran thrown tools and fragments of wood at him, driving him down. Once he actually touched the broken rail, clung there; but Bran struck at his hands with an ax, and with a loud cry Agar fell back into the water, sank, rose, and sank again. His flaming beard, his flaming mop of hair, his livid face, and his despairing eyes were dreadful to see; there was blood over the woodwork where he had caught it with his hands. But Bran felt no compunction; the world was well rid of such vermin.

He moved aft, singing as he went:

Royals free, royals free,
Studding-sails aloft, boys, royals free;
Clew up th' to'ga'sails, and take 'em in again;
Bear a hand, jolly tar, at the mizzen, fore,
and main.

Once again Agar rose, but Bran did not see him; for he was on his knees in the little shelter which he had rigged up amid the wreckage of the deck-house, offering praise and thanks to the God Whom he believed to have delivered his brother into his hands. The life was out of the drowned man by now; but there was an awful grin on his face, as though he had just learned that even this was not the end.

That night Bran was sleeping like a child, when a wild white squall swept down upon the *Catherine*. Bran was washed from his shelter before he was yet well awakened. He scrambled out of the scuppers, made the fife-rail, and turned, true sailor as he was, to face the next.

As he turned he was unafraid. But at the first glance upward he trembled, withered with fear.

It was a brilliant moonlit night, as clear as day, the sea white with racing

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breakers. High above Bran Yeld's head curved the immense bulk of the oncoming wave, with its foaming edge. It was like the hand of God outstretching above him, dropping to snatch.

And yet it was not the wave which scared Bran. It was what he seemed to see in the wave, hung high in the curve of it, which held him rigid with terror—Agar's livid face and flaming beard; Agar's awful head dressed in all the panoply of foam, like a king in his plumes.

The remnants of the old lower-topsails were shrieking in the wind. A block broke loose and fell, striking Bran fair between the eyes as he stood staring upward.

When he saw light once more the day was clear and sunny, the maimed ship was halting before a steady wind.

Bran had been washed, wedged tight, between the deck-house and the flag-locker; both his legs were broken. But he was not alone. The passenger whom he had seen coming aboard on that high, curving wave lay close, packed as tight as he was, snug and close beside him; close as they had both lain in their mother's womb—Agar with his flaming beard all a-gleed in the morning sun.

"OH, AGAIN AND AGAIN YOU MUST HAVE MET THEM—UP AND DOWN, ACROSS AND ACROSS ENGLAND"

They were in the track of passing vessels now, and a homeward-bound steamer, sighting the *Catherine,* sent a boat's crew to board her. They took Bran Yeld back with them, and their doctor mended his legs none so badly. To the feet of his brother they tied a load of shot done up in sacking, and sank him then and there, close on the line.

At least so they said, but Bran denied it; for the sea is deep by the line, and if they had sunk Agar fairly, as they swore they did, how was it that Bran found him already there, upon any ship he happened to sign on to? Always, always, with never a miss, getting round the crew first, swearing them to secrecy and denial, try as Bran might to dodge him, across the Atlantic, through the Pacific, round the Horn, into the China Sea, the Black Sea, the Baltic, there was Agar.

The only place he never came — and it was ten good years before the white-haired man with the scarred forehead dared to venture there—was in the little tarred weather-board shanty at Rye Harbor, with Ivy Dene's arm around him.

Even then he did not dare to linger. Agar was not there, but he might come at any day, any minute. Bran's brown eyes, timid, wild, were forever from this side to that. He had feared Agar when he was alive; he feared him more now that he was dead. Ivy alone, withered and prematurely old, colorless save for her eyes, gave him peace and courage; and even then he dared not stay.

"I 'm freet ter go with yer," she said, "but I 'd be a deal more freet to have you trapsing the country without me, Bran."

Thus, with peddlers' baskets hung upon their backs, the two trapsed—oh, again and again you must have met them—up and down, across and across England, Scotland, Wales; so long as it was far from the sea, until at last they were happy, most happy in forgetting, the tired, faded woman, the half-daft man with scarred forehead, forever passing to and fro upon the earth, fugitive and vagabond.

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Secretary Baker at the Front

BY RALPH A. HAYES

Private Secretary to the Secretary of War[*]

PART II

I AM glad, at times, that the diary of that trip does not talk. Its indiscretions could be monstrous. But some of its gossip it might retail without imprudence. For instance:

March 12. Paris. The secretary is the despair of the secret-service men. His goings and comings are so unannounced and so informal that officers of the Intelligence Service have protested, saying that his going through the streets alone and unprotected is unwise and dangerous.

March 28. The secretary and I, he incognito, patronized a French village barber shop. Some of our soldiers had told us that submission to a French tonsorialist was comparable to a major operation, but this is exaggerated. There was something different about that shop, and as we waited for the rest of the village to have its locks trimmed and its jowls scraped, I tried to single out the characteristics that distinguished it. The barber shops which I have met are characterized by the mechanism of their chairs and the colored liquids in many bottles. This shop had neither and had to be taken to some degree on faith. We read all the back issues of the French magazine that corresponds to our barber shop periodicals, passed a vote of censure on the brilliantine which illuminated the barber's hair and mustache, and laughed secretly in English when a man of not less than sixty years had every hair clipped off his head and went out looking nude.

March 29. American Headquarters. General Pershing told me at night that for the sake of the secretary's health we had best urge him to slow his schedule and to remain indoors for a day. A succession of rainy days and daily excursions by the secretary have made the general fearful of the radical change from more sedentary work at Washington. Of course I shall urge the secretary to follow this good counsel, but I know the passively bored look that will greet my suggestion that he rest.

March 30. American Headquarters. The secretary listened patiently to my advice and prescription, looked passively bored, and then drove a score of miles through a driving rain to the headquarters of Major-General Clarence Edwards. The commander of the Twenty-sixth has his headquarters in what appears to be a feudal castle, built on the brink of a huge ridge which towers above the surrounding country, dominating the valley lands for miles around.

April 7. We have accumulated a considerable portion of queer paper money, issued locally by what possibly corresponds to our chambers of commerce, and passable only in the locality of its issue. Fancy coming into the Grand Central Terminal with a bulging pocketful of worthless Jersey money.

By way of marking the entrance of the secretary into the advanced section, the army schools staged a realistic and sonorous simulation of battle operations. Of it the diary said:

[*] Since this article was written Mr. Hayes has enlisted in the National Army.

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Before the coming of zero hour the earth shook with the effect of a barrage from machine-guns, heavy trench mortars, light Stokes, and 37's. Meanwhile the attacking troops had formed into assaulting platoons in waves, clean-up parties, and support platoons. At zero hour the infantry moved forward under the protection of a barrage, accompanied by mortars and 37's. The German defenses consisted of firing-trenches, support trenches, strong points, and pill-boxes. The last were demolished, but enemy strong points held up the advance and brought all infantry weapons into play, with hand-bombs working on the flanks. After the strong points were rushed and captured by bombers, the attacking line moved forward to the first hostile line, from which they signaled for a barrage upon enemy support trenches. When the Stokes mortars ceased firing and the machine-guns lifted, the troops moved forward to their final objective, the enemy's second-line trenches, where they halted, sent patrols to the front, consolidated the newly occupied trenches, and erected wire in front of the positions. As a post-mortem measure, a so-called Chinese attack was demonstrated, and hostile reconnaissance airplanes were driven away. Lest there be any misapprehension, coolies have no part in a Chinese counter-attack. The only targets are life-size silhouettes.

GENERAL PERSHING TALKING TO MISS PAT MOORE, MATRON AT U. S. BASE HOSPITAL NO. 8, COLONEL BOYD, AIDE, IN CENTER

Immediately following the feigned battle, the automobile of the secretary of war, accompanied by one other machine, slipped quietly by a side road out of the line that was returning to the American headquarters, and turned unheralded in the direction of the real battles. The secretary was bound for the front line. Early on the following morning the party was within hailing distance of no-man's-land, trudging over the duck-boards of a narrow trench and headed in a course bearing toward the crown prince and his father.

At least, it was said to be in that direction, but after traversing fifty yards of a maze of trenches, a self-respecting compass itself would hesitate to point in any direction without uncertainty.

Unpopular above all things else at the front stands the unofficial civilian. When one gets into the artillery arc the presence of civilians possessed of curiosity and in search of atmosphere becomes a definite deterrent to military success. We are less amenable to discipline than men of the army, we are unacquainted with the precaution that must be observed, and we require the services of one or several officers to keep us from getting lost. The presence even of military officers of high rank close to the front is not in all respects

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beneficial. Some months ago when various major-generals commanding divisions in America made trips to the battle-front and were taken into the first lines, accompanied by the staffs which accompany officers of that rank, there was a noticeable increase of hostile fire upon our lines, induced by the movements of the visiting groups. An old sergeant who was also something of a philosopher remarked, "No woman wants company on her wash-day."

Traveling along a trench three feet in width in a borrowed pair of shoes that are too small and a borrowed coat that is too large, gives to the traveler a brand-new set of emotions. Before him is a maze of barbed wire, behind him an inferno of artillery. Above him are sausage balloons with searching eyes; below him sappers with busy shovels; on one side are piles of hand-grenades, on the other a grimly waiting Red Cross station. Trench psychology has no parallel; it is a thing apart.

Two days and a half were spent by the secretary at the far front. Noted in the annals for those days is this entry:

March 18. On way to the front the secretary stopped at the headquarters of General de Castelnau, commanding the group of armies of the east. The general remarked upon the excellent feeling between the French and American soldiers, his confidence in the American troops, and his satisfaction with the work of the Rainbow, which is serving with his group of armies.

The first glimpse over the dead end of the trench farthest to the front is a rather disappointing experience. The pomp and circumstance of war do not obtrude themselves upon an amateur at the farthest front. The landscape, during a lull, seems too quiet and innocent-looking to be loaded brim-full of hell; and recurrent admonitions of your guide are necessary before you keep your head ducked and step briskly across the exposed places. Enemy snipers and patrols do not operate with band concerts and parades as heralds of their approach. The quiet, swarthy landscape, marked only by a line of wire three hundred yards away, seems so passive and unthreatening that it is difficult to believe that latent death could lie in every foot of it. You feel a disbelief in the statement of the sentry that a hostile sharpshooter lies under that piece of tin a good stone's throw distant. But you don't doubt strongly enough to go out and kick it over to see.

We followed the secretary to the village of Domremy, the birthplace of Joan of Arc. We found there the little home of the Maid of Orleans, with the statue in front of it showing Joan being led from her paternal roof by the Genius of France and, farther along the road, the basilica upon the spot where she is said to have heard the voices which summoned her to her work. A quaint old woman showed the secretary through the house, which is on the edge of the village, flanked as of old by a green valley to the south and by picturesque hills, but girdled also now with an array of French artillery awaiting its call to the front. One is glad to have seen Domremy, despite Herr Baedeker's warning that "there is little to see at Domremy, which is a village of the humblest character."

On the morning of Thursday, March 21, simultaneously with the opening phase of the German offensive, the secretary of war was proceeding from American headquarters on a curiously timely and unusual trip to the headquarters of the Allies, paralleling the raging battle-line. At noon he had reached the headquarters of General Pétain, who was then quartered in an ancient palace built by one of the famous kings of France. To the east the drum-fire of the artillery consisted of a solid volume of sound, without any interval between reports. Nevertheless, the commander of the French, though prophesying accurately the length and intensity of the battle, seemed the calmest man at his headquarters. "This is the day of division commanders," he said as we left; "to-morrow the corps commanders will have work; and on the next day there will be something for me to do." Here the train was left and automobiles were sub-

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stituted. Twice during the afternoon's drive it was necessary to change the route of the machines when roads which were to have been traversed became targets for enemy shell-fire.

Dusk was settling as the headquarters of Sir Douglass Haig and the British armies were reached. Several miles farther into the country was the residence of the field marshal. Here dinner was had, and a conference lasting long into the evening, at which time the train was substituted for the motors, and the northward journey was again taken up. The station in Belgium at which it was proposed to stop was under heavy bombardment on the morning of March 22, and the journey by train was ended at another point. But automobiles quickly carried the party to the simple country home of the king.

All the stories which have been printed do not overdraw the picture of Albert, the tired and weary king, weighed down by the multitude of a people's woes, and burdened with the greatest sorrow in history; but sustained by the still, small voice that has sounded as a clarion call to his people, and glorified by a cosmopolitanism that endears Albert, King of the Belgians, as much to Americans as to his own people.

England was next on the itinerary. A fog as thick as London's own stopped all cross-channel traffic. During all of an afternoon we waited for a change of elements, and remained at Boulogne over night. We therefore quit the ship, the dock, and the city, returning along the coast to Calais, where passage to Dover was secured in mid-afternoon. Greeting the secretary on his arrival at Dover was Admiral Keyes, later the hero of the Zeebrugge and Ostend raids. We reached London in time for dinner, and the secretary took up his abode at the American embassy.

The early closing of London shops and the early darkening of London streets have a tendency, like a curfew, to cause one to look somewhat attentively after the business in hand. The way of strangers in London is further made more simple, if less interesting, by the fact that scarcity of fuel has made sight-seeing and pleasure-missions taboo. So the stay of the secretary of war in England's capital could be made naturally most brief and official. Sunday and Monday were spent conferring with the chiefs who direct the destinies of Great Britain.

Early Tuesday morning, March 26, the channel was crossed again, this time in company with thousands of young Englishmen returning to help stop the drive which threatened Ypres and Amiens.

The station at Boulogne had been heavily bombed in the absence of the party in England, and there were signs of wreckage about the car of the secretary of war when he returned to it. That bit of ruin was prophetic of what was to be met all the way from the English Channel to the French capital, for the route lay through Abbeville and Amiens, and the attack of the Germans was at its height. Pitifully prolonged lines of refugees dotted the dusty roads, and there was added affliction in the knowledge that many of those people had been fugitives before from those same lands, and had gone back again to their little farms a year ago and had tilled the soil and planted their new crops, only to flee once more at the approach of the Hun of hate. With them was carried every conceivable variety of impedimenta: a bird-cage, a fowl or two, a musical instrument, a market-basket, a crudely fashioned pack. Most of them were limited to what could be carried in their two hands and on their backs. But here and there was one who pushed a baby-carriage or tramped beside a cart drawn by a shaggy horse too poor to be commandeered for cavalry purposes by the Government. Now and then there were eyes that were dimmed with tears; sometimes there were those that were wide with fear; many among them that were dulled with weariness. But there was not a voice we heard that spoke of complaint or capitulation. Force may break the physical possessions of the French, but it does not break the heart of France.

The start for Italy was made on the

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following day, and Easter Sunday was spent above the snow-line of the Alps. Monday brought us to the military headquarters of the Italians, and there were conferences with General Diaz, commanding the Italian armies, with the head of the American Military Mission to Italy, and with the American ambassador, who had come north to meet the secretary.

At the close of a dull, damp day we entered the canals of Venice—Venice that once had been the playhouse of the world and the fairy-land of fantasy. Now it is stricken. But its chastisement has not dispelled the romance of its soft-colored buildings or of its watered ways, with the remnants of the grand flotilla of gondolas that once glided over them.

Of the two hundred thousands who were once there, only a fifth remain, the last of the Venetians; and those few are hunted creatures; for each full moon brings to the City of the Doges another fear of bombardment from the air. The art treasures have long since been taken elsewhere; the shops about the Campanile are closed and vacant. St. Marks is muffled in sandbags. Flocks of pigeons still perch at evening in the arches of the church and keep their vigil by day upon the stones of Venice; but tourists are no longer there to feed them. The myriad lights that once gave living tints to the city's watery ways are gone. The regattas and the serenades that were the glory of the Grand Canal have passed. But the American Red Cross has mothered what little of the community remains, and has guided the footsteps of those who have gone, preserving the cohesiveness of their associations that they may return in happier days as homogeneous groups.

After a day at Rome, a conference with the king, the premier, the minister of war, and the minister of the treasury, the return to France along the enchanting Riviera was begun. Transportation has become a major problem in Italy. Steep grades and sharp curves, low bridges, and small tunnels, depleted rolling-stock and exhausted coal-supply—all have combined to render difficult the movements of men and material. All but one of the cars of General Pershing's train were dispensed with to save fuel on the Italian leg of the journey, but the poor combustion of "briquets" compelled many stops at way-

INSPECTION PARTY ON FLYING-FIELD WATCHING PLANES FLYING THREE ABREAST

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side stations to accumulate steam for the next stage of the trip, and delayed our reaching Paris until late in the day of Thursday, the fourth of April.

In the capital was spent the first anniversary of America's declaration of war. The French essayed no formal celebration, but in the informality of their commemoration there was no lack of evidence that the hearts of the two republics beat in unison.

So passed the last day in Paris and the next to the last in France. On the evening of the first day of the second year of our war Premier Clemenceau and General Pershing journeyed to the station to bid farewell to the secretary of war. It was found then that another shell from the long-range guns had struck within thirty feet from his car. On the previous day, as the secretary drove through Paris, another had exploded almost as close to him. But to us who had been a month in France and with its people there was a kind of futility about it. For air-raiders may do their work at night on hospitals and elsewhere, and the far-shooting gun may take its toll by day in or out of churches, the blue line of France may bend and strain; but the stout heart of France does not break. The singers of hymns of hate may yet learn in the last hands of the long game that hearts, not clubs, are trumps.

No circumstances in the operations of the War Department has been productive of more weeping and gnashing of teeth by military men than work which keeps them in the United States or which brings them back from the fields of glory. So it was not a wholly happy group which traveled toward the French coast with the secretary of war in early April. One does n't wish to see even the Statue of Liberty and that sky-line rising out of the horizon at present. But commands are commands.

Our unhappiness was mitigated by the discovery on arriving at our port that our cruiser quarters were supplanted by a relatively luxurious home aboard a returning transport. Once the great ship we boarded had belonged to the North German Lloyd Line. Now it bears its thousands over the ocean to fight its former owners. In the transition from its old masters to its new custodians there had taken place a most thoroughgoing damaging of the ship's machinery. This was understandable. But the damage was done in such a consciously premeditated and diabolical fashion that, were it not for the clever foresight and close scrutiny of an American engineer, every seaman in the engine-room would have been scalded to death in live steam the first time the engines were reversed. That is past understanding. It is the trade-mark by which we recognize the thing we fight.

For the first two days of our trip there was no disrobing, and life-preservers were worn even when attempts were made to sleep in curious postures. U-boats were operating within an uncomfortable radius, two of them within thirty-five miles.

Early morning of April 16 brought the first sight of land, and precisely seven weeks after its beginning the journey ended at an Atlantic port.

Seven weeks with the soul of America! Seven weeks at the cutting edge of a great machine built by the young giant among the republics! Seven weeks at the outposts of democracy! There is a spiritual exhilaration in watching the missionaries of a country and of a world. To watch them on those frontiers where glory dwells, brings back our school-day stories of history. Not in all time has there been moved over seas an army equal in size to that which America has placed across the Atlantic. Even those who constitute the elements of those far-flung forces, each busy at his own localized specialty, do not realize the magnitude and the multitude of the enterprises being carried on along a line of communication hundreds of miles long.

Add the value of all the iron and all the steel products produced in the United States in the last pre-war year; add the value of all the lumber and all the timber products; all the cotton goods and all the year's automobiles—add them all, and you have a total less by millions than a year's

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appropriation for the quartermaster-general of the army. Double the amount you have calculated, and you will have added less to the sum than the chief of ordnance adds to the yearly bill of the War Department. The largest single communication office in the world is that of the adjutant-general of the United States' Army. The biggest building in the world is an army storehouse. In the summer of 1917, at points scattered throughout the country, sufficient cantonments were built to house the combined populations of Arizona, Nevada, Delaware, and Alaska. The doing of that job necessitated lumber sufficient to build a sidewalk four times around the world, and consumed in twelve weeks the amount of physical energy which went into the building of the Panama Canal. In France the storage areas now built or building, if placed end to end, would constitute a building fifty feet in width and stretching in length from Washington to New York. Behind the far-flung battle-lines of the Americans in France are six hundred miles of railroad to the French coast. Beyond the coast are three thousand miles of ocean, infested by sub-sea ships and by the constant threat of a hostile navy. And extending from the American ports of embarkation is another journey of 1,200 miles, the average haul of troops in the United States before reaching the seaboard.

SECRETARY OF WAR BAKER TAKING A LOOK AT ENEMY TRENCHES FROM THE FRONT-LINE TRENCH, LUNÉVILLE SECTOR

It was natural, therefore, that the secretary of war should say to the engineers of the American Expeditionary Force:

I find that written reports have given me no adequate idea of the difficulties which the enemies said we could not overcome and which we are overcoming. After her long and stone-hearted defense, France could spare us little material or labor for our purposes except by ill-advised diversions from her own organization. She could only offer us land on which to raise our structures and the right of way for our communications. . . . I only wish that every American could see this work as I saw it. I ceased to be an official while I thrilled as a citizen with pride and satisfaction over the ever-increasing force which we shall bring to the aid of the allied armies in France.

No statement I have seen attempts comprehensively to describe the works of

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the Americans in France. None could well be written. Burke once said he knew no way of indicting a nation. It is scarcely more easy to describe a nation's business which ramifies without end and which recognizes no boundary but the double line of battle.

More than that, any description which might carry the picture of to-day's operations would be antiquated to-morrow. The officers accompanying the secretary of war to projects which they had seen two months previously rubbed their eyes in amazement at the transformation. Ten weeks after the secretary's tour of the rear areas, the London "Times," in a detailed report, concluded:

> The Americans in France are rapidly pushing to completion the longest and in many respects the greatest scheme of communications ever used in warfare. A trip over these lines today is a deeply impressive experience. Since Mr. Newton D. Baker, the United States Secretary of War, inspected them less than three months ago, enormous progress has been made. Today the work is fairly leaping forward; the very landscape changes overnight.

It is difficult to generalize concerning the American Army. There is too much of it, and there are too many chances for exceptions to any rule. Generalities, therefore, are expressions of approximation and tendencies.

Thus delimited, it is safe to say that ours is a sober army. Drunkenness has not disappeared; that would be miraculous. But one may live among our troops three weeks and see scarcely an intoxicated man. I was not willing to trust my judgment on this point. I might not have looked in the right places. But neither had the secretary seen any drunken men. General Pershing stated the problem was well under control. A newspaper man during four weeks among the troops had found two of them intoxicated. The army is sober.

It is cheerful, too. Many there are who are not satisfied, but few who are not contented. It is a well clothed, well fed, well paid army that has gone to Europe. Indeed, the French have feared at times that the liberality in payment of American troops and their freedom with their money might not have a fortunate after effect upon the frugal natives.

They are a brave lot, too, that army. The country Over There teems with tales of their valor, and the letters captured on prisoners bring abundant evidence from the other side of the line. In all our journey we met not a soldier who was n't anxious to get closer to the front, whose face was n't turned toward the east. Some time ago the secretary of war stated that he had seen strong and grizzled men of the army turn away from his desk to hide tears when they were asked to stay in this country and do organization work instead of going to France, where the glory of their profession lay. On the ocean, in the midst of the submarine area, seamen came to him to plead for transfers to the army, that they might see, as they said, active service at the front. The area behind the battle-line in France formerly was named the service of the rear; but the high-spirited men of the American forces so objected to the shell-proof connotation of "rear" that the name of that area had to be changed to service of supply.

At American headquarters one afternoon in the early days of the present drive, a long-distance telephone message went out to an engineer detachment, telling it to move to the aid of the British in the north; and before the receiver could be hung up we heard over the wire the wild, frenzied cheering that greeted the announcement that made those engineers part of the vanguard instead of the rear-guard. Even at the actual front one does not find the satisfaction of inertia; for so aggressive has been the patrol by the Americans of the area in front of their wire that more than once we found that territory had lost its classic name of no-man's-land, and now was simply Yankee-land.

To those who love America greatly, but

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who love the world quite as much, there is no cause for sorrow in the lessening of what was once a "splendid isolation" and our coming each day into a closer-knit relationship with the free peoples of the earth.

Driving through Picardy on an afternoon in the opening stage of the March offensive, the automobiles of the secretary of war were stopped at a country railroad crossing while a freight-train passed. Stopped also, and for the same reason, was a motor-ambulance driven by two young women who seemed to be Americans. The secretary of war approached the ambulance, introducing himself to the drivers, saying he assumed they were American girls.

"We don't happen to be from the States," one of them replied; and the way she smiled as she cranked her machine made us unmarried young men in the party very attentive. "We 're English girls," she said; and then she added, "I guess, though, it comes to about the same thing now."

The ancients practised a ceremony through which those whose blood had mingled became brothers. Whether by this or other means, that relationship is somewhere sanctified each day by the men of our armies in France and Italy. When returning from his visit to the front trenches, the secretary of war asked to be driven to a spot near Lunéville where are situated the graves of some Americans. As he stood beside the little mounds of earth, another funeral procession slowly approached along the country road. They were laying to rest the body of a private of the American Army. In the group which followed to the grave the remains of him who had been Private Wilkinson, 117th Signal Battalion, was the band of his organization, the French padre and Protestant chaplain arm in arm, two choir-boys, a throng of soldiers, and, heartening to tell, a company of the motherly women of France. Around the new-made grave were other simple peasant people, and beside the mound of fresh earth were two large wreaths of flowers fashioned by the loving hands of those great-hearted villagers who never had seen that soldier in the flesh; but he was of the Americans—*nos amis*—and he had died at the front in France. That was enough.

INSPECTION OF UNITED STATES SALVAGE PLANTS WHERE ALL CONDEMNED EQUIPMENT IS MADE OVER

At the close of the ceremonies a young

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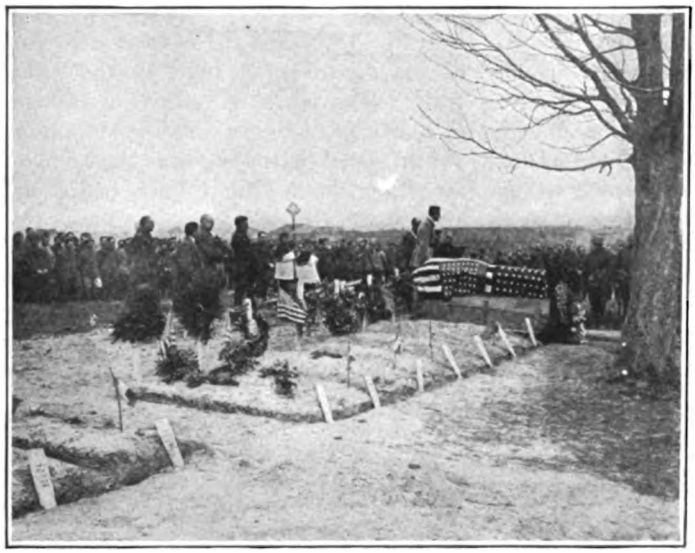
French officer stepped toward the plain coffin, and with a few brief words laid upon it the greatest gift which France may give—the Croix de Guerre. High in the heavens there droned as he spoke an airplane with the black crossed mark of the enemy. Perhaps it, too, saw.

In his speech proposing war on April 2, the President said to the Congress, "It is a fearful thing to lead this great, peaceful people into war." None who has not seen the process can know the extent of its fearfulness. Not before in history has a similar task been attempted, and I have wondered often if the doing of it would not crush the person who was responsible for the War Department's portion of it. It is not that counsel has been lacking; rather the plethora of it has been overwhelming.



LIEUTENANT CLERGERIE OF THE FRENCH ARMY DECORATING WITH THE *CROIX DE GUERRE* THE CASKET OF PRIVATE WILKINSON, 42D DIVISION, U. S. A.

Two thousand years ago Lucius Æmilius Paulus, chosen by the Romans to conduct a war against the Macedonians, is described by Livy as going out from the Senate into the assembly of the people and as saying to them:

> In every circle, and truly at every table, there are people who lead armies into Macedonia; who know where the camp ought to be placed; what posts ought to be occupied by troops; when and through what pass Macedonia should be entered; where magazines should be formed; how provisions should be conveyed by land and sea; and when it is proper to engage the enemy, when to lie quiet. And they not only determine what is best to be done, but if anything is done in any other manner than what they have pointed out, they arraign the consul as if he were on his trial.

Time has not simplified the conduct of martial operations. In 1809, Jefferson's secretary of War, Henry Dearborn, described in the Congressional Record as "a man of vigorous mind, of extensive knowledge of detail, and of indefatigable industry," left office declaring that the business of the department had increased beyond what the capacity of one man could perform. The army of that time consisted of 2765 officers and men, it is interesting to know now.

Again in the Civil War Mr. Lincoln said of his secretary of war:

> I cannot add to Mr. Stanton's troubles. His position is one of the most difficult in the world. The pressure on him is immeasurable and unending. He is the rock on the beach of our national ocean against which the breakers dash and roar without ceasing. He fights back the angry waters and prevents them from undermining and overwhelming the land. I do not see how he survives—why he is not crushed and torn to pieces.

Now the operations of Mr. Stanton's old department proceed on a scale beside which all comparisons fail. All the wars of all the nations from 1793 to 1914, including the Napoleonic wars, the American Civil War, the Franco-Prussian War,

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and the Russo-Japanese War, caused the expenditure of less treasure than has the Great War since 1914. Perhaps, therefore, every ray of light, however dim, that is shed upon the mobilizing mechanism of our nation may gain for it a little more of sympathetic understanding.

For more than a year I have been privileged to see, sometimes from behind the scenes, the gathering and equipping of a great army. By and large, I like to think the job has not been an uncreditable one. For a long time now I have heard outside my window the tramp of marching feet. Some of them will not march back.

Within these few months I have traversed the far-flung lines of battle from the midst of every-man's-land to the borders of what was no-man's-land; from where the home fires burn to where the star-shells burst.

From Over There a man brings back this thought: No one can support that undertaking moderately. No man can be for it somewhat. There is here no golden mean, no middle ground of half-conviction. For them in France the issues are stark naked: they are life and death. We support them whole-heartedly or we do not support them at all. Generally applied, what can moderate backing or partial support mean but soldiers half equipped with rifles and gas-masks, half defended by barbed-wire and earthworks, half fed? Should that day come, the day which follows it would find no army at all to supply. There are no alternatives but vigorous support or total non-support. Indifference is synonymous with disaster. Our countrymen overseas face enemies who have made a life profession of the bearing of arms. The men of our country have been put there by the operation of the most responsive machinery which a democratic people has been able to devise to record its own will. Once having put them there, half-hearted support is desertion.

They know that. No terror can be so haunting as the fear that the line in the rear may be wavering or doubtful.

So it is that the jingle of our coins given here, and the hum of our factories speeding forward with redoubled effort, sounds to them in France as "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." It is borne across the ocean as a benediction for those who must pay the last full measure of devotion, and it carries, too, across the banks of the Rhine, there as a knell to those who hope that we may grant in grudging measure to our soldiers.

I wish that he who is of faint heart might go up and down the length and breadth of France where the hand of America has touched it; that he might see his country's people streaming in at the western seaports by hundreds of thousands with a spring in their step, a swing in their stride, a light in their eyes. I wish that he who feared this nation had grown fat and flabby and afraid might see its sons Over There. I wish that he might see the revival of the heroic age in our history, the renaissance from which the unborn years will number.

Once he has seen those things, he will not be happy elsewhere.

To-morrow, when the writing of these pages is completed, I shall take my place in the National Army, that I may get back to the growing point of the world organism. For those whose place is here, the short way out lies straight ahead and through.

For all of us alike, if there be anything in this land worth having and keeping, it will be saved most surely and speedily only when each of us throws upon the scales every particle of strength and energy and resource and devotion. And this America is worth it.

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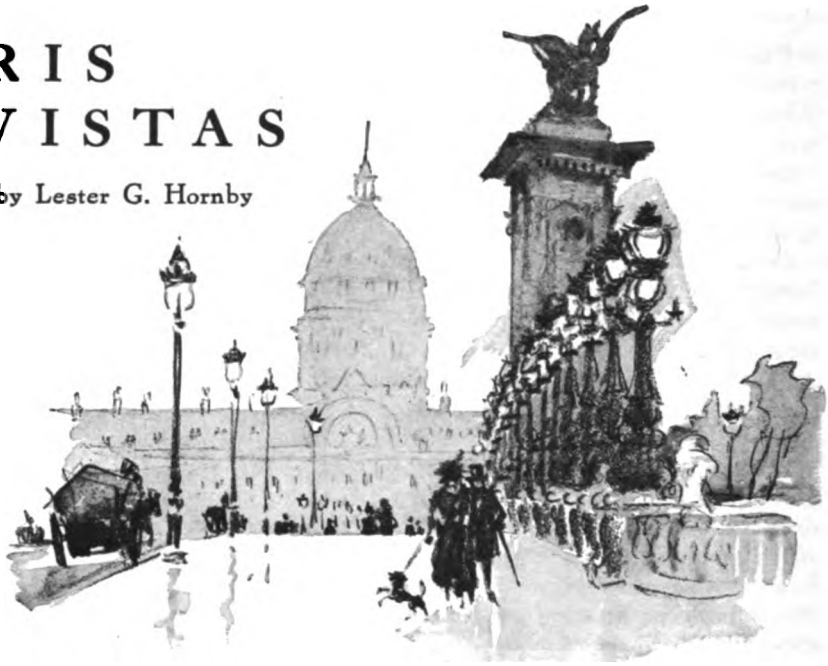
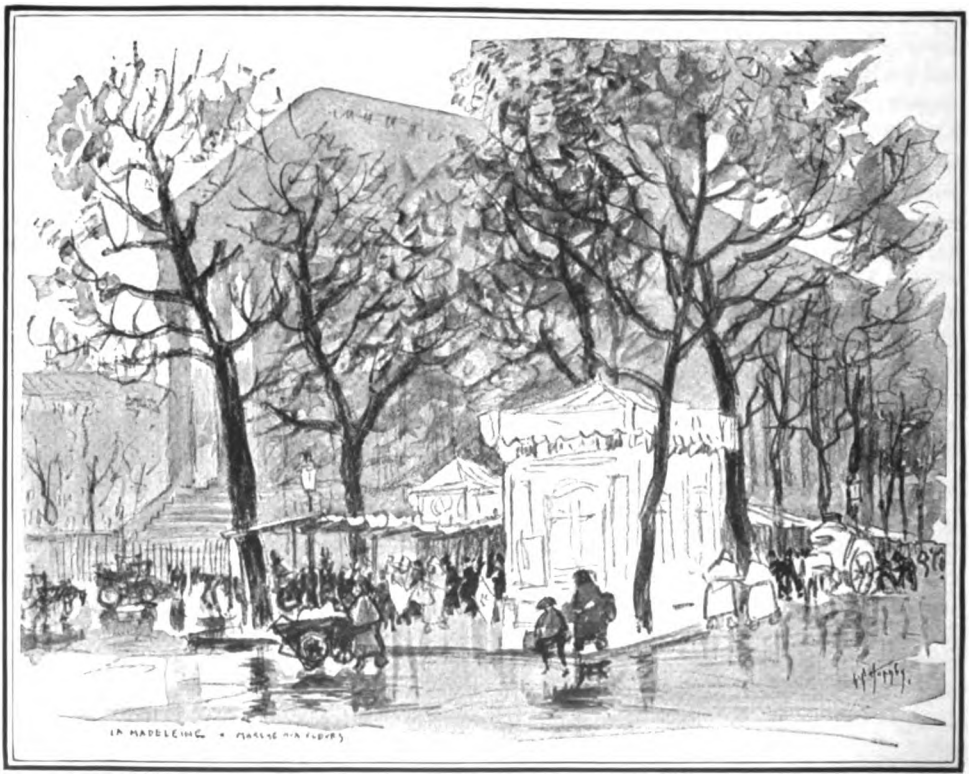
PARIS VISTAS

Drawings by Lester G. Hornby



THE DOME OF HÔTEL DES INVALIDES



THE MADELEINE—THE FLOWER MARKET

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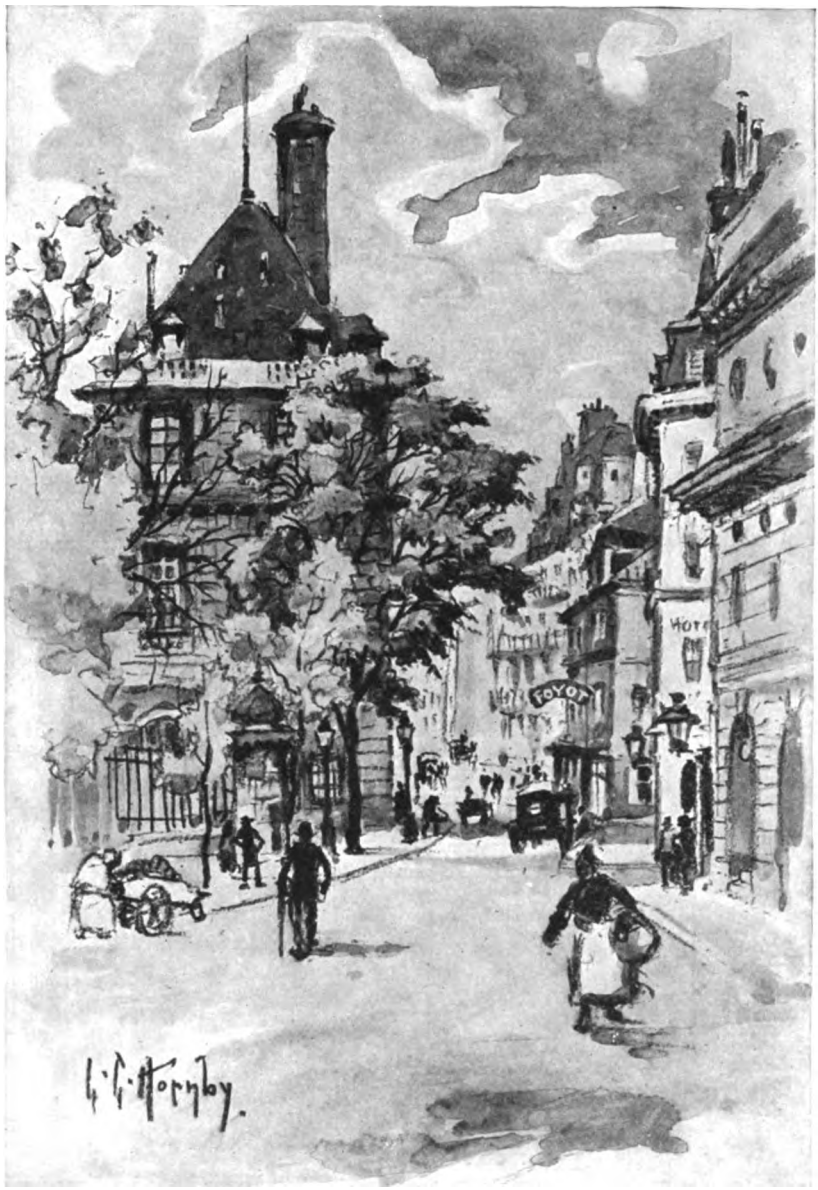

THE RUE VAUGIRARD, ALONG THE PALACE OF THE LUXEMBOURG

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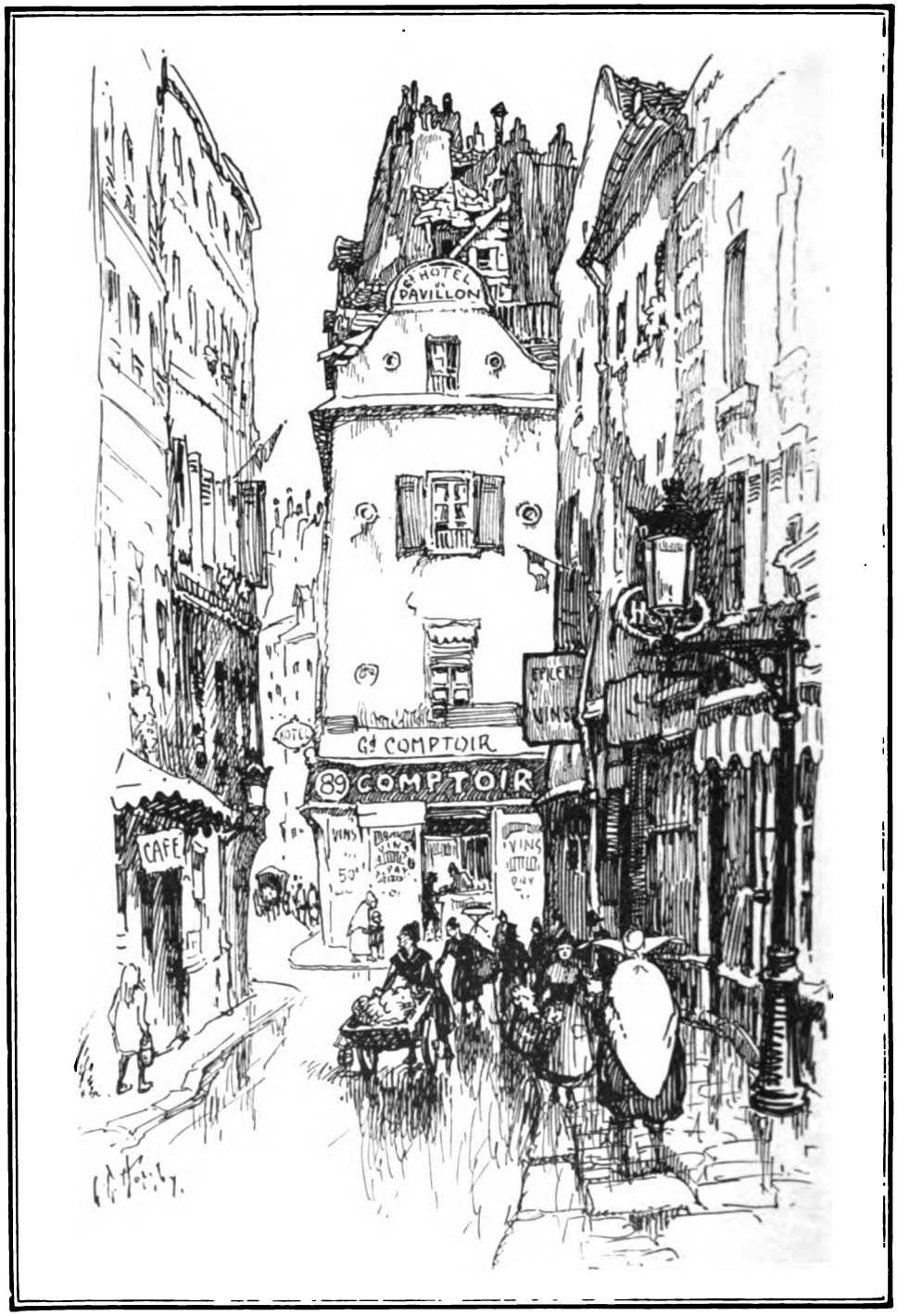

IN AN OLD QUARTER

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OLD HOUSES. RUE DES DEUX-PONTS

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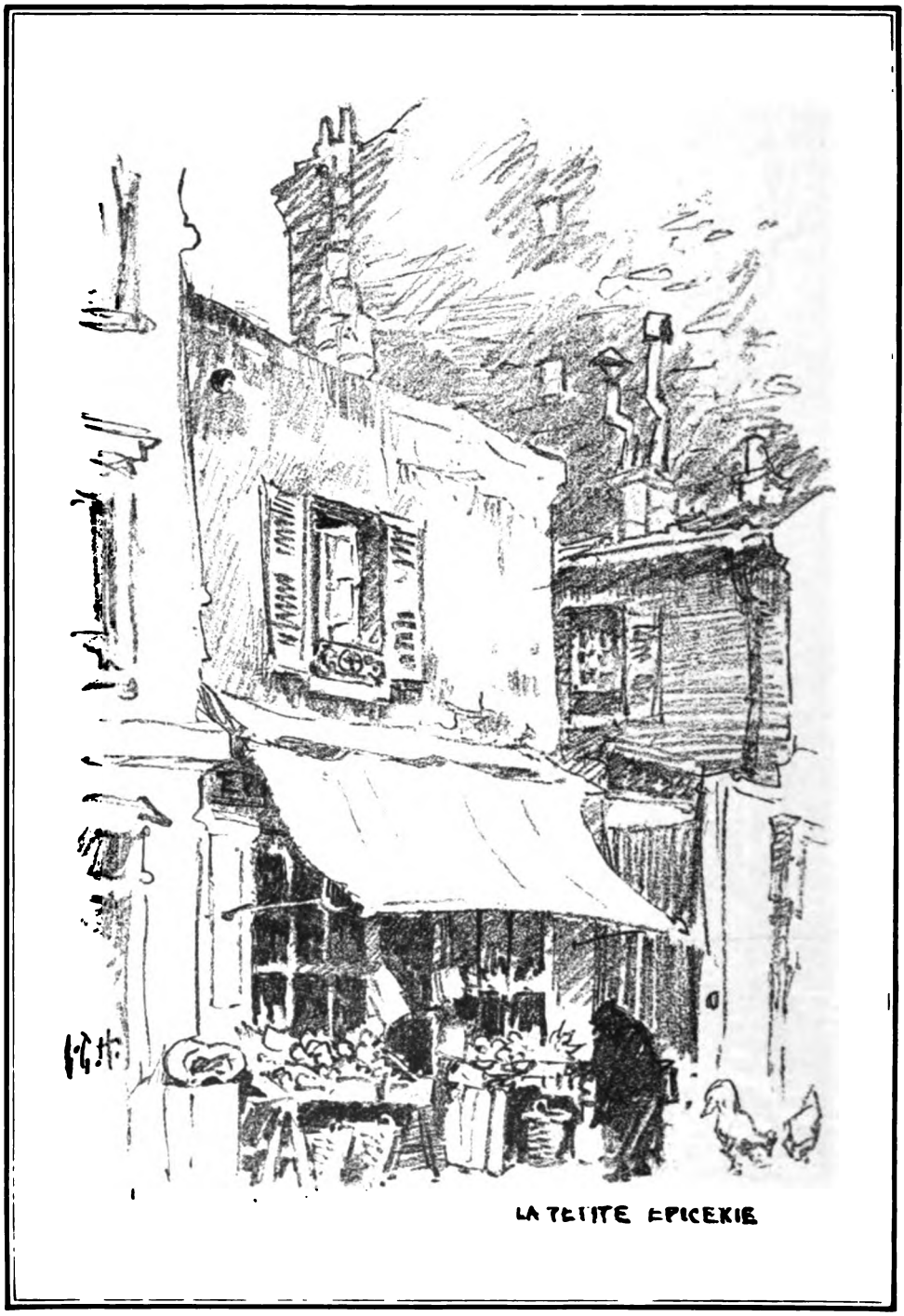

THE LITTLE GROCERY-SHOP

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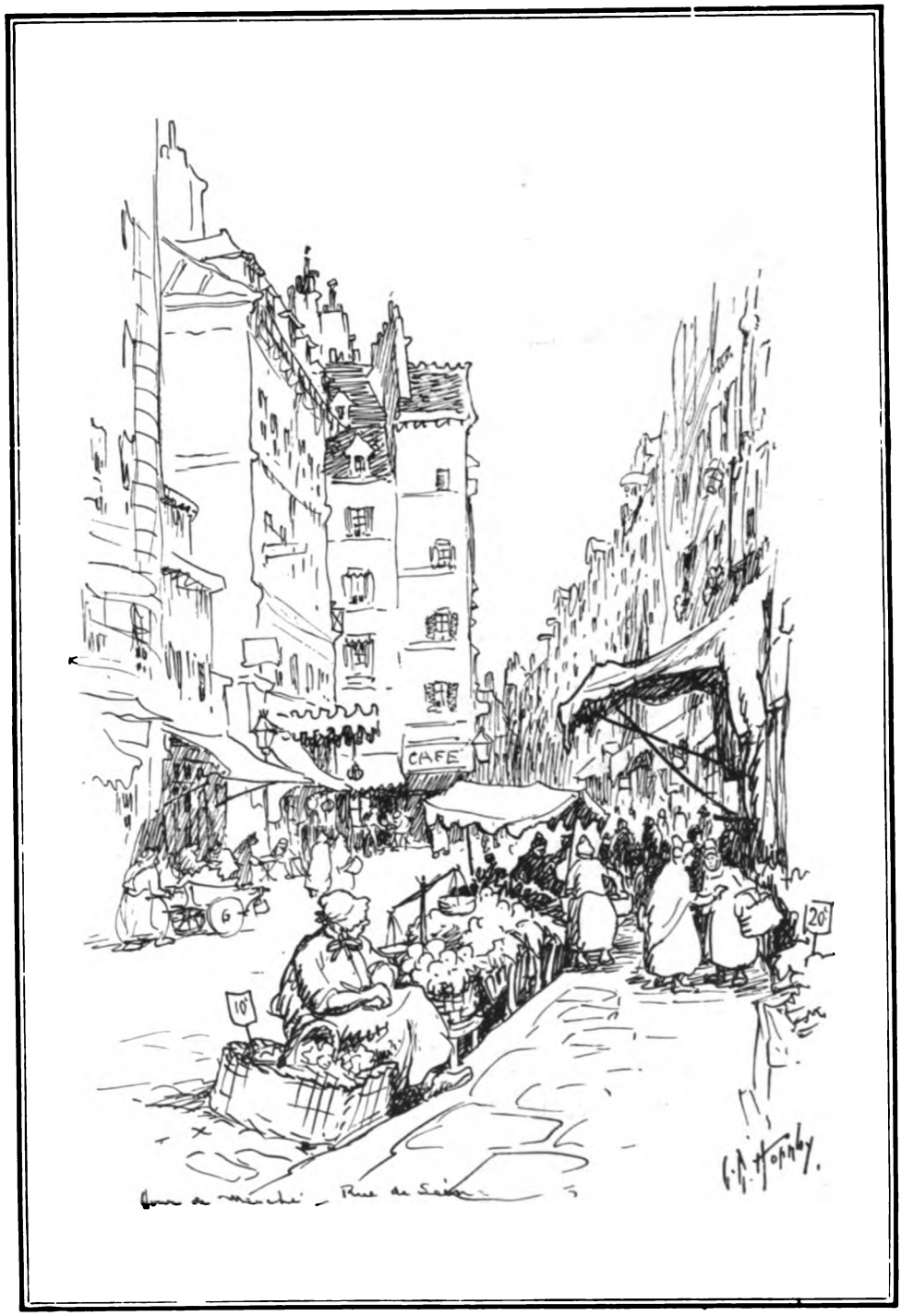

MARKET-DAY, RUE DE SEINE

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ACROSS PONT ST. MICHEL

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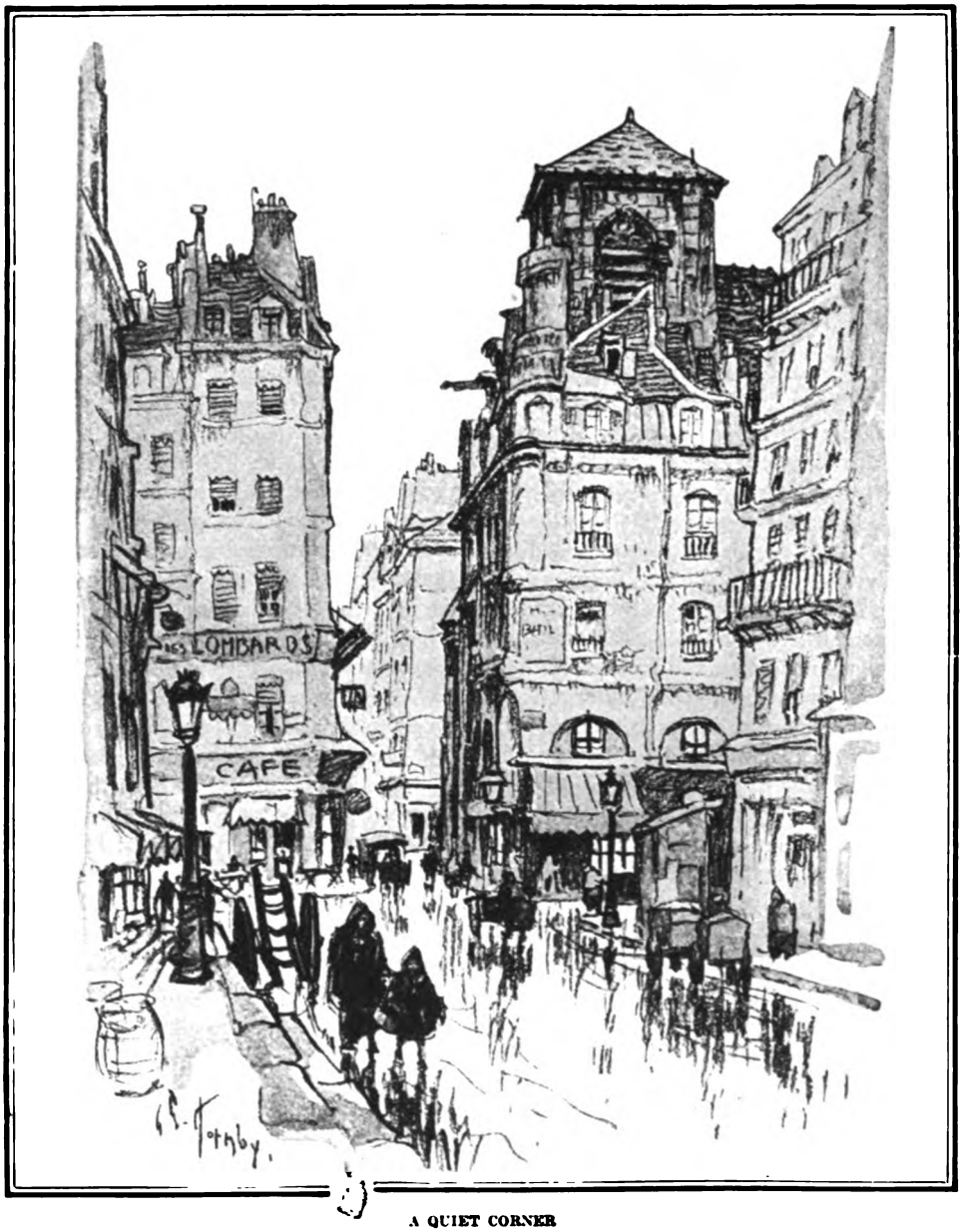

A QUIET CORNER

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The Good Shepherd of Mechlin

By JOHN C. REVILLE, S. J.

THE noblest spectacle which history presents is that of moral and spiritual power facing the threats and the tyranny of triumphant brute force. The men whose privilege it is to manifest that power become the representatives of their age. They are not only the champions of a cause; they are hailed as the guardians of the very dignity of human nature itself.

We have witnessed such a spectacle. In a moment when a colossal and ruthless power had made a scrap of paper of those principles of morality and international law which are the safeguards of nations and men, a herald was found who proclaimed aloud the sacredness of their character and held up before the world the charter of human rights and liberties. A champion stepped into the lists who was worthy of the cause which he had to defend. It was Désiré-Félicien-François-Joseph Mercier, Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church, Archbishop of Mechlin, and Primate of Belgium.

If Albert of Belgium, the chivalrous prince whose kingdom now consists of a few miles of sand-dunes and blood-stained trenches, has been the Leonidas of his martyred country, Cardinal Mercier has been its Hildebrand. Albert has endowed history and romance with the glamour of another Thermopylæ; the Belgian cardinal has recalled to the world those days when a simple monk, lifted to the throne of the fisherman, faced another Emperor of Germany and thundered into his ears the words that make even tyrants tremble.

Many things have taken place since the winter of 1914. Empires have been shattered to pieces. Kings have been driven into exile. Again and again the tide of battle has ebbed away and again reached its bloody crest, leaving behind the human flotsam and jetsam of the dying and the dead. In one part of the world frontiers have been altered with the retreat and advance of contending armies, and the map has been changed. Our hearts have become dulled to the recital of mournful tragedies; our ears daily drink in the roar of battle. But the world has not forgotten the protest, the challenge, the battle-cry which the Cardinal Archbishop of Mechlin, Désiré Mercier, sent forth to Germany and to the world on Christmas day, 1914. Ambrose of Milan could not have upbraided Theodosius more sternly and scathingly after the massacre at Thessalonica, than the Belgian bishop rebuked the pliant tool of the ambition and the heartlessness of William of Hohenzollern. And as we read the noble letter on "Patriotism and Endurance" which the Archbishop of Mechlin addressed to his martyred people, we recognized that a doctor had risen in Israel, a Maccabæus of the altar to fight the battles of his people and of outraged justice. That episcopal letter marks a date in the history of the world-struggle. Its author penned one of the great documents of the war, a new declaration of national and individual independence, another charter of the rights of conscience and the soul.

Belgium, innocent, neutral, peaceful, and unprepared, had been invaded by the legions of Germany. She had been asked to sell her honor and her soul in order that France might be stabbed in the back. She refused, and the conqueror's heel was placed upon her neck. Liège had fallen, the forts of Namur had been blown to atoms by the German guns, Antwerp was to be overrun by the waves of the ever-advancing German tide.

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During a part of the time in which these events had taken place Cardinal Mercier was in Rome. He had left Mechlin on August 20, 1914, in order, as he said in his immortal letter to his people on "Patriotism and Endurance," to fulfil his last duty toward the beloved and venerated Pope Pius X, who had just died, heartbroken, no doubt, by the horrors of the war, and to take part in the election of his successor, Benedict XV. In Rome the cardinal received the tidings of the partial destruction of the Collegiate Church of Louvain. Then, stroke after stroke, the terrible tidings fell upon his ears. The library and the scientific laboratory, with their priceless treasures, were a heap of charred ruins. Louvain had been devastated, its citizens shot, its women and children tortured. While still crushed by the news, like Job of old, he had heard of a disaster that touched him still more closely. His own episcopal city of Mechlin and his beautiful metropolitan Church of Notre Dame had been bombarded by the enemy's guns. It was a crushing blow. The labor of years gone! The glories of bygone days, henceforth only a sad and tragic memory! The masterpieces which were the heritage not of Belgium only, but of the civilized world, a heap of smoldering ruins! His people, the men and the women of whom he was the adviser, the father and friend, ruthlessly killed, shamefully treated, or outraged.

But Désiré Mercier was above everything else a priest. With that deep faith which has marked his every act and utterance, and clothed with its beauty his noble character, his first movement was to turn to God. Like the patriarch whom he resembles in his tragic sorrows, he was not afraid to question the Keeper of the Nations and ask Him why He chose his country for such suffering and mourning:

A disaster has visited the world, and our beloved little Belgium, a nation so faithful in the great mass of her population to God, so upright in her patriotism, so noble in her King and Government, is the first to suffer. She bleeds; her sons are stricken down within her fortresses and upon her fields in defense of her rights and of her territory. Soon there will not be one Belgian family not in mourning. Why all this sorrow, my God?

It is the question which millions have asked in their agony. The cardinal has the correct solution. In the midst of such suffering, philosopher and man of science though he was, he knew that neither in philosophy nor science could he find a balm for the gaping and bleeding wounds of his martyred country and his sorrowing children. When the news of Belgium's tragic fate had come to his ears he had clasped in his hands the episcopal cross that hung upon his breast and which steeled it to a height of moral heroism and courage before which even his enemies have been forced to bow. In the mysterious law of suffering he saw the solution of the problem. He lifted the hearts of a profoundly Catholic people to the cross which they knew so well. For that cross had gleamed in glory over the Flemish fields. It had pointed to the skies from the cathedral towers of Antwerp, from the spires of Bruges and Brussels and Ypres and Ghent. Over the fields of the Scheldt and the Dyle it had flung its shadow, and neither Fleming nor Walloon had ever entirely forgotten its lesson. If Désiré Mercier was to appear as one of the greatest statesmen and heroes of the war, he at first reminded the world that he was a bishop, and anointed with the oil of the priesthood to pour the balm of consolation into the hearts of the sufferers. And King Albert the Brave, Albert's queen, the beautiful and dauntless Elizabeth, worthy bride of the "Lion of Flanders," their gallant soldiers, the citizens of Namur and Liège, of Louvain and Mechlin the beloved, cannot but have felt the lofty dignity, the sublime resignation of the following words:

The Christian is the servant of a God who became man in order to suffer and to die. To rebel against pain, to revolt against

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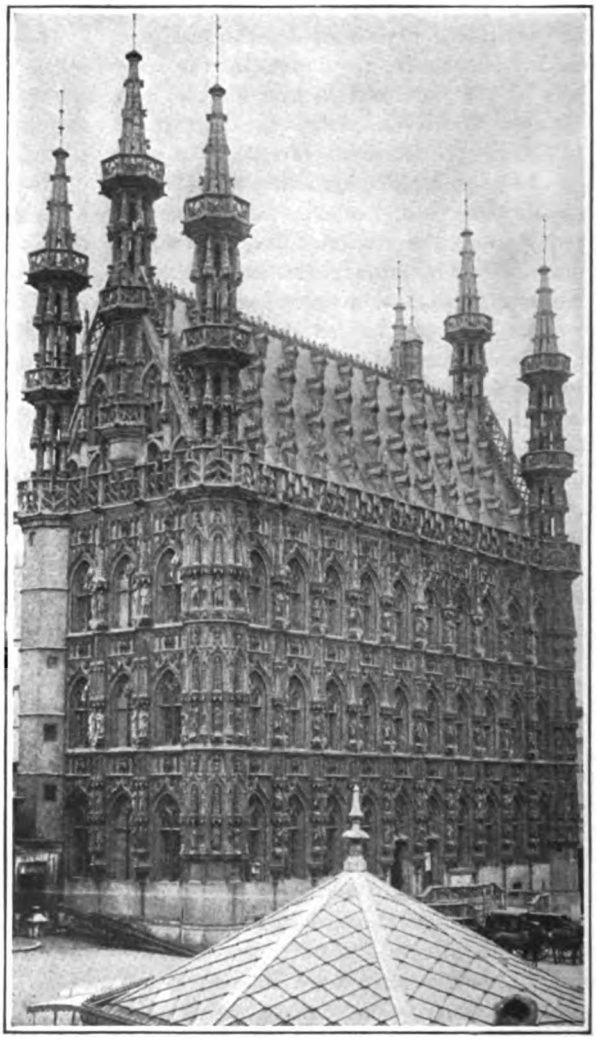
Providence, because it permits grief and bereavement, is to forget whence we have come, the school in which we have to be taught, the example which each of us carries engraven in the name of a Christian which each of us honors at his hearth, contemplates at the altar of his prayers, and of which he desires that his tomb, the place of his last sleep, shall bear the sign.

The soul of the cardinal is splendidly balanced. His is the regnant and puissant spirit that dominates by the harmony of all the faculties and powers of a generous nature. He is priest and philosopher, statesman and patriot, champion of the outraged right. Not once is the luster of his faith tarnished by doubt at the sight of the drama of blood and agony enacted on his native soil. No enemy has yet picked a flaw in his logic or the stern array of facts which he has given to the world. His statesmanship is that of the great doctor over whose tomes he pondered in the days of his scholastic teaching in Louvain, the statesmanship that rests upon the broad principles of equality and justice, the immutable principles of the gospel and the moral law. His patriotism is deep and strong. He hates tyranny and cruelty. His words will ring in the hearts and the minds of men long after the guns of the Great War have been silenced. Not once have his feelings betrayed him into a rash word or act, one unworthy of his high calling or character. In all his conduct, in his every utterance, he has been so calm, so judicial, so alien to the tricks of invective and passion and the cheap outbursts of hatred and scorn, that he has always shown that he was worthy to become the champion of freedom. That superb kingship of self-control which he has constantly exercised constitutes perhaps one of the most striking qualities of his many-sided nature.

It must not be imagined that the great cardinal has kept in his utterances the impersonal and impassive voice of the philosopher, lecturer, or divine. His words when pleading for justice and trampled right, when exposing the agonies of his people, glow with that suppressed emotion of the strong man, the more terrible and effective because it never loses itself in the empty frothings of explosive wrath.



HÔTEL DE VILLE, LOUVAIN, BELGIUM

Whether the great cardinal exposes the terms of the Treaty of London of

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1839, signed by King Leopold of Belgium, on the one hand, and by the Emperor of Austria, the King of France, the Queen of England, the King of Prussia, and the Emperor of Russia, on the other, which stipulates in its seventh article that Belgium should form a separate and perpetually neutral state, or whether he recalls with the irrefragable eloquence of date, place, and name the atrocities committed by the invaders of the country, or lays down the principles which must guide a conquered people in their relations with their temporary masters, everywhere he displays the same mastery of self, the same unfaltering confidence in his cause and his principles. While a German proconsul ruled in the seat of power to which Albert of Belgium alone had a right, the Primate of Belgium was not afraid to tell his people that

> The sole lawful authority in Belgium is that of our King, of our Government, of the elected representatives of the nation. This authority alone has a right to our affection, our submission.
>
> Thus the invader's acts of public administration have in themselves no authority, but legitimate authority has tacitly ratified such of these as affect the general interest, and this ratification, and this only, gives them juridical value.
>
> Occupied provinces are not conquered provinces. Belgium is no more a German province than Galicia is a Russian province.

These were proud and manly words. We know how the brave writer had to pay for them by the petty vexations inflicted upon him by the German authorities. The words of the Primate of Belgium in this masterpiece "Patriotism and Endurance" revealed him to the world. Up to the day of the Great War the intellectual and scholastic circles of Europe and America knew of this champion of the rights of conscience and liberty as a holy bishop, as the author of a splendid series of books on formal logic, epistemology, and psychology. They knew that under the guidance of another masterly intellect, Leo XIII, he had been one of the revivers of scholasticism. Every university in the world had heard of him as a thinker and a savant. But the world had seen only one half of the man. Men did not suspect that this calm, seemingly impassive teacher, this wise-browed thinker, had a soul and a heart of fire, and, as Georges Goyau says, that "This seeker after truth loved truth best when it was transformed into charity and love." War, the great revealer, came. It proved that unconsciously the illustrious churchman had been slowly preparing and molding his soul for a great task.

From the ancestral homestead at Braine l'Alleud, the quiet hamlet in the Walloon Brabant where he was born on Nov. 21, 1851, to the archiepiscopal palace in Mechlin, step by step Désiré Mercier had ever gone forward. The node of his life had ever been an ascending one. He is of Franco-Belgian origin, of honorable and sturdy stock. The ancestral homestead at Braine l'Alleud, standing within the once fire-ringed zone where the Old Guard of Napoleon had broken its indomitable valor against the British squares at Waterloo, and the archiepiscopal palace at Mechlin connect his name with two of the most memorable wars the world has seen. He is by inheritance a man of order and law, a lover of liberty. His paternal grandfather had been mayor of Braine l'Alleud, a rural Cato of the sternest integrity. His father, Pierre-Léon Mercier, country-born and country-bred, was devoted to his duties of a "squire," if the word can fit a Belgian landowner. As a painter, a litterateur, and a mathematician, he had won a local renown, a presage no doubt of the future fame of Désiré, the fifth of his seven children. When, in 1830, Belgium was fighting for her independence, Pierre-Léon Mercier had gallantly shouldered his rifle for his native land. His son drew from that brave sire his passionate love of justice and liberty. From his mother he inherited a faith, a piety, and a tenderness of heart which have crowned his intellectual gifts with their fairest halo.

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Photograph by Paul Thompson

CARDINAL MERCIER OF BELGIUM

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Barbe Mercier was early widowed of her husband. She had now only one dream, to see her boy a priest at the altar. To prepare him for the honor and the duties, which, she knew, coincided with the lad's own aspirations, she sent him to St. Rombaut's College at Mechlin, and when his vocation to the priesthood seemed to be still more clearly defined, to the *petit séminaire* of the same quaint and beautiful Flemish town. Désiré was not an extraordinary pupil, by no means a boy prodigy. He was intelligent, a steady worker, kept a fair place in class, and excelled in the simple boyish sports of his school-fellows. But his masters taught him to obey, to will, and to dare. He spent the holidays with his mother at Braine, where he loved to mingle with the working-men of the district in their recreations and social gatherings, in their clubs and homes. Already he manifested some of that instinct for social work and social leadership which has ever distinguished him. He quickly realized how useful it is to go to such a school. The toiler and the worker, he maintains, are worth knowing. They bear the burden and the heat of the struggle for life. They deserve the sympathy of all generous souls. Their companionship is a blessing to the man who knows how to make good use of it. For the working-man, he says, thinks aloud, and easily lets us into the secrets of his soul. The young student showed later on how well he had profited by his early training under such teachers.

It cannot be said that the two years of philosophy which crowned young Mercier's course in the *petit séminaire* at Mechlin fully satisfied his now awakening mental powers. He found the spiritual training given to the young Levites such as his heart desired. It was solid, elevating, refined, sturdy, perhaps stern. But the philosophical studies he found rather artificial and lifeless, not enough in harmony with the realities of life around him. The doctrines were sound, but seemed to be rather the faint echoes of a splendid past than the practical weapons needed for the intellectual warfare and contests of his own times. Later on he was to be one of the chief factors in a revival of that philosophical system which in his younger days at Mechlin he had found not quite satisfying or entirely suited to his needs.

When he passed to the *grand séminaire* to pursue his theological studies and prepare himself for the priesthood, his mind and heart found what they craved. His mental powers were now ripening. His intellectual vision was broader. He delved to the bottom of every question. He had begun to survey with the thinker's eye the ever-widening horizons of science. He wanted a complete and rounded whole. He would not be satisfied with merely fragmentary truths. In Catholic theology he discovered a genuine synthesis, broad-based, reaching up to the clearest heights, secure of itself, and harmoniously constructed. That splendid synthesis absorbed and fascinated him. He traced its lines back to its most constructive and original architect. In the "Summa" of St. Thomas Aquinas, the "Angel of the Schools," he found the structure in its noblest form. And as he delved more and more into the treasures locked in the tomes of the medieval doctor, and compared them with the lifeless systems which he saw in too many of the schools around him, he began to ponder over a problem which he was later on to solve. He had, however, to let it bide for a while, for he was preparing for his bridal day, the happy day of his priesthood. It was a date to be remembered in the history of Belgium, the sixth of April, 1874.

The young priest had already made his mark in academic circles, and he was now sent to the University of Louvain for something like a graduate course in scholastic philosophy and theology. In Louvain he was at leisure to give a deeper study to the questions which most appealed to him. The horizons here were larger, though the old university had not succeeded in retaining its once honored place in the vanguard of science and art. For in the middle of the nineteenth century Louvain could boast of a great philosophi-

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cal school and an illustrious leader. Casimir Ubaghs, whose ontologico-traditionalistic theories were unsound, was nevertheless a remarkable man. Like De Lammennais, Bautain, and De Bonald, Ubaghs had been startled by the inroads of rationalism. He tried to stem the torrent. Reason, according to Ubaghs, had been lifted by Catholics to a position of honor which it did not deserve. It had to be thrust from the seat which it had usurped. He laid it down, therefore, as a principle that man could not come to the perception of metaphysical and moral truths without the aid of a primitive divine revelation and oral tradition. Rome—and this may appear strange to those who always think of her as the irreconcilable foe of the rights of reason—would not tolerate a system which denied to reason its inborn power of getting at the great natural truths with its own weapons and instruments, and twice condemned the Louvain professor. It was not the first time that Rome had stood up for the privileges of that reason of which she is so often painted the sworn enemy.

Slowly both in Louvain and again at Mechlin, where he was the spiritual guide of the aspirants to the priesthood, the Abbé Mercier was revealing himself more and more as one of the intellectual leaders of Belgium. In the midst of his academic duties he was constantly in touch with the questions of the day. So when, in 1879, Leo XIII in the Encyclical *"Æterni Patris"* appealed for a revival of Thomistic studies, the young priest felt that a new era had begun. It was also a bold movement in keeping with the policy of the great pope. For Leo XIII was not a man to quail before any problem the solution of which might forward the cause of truth. He was not afraid of the facts of history, and he threw open the Vatican archives to the historians of the world. He hailed the legitimate aspirations of democracy and welcomed them as a new and splendid power. He was not afraid of the toiler and the working-man. He became their champion and wrote for them the Magna Charta of labor. He did not shirk or dodge the intricate questions of Scripture and science. He was truly the *"Lumen in Coelo,"* a resplendent light and a guiding beacon for his time. Leo realized also that the world had need to sit again at the feet of a great philosophical teacher. The Angel of the Schools had been for the thirteenth century and for succeeding ages a master and guide. If in some modern Catholic schools philosophy had sunk to a somewhat lower level, it was because the teachings of that master had been neglected. He had therefore to be restored to his old position of honor. In 1880, therefore, the pope invited Cardinal Deschamps, Archbishop of Mechlin, to erect a chair of Thomistic philosophy at the University of Louvain. The cardinal suggested Mercier's name to Leo. Going shortly after to Rome, the young abbé and the venerable pope met, and there no doubt were fixed the plans, slowly evolved at first, but which step by step led from the foundation at the University of Louvain of a chair of scholastic philosophy, in 1882, to the erection ten years after of the *Institut Supérieur de Philosophie,* or the *Institut Léon XIII,* a full faculty dedicated to the study of scholasticism and its subsidiary branches. For the purpose was a full revival of that philosophy which had been elaborated by the Greeks and brought to perfection by the great medieval teachers like Duns Scotus, Bonaventure, Roger Bacon, Alexander de Hales, Albertus Magnus, and especially by the great St. Thomas Aquinas, and which had never entirely died out in the schools of Christendom. Even before Leo spoke it had its modern champions in men like De San, Cornoldi, Kleutgen, and Zigliara.

The Catholic Church does not change her dogmas. She is immutable in her doctrinal decisions. But unswerving and immobile adhesion to the minutiæ of scholasticism has never been one of her laws. In that system, as noble on the whole as the cathedrals of Rheims or Chartres in their splendor, she has found a synthesis of doctrine in harmony, in the main, with her creed, and a safe rational basis on

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THE CATHEDRAL OF MECHLIN

which to prepare for the erection of the spiritual edifice of faith. For some time, however, scholasticism had stood still while the world was moving on. Leo XIII wished to bring it up to date. Scholasticism was to have a new birth, and neo-scholasticism, while keeping to all that was sound in the older form, would adapt it to modern needs and progress. While keeping St. Thomas as its safe and "resplendent beacon," it would not necessarily "make him its boundary." Neo-scholasticism would eliminate useless subtleties, and bring the system into greater harmony with the scientific progress of our times. Under men of the stamp of Mercier the new movement has become a power. Boutroux and Paulsen, Eucken and Seeberg, are obliged to admit that it is a formidable rival to Kantism and cannot be ignored.

Mgr. Mercier, now a Roman prelate, was at the head of the new faculty. He had prepared himself for certain questions in a very practical way. In Paris the professor had become a student again and listened to the lectures of Charcot, the greatest neurologist of the day, with whose infidel principles he was of course totally out of sympathy, but whose scientific attainments and masterful exposition of fact he greatly admired.

Under the presidency of Désiré Mercier the institute attained to international fame and eminence. Around the chair of philosophy, in which he lectured with large vision, rare charm, and power on metaphysics, logic, and psychology, other chairs were grouped, a specialist in each. Nys lectured on cosmology, De Wulf on the history of scholastic philosophy, Thiery on physics, Deploige on sociology. A review was founded, the "Revue Néo-Scolastique," to which Mercier and his fellow-professors frequently contributed. Here, then, the old medieval philosophy received a new birth, and Louvain became the alma mater of a generation of enthusi-

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astic students, many of them from the United States, attracted by the methods of the new school. Original work was insisted on, and the study of the sciences, under the most modern laboratory methods, kept pace with the more abstract studies of the schoolmen.

In the beginning of 1906 the Louvain professor, now a world-figure, became Archbishop of Mechlin and Primate of Belgium. A year after he was created cardinal. Like his predecessor Leo XIII, Pius X had fully gaged the value and the character of the man. Of the pope's choice of Désiré Mercier for those high honors neither Belgium nor the world has had to complain.

As a professor and college president, Désiré Mercier had brought light to a generation of earnest men. As a bishop, he was to bring courage and strength to his clergy and people. St. Thomas had been his guide in the schools, the saintly Charles Borromeo, the gentle Francis de Sales, were to be his models now, until the tragic moment when he proved to the world that he could be as fearless and daring as one of the fighting bishops of the Middle Ages.

Belgium's cardinal is now the champion of the oppressed. His crozier is lifted up over his people as a sacred shield. His shepherd's crook is a sign of salvation to the downtrodden. As long as he holds it, no wolves will dare attack his fold without a cry of warning from its faithful guardian. A terror to his country's enemies, with his people he has ever been all gentleness and love. He has ever striven for peace and concord among them. He has never sacrificed a principle. He has never failed to make concessions when conscience allowed or charity seemed to demand them. Three evils were at the root of Belgium's troubles when he donned the miter of St. Rombaut. There was a religious contest going on between the Catholic party and the Anti-clericals, an economic struggle between Conservatives and Radical Socialists, a racial war between Walloons and Flemings. He always remained Catholic, priest, bishop, cardinal. Not once has he betrayed his sacred duty. But he has also been a true-hearted and loyal Belgian patriot. He has ever worked to bring about a better understanding among the various bodies of his countrymen. His episcopal motto is *"Apostolus Jesu Christi."* He fully deserved that noble title. A herald and apostle of Christ, he has also been the apostle and herald of national union and solidarity. His clergy, the working-men, and the children of his diocese are his first care. His conferences to his priests breathe the very spirit of the gospel, and reveal a pure and lofty soul. He has worked long and earnestly to improve the lot of the toiler, and has ever proclaimed his inalienable rights. To spare the life of a child playing on the roadside, he once dashed his speeding car into a stone wall and sustained painful injuries. He still bears the scar that tells of his self-sacrificing gallantry.

To protect his people he has not been afraid to step into the lists and face the most ruthless power the world has seen. For the last three years Albert the Brave has been Belgium's sword, Cardinal Mercier has been its spokesman and its soul. Every word uttered by Mercier of Mechlin has been a deed of dauntless chivalry. Albert, in the trenches at Furnes and Dixmude, has guarded the lives of his soldiers by exposing his own. Mercier at Mechlin and Louvain, and from the pulpit of Ste. Gudule in Brussels, has proclaimed and protected their rights before their tyrants and before the world. He is the good shepherd that endangers his life for his flock. Belgium may seem helpless and beaten, but as long as the great king and the great cardinal live, she is invincible.

In the "Letter addressed to their Eminences and their Lordships, the Bishops of Germany, Bavaria, and Austria-Hungary" of November 24, 1915, usually known as the "Appeal to Truth," the cardinal primate writes: "On the solemn day of our episcopal consecration we vowed to God and to the Catholic Church never to forsake the truth, to yield neither

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to ambition nor to fear when it should be necessary to show our love for it." The cardinal has been true to that oath. He has been faithful to the warning of the ritual used in the consecration of a Catholic bishop. "The bishop should love truth and never betray it by yielding either to flattery or fear." Before flattery or fear the Belgian Primate does not bend. In the "Appeal to Truth," he nobly vindicates his people from the slanders brought against them, and with the eloquence of facts turns the charges against the accusers. Referring to the scenes that took place in the dioceses of Namur, Liège, Mechlin, Ghent, and Tournai, he writes:

Fifty innocent priests and thousands of innocent Catholics were put to death; hundreds of others whose lives were saved by circumstances independent of the will of their persecutors were in danger of death; thousands of innocent persons, with no previous trial, were imprisoned; many underwent months of detention, and when they were released, the most minute questioning to which they were subjected revealed no guilt in them. These crimes cry to heaven for vengeance.

And he adds to the recital of these and similar wrongs:

We are well aware that you are reluctant to believe that the regiments whose discipline, honesty, and religious faith you say you know, could have allowed themselves to commit the inhuman deeds with which we reproach them.

You want to persuade yourselves that it is not so, because it cannot be so.

And constrained by the evidence, we reply to you that it can be, because it is.

In the face of facts no presumption holds good.

And when the priest and the patriot saw the tragic agonies of those deportations which dragged thousands of his children, men, women, mere boys, and girls into exile and slavery on the pretext that they were idlers and an economic burden upon the community, his letters of protest to the governor-general, Baron von Bissing, to Baron von den Lancken, chief of the political government at Brussels, his "Appeal to Neutrals," roused the indignation of the civilized world. "Your Government," he tells Baron von Bissing, "is actually engaged in hurrying from their homes, in violently separating from their wives and children, and carrying away into the enemy's country, men who are out of work through no fault of their own." He begs, therefore, the governor, in the name of the Belgian citizen's right to choose his residence and his work, in the name of the inviolability of family life, in the name of those moral rights so gravely compromised by the practice of deportation, to rescind the order. In another protest he goes to the bottom of the cruel policy that dictated the act. "The naked truth," he writes, "is that every deported workman is another soldier for the German army." With simple, but noble, eloquence, he describes the scenes of separation when the victims of the cruel order of their enemies must take the road of exile. Throughout these immortal letters and protests the voice of the priest and the good shepherd is heard pleading for his flock, the voice of the philosopher, the theologian, the statesman, sure of his ground and his principles, impassioned, but never passionate, tingling with indignation, never breaking into invective or taunt. These letters are sacred.

In the olden days the great bell that hung in the belfry of Ghent bore the inscription: "Bell Roland is my name. When I ring, it is for fire, and when I chime, it is for victory in Flanders." For the last three years and more every bell in Flanders has been ringing the alarm, for fire and desolation and agony and death are on the Flemish fields. But winged Victory is about to fly back to the bell-towers of the martyred land. The bells are about to chime, with the organs of old cathedrals, Belgium's song of triumph and resurrection. The usurper would like to hush the Te Deums still slumbering on their iron tongues.

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In the latest of his protests, dated March 2, 1918, the cardinal informs his clergy and people that a new law of their conquerors requires an inventory of the bells and organs of their churches. Informed by experience, he is not deceived, and realizes that "the inventory of to-day is the signal for the requisition of to-morrow." Taught by the music of the bells of Flanders, sprinkling their melodies from Bruges to Ghent and Mechlin and Louvain, from the now ruined cloth-hall of Ypres to the charred stones of Dinant and Andenne, he recalls the hallowed memories of the thousand and one basso-tongued brothers and silver-voiced sisters of good old Bell Roland of Ghent. Those bells, he tells his people, are sacred, the property of the Church of God. The bell announced their initiation into Christian life, their confirmation, their first communion, their Christian marriage. It weeps for the dead; thrice every day over the quiet fields and the busy city it recalls in the "Angelus" the mystery of the incarnation of the Son of God. Its voice and its prayer are mingled with all the joyous and tragic memories of the motherland.

But Mercier of Mechlin is not the man to rest satisfied with mere emotions and sentiment, hallowed and sacred though they be. He quotes the articles and paragraphs of the Hague Convention of October 18, 1907, which strictly forbid such measures as he referred to and condemned in the beginning of his protest. Nor does he fail to state that the first signer of the Hague Convention of 1907 was Baron Marschall von Bieberstein, the delegate of his Majesty the German Emperor, King of Prussia. He concludes his letter with these solemn and fearless words:

In the name of the freedom of the Church, in the name of the sanctity of the Catholic religion, in the name of international law, we condemn and reprove the seizure of the bells and organs of our churches; we forbid the clergy and Faithful of our diocese to coöperate toward their removal; we refuse to accept the price of the sacred objects taken from us by violence.

Strong in invincible hope, we await the hour of our God.

Photograph by Brown Brothers

CARDINAL MERCIER BLESSING AND SPRINKLING WITH HOLY WATER THE CLERGY AND PEOPLE ON HIS ARRIVAL AT ST. GEORGE'S CATHEDRAL, SOUTHWARK

God made Désiré Mercier a prince

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among men. A giant in stature, for he is six feet and ten inches tall, he has reached the clearest heights of the moral and spiritual sublime. He stands among ruins. He is not broken. He lives in the midst of the armed camp of his country's enemies. Their battalions have not made him quail. He has seen the pledges of international law and the sacred principles of morality trampled under foot. He has restated to the tyrant those eternal principles in words that will give them a new vitality for future ages. With his people he has suffered unspeakable wrong; under the blow he has not cringed or whimpered. Nor has his priestly soul yet learned to hate. He has been thrust face to face with the mystery of the most frightful war in the history of the race. He has not despaired of Providence, nor lost his faith in justice or in God. He sees his beloved Belgium in her agony. He loves her better with the crown of thorns upon her brow than in the days of her glory, and in his priestly and princely heart he knows that she will arise from her sorrows ennobled, strengthened, and purified. He is Belgium's champion, but he is also the spokesman, as eloquent as he is undaunted, of justice, liberty, humanity, and law. He has been the good shepherd of his flock, the guardian of his people, the loyal servant of his king. Before his shepherd's crook every generous man, every lover of freedom and truth, will bend in admiration and love.

My Last Visit to My Mother

By COUNT ILYA TOLSTOY

ITH all the other appalling news from Russia comes word of the devastation of the home of Leo Tolstoy and the burning of his manuscripts. This news is so horrible that I cannot believe it is true. I cannot believe the people can be so blinded as to attack a helpless old woman, the widow of the greatest man of Russia, and destroy the precious relics that have no other value except that of preserving the memory of this man.

Yasnaya Polyana is the Mecca and Medina of the Russian people. Here lived the greatest soul of Russia, the "Conscience of the World," as many called him during his lifetime. At times a man refuses to listen to the voice of this conscience. Its admonitions torment him. He tries to flee from it. But these efforts are vain. The more he endeavors to free himself, the greater is the torture.

Poor Russian people, you are so blinded and intoxicated by the light of liberty, which came to you so suddenly, that after centuries of slavery you do not see this light and you do not understand.

Before leaving Russia to sail for America a few weeks ago, I desired to see my mother at Yasnaya Polyana. I left Moscow on a night train, and at eight o'clock I was at the small station of Zasieka, next the town of Tula. I had no carriage, and as the distance is only two miles, I made the trip on foot. It was in the beginning of October. The untraveled road, bordered on both sides by woods, was miry and muddy. The yellow leaves, already falling, formed a soft carpet on which I trod. I was alone, and my mind was full of thoughts and reminiscences.

I recalled how seven years ago I had walked over this same road, together with a crowd of thousands of people, a procession following the coffin in which my father lay. That was also in the autumn, in the gray fog of the morning. It reminded me of those significant days when my father, burning with a desire for a complete change in his way of living, left forever the roof of his ancestors; when, morally invincible, he of his own free will went forth to meet death.

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Since that time many changes have come to Yasnaya Polyana. The house where my father dwelt is no longer the place to which the intellect of the world looks for the solution of moral doubts and the answer to spiritual questioning, the refuge of conscience. How many interesting people used to visit my father! Here one could see representatives of all classes and of all nations. Beggars came for the usual ten copecks that my father was accustomed to give them. These people used to gather under a large tree in front of the house, and my father would speak with each one of them about his life. He never left them without giving them words of consolation.

Visitors from Europe and America were always received with a warm hospitality. Almost all of the prominent persons of Russia and many celebrities from all parts of the world were guests at my father's home, writers, scientists, musicians, painters, sculptors, and even politicians. All were welcome there. He had the rare capacity to give to each one with whom he talked something of special interest and also to draw from every one something that was interesting to himself.

Now the home of my father is silent. The inhabitants of the house are widows, my mother, my mother's sister, and my own sister, together with her daughter, a charming little girl of about eight years. Everything is quiet in the house. My father's rooms are closed, and are kept by my mother exactly as they were when he left them. His bed is made as it was during his life. Over the head of the bed hangs the picture of my eldest sister. On a little table beside his bed are his watch and medicine-bottles. In another room are his writing-table, book-cases, and bookshelves. Some of the books he was reading before his departure lie opened just as he left them. Over the walls one sees pictures of his father, his brother, and of other members of his family. Here are also pictures of Dickens, Schopenhauer, and a large portrait of Henry George which was brought to him by Mr. George's son.

When you enter these rooms it seems as though my father were still living there, as though he had left it only a few moments ago, and might return at any minute. The large dining-room, which also was the reception-room of the house, is open. On the walls of this room are pictures of my father's ancestors. They are faded and blurred by the lapse of centuries. Here you see my great-grandfather, Count Ilya Tolstoy, for whom I am named, a kind-looking old gentleman who squandered an enormous fortune on festivals and various caprices and gaieties. He liked French wines best, and he used to send messengers to France by post to procure them. He could not tolerate linen laundered in Russia, so he had it sent by post to Holland. All this was one hundred and twenty years ago, before even the idea of railroads had entered the mind of man.

Here is another picture of another ancestor of mine, Prince Volkonsky, a proud old nobleman of the end of the eighteenth century, the former owner of the property of Yasnaya Polyana and the builder of the estate.

Again you see the picture of Prince Gorchakoff, father-in-law of Count Ilya Tolstoy, a handsome old gentleman with a periwig of the times of Catharine the Great; also the picture of the mother of Prince Gorchakoff, born Princess Mordkin, with a rosary around her neck. On the other side of the wall you see the pictures of my father, my two sisters, my mother, and some busts. These portraits were made by the best Russian artists, Repin, Gai, Kramskoi, Seroff, and Prince Troubetskoy. I love this room. It makes me think of the life of many past generations. My own brightest reminiscences are also associated with it. Here I spent my childhood, my youth, and many of the best hours of my life.

That morning, a few weeks ago, when I entered the house I was welcomed by the old servant who has been with us for more than twenty-five years, Ilya Vasilievitch.

"The countess has risen. Will you please go up-stairs?" he said.

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My mother was waiting for me at the top of the stairway. Although seventy-four years old, still she is in good health, active, erect, with hair not entirely gray.

"I knew that you would come, and I was expecting you," she said in greeting me. "Do you wish a cup of tea?"

"Yes," I answered.

The same large samovar that I remember for forty years was boiling on the table. Nothing had been changed. I felt that everything has remained as it had been for forty years. The only difference was that the door leading to my father's rooms was closed, and I felt that it would never open, that I would never again see in its frame the form of an old man dressed in a long, gray blouse, with large, gray eyes looking from under thick and drooping eyebrows. His eyes were so penetrating, that it was impossible to stand his gaze for any length of time. I always felt that he could see the depths of my soul. I could see his eyes looking at me now from Repin's portrait of him. Still, they are not quite his. No brush in the world could paint the living power of those eyes.

The life in Russia at the present time is very difficult for every one, including my mother. Even in Yasnaya Polyana, where everything speaks of my father's thought for the common people, where three generations of peasants were educated under his immediate influence, where he himself taught the peasants' children not only fifty years ago, but also in recent years, and where almost all the property that belonged to my father was distributed free among the people—even here the Revolution has brought deprivations. Not more than two weeks before my visit a mob of peasants—women, girls, and children from three surrounding villages—broke into our orchard and for three consecutive days stripped the trees of apples. The very day of my arrival the gardener came to my mother and told her that her cabbages had been stolen from the garden. Such lawlessness oppressed my mother. She did not wish to violate the principles which my father had held and preached; therefore she was unwilling to summon the police, the only aid to which she could resort. All this troubled her greatly.

The material side of life has other difficulties for her also. She had enough wheat to last only a few weeks. She is not able to buy it in other places, because of a new law in Russia that does not allow transportation of wheat from one place to another. Although her household is not large, still she feels obliged to maintain some of her old servants, who have been in the house for more than thirty years. She cannot dismiss them, because they are bound to our family by mutual love and attachment.

It is true that she could leave her home and live in the city, but she fears to do so. She fears to leave this house, where everything is full of the memory of her great husband. So she remains there as a faithful guard over his rooms, his library, and his relics. All that is precious not only to her and to our family, but also to every Russian.

While I was speaking with my mother, my sister and aunt entered the room. The conversation then became general. When I told them I was on my way to America, they all envied me. They asked me many questions about my last visit to America. In Russia, where now there is such a chaos of ideas, of political parties, and such a constantly changing current of thought, the organized and orderly life of America seems to be unattainable and unbelievable.

As everywhere now in Russia, the conversation turned to politics and the Revolution. We recalled the ideas of my father on this subject; recalled how strongly he used to deplore every form of violence and all excesses of revolutions. He used to say that the distance between the revolutionists, using violence, and true Christians was the greatest distance that can exist between two divisions of people. He used to illustrate the idea as follows:

"Imagine a broken ring. On the one side of the opening are the Christians, on

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the other side the violent revolutionists. Although these opposing forces seem to be very close, they are separated by the entire distance in this broken ring."

He used to say that he could not see any difference between the despotism of the czar and the despotism of any other ruler, and that a revolution could not contribute to the happiness of the common people. As every government exploits the people, he could see no difference between exploitation by one man and exploitation by another. After the Russian Revolution of 1905, he wrote in his diary:

"It is a very strange idea that one government must be replaced by another. Our duty is to explain that this is a false idea, and we must struggle against it. The best means of correcting this false idea is not to participate in what is wrong, but to explain the principles that will make evil impossible to justify. Every change in the form of government produced by violence would inevitably lead to another change that would have to be brought about also by violence. And all these changes are wrong, because every revolution lowers the morale of the country. . . .

"I was thinking to-day about the state of mind of the people who are taking active part in the Revolution. The principles that guide these people are envy, greed, and malice. These people have only to complain, and immediately there are at hand promoters of evil sentiments to encourage them in their discontent. Therefore the sin rests not upon the people, but upon the leaders. . . . The active forces of the Revolution are the press and agitators. These are moved by ambition, selfishness, and vanity, and also by envy and hatred. We must have compassion upon these miserable people, who are infected by this poison. We must exercise every power not only to free ourselves from it, but also to free others."

Recalling these words and applying them to the present events, we are forced to see that he was certainly right.

But, unfortunately, no one in Russia listens to his voice at the present time. People who share his ideas are forced to remain silent. The propaganda of the Bolsheviki has nothing in common with my father's ideas. Their policy is based upon violence. All the moral teachings of my father are based upon love and the entire repudiation of every kind of violence.

The seeds planted by him are still living. During the last year the interest in his philosophical ideas has increased visibly. For example, the number of visitors at the Tolstoy Museum in Moscow and in Petrograd last year was three times as great as in any previous year.

The educated class of Russia, the class whose moral and scientific enlightment is greater than is found in any other place in the world, is still living in Russia. Certainly the time will come when these people will be able to make themselves heard. I see the coming of this day. It is not far distant.

In the evening of my visit home the peasants of the village of Yasnaya Polyana showed themselves to be in sympathy with us. They held a meeting and denounced the attack made upon my mother's home. Remembering the many favors my father had done for them, they promised to protect all her property, and even expressed regret that her orchards and gardens had been looted by members of their families.

How typical is this little episode! How well it illustrates the state of mind of the whole Russian nation at the present time! Is not all Russia abusing the great idea of liberty? But I already hear the words of penitence that are coming. I hear these words in the mouths of millions of people.

That is what I thought on my way back to the station. The night was dark, and the ruts in the road were full of mud. In the midst of this darkness the stars shone brightly, inspiring hope and confidence.

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FIG. 14.—SKETCH FOR PAINTED GLASS OF WILD MAN WITH A CLUB By Hans Holbein, British Museum

Photograph by Donald Macbeth

Drawings of Old Masters

By SIR SIDNEY COLVIN

Formerly keeper of prints and drawings in the British Museum

I. The Heseltine Collection—

INTRODUCTORY

THE fine collection of old masters' drawings formed by a living amateur in London, Mr. John Postle Heseltine, was sold in November, 1912, to a firm of dealers for a price which even a dozen years ago would have sounded fabulous. The circumstance drew an unusual amount of public attention from the wrong end—that is, the commercial—toward a study of which the fascination had hitherto been felt only, or mainly, by an inner circle of special lovers of art. In the remarks that follow I shall illustrate what I have to say chiefly, though not exclusively, from drawings that formed part of the now famous Heseltine collection.

Finished pictures have over preparatory sketches and studies the paramount and obvious advantage of color and of the pleasure which a painted surface gives both by its own qualities and harmonies and by its half-illusive resemblance to the familiar aspects and variegation of the visible world. They have, besides, what is to many minds an inherent advantage in the mere fact that they are finished, that in

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them the painter's conception finds, according to the measure of his abilities, its full, intended realization. But against this various drawbacks exist. It often happens that in the labor of completion the hand and brain of the artist have grown cold and his senses dull by familiarity with the work during its progress; so that from the conception as finally embodied much of its original vitality and pre-imagined charm has escaped. Add, in the case of pictures of the older historic schools, that much of the completed work is often due not to the hand of the master himself, but to that of pupils and assistants, and worse, that in perhaps three cases out of four the surface we now see is not the true original surface, but one with which time and scaling and decay, accident and chemical change, veils of dirt and varnish, and the recklessness of the restorer in removing them, have played havoc. Drawings, being done on paper with silver point or pen, with pen and wash, with black or red chalk, or a mixture of both, and often touched with a white that soon oxidizes, suffer also, of course, from the injuries of time, but from injuries of a much less complicated kind than those of pictures. And by drawings we are taken, as nothing else takes us, into the privacy and inner confidence of the artist.

We see, first, the tentative searchings of his mind and hand as he feels his way toward his general design, and, next, the series of studies which he makes from nature in order to give body and realization to its several parts. In both these initial stages of his work the fire of his spirit, if he has any fire in him, burns freshly; the personality of his vision and the vivacity of his touch come before us undimmed. We seem to be with him as he works, and to watch how the design that is to be forms itself in his mind's eye from its beginnings; then we observe how the separate elements, which the design is to control into unity, realize themselves under his hand by selection and accentuation from the models that nature sets before him.

In thus following the stages through which the creative spirit guides the hand of an artist, we experience a sympathetic thrill of a different kind from that which we feel in admiring, however enthusiastically, the completed masterpiece, allowing that a masterpiece it has in truth turned out and remains to the present hour. The pleasure received in one case may be less full and round and rich than in the other; but it is also more intimate, confidential, and, as it were, privileged.

I have spoken so far as if the drawings of artists were entirely of two classes: namely, tentative sketches, made from nature or otherwise, for the general design of a picture,[1] and particular studies from nature for its several parts and details. These two classes do, indeed, cover a large part of the field; but in some schools, and especially in the Renaissance schools of Florence and those under Florentine influence, there was a third stage in the preparation of a picture or fresco—the production of a full-sized cartoon in black and white, from which the outlines of the composition, based on the preliminary drawings, were traced by pricking them on the surface that was to receive the painting. Such cartoons were executed either by the painter himself or by his pupils, and some of them—as, for example, those by Leonardo da Vinci and Michelangelo for their great rival battle-scenes in the hall of the public palace at Florence—were in their day among the most celebrated of all works of art, and drew enthusiastic crowds to view and praise them. Not many cartoons of this class have been preserved. I give as a specimen the upper half of that which is by far the most beautiful among them, the group of the Virgin and Child with St. Anne and St. John the Baptist, by Leonardo, in the possession of the Royal Academy in London, and shall return later to a discussion of it.

Great series of colored cartoons intended to be copied in tapestry, like those of Mantegna at Hampton Court and of Raphael at South Kensington, belong to

[1]These will be illustrated and described in more detail in the succeeding article.—THE EDITOR.

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a different category, and do not concern us here.

But several other classes of drawings remain which do concern us. One is the class made by artists in preparation not for paintings, but for woodcuts, engravings, or etchings. Toward the close of the fifteenth century and during the first half of the sixteenth an enormous number of woodcut illustrations were produced for the booksellers, especially in Germany; but only comparatively few preliminary sketches for them survive, the process having required that the finished drawing should be pasted upon the woodblock and destroyed in the cutting. As to drawings for engravings and etchings, the great original masters in either art, such as Dürer and Rembrandt, were accustomed to invent and work out most of the detail of their plates direct upon the copper as they went along, making relatively slight preliminary studies on paper, and sometimes none at all. We have a good many such sketches by Dürer for his engravings (Fig. 13) and a few by Rembrandt for his etchings; both are naturally among the chief prizes of the collector.

Another object for which drawings were frequently made in the sixteenth century, especially in southern Germany, Switzerland, and the Low Countries, was to serve as models for glass-painting. Apart from the great schemes of figure design required in churches, there was an extensive demand for small figured and colored panes to be used for memorial or decorative purposes in the windows of public buildings and of private houses. Biblical, heraldic, emblematic, and historic subjects were all in vogue, and, above all, designs to commemorate marriages. These designs were usually drawn in monochrome, leaving the glass-painter to follow prescription or his own taste as to color. Many such drawings have been preserved, some of them by famous artists. Let Fig. 14, by the great Hans Holbein, serve as a specimen of the class.

Last, and most numerous of all, there is the class of drawings that were done neither in preparation for given pictures or prints nor for glass-paintings nor for any definite ulterior purpose, but independently for their own sake, whether as notes and exercises by the artist for his private pleasure and self-training, in which case they are usually more or less rapid and summary, or in order to be given to friends or sold to patrons and collectors; and these drawings are likely to be more highly wrought and finished. By the date of Leonardo and Michelangelo in Italy and of Dürer and Holbein in Germany drawings thus made in the first instance as drawings only, though of course capable of ulterior use on occasion, had become a large part of every artist's production; and they remained so in a growing proportion afterward, especially among the painters of landscape and pastoral scenes in seventeenth-century Holland.

Sketches and studies of the masters in all these classes began early to be recognized by artists and lovers of art as treasurable things. Nevertheless, thousands of the best were lost in the ordinary way of carelessness, disappearing with the waste sweepings of a studio or in the clearance of an artist's effects after his death. Thus, when the great Florentine artist Fra Bartolommeo died, he left a multitude of drawings. Many of them passed into the hands of an artist-nun of the Convent of St. Catherine of Siena, Plautilla Nelli; and after Sister Plautilla's death it was discovered that the other sisters of her convent were using them as waste paper, for lighting fires and for who knows what? Great quantities had thus been destroyed before the remainder, to the number of five hundred, were rescued from their hands.

Sometimes an artist would destroy his drawings in a fit of self-dissatisfaction or moroseness,—this is what happened to many by the archmaster, Michelangelo,—but a good many have at all times been preserved through the zeal of pupils or heirs, and by the middle of the sixteenth century the race of collectors who specially prized and diligently sought for them began to arise. Some of such col-

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Photograph by Donald Macbeth

FIG. 13—SKETCH FOR AN ENGRAVING OF THE PRODIGAL SON. BY ALBRECHT DÜRER (PEN AND BISTER)

lectors were themselves artists, others, great princes or potentates in church or state.

Foremost among these collectors was Giorgio Vasari, the most tedious and pretentious of painters, but a wise amateur as well as the prince of biographical gossips. The next great Italian collector in this kind—the greatest, indeed, of all—was the Cardinal Leopoldo de' Medici, a pupil of Galileo and brother of the kindly and cultivated Grand Duke Ferdinand II. The cardinal's marvelous assemblage of Florentine and other drawings, arranged and partly acquired on the advice of his secretary, Filippo Baldinucci, is now one of the chief glories of the Uffizi Gallery.

Great amateurs, both in other countries of the Continent and in England, were not slow in taking up the pursuit. In the France of Louis XIV the chief collector was Evrard Jabach, a rich banker who was also a director of the French East India Company. When his affairs fell into disorder, his treasures, including more than five thousand drawings, were bought by the king, and they formed the nucleus of the magnificent collection of drawings in the Louvre.

In Austria an enthusiasm for this kind of collecting, and for other kinds, was due

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largely to the example of a great man of war, that frail and fiery captain, Prince Eugene, the energies of whose spirit included a passionate love of the fine arts. Resting after his victories against the marshals of France and against the Turk, Eugene summoned a young Frenchman, Pierre-Jean Mariette, the wealthy heir of a line of print-sellers and art-dealers, to classify and put in order both his own collection and those of the imperial house. Later, this same Mariette, living at Paris in the intimacy of the two great amateurs, Caylus, the courtly antiquary, and Crozat, the magnificent financier, became the most indefatigable, learned, and accomplished collector of prints and drawings that ever lived. Mariette acquired the pick of Crozat's drawings after his death, and hoped ultimately to see his collections bought by the king; but the hope failed, and when he died, in 1774, there was a mighty dispersal of his treasures.

Meantime England had not been behindhand. Drawings by the masters were included in the acquisitions of Charles I and of that prince and pioneer among English private collectors, Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel. After the dispersal of the king's treasures under the Commonwealth, most of his drawings passed abroad, many of them into the hands of Jabach, and so into the French royal collections. Lord Arundel's collections were dispersed by successive heirs within fifty years of his death, and some of his drawings found a resting-place with the Earls of Pembroke at Wilton, whence the incomparable series of English portrait-heads by Holbein passed by exchange into the royal collection.

The next great collector of drawings in England was Sir Peter Lely, who was followed in the taste by a succession of other artists: Jonathan Richardson, the accomplished painter-critic and intimate friend of Pope, Prior, Gay, and their circle; his son, Jonathan the younger; Thomas Hudson; Sir Joshua Reynolds; and, above and beyond all, Sir Thomas Lawrence. At the same time it became the fashion for a young English traveling nobleman or gentleman to employ agents in Italy to collect albums of drawings for the library of his country house, as well as pictures and antiques to adorn its walls and corridors. These collections contained for the most part a sprinkling of fine things among a mass of insipid, decadent academic work by later schools of Italy. Many of them have been dispersed, one of the earliest and greatest, that of Lord Sawers, as long ago as 1714; some others remain intact, as, for example, that of the Dukes of Devonshire, at Chatsworth, the richest and best chosen of all, and that of the Earls of Leicester, at Holkham. The example of these great noblemen and gentlemen of the eighteenth century was followed by George III, who enriched his library at Windsor by the purchase of the magnificent collection of drawings belonging to the Albani family in Rome, as well as of others from Consul Smith at Venice.

But neither king nor nobleman could match Sir Thomas Lawrence as a collector. The most courtly and courteous of portrait-painters and of Academy presidents, Lawrence cared little at heart for his worldly successes, while this pursuit was the chief passion of his life. He spent more money on it than he could afford, the upheavals of the revolutionary and Napoleonic epochs, through which he lived, giving him opportunities such as had never occurred before. When he died, in 1830, he left a collection by the great masters unequaled as to quality and choiceness even by that of Mariette or any other of the most famous amateurs. It was offered *en bloc* for sixteen thousand pounds, barely a third of its value even then, successively to the king, to Sir Robert Peel, to Lord Dudley, to the trustees of the British Museum, to the National Gallery, and to other public bodies, and by all was successively refused. Such is the wisdom and economy in such matters of treasuries and governments and statesmen! If it came into the market now, its value, taking that of the Heseltine collection as a scale, could not be computed at anything under a million pounds. Since

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its dispersal, the competition of public museums and private collections for this class of treasure has formidably increased, while the available supply has fast diminished. Much has long been, and more is daily being, immobilized in the permanent national, royal, municipal, university, and other public cabinets of the Continent and of Great Britain. Nevertheless, at the beginning of the Victorian period, before the richly endowed and highly instructed competition of Berlin made itself felt, the collections of earlier amateurs came into the market, both in England and abroad, in sufficient numbers and at sufficiently moderate prices to enable private buyers, like Dean Wellesley, Mr. Robert S. Holford, Mr. C. S. Bale, Mr. Roupell, Mr. William Russell, Mr. Henry Vaughan, names once famous in the London salesrooms, to compete with a good measure of success. Contemporary with these were such famous French collections as M. Galichon, M. Reiset, and M. de Chennevières.

There still survives one veteran, not of those days, but of half a generation later, Sir John C. Robinson, sometime director of art studies at the South Kensington Museum and keeper of the queen's pictures. Of drawings he was from the first a fine connoisseur and an omnivorous collector. Thirty or forty years ago the bulk of his best things passed into the hands of the late Mr. John Malcolm of Poltalloch, a great Highland laird who was also a princely collector, and whose treasures were acquired in 1896 for the print-room of the British Museum. Mr. Malcolm was almost the last private buyer of drawings who was able to acquire in considerable numbers fine examples of the great chiefs of the Italian schools, Leonardo, Michelangelo, and Raphael. With few exceptions, the works of these men are now absorbed in public galleries.

The younger generation of amateurs, who began to collect about or after 1870, have had for the most part to content themselves with the handiwork of lesser men, or men, if not lesser, whose fame has not resounded so generally or so long. In that generation the most active and successful collectors have been, in England, Mr. Heseltine; next to him Mr. Fairfax Murray, whose treasures passed into the hands of the late Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan; and next, the late Mr. George Salting, whose drawings, however, were only a minor matter compared with his vast and magnificent collections in other kinds —all now the property of the nation. On the Continent there have been, above all, the collection of the celebrated portrait-painter Léon Bonnat in Paris, and, in Berlin, that of Herr Adolf von Beckerath. The last-named collection, like many others, has become public property by passing *en bloc* into the treasures of the Berlin print-room.

Mr. Heseltine's tastes as a collector have been remarkably many-sided, and his judgment from the first has been remarkably sure and personal. The drawings in his portfolios have ranged impartially from the Italian primitives down to the living artists, both British and Continental, of his own day. Like any genuine amateur depending on his own expert judgment and not on other people's advice, he has necessarily had special predilections, and the result of these is manifest in special features of his collection. Rembrandt, Claude, and the whole series of French idyllic, decorative, and illustrative artists of the eighteenth century, including and following Watteau, are perhaps the three most salient groups that stand out prominently from the rest as adding a special distinction to his collection.

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Culture

By MARGARET ASHMUN

Illustrations by P. de Leslie

It was Saturday morning, and Ellen Grassett was hurrying with her work, so that she and Lester could be off for the alluring April Woods. Ellen was small and trim, with bright, brown eyes and pink cheeks; her mouth was quietly determined. To-day her face showed an inner concentration as she made the sitting-room neat, running the carpet-sweeper over the green Axminster square, and emptying the burned matches from the brass smoking-set that she had given Lester for Christmas. She sighed as she performed this latter task. It was too bad that Lester would smoke; a high-school principal has such responsibilities toward the public. She polished the tray with careful hands.

On the mission table in the center of the room lay the "Oxford Book of Verse," from the public library. Ellen took it up and read a short poem, slowly, painstakingly, almost sternly; she repeated lines of it while she straightened the books and magazines on the table. In an overlapping row were certain weekly periodicals. Every week Ellen examined them, conscientiously taking notes, which she "went over" when she mended stockings or kneaded bread. Now she glanced through the newest, and went on with her dusting.

When she had finished, she looked about her with satisfaction. On the green walls hung brown-framed sepia prints of Burne-Jones's "Hope," the Colosseum, and Sargent's "Hosea." Green silk draperies overshadowed curtains of écru voile. How she had saved and scrimped to buy those silk draperies! They were an extravagance; but she had made up her mind that Lester should have an artistic home and that the women of Clearford should see one properly furnished house. She had pondered long over the color-scheme of her parlor, and had settled upon green because it was always "right." One could not go far astray in using that restful tone, the home journals always said.

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On a low taboret with a Battenberg lace cover stood a sword-fern with sweeping green leaves. Ellen was moving the fern a little nearer the window when she saw Lester coming in at the gate. There was a look on his tanned, boyish face that made her stop and stare. He burst into the room, tramping April mud upon the Axminster square, a fact which Ellen was too curious to notice.

"What is it, Les?" she questioned eagerly.

"You 'll never guess in a hundred years." Lester Grassett took a letter from his pocket, and threw his overcoat upon a chair. "You 'll never guess, but you 'll be crazy about it when you hear."

"Oh, what?"

Lester waved the letter.

"Professor Rayne of the physics department in the university—you know I 've often told you how he complimented me on my work when I was there; he said to me, you remember, 'Grassett,' he said—"

"Yes, yes," cried Ellen, impatiently, a frown coming between her eyes; "but the letter—what does it say?"

"Well, listen, then. He 's offered me —an instructorship in the physics department."

"Les! not really!" Ellen took hold of the back of a chair.

"See for yourself. It 's down in black and white, or purple and white, rather." He thrust the type-written letter before her. "Now will you believe me, Mrs. Grassett?" Lester kissed her on her very red cheek.

Ellen sat down and drew a long breath.

"You—you 'll take it Lester?" She hardly dared ask the question.

Lester pushed the hair back from his forehead as he did when much moved.

"ELLEN . . . READ A SHORT POEM"

"Take it! Why, my first thought was how much it would mean to you to be in Jefferson, to meet the kind of people you 've always wanted to know—you, with your culture—" He paused and looked at her admiringly.

Ellen flushed happily.

"I guess," she said deprecatingly, "that I won't count for much in a place like Jefferson."

"I 'll trust you to count anywhere. Are n't you *the* literary light here?"

"Oh, here!" Mrs. Grassett's tone was voluble.

"I know you have n't had much chance in a town like this; but there are some things about Clearford that are not at all bad." Lester's voice softened. "The people have been mighty good to us."

"Yes, they have, Les; but—"

"I know. I want to go on your account. You need to be in a place where you can show for what you 're worth. The women here are n't up to you."

"They 're nice, Lester," protested Ellen, with a guilty sense of disloyalty to her friends. "You know I 've always said how nice they were; but their ideas about reading and their taste,—figured carpets, and cushions with heads on them,—those things don't grate on you, perhaps, but they do on me."

"I 'm sorry I don't know much about such matters," said Lester Grassett, humbly. "I guess you 'll have to go on accumulating the culture for the whole family. Got the sandwiches ready? Can I help?"

"No; everything is all ready on the kitchen-table. I can go as soon as I change my dress."

In the little town of Clearford it was not far in any direction to the woods and

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fields. Ellen and Lester were soon beyond the last of the gray-painted houses, and were striding across a pasture where the brown turf was showing healthy signs of green. Ellen wore a gray sweater under her blue jacket and a gray tam on her head. Her high color and blowing hair made her look very girlish. Lester, the skirts of his unbuttoned overcoat flapping, carried the grape-basket of lunch neatly tied up with a blue-and-white checked glass-towel. On the way there was talk of nothing but Jefferson.

In the woods the two fell silent, looking about happily at the tall, straight boles of the elms, and the underbrush spreading its thin, pinkish-green veil over the distances. Under foot the sodden brown leaves had yielded to hepaticas, velvety-yellow dog-tooth violets, and ferns in convoluted, hairy fronds. Ellen leaned her cheek against Lester's sleeve.

"Are n't you glad we have each other, Les?" she asked impulsively.

"Yes, I should say!" Lester's tone was a trifle absent. Then he said, as if thinking aloud, "I suppose it 'll be only fair for me to resign right away."

"Of course. They 'll want to look around for a new man."

"It 's rather too bad. The board was so fine about giving me that hundred-dollar raise, and I was just getting the gymnasium fixed up, and—"

Ellen looked alarmed.

"But, Lester, you 'll never get anywhere if you think of those things. Every year there would be something."

"Well, it 's hard for me to pull up stakes so suddenly. It 's different with you." He broke off a basswood twig and crumbled it in his hands. "Do you remember when we were at the normal—when we were first engaged—I used to say, 'You 'll get your chance sometime, Miss High-brow.' Do you remember?"

"Yes. And those two years when you were at the university I made up my mind that even if I could n't go, and if I did have to stay at home and teach in the grades, I 'd work hard and get some culture myself."

"You got more than I did," admitted Lester, ruefully. "I tell you, when you 're working your way through, and trying to come across with all the dope that those old fossils of professors expect you to hand out to them, you don't have much chance to think about 'aht' and 'litachooah.' "

"Lester, how can you use such language?" Ellen smiled leniently. "I 'm glad you try to be a little careful in school; but you 'll have to reform altogether when we get to Jefferson."

"Hang Jefferson!" cried Lester, recklessly. "I 'm hungry as a bear."

They sat down on a flat stone to eat their lunch. There were thin lettuce sandwiches, transparent slices of cold lamb, and the daintiest of cakes done up in lace-edged paper doilies. Ellen liked to have things "nice" even on a picnic.

"ELLEN AND LESTER WERE SOON BEYOND THE LAST OF THE GRAY-PAINTED HOUSES"

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"I wonder," meditated Lester, taking the greater part of his fourth sandwich at a bite, and watching a hen-hawk circling against the swirling white clouds—"I wonder if we can make it go all right. The salary 's two hundred dollars less than we 'd have here, and the cost of living in Jefferson—you don't know—is awful."

"Don't be a wet blanket, Les." Ellen was still nibbling at the first sandwich she had taken. "We have our nice genteel furniture, and you know I 'm good at making my clothes look well with little money, and we 've saved quite a lot these last two years. O Les, it 's such an opportunity! You would n't—"

"No, Angel Child, I would n't."

But Grassett's gray eyes still watched the free hawk sailing, and his forehead was furrowed with calculations.

"THEY SAT DOWN ON A FLAT STONE TO EAT THEIR LUNCH"

In the middle West, Jefferson is famous for its perfect autumn weather. To Ellen Grassett the bright autumn days seemed inexpressibly lovely. She thought she would never tire looking at the college buildings, with their masses of brilliant vines, the flaming maples upon the campus, the lake, deep blue, with sparkling white-caps, and the purple hills that encircled the town.

The Grassetts had taken a four-room flat at a price that made Ellen gasp a little. After many experiments she had disposed to its best advantage the Clearford furniture, exulting in the fact that it had "come through" so well. During the first weeks she was busy getting settled, lengthening curtains, putting lace-paper on pantry- and closet-shelves, and investigating the grocery stores. Lester was absorbed in his laboratory work and involved in the machinery of his department. Every evening Ellen left her supper dishes, and she and Lester strolled on the lake shore, where endless, jostling streams of students distracted them not a little from the glory of the sunset. Ellen wondered secretly why these students did not take themselves more seriously and why they did not seem more impressed with their opportunities. They seemed to keep up a continual gabble and chatter about nothing.

Sometimes in the afternoon Ellen went to a lecture "on the Hill," though she hated going alone. In Clearford the high-school lectures were always in the evening, and Lester could go with her.

"I went to a lecture on Ibsen," she told Lester one day at supper. "I was so glad that I had read one of his plays—that 'Doll-House' thing that I told you about once." Lester looked blank. "You know, I told you how immoral I thought it was."

Lester laughed.

"They don't mind a little thing like that here. I 've heard the fellows tell about the peculiar stuff they had to read. Why, there 's one course—Restoration Drama, I think they call it—whew!"

"I 've always intended to read up on that period,"—Ellen blushed a little,—"we had a lesson or two on it at normal."

"Don't," replied Lester, earnestly. "I don't want my wife reading such stuff."

Ellen poured him another cup of tea.

"I suppose I might take some kind of course here in the university," she said, "if I thought I 'd have time for it."

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"SHE THOUGHT SHE WOULD NEVER TIRE LOOKING AT THE COLLEGE BUILDINGS"

"It might be a good idea," responded Lester, helping himself to another salmon-fritter.

It began to look as if Ellen might have time for many things. She had pictured herself as "going a good deal," being invited out, meeting interesting people, conversing brightly on topics of the day, new novels, and even more frivolous subjects, and having people in for Sunday dinner, with a roast chicken and carnations on the table, and her famous caramel ice-cream, followed by a polite chorus of praise. She had not considered very definitely how one came to know the pleasant people who invited one, and whom one reciprocally entertained; but no doubt it would all work out easily in various ways. Clearford society had thought her very "easy to get acquainted with."

Now, after the ideal weather, a long stretch of autumn rains kept her indoors. The house was in perfect order; there seemed to be nothing to do. A former high-school student from Clearford was a freshman in the university; they had him in for supper one night. The woman from down-stairs came up to call, but Ellen thought her unrefined. Her husband was an assistant somewhere in the agricultural school. Books somehow palled upon Ellen; she had expected so many other things. She found herself wondering what the people in Clearford were doing; how Mrs. Black's cousin from Iowa "took" at the afternoon sewing-parties, what kind of paper Mrs. Ellis had put on her parlor, and whether the Woman's Club would make a success of the public debate on suffrage. She had made out the program herself the spring before. She worried about expenses, too.

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AT PROFESSOR RAYNE'S PARTY

It was hard to have things "nice" without paying an outrageous penalty in grocery bills. And all the time she was trying to crush a sense of disappointment and ennui that strove to make itself felt in her heart.

Then late in October there came a card of invitation from Professor and Mrs. Rayne for an afternoon reception or tea. "Now!" thought Ellen. But she did not say it. There were misgivings that kept her very still. She spent long, nervous hours in furbishing up her best blue-silk dress, tacking on a lace collar, sewing fluffy net ruffles in the sleeves, and arranging a pink-velvet rose at a correct point on the bodice. She looked through recent magazines until she had the events of the month at the tip of her tongue; in her mind she went over clever dialogues in which she was the chief speaker, putting in amusing quotations from the books of the day; she finished reading "Flower of the Tree," the novel that was creating a sensation. Surely there would be some talk about that.

When the day came, there was rain, and she had to wear her suit, with her laciest blouse, white-kid gloves, and the pink-velvet rose. At the door she had a panic. A small mahogany table, conspicuously placed, held a brass tray upon which people were dropping cards. Ellen pinched Lester's arm.

"O Les, I did n't know they brought cards!" She felt disgraced forever.

"Never mind," whispered Lester, reassuringly. "I don't believe they 'll ever look to see if we contributed or not."

They went up-stairs to opposite bedrooms to remove their wraps. Ellen saw that despite the rain many women wore dresses of silk and net and even muslin. She thought regretfully of the blue gown at home, but consoled herself with the sight of a few women in suits and fancy blouses. She went down-stairs, holding her hands very tight together. Professor Rayne, a short, black-bearded man with remarkably piercing black eyes, recognized Lester, and introduced both the Grassetts to Mrs. Rayne. She was a sweet-faced woman, in a very modish costume of gray and pink chiffon.

"How do you do, Mrs. Grassett?" she said cordially. "I hope you 'll like Jefferson."

"Oh, I 'm sure I shall," answered Ellen, brightly. "It seems—"

But other people were crowding in behind them, and Mrs. Rayne's eye had already wandered over the shoulders of the Grassetts. They were gently forced into a corner of the sitting-room, where they stood irresolute.

Nobody said anything to them. Presently a maid offered them tea and cakes, and they ate and drank, Ellen holding her cup gracefully, with fingers lifted. They tried to talk animatedly to each other, but there seemed to be nothing to say. Mrs. Rayne came up and spoke impersonally to them for a moment, remarking on the bad weather and great numbers of new people in the university; then a maid whispered to her, and she excused herself with a worried look, leaving them again to their own resources.

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Relieved of the necessity of talking, Ellen took a careful survey of the rooms and their furnishings. The walls were a soft, warm "burlapsy" color, and the furniture—there seemed little of it—was of dark mahogany; Ellen had seen such pieces in the pages of home and art magazines that she occasionally examined in the public library. There were hardly any pictures. On the wall near Ellen the only ornament was a large dark-framed print of a stout woman in a yellow dressing-jacket putting on a string of beads; the predominating color was a clear, exquisite blue. Some people standing near by remarked the picture and murmured, "Vermeer." Ellen had never heard the name of the artist before, but instinct told her that the picture was "good." On a table there was a square of old Chinese embroidery of the same dull, yet luminous, blue, with yellowish flowers upon it. The rugs also had touches of blue.

Following the shifting motion of the company, Ellen and Lester moved over so that they stood near the library-door, where Ellen had a view of rows and piles of books, a painted portrait of a woman, yellow flowers in low crackleware jars, and odd things that must have come from abroad. Her eyes noted them all with greedy interest.

After a while she began to listen to what other people were saying. It seemed as if every one had just come back from Europe. "A little place that we know of in France," a dark, handsome woman was saying languidly; "no tourists, and the most delectable salads. Frederick wanted to finish his new book." Ellen caught her breath. What must it be like to have a husband who wrote books? She imagined herself saying, "My husband's latest book"; but poor Lester, she thought, would never be hanged for publishing anything. She sighed, and returned to her eavesdropping. "The winter in Fiesole—" "Yes, wonderful—" "Some manuscripts in the Vatican—" "Well, of course, we 'd been in Rome before, so—" "The funniest thing happened to us in Paris; we were walking in the Bois, and—" "Lectures at the Sorbonne"—"The awful food in England." A long-haired man with a sallow, unshaven face was talking in a loud voice about "my sonnets in 'The Globe Magazine.'" A professor's wife in comfortably dowdy, black net was giving a younger woman a receipt for nut-bread. Ellen wanted to tell her receipt, too,—it was much better,—but dared not risk being snubbed. One of Lester's colleagues in the department came up and shook hands in a friendly way, murmuring, "Bad weather, awful crush," but found his wife beckoning him across the room, and departed, saying he guessed it was time to go.

"Let 's go, too," entreated Lester, with a dreary look on his face. They made their way up-stairs, where Ellen looked

"SHE SPENT LONG, NERVOUS HOURS"

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curiously at the chintz hangings and plain, bare walls. Her idea of an artistic bedroom had always been rose wall-paper and draped muslin.

They did not talk much on the way home. Ellen's face was burning, and her eyes were clouded.

"They dress pretty well here, don't they?" said Lester, briefly.

"Yes," answered Ellen, taking hard hold of her umbrella.

"It must be quite a strain for some of them on the salaries they get."

Ellen did not reply, and they plodded on dumbly through the rain.

When they got home, Ellen went into her bedroom to change her blouse and put on an apron. The pink paper and the oak dresser irritated her. She stood in the sitting-room door buttoning her light calico apron and looked critically about. The green rug, the green walls,—the landlord had done them over freshly,—the mission table in the middle of the room, the sepia prints—what was the matter with them? "They 're all right, I know they 're all right," she kept repeating to herself; "they 're in perfectly good taste." And yet—that Vermeer, with those lovely blue and yellow tones, the rugs, the French journals on the library-table, the flowers, the fire on the hearth—

As she brought out the fruit-salad, and took the macaroni and cheese out of the fireless cooker, she turned things over in her mind.

"Les, what did you think of Professor Rayne's house?" she asked, after they had been eating silently for a few minutes.

"I did n't notice much about it," answered Lester, vaguely. "It seemed so sort of toned down, just a kind of background—"

"I wonder," mused Ellen. She was absorbed in thought for the rest of the evening.

Several weeks passed. The Grassetts went to a Y. M. C. A. concert and heard Schumann-Heink. Ellen was thrilled and happy. She had always longed for music.

"It 's worth while to be where we can hear such things," she remarked, "even if—"

"What?" asked Lester.

"Nothing," replied his wife, looking embarrassed.

They went to church nearly every Sunday, and were sometimes spoken to by kindly people. They would have gone to the evening lectures at the university, but Lester always had note-books and quiz-papers to look over or studying to do, for he was taking a graduate course. Ellen did not dance; hence the faculty "parties" did not offer a means of social adventure.

Ellen tried going to the University Women's League. A number of well-dressed women read a play of Lady Gregory's that Ellen did not understand very well, and there were tea and thin cakes. Mrs. Rayne stood beside Ellen without recognizing her, and talked long with a charming Mrs. Mitchell. Ellen struck up a conversation with a lonely-looking, plainly dressed woman who looked as if she might make a very good friend. Ellen liked her much, but the woman said she lived out in Winger Park and had three small children. It was of no use, Ellen thought; distance and babies were not conducive to friendships. She did not go to the next meeting of the league.

Day after day passed. A few people called, chiefly wives of instructors in science departments. They stayed only a short time, and left cards on the edge of the mission table. Ellen did not know whether she ought to serve tea or not. No one "ran in," as the neighbors used to do in Clearford, to talk over the declamation contest or ask for help on a Woman's Club paper. Ellen grew intolerably restless and lonely.

"I 'll take some courses in the university," she announced at last. She decided on French and modern drama.

The course in modern drama was a

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revelation to her. It was given by Professor Galbraith, who was nicknamed, with equal sincerity by the two factions of his admirers, "Sir Galahad" and "The Devil's Disciple." He was young, good-looking, witty, learned, tenderly sympathetic, and maliciously sarcastic. Ellen had never seen such a man. He had read everything and been everywhere. He made her feel the bigness and complexity of the world. She felt somehow as if a door had opened before her.

The plays she read, the discussions in class, the lectures by Professor Galbraith, and his scintillating criticisms held her breathless. She read feverishly, haunting the dramatic section of the stacks, to which, through Lester's position, she had gained access. In class she was rapt, eager-eyed, and fascinated. She thought sometimes that Galbraith looked at her as if he understood how she felt. Once, when a number of people had failed to respond to a particularly penetrating question, he looked over at Ellen and said quietly, "I am sure Mrs. Grassett can tell us." Flushing as much with happiness as with embarrassment, Ellen replied with an ease and eloquence that astonished herself. Her reading of current reviews had not been in vain. And to be noticed by Sir Galahad! She applied herself more intensely to learning, that she might be worthy of his approval.

Once or twice she had to have a short conference with him regarding a paper that she was writing. He asked her a few questions about herself. "You take hold of this admirably," he said, smiling irresistibly across her much-scored manuscript; "you have a good mind." After that their eyes met oftener over the heads of the class. Ellen wondered sometimes what his wife was like and how she could contain her pride in such a husband.

Toward the end of the winter she and Lester went to the president's annual reception, a perfunctory affair to which all and sundry were invited. Ellen wore her embroidered white voile, and a blue band in her hair. She did not forget the cards this time, and she cherished no illusions.

"We need n't expect any one to speak to us," she said grimly; "we must content ourselves with looking at the animals."

Lester went obediently, though he would rather have stayed at home. The crush was terrific. People surged to and fro in strange and varied costumes. The rooms were stifling; the clatter was loud and persistent. In the midst of the confusion flurried maids handed about interminable trays of pink ice-cream and cakes with multi-colored icing.

Ellen and Lester stood in the doorway between the parlors and frankly stared about. Everybody but themselves seemed to find some one to talk to. All at once Ellen heard a voice beside her:

"You see, I 've arrived at last, after crossing a Red Sea of ice-cream." She knew before she looked up that the voice belonged to Professor Galbraith. "I saw you across the room," he went on, taking her hand and holding it for the fraction of a second. She introduced Lester, who looked curiously at the man of whom he had heard his wife speak with such enthusiasm. "I have n't seen you before at any of the faculty affairs," murmured

PROFESSOR RAYNE

Galbraith, his fine hazel eyes fixed on her flushed, adoring face. Ellen thought him unusually handsome in his evening clothes and without the reserve of the class-room.

"[illegible] — don't go out much." She [illegible]gnancy of regret in her

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tone. "It—it 's hard to get acquainted here, don't you think?"

"It ought not to be for you," Galbraith replied in a low voice. Ellen's head went round. She looked at him without speaking. Lester gazed at them inquiringly. The chatter about him was so insistent that he had not heard what Ellen and Galbraith were saying. "I was paying compliments to your wife," said Galbraith, easily; "but no doubt you know better than any one else how much she deserves them."

"I think she 's as good as she is clever," answered Lester; "and that 's saying a good deal both ways."

"O Les!" protested Ellen. Her husband's outspoken way seemed to her exceedingly crude beside the urbanity of Galbraith.

"I quite agree with you," replied the professor, quickly. "She 's not the ordinary woman." And then he changed the subject, pointing out to them the noted figures of the university: research experts, practical scientists, authors of books, wives and daughters of heads of departments, and the president's two hoydenish daughters, who looked ill dressed despite their delicate blue and pink silks. His remarks, irreverent and satirical, kept them in a whirl of laughter. When he turned to go, he held Ellen's hand for another fraction of a second. "Mrs. Galbraith will send you and your husband a card for our Sunday afternoons," he said. "We have a few interesting people, and there 's a lot of good talk." Nodding to Lester, he was gone.

PROFESSOR GALBRAITH

Ellen went home with her heart throbbing. Again a door had opened before her. Absorbed in her dreams, she did not have much to say to Lester, who preserved a troubled silence.

"A FEW PEOPLE CALLED"

A few evenings later, as he was sitting down to his work in the quiet little flat, he said suddenly:

"It seems queer to me that we have n't made more friends this year, that you have n't made some women friends—you, with your culture—" He had never spoken in that way before.

Ellen bit her lip, and tears came into her eyes.

"Lester," she burst out, her breast heaving with coming sobs, "it 's no use pretending any longer. I found out months ago that I have n't any more culture than a—a rabbit! I was a poor conceited thing. These people here know things that I never heard of. I have so much to learn that I don't know where to begin. How could I ever have thought—how could I *ever,* and how you could let me think—" Her voice trailed off into tears.

Lester Grassett, being a blunderingly wise husband, let her cry it out on his shoulder.

"Never mind, Ellie," he said at last; "you suit me all right. I 'd rather have you than a hundred of those women that talk about cathedrals and Fee-ay-so-lay."

"But—but—" sobbed Ellen. She could

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not find words for what was in her thought.

"And, anyway," Lester went on, expressing an idea that he had long pondered in his heart, "perhaps there are people in the East who would think that these people here were not so very cultivated, just as you thought the women at Clearford. And then perhaps there are others, in Oxford or Vienna, who would think the Eastern high-brows pretty poor stuff. And then maybe there 'd be some one else, in Japan or India or Heaven knows where, who would n't give a bean for the Oxford bunch. This matter of culture, it seems to me, is a kind of relative business."

"O Les," cried Ellen, wiping her eyes and smiling rather pityingly, "you don't understand."

"Probably not," conceded Lester, with humility. "My ideas don't amount to much, I know." After a moment he said hesitatingly: "I had a letter a day or two ago from the school board in Clearford. It came to the office, and I did n't say anything about it because I wanted to think it over. That man Evans has made an awful mess of things, just as we heard, and the board want me to plan to come back next year. I 'll bet I could straighten things out. Shall we go back, Ellen?" Lester's voice was eager, almost appealing. "You know, if I stay here, I 'll have to go in for a doctor's degree. And you could count for so much in Clearford—the Literary Society, the Woman's Club, and the parties. Shall we go?"

Ellen was silent for a long time. She clung to her husband's coat with nervous fingers.

"Do you want so much to go, Lester?" she said at last.

Grassett looked down at her flushed, uncertain face. His expression changed.

"I want to do what would make you the happiest," he answered gently.

"It is n't so much a question of happiness," Ellen said, as if she were seeking arguments for herself. "It 's a question of what 's best for us—I mean best in the true sense. It 's good for us to climb up to something higher, is n't it?"

"M-maybe," yielded Lester, without enthusiasm.

But Ellen burst out more passionately:

"O Lester, there 's no use in talking about it. I can't go back. We can go to Europe in the summer,—you know I have that money that I saved when I was teaching, and you 'll be getting a little increase in salary here,—and after a while we can have some different furniture for the house. I 'm learning so many things! I can't give it up now. It 's got into my blood."

"Then we 'll stay," said Lester Grassett. He just concealed a tinge of disappointment in his tone.

"Some day I can be as good as any of

"SHE READ FEVERISHLY"

them," Ellen went on breathlessly. "I 'm sure, I 'm sure I can!"

The old loyalty lighted Lester's eyes.

"I 'll dare any one to say you can't," he exclaimed. "They all had to make a start at some time or other. Why, Allom was telling me the other day that old Professor Farquhar—in our department, you know—was a lumber-jack in the early days, and his wife, before she was married, taught school in a log school-house in a half-breed township."

"Look at them now," returned Ellen, triumphantly. "And we 're a long way ahead of what they were. If I—we—can just have a trip to Europe and some more courses in the university and a chance to get in with some of the best people here and learn to talk as they do—"

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"I guess we can make it, Ellie," said Lester, with a grim smile. "It 'll take a long pull and a strong pull to haul me up to cultured heights; but you 'll be there before you know it."

Ellen ignored the last remark.

"Is it settled, then?" she asked solemnly. The traces of tears were gone from her face.

Lester nodded slowly without speaking.

Ellen sighed.

"We 'll start all over again," she said, her mouth taking its determined line.

Lester Grassett held her closer.

"Ellie," he began, "you won't—"

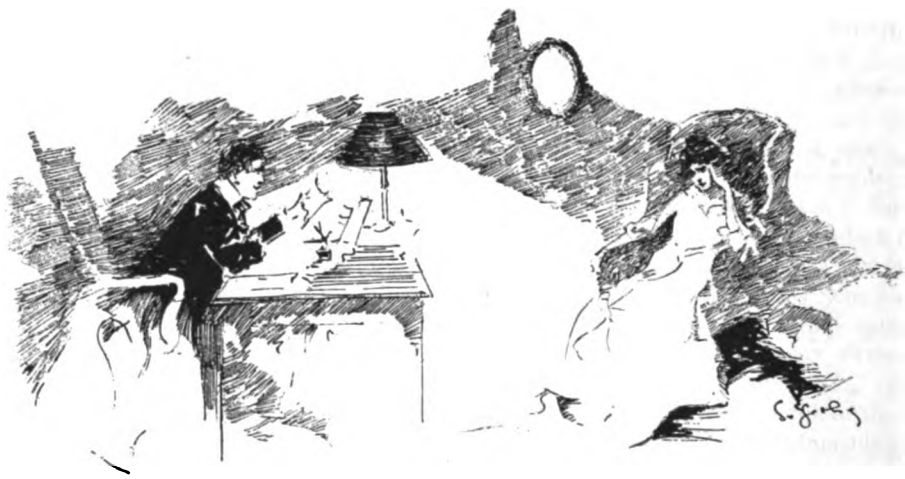
"What, dear?"

"You won't get so that you care more for culture than you do for—me?"

"Silly! As if I could!" Ellen said, and shook him reprovingly by the lapels of his coat.

For a minute there was in Lester's eyes the look with which he had watched the free hawk sailing on that April day almost a year before. Then he drew a long breath, and loosened his wife's hands with his own.

"I 'll write a lofty letter to Clearford to-morrow," he said, "or, rather, Mrs. Grassett, I 'll dictate it to my stenographer." He took out his watch. "And by the same token, I 'd better get at this pile of work, or I sha'n't be through till morning." He turned to the mountain of note-books and quiz-papers under the student-lamp.



Song

By EDWARD J. O'BRIEN

She goes all so softly,
  Like a shadow on the hill,
A faint wind at twilight
  That stirs, and is still.

She weaves her thoughts whitely,
  Like doves in the air,
Though a gray mound in Flanders
  Clouds all that was fair.

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Our "Toy" Dreadnoughts

By HERMAN WHITAKER

Photographs by courtesy of Chaplain G. E. T. Stevenson, U. S. N.

THIS is the saga of the toy dreadnoughts, the redoubtable "tin fleet" that sailed out of Hampton Roads a year ago to pick up the glove of defiance cast on the world's waters by Fritz of the submarines.

They had not been designed for such uses. Their wealth of polished teak, mahogany, and glittering brass would have blinded the skipper of an ocean tramp. Their cabins were luxurious boudoirs for the pretty women and children they carried in summer weather up and down Long Island Sound. Until, like the black bursting of a typhoon, the war swept them into its seething caldron, their snowy decks had known no harder usage than the patter of little feet dancing under canopies of colored lanterns. They were merely pleasure baubles of the wealthy.

Refitted and armed, they sailed, and were lost to view in the war fogs that blanket European waters. Unseen, unheralded, unheard of, the "tin fleet" entered upon the performance of an amazing duty.

What did it do? Well, as we all know, the winning of the war is altogether dependent upon the ability of our allies and ourselves to maintain sea communications. Germany acknowledged this when she chose war with the United States rather than abandon unrestricted submarine war. She felt that all she had to do was to stop them and us from delivering in Europe our armies and the supplies to maintain them; also the vast war material contributed by Canada, the United States, South America, the Pacific Isles, New Zealand, Australia, Africa, and all that Asian trade that comes around the Cape of Good Hope. This enormous aggregation of shipping passes through a triangle the base of which extends from Canada to Cape Horn and has its apex in a bottle-neck a hundred miles wide between Ireland and Ushant. Through that neck ten thousand ships pass in and out every week.

It was this fact which caused the Germans to establish submarine bases at Ostend and Zeebrugge. The U-boats could be brought through the Bruges Canal from Germany, and pass through the bottle-neck into the thick of allied shipping. It was this fact that underlay the British strategy in their successful attempt, the other day, to thrust a cork into the neck of the bottle. Not for nothing did nearly six hundred British sailors give their lives. Not only did their sacrifice set the German U-boat bases back three hundred miles and force them to use their old outlets into the North Sea, but it freed for active service against the submarines half a hundred destroyers used on the Dover patrol. Moreover, as the new mine area just declared by the British Admiralty has almost blocked the North Sea outlets, it is only with great difficulty that the U-boats are now able to make their way through the closely guarded channels.

A good many people have held the erroneous belief that because our fleets were operating south of England and Ireland, far from the North Sea, the waters in which they were operating were comparatively safe. But this is exactly contrary to the truth. Before our destroyers and the "tin fleets" were turned into it to help the British out, the bottle-neck was the U-boat's happy hunting-ground, the real danger zone. Through it come three main lines of our transports and supply-ships, escorted by the "tin fleet," to their docks

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in French ports. In addition, the "tin fleet," assisted by some obsolete destroyers, have escorted large convoys up and down the French coast, and the quality and quantity of their work may be gaged by the fact that the U-boats have bagged only two out of nearly thirty thousand. Quietly, efficiently, as is the navy way, they played a large part in the most remarkable transportation problem of all time.

A comparison will make this clear. When the Japanese threw their armies into Manchuria, their lines of communication were the longest on record. Their total force in the field, however, never exceeded four hundred thousand. The British lines in the South African War were still longer; but their army numbered little more than half that of the Japanese, and they enjoyed the advantage of a local base. But with armies already twice as large as the Japanese, and which may be ten times as large, our lines of communication are longer than those of the British. From California to France, over seven thousand miles, our extreme line extends. Not a man or a horse or a gun, or a pound of supplies moves fewer than four thousand miles in transit to the front; and whereas the Japanese and British lines were unmenaced by their foes, ours are constantly exposed to U-boat attacks.

Here it is that the "tin fleet" takes hold. Working in conjunction with our destroyer flotilla in English waters, it meets transports and supply-ships on the outer edge of the submarine zone, and convoys them safely into port. Also it escorts them back to the ocean door; sees them, as it were, across the yard and past the dog. In fact, the fleet forms our first battle-line, the real American front on which Americans were killing *Boches* and being killed before the first soldier left our shores, a fact that was not so clearly established in my mind as it ought to have been when I called on its admiral last month.

His eyes flashed under straight, gray brows when I spoke of an approaching visit to the "American front."

"You are there now," he said. "Take a cruise with us, and you 'll soon find it out."

I did. An hour later saw me walking with one of his captains down to the boat wharf. Long before we reached them, my gaze went to three yachts lying at anchor under the lea of a long breakwater. They did look small. But just as a little man's courage adds to his inches, so their performance in the last year caused them to loom in my sight as large as battle-ships. When, on stepping aboard, I noted the guns fore and after, quick-firers on the boat-deck above, nest of depth mines astern, I realized the secret of the "tin fleet's" power: they could not be more ef-

SQUADRON OF THE YACHT FLEET IN A PORT BEFORE REACHING FRANCE, THE *ALCEDO* IN THE FOREGROUND

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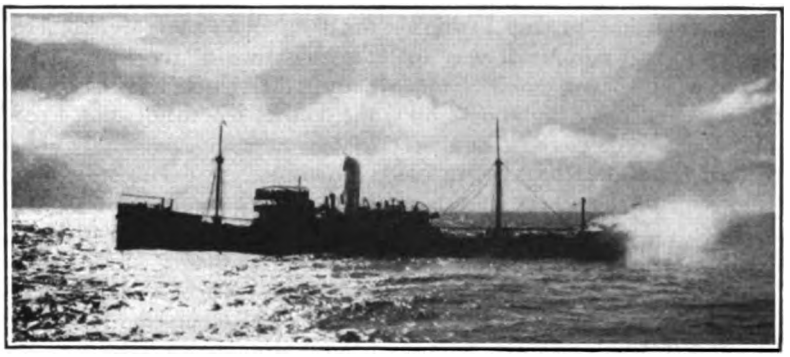
fective if fired at a submarine from a ship half a mile long, with guns a foot thick.

The officers and crew were as remarkable as their ship. Only the captain was an Annapolis man. The other officers, from the naval reserve, counted among them a stock broker, bond clerk, Staten Island ferry engineer, and a Montana cattleman. All were following the pursuits of peace when we went into the war. One, I believe, had never even seen the sea before he came on board. Yet now, after a year's study, backed by arduous practical applications, they were all capable officers.



THE *DUNRAVEN CASTLE* ABLAZE AFTER HAVING BEEN STRUCK BY A SHELL FROM A SUBMARINE

The crew was still more astonishing. Fully a third of the men before the mast were Harvard, Yale, or Princeton students, shipped for the "duration" of the war. One quartermaster, a man over forty years of age, was once a tax commissioner of New Jersey and had served two terms in its state legislature. It was startling to hear the cultivated college speech issuing from a group of tarry sailors heaving up anchor forward. Indeed, the yacht might easily have furnished a motive for one of those musical comedies in which an admiral is shanghaied and shipped before the mast in a vessel manned by chorus girls. She needed only to pick up a torpedoed heroine and an unprincipled adventurer to go right into the movies.

Apart from this possible plot, there is little comedy aboard the yacht. Hard work and hard weather have been the daily fare of these lads brought up to luxury, and they have thriven on it. Tall, straight, and strong, they are as fine a lot of sailormen as ever hauled upon a rope. The anchor apeak, they hoisted the depth mines into position astern, set the time machinery, shotted the guns; and ready for war, the yacht threaded her way through the shipping to pick up a channel convoy in the outer harbor.

Before we sailed, the skippers of all the ships and two French pilots came aboard for a conference, representatives of almost all the allied and neutral mariners. Not a man of them but had been torpedoed once, and some twice; yet, quiet, ordinary-looking men, to whom you would never have accorded a second glance on the street, they were still pursuing the path of duty through these dangerous seas. They accepted with little nods their places in convoy; listened quietly to the captain's directions in case of attack—to beat it for all they were worth while the yachts laid down a depth-mine barrage between them and the U-boats.

I am in the position to write one chapter of this thrilling history which began when next morning fog caught us in a dangerous passage between shore and shoals and rolled us up in a thick, gray blanket. A heavy sea gave us a miserable roll, and I was trying to sleep off some seasick qualms in the cabin below when the screws stopped, then went astern at full speed.

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When that happens in the submarine zone, you don't stand on the order of your going. You simply go! I went up on deck in three hops, just in time to see the fog roll back like a theater curtain from a tall tower arising from a smother of foam. It takes time to stop a ship's headway, and for two minutes it was an open question whether we should bump that perfectly good French lighthouse off the map or recede. We were closer than any of us liked before our boat began to back off, and some of the others were not so lucky.

It seems that the French pilot on the leading ship had made his turn to go around the lighthouse a wee too soon, and he was on the beach. Another, one of the new steel standardized ships, had bumped over a reef with only a little damage to her false bottom. But that was not the end. The other ships now came driving on through the fog and mixed in a wild mêlée, dodging, tacking, backing. One just missed our bows. A second passed astern. For a while anything might have happened, but, as though impatient to view his evil work, the fog demon lifted the edge of his gray curtain in the nick of time. As though realizing his mistake, he hastily dropped it again. But we had seen one another in the clear. The tangle straightened out into columns again.

THE *CORSAIR* WITH THE SURVIVORS OF THE *ANTILLES*

Leaving one yacht with the stranded ship, which backed off at high tide, we sailed on toward a point which was said to be the headquarters for a German submarine. A red pin, with a date under it only a day old, marked its last reported position on the bridge chart. A scattering of others indicated more U-boats, but the dates under these were older; for with the assistance of the hydroplane and the patrols that Uncle Sam has established on the entire length of the French coast, these waters are exceedingly unhealthy for submarines. A devil's spawning of mines in the ship's channels at nights is about the limit of their present attempts.

Just before the fog entirely cleared away, a radio had warned us away from a certain channel where the lone pirate of the point had evidently put in a good night's work. But his labors went for naught. Across our bows a fleet of mine-sweepers passed in swift procession, clearing away his infernal litter. While they were still in sight, two hydroplanes came booming like great bumblebees out from the land to escort us across their forty-mile sector. Thus in one view were grouped the three American services that render commerce possible in these seas.

The hydroplanes had a special interest for me, because I had flown with them on patrol only a few weeks before, and from above had taken photographs of these very yachts. At that time submarines were as shy as quail at the end of the open season, and our flying sailors had almost come to look on their services as being entirely preventive. But in the last two weeks their daily prayer to sight a submarine had been bountifully answered. In addition to one sunk not long ago by the French, our fliers had bombed and sent two U-boats to the bottom and scored a hit on a third. The last bomb had proved a "dud," for it did not explode, and merely sent a badly scared U-boat sounding like a harpooned whale in a

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desperate break for life. So now our flyers are full of enthusiasm again and go forth on the patrols to hover like great fish-hawks over the waters, searching for their steel prey below.

At the close of my flight,—a record for that station; for we flew two hundred and seventy-three miles in four and a half hours,—our consort had broken down thirty miles from home. It was salved by a motor-boat from the station. Yachts often pick them up far out at sea. One plane drifted for two days and nights in rather a heavy sea, for they are very stanch. They also tow well, and the faster the better, as the planes then take the wind and raise the boat almost out of the water. An extra pull on the hawser of one that was being towed by a destroyer at thirty knots an hour caused it to rise and fly till the pressure relaxed.

That prolonged flight had left me stone-deaf for twenty-four hours. But between the roar and clatter of a motor and the seasick roll of a yacht there can be but one choice. Had one of the great birds alighted alongside, I should have been tempted to fly from the fleet. But at the end of their sector they flew off, leaving us under the shadowing wings of a second pair, which escorted us until evening before they, also, went booming off like homing birds down the low path of the sun. At dusk we dropped anchor in a sheltered harbor, and with the subsidence of the roll, and the added comfort of a good meal eaten in front of an open fire, I was glad enough to be there.

WATCHING A PASSING CONVOY

For the millionaire's cabin boasted a big fireplace, a magnificent affair, richly carved, and surmounted by mahogany mermaids posed in a wild struggle for the possession of a silver ship's clock, trove, no doubt, from a deep-sea wreck. Nothing in all the world is so stimulative of story as good tobacco and an open fire,

SOME OF THE MEN OF THE *ALCEDO*

and while the mermaid's clock spaced off the long, warm hours, there unrolled in the course of the conversation almost a complete history of the "tin fleet."

The steward who served our coffee had been signed on from a castaway crew picked up at sea after being torpedoed twice on different ships in twenty-four hours, capped by the unusual experience of going aboard a German submarine.

"The old *Exford* had been sailing through wreckage for a couple of days," he said, telling about it. "We passed boxes, barrels, bales, dead cattle and horses, and once a drowned woman tied to the top of a floating trunk. So we were not surprised when a torpedo came leaping out of the sea.

"The explosion killed one man. Six others were drowned by capsizing boats. The submarine came to the surface and took snap-shots of all the men in our

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boat; then, after telling us it would go hard with us if we were ever caught at sea again, they carried off the captain and two gunners as prisoners.

"A few hours later we were picked up by the *Trolessick,* but she was torpedoed next day. The raft on which I 'd got away was so heavily overloaded that four of us were in the water, just hanging on. It was very cold, and I was just beginning to wonder how much longer I could hold on, when the U-boat came alongside and picked the four of us up. After taking us below for a drink of cognac, the commander put us in the captain's boat.

GUN-CREW OF THE *ALCEDO*

"The *Trolessick* was still afloat. It had been the captain's home for nineteen years, and with tears streaming down his cheeks, he begged the German to let us go back on board. 'I can still get her into port,' he pleaded; but though this commander was a decent sort, not a bit like the other, he shook his head.

"'I 'm sorry for you personally,' he said, 'but this is war. She 'll have to sink.' Going back to her, he plugged shells into her water-line till she went below."

The steward's story produced many reminiscences of the passing of fine ships and brave men; of the desperate sea-duels in which no quarter is given or asked; of castaways, men and women, machine-gunned till their boats became a shambles; of "Q" boats and "P" boats and their daredevil crews; of things terrible, wonderful, often clothed with the beauty of heroism and self-sacrifice, the wonderful crop of stories one hears in all the fleets. Lastly, of the sinking of one yacht,—for the "tin fleet" has had its casualties,—told by a survivor.

It happened at two in the morning, when a brilliant moon, always an ally of the *Boche,* suddenly revealed the silver bursting of a torpedo out of the shining black sea. At two hundred yards it swerved, and those who saw it coming held their breath in the hope that it might pass ahead. But it rectified its course, and with a burst of fire struck into the forward quarters, where half a hundred men lay asleep.

Imagine yourself awakening in utter darkness to the groans of wounded and dying men. Nothing could be more disorganizing. Yet quietly and coolly the men turned out and ran to their stations, even the wireless operator, who was blown up through the deck. There was no time to launch the boats, for the yacht was already sinking. In obedience to an order to abandon ship shouted from the bridge, the crew threw the boats overboard, then leaped after; and while they swam around trying to right and bale them, the yacht with her dying and dead slid on down under the moonlit sea.

"It was some job to get those boats righted and baled," the survivor, a clean-faced sailor lad, said with unconscious humor. "I tell you, home and mother looked a long way off just then. A plank, an oar, a straw, anything dry looked good to me."

They had just climbed in when the long, sinister shape of the U-boat rose out

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of the sea and sailed alongside. Fortunately, a cloud had blotted out the moon. As the submarine rode higher than the boats, they could see the heads and shoulders of three men outlined against the sky above the conning-tower coaming. A voice, precise, military, but civil in tone, hailed them.

"What ship were you?"

Prompted by a rapid whisper from his officer, this same lad gave a French name.

"What was your tonnage and cargo?"

"Eight hundred, sir; an empty bottom proceeding to B—— for cargo."

"Any officers there?"

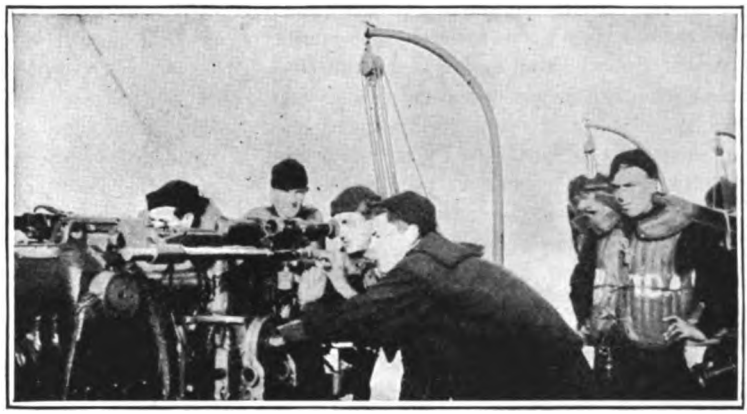
Any hesitation would have sent the officers, perhaps all the crew, prisoners into Germany, but the lad answered on his own initiative.

"No, sir. The mate was killed by the explosion. The captain went down with the ship."

Imagine the suspense while the U-boat officers talked together up there in the dusk; the relief when, after calling directions to the nearest land, they steamed away. Twelve hours' labor at the oars before they reached port had no power to abate it. "For we sure thought," the lad continued, "that it was Germany for all of us."

Just how many U-boats the "tin fleet" has sunk would be hard to say. Though you may be positively certain the "ash-can" you dropped on the hump of a submarine that fine evening sent her straight to the bottom, yet you get no official credit unless you send down a diver to locate the funeral or produce wreckage; and as U-boats are built of iron, and iron sinks on small provocation, you don't get any wreckage. Nevertheless, despite these manifest disabilities, many of the yachts have official sinkings to their credit in addition to numerous probabilities.

Next morning broke clear, with pleasant sunshine streaming down on the white hamlets scattered along the coast. The



THE GUN-CREW AT PRACTICE

men off watch lolled in the sun, reading or studying according to their bent. A phonograph in full blast in the men's reading-room forward combined with the warmth and sunlight in producing a slight flavor of Long Island Sound. Closing one's eyes, it was easy to fancy a bevy of girls floating up the companionways in clouding lawns and laces. But a glance at the frowning guns and depth mines quickly dissipated such fancies. That evening we delivered the convoy at the end of the run, and took on another for the return.

The voyage home was uneventful. We rolled lazily northward without a break in that monotony which is harder to bear than the shock of battle, routine so dull that even a torpedo comes almost as a welcome break. An article compiled from the concentrated experience of an entire fleet is apt to convey an impression of a life vivid, dangerous, exciting. Life on the "tin fleet" undoubtedly is dangerous. One never knows when a yacht may "kick over a mine" or meet a torpedo face to face. Apart from these ever-present possibilities, they go back and forth on their runs with the same regularity and about as much excitement as are to be

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found on a canal-boat in tow of a mule.

Almost as though it had been rehearsed for this article, there passed under my eyes on the last lap of the journey all the various activities in which the "tin fleet" is engaged. About midday a score of dots on the horizon grew into a south-bound coastal convoy, and a fine sight the two convoys made in passing, their double columns of ships laid along the green sea against the golden loom of the land beyond, guardian yachts on the flanks, hydroplanes booming overhead. A little later the mine-sweepers again crossed our bows, going out on their daily errand to pluck hairs from Death's beard. Lastly, as we came rolling down a wide triangular offing that drew at its apex into the base harbor, there appeared between us and the sinking sun the leviathan bulks of three transports in outline against the smoldering sky.

So huge they were, their guardian yachts appeared tinier and "tinnier" by comparison. When one leviathan suddenly emitted a deep siren roar, I half expected to see them run away. But running is not the "tin fleet's" forte, as the U-boats have already found out; as they will find out more and more during the coming year. For the game they are now called upon to face makes child's play of that which they played last year.

"I wish you were with us now," a destroyer officer says in a letter referring to a cruise I made on his ship. "We do things so differently."

They do. As a full technical description, with photographs, has already been published about the listening device in use on our fleets, there can be no harm in saying that they are now so perfect it is easily possible to hear the propeller of a U-boat five miles away. It accordingly follows that a chain of destroyers, spaced eight or nine miles apart, can sweep a hundred miles of sea and hear any U-boat that passes between its links. Once heard, the sound can be localized. Once localized, there comes into play apparatus recently installed which throws depth mines, four at a time, in a circle about any given point.

A periscope, let us say, is sighted a mile away. While a destroyer is dashing off that mile on the surface, a submarine can proceed a quarter in any direction beneath. This is what follows. Arrived at the point where the U-boat was seen, the destroyer fires four depth mines in a diamond around it. The next discharge fills in the gaps. To make certain, a few may be thrown in a wider ring; others can be dropped inside. But one thing is certain, whereas last year a U-boat stood five chances out of six to escape, this year a U-boat seen is a U-boat sunk. With the assistance of the hydroplane and "blimp" patrols, the keen eyes of the fleet which detect a submarine sixty feet under water, which will soon be maintaining patrols all day and moonlight nights on every mile of Allied coast, there should be little trouble in sweeping the U-boat off the seas. The number of sinkings is increasing so rapidly, indeed, that the Germans can no longer keep the flotillas up to their minimum strength. In the first three months of this year more submarines were destroyed than built, and in April as many were sunk as in the three previous months. The improved apparatus of destruction is making itself enormously felt.

This active campaign is, of course, supplemented by the equally important constructive campaign to replace the maritime losses of the last three years. The two "curves" of which we hear so much, namely, the downward curve of U-boats sunk and the upward curve of ships replaced, have now crossed. While the first sinks to the point of extinction, the last will proceed steadily upward until the losses are entirely made good. The completion of a five-thousand-ton steel ship in twenty-three days in our yards, and the launching of nearly one hundred thousand tons in a single week, sounds the death-knell of the underseas war.

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THE GRAVE OF HOPE. FROM A PAINTING

The Grave of Hope

By BESSIE BEATTY

MYSTERY shrouded the Petrograd front. In the days that followed the battles of Gatshina and Tsarskoe Selo only a few meager facts came out of the background of wildly conflicting rumors. We knew that Kerensky, with that dazzling gift of his for momentarily overpowering men, had driven in an automobile into the midst of a detachment of rebel soldiers and disarmed them. We knew that the ragtag army of the Red Guard, fired by faith in its cause, had taught the Cossacks that it takes more than a military reputation to make a fighting man. We knew that the sailor Dybenko had gone alone across no-man's-land to plead the cause of the proletarian revolt, and had come back with the surrender of the opposing forces. We knew that it was all over.

At heart the Cossacks were no more eager for killing their brothers than the rest of the Russians. They were the policemen of the czar because they had known no other calling, seen no other vision. The Revolution had broken their traditions, given them a new faith. They were no longer a unit ready to do the bidding of a master. Many of the younger Cossacks had already embraced the Bolshevist faith, and in the months to follow more and more of them were to desert the ways of their fathers.

There is something poignantly tragic in the picture of Kerensky out there alone beyond the edge of the city, where for an

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hour he was an uncrowned king. Like most of the Russian leaders of the revolutionary year, he came out of nowhere, flashed for a moment on the world's screen, and disappeared into nowhere again. If some day he should emerge from that vague land of incognito in which many Russians seem doomed to spend much of life, we may learn what really happened to him at Gatshina. The sailor Dybenko, in his report to the Soviet, declared that Kerensky, when he learned the soldiers had deserted him, said to General Krasnoff:

"Your Cossacks have betrayed me. I shall drive a bullet into my brain."

According to Dybenko's story, General Krasnoff suggested that the only courageous thing for the Minister-President of Russia to do was to go to Petrograd, and offered to give him an escort of eight men. To this Kerensky consented; but while the escort was being formed, he asked to be allowed to clean himself up, and succeeded in changing to the uniform of a sailor and escaping in a cab.

Leon Trotzky, in a telegram from the village of Pulkovo to his followers in Petrograd, said:

On the evening of November 12 Kerensky sent a proclamation to the Revolutionary troops to lay down their arms. The Kerensky troops had opened artillery-fire. Our artillery replied, and silenced the enemy. The Cossacks started an offensive attack, but the withering fire of the sailors, Red Guards, and soldiers compelled them to turn back. We have cut into the ranks of the enemy; the enemy is running. Our troops are pursuing. Lettish sharpshooters are arriving from the front and approaching Kerensky's rear. An order for his arrest has been issued.

Kerensky's associates in Petrograd tried to keep in touch with him to the last minute, but the scraps of information they received were unilluminating, for he himself could not tell how long he would be able to hold his men. Their distaste for killing one another was far greater than their loyalty to any person or institution.

Victor Soskice, son of Kerensky's secretary, jeoparded his life many times in an effort to reach his chief. I saw him one day as he was starting for Gatshina. He was in Red Guard mufti, and his face, a fine, sensitive boyish face, was exalted with the consciousness of the probable sacrifice involved in his mission. He thought he was going out to die for the Provisional Government. When the door closed behind him, the officer to whom I was talking shook his head pathetically.

"He is a nice boy," he said. "I don't suppose I shall ever see him again. He is taking a message to Kerensky."

Meanwhile the city shuddered at the tales of frightfulness centered about the ancient Fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, where the ministers of the Kerensky cabinet and the military school cadets were imprisoned. Mothers, driven nearly mad by the stories of starvation, cruelties, and atrocities, appealed frantically to the city Duma and the American Red Cross Mission to investigate these reports.

At the request of the Duma and the American Mission I became one of a committee of four to visit the prison and interview the inmates. Two of us, Boris Rheinstein, whom we all called "Daddy R.," and M. Mikhailoff, of the London "Telegraph," were Russians. Albert R. Williams, a fellow-correspondent, was the other American. We went first to Smolney Institute, where the Bolshevik *commissaire* of prisons, a young officer, speedily gave his consent and a blanket pass permitting us entrance to all Russian prisons.

"The stories are invented by our enemies to make people believe we are cutthroats and anarchists," he said. "We should like you to see for yourselves."

We arranged to meet the following morning in Daddy R.'s room. We arrived at the scheduled time, but Daddy R.'s collar was still reposing on his dressing-table. We sat down and waited. Daddy R. had the Russian belief that time was made for slaves, and his entire revolutionary life had been a protest against

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slavery. Whenever I discussed the question, the mild, little old man, kindest soul in the world, was driven to linguistic violence.

"There 's some more of your d——d American efficiency again!" he would reply, and follow with a long discourse on the evils of the Taylor system.

This day we were all impatient to be off. My seat was so placed that unless I kept my eyes discreetly on the carpet I could not avoid seeing Daddy R. in the act of putting on that collar, for the entire operation was reflected from behind the screen by a mirror directly opposite. He pulled the black string tie slowly through the collar and slowly smoothed it; then he slowly pulled it out. The process continued for ten endless minutes that were hours to me. With every second my depression grew. Daddy R.'s collar became a symbol of all that was wrong with Russia. I saw the failure of the whole Revolution done up in that simple process, and a black despair settled upon me. Philosophy and humor alike deserted. I walked to the window to keep from speaking. The first snowflakes were falling. They were frail, feathery ghosts of flakes. Like a flock of tiny white butterflies, they fluttered about, and, without touching the earth, flew back on the breeze to the unknown regions whence they came. They liked the world no better than I that morning; but they were a promise, and I forgot Daddy R.'s collar as I stood there looking at them trimming the naked trees with crystals and swathing the city in billows of white.

Daddy R. interrupted me. He was ready at last. The needle-pointed gold spire standing guard above the massive walls of the old fortress was barely visible as we crossed the palace bridge. Every city frames its special picture in the hearts of those who love it, and Petrograd to me is that splendid sky-line beyond the Neva, where the golden spire rises above the blue dome and fantastic minarets of the great cathedral. I had seen it silhouetted black against the late-setting sun of the white nights, and rising

КОМИССАРЪ
ГЛАВНАГО УПРАВЛЕНІЯ
ТЮРЕМНАГО ЗАКЛЮЧЕНІЯ
ВСЕРОССІЙСКОЙ
ВОЕННО-РЕВОЛЮЦІОННОЙ КО-
МИТЕТЪ Петроградскаго
Совѣта Р.К.С.Депутатовъ
"2" Ноября 1917 года.
№ 155
Смольный Институтъ ком.256
-й этажъ тел. 50-30.

УДОСТОВѢРЕНІЕ.-

Настоящее удостовѣреніе дано
Представительницѣ Американской
Газеты "Санъ-Франсиско Бюллетинъ"
Гражданкѣ БИТИ
въ томъ, что Комиссаръ Главнаго
Управленія Тюремнаго Заключенія
при ВРК Петроградскаго Совѣта Р.К.С.Д.
предоставляетъ ей право СВОБОДНА-
ГО ПРОХОДА во всѣ дома заключе-
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PASS ISSUED BY THE SOVIET GOVERNMENT PERMITTING BESSIE BEATTY ENTRANCE TO ALL RUSSIAN PRISONS

mistily through the gray days of winter. Often I had marveled how anything so horrible as that old fortress, the very name of which had been a terror to generations of Russians, could be so beautiful. Many times, as I sat on the stone benches along the quay, I wondered about the world beyond the gray wall. This day I was about to peer into that grave of revolutionary hope that had swallowed up the best men and women of Russia who had poured out their strength for their people.

Each busy with his own thoughts, we walked in awed silence through the arched gate in the massive outer wall. To the two Russians this was a day never to be forgotten. Both had been old revolutionists, and Mikhailoff had been a

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prisoner in this very fortress not many years before. For me the place was full of ghosts. They walked before me in a strange procession. I watched while Peter, who stalks the city by day and by night, killed his own son. I saw Catharine bury alive the critics who found her marital practices not to their liking. I saw the Decembrists, who first fought to free the serfs, martyred before my eyes. I saw Bakúnin here spending six of the best revolutionary years of his life, and tragic Karakozoff tortured and hanged. I saw Dostoyevsky, Schevchenko, and a mighty host of the greatest of them suffering the awful silence of solitary confinement. I imagined Catharine Breshkovskaya's fine old head lifted in proud defiance as she resolved in her stanch heart never to succumb to the terrors of prison. I saw Prince Krapotkin writing his book on the glacial period, and pacing his five miles a day back and forth across his cell through two interminable years. Last of all I saw the fortress gate swing wide on that glad March day when the Revolutionists took possession of Petrograd, and men and women, with tears of joy streaming down their faces, marched into the free world. Mikhailoff brought me back to the moment.

"Listen! The bells! It 's the *Gospodi, pomilui* ["Lord, save me"]," he said. "It was the chimes that almost drove us mad; the monotony of them, the terrible regularity."

We stood still until the sound died away, then passed indoors to a crowded waiting-room. The place was dirty, and the air foul. The floor was littered with cigarette-stubs, and heaped on a table in one corner was a strangely assorted pile of paper bundles of food, brought by relatives for the prisoners. There was everything there from a bit of black bread, done up in a scrap of torn newspaper, silently testifying that a mother had gone without her breakfast, to a box filled with caviar and all the delicacies which only the possession of many rubles could produce.

Through a door at one side of the room unshaven soldiers, in mud-colored uniforms, passed ceaselessly in and out. Most of the occupants were women, poor women, with *platoks* tied over their heads, and prosperous, well-dressed women, with diamonds in their ears. Some sat dejectedly against the wall, waiting. Some in high-pitched, nervous voices demanded to see their sons and brothers immediately. The guards replied wearily, but patiently.

Daddy R. was for quietly sitting down with the waiting ones, in Russian fashion. We prodded him into action, and made our way through two sentries to an inner office. At the desk sat a soldier *commissaire*. His eyes were heavy with sleep, and his young face gray with fatigue. In a corner of the office two exhausted comrades lay asleep on the floor. By sheer effort of will, the *commissaire* kept on answering questions fired at him from a dozen tongues. In time our turn came. He read our passes, glanced at the seals, gave a hurried order to a guard, and bowed us out.

We passed through a succession of dingy offices up a dark stairway and down a long corridor.

"It 's the Troubetskoy Bastion," Mikhailoff whispered in an awed undertone.

Our guide motioned us to wait. At the other end of the hall some sailors and soldiers were talking. One of them looked up, saw me, and, detaching himself from his comrades, brought a chair, which he offered with a pleasant *"Pazhal-'sta."*

A few minutes later the commandant of the bastion appeared, a bunch of keys jangling in his hand. He wore the uniform of an officer and spoke a little English. Like the others, he was pale and haggard, and later in the day he confided to me that he could not live through another five days like those just past.

"Up to the time of the last revolution," he said, "there were only three or four members of the old régime in the entire prison. We were not prepared with food or fuel to take care of many more. Suddenly in a single day we had to find quarters and provisions for nearly three hun-

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dred. Then there were the mobs. I have not felt secure for a single second."

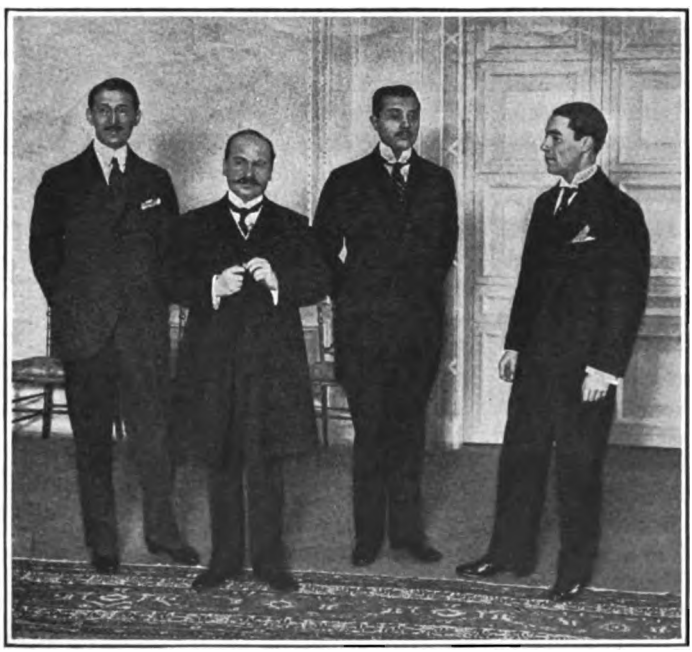
He took us first to a tier of cells in which the military school cadets were imprisoned. At the door of the first cell he asked if we preferred to talk to the boys alone.

"They might feel freer," I said, and he nodded and withdrew.

They all told virtually the same story. They had been terribly frightened on their way to the prison, for the crowds tried to take them from the convoy.

"They have killed our comrades!" the mobs shouted. "They are trying to destroy our Revolution. It is time to stop their cake-eating. Throw them into the river! Put a bullet through them!"

Once a group of them were lined up against a wall, but the convoy fought off the crowd. During the first twenty-four hours in prison things had been bad because the cells were damp and cold and there was no food, but the boys explained the conditions as the commandant had done, and blamed no one.



MINISTER OF RUMANIA UNDER ARREST

"Is it all right now?" I asked.

They nodded. I ran my hand along the walls. They were dry and warm. The Russian stoves placed at intervals along the corridor had done good work. The present fare, the same as that provided for the guards, was arriving at regular intervals, and to-day it was being supplemented by packages from home.

In another part of the bastion we found the members of the Kerensky cabinet. Tereshchenko, the late foreign minister, sat cross-legged on his cot, a cigarette in his mouth. He greeted us pleasantly, and in the softest, most musical English I ever heard inquired for news of the French front and of Moscow.

The cell was as large as an ordinary American bedroom, equipped with modern sanitary conveniences and provided with an iron cot and table. He said he had everything he wanted, and believed his release merely a matter of a few days. If he had known of the long months of imprisonment, I doubt if he would have presented so cheerful a front that afternoon. Just before I left Petrograd I heard of him again. The dark-haired, debonair boy statesman had disappeared. His shoulders had begun to droop, and a gray beard hung from his chin. The Minister of Rumania, during the day he spent in the Fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, met him in the exercise-yard.

"I see you now," Tereshchenko said to the Rumanian, "but I shall not see you again. My shame that my country has imprisoned the diplomatic representative of another country is too great."

In similar cells we found Kishkin, Bourtzeff, Rutenberg, Paltchinsky, and other men arrested after the fall of the Winter Palace. The top of Rutenberg's

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head had been grazed by a bullet on the night of his arrest. The ministers were marched from the Winter Palace to the fortress. The prison guard, discovering a crowd through the darkness, thought it was a mob attacking the fortress, and opened machine-gun fire to frighten them away. Ministers and convoy alike followed the Russian custom in such cases, and fell flat on their faces in the middle of the street. Rutenberg was a little slower than the others.

He was rebellious against imprisonment, and complained of the quality of the food.

"We live hourly in fear of our lives," he said.

It was true; they did. It was quite plain that their position was a precarious one, because they were in a sense hostages, and any violence done to the Bolshevik leaders would very quickly have met with retaliation from the Bolshevik followers in the prison garrison. The stories of outrages circulated freely outside the prison were more of a menace to the men inside than anything else could have been, because they helped to keep alive the bitterness and hatred which made their position critical.

Vladimir Bourtzeff and Daddy R. were old friends, and when the guard unlocked the door of Bourtzeff's cell, they threw themselves into each other's arms and kissed on both cheeks. Bourtzeff, who uncovered the ring of spies and *provocateurs* headed by the infamous Azeff, had many times suffered imprisonment and exile at the hands of the czars. Now with the turn of Revolution he was proclaimed a reactionary. His paper was suppressed by Kerensky, and General Verkhovsky, the young minister of war, sued him for libel. With the overturn of the Government, he made a bitter attack upon the Bolsheviki, accusing Lenine of being a German agent and a traitor to Russia.

Here in the cell these two veteran revolutionists, unmindful of the passage of time, fought for an hour over the intricacies of their varying socialistic beliefs. They talked at the top of their voices, and the silent old prison echoed and reëchoed their argument. It was by sheer force that the rest of us finally dragged Daddy R. away.

From the cells occupied by the Kerensky ministers we went to those in which the prisoners of the old régime had spent the revolutionary year, ignorant of the seething life beyond their prison walls. As we entered the cell of Soukhomlinoff, minister of war under the czar, the two Russian members of the party led the way. Soukhomlinoff rose and stepped forward to meet us. As though with a single impulse, the two revolutionists put their hands behind their backs and bowed low before him. They were ancient enemies; they could not shake hands.

Soukhomlinoff started, recovered himself, and bowed low in return. He turned to me, inviting me to a seat on his cot, and apologized that he had nothing better to offer. He wore a comfortable lounging-robe, and there was a certain air of ancient elegance about him despite his position and his prison cell. His hair—what there was of it—was quite white, and there were pouches under his faded, old blue eyes, and deep lines in his face. The table beside him was as shipshape as a sailor's kit. He picked up a portfolio and opened it. His old hand shook as he untied the string, and revealed a pile of foolscap closely written in a small, fine hand.

"It is here," he said—"my case. It is all here. I have written this to prove that I am innocent."

He fingered the paper tenderly. It was the work of many dreary hours. We let him talk about it for a few minutes, then asked how he fared there in prison under the Bolshevist régime.

"I have no complaint," he said. "Perhaps it is better than before, because they give us the newspapers. That means much to a man in prison. To-day I am very happy, because my wife has just been to see me. She is very good to me and comes as often as they will permit her. Those are great days—the days of her visits."

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It was for this wife, young, and considered a beauty according to the Russian standard, that Soukhomlinoff is supposed to have sold his country in those days when the Russian troops fell like dead leaves in an October wind because they had nothing but naked hands with which to meet the mighty cannon of the advancing Germans.

A week before, Petrograd spoke of Soukhomlinoff as one of the old régime. Now Kerensky's contemporaries had succeeded to the title, and Soukhomlinoff and his associates had become the very old régime.

In a cell farther down the corridor we found General Secretieff, arrested during the days of the czar and charged with a big automobile graft. He also insisted upon telling us of his innocence, and it was a long story. In the cell of Stsheglovitoff, the former minister of justice, was a third protesting against the blindness of Justice.

There was a certain strength, a certain bigness, a certain executiveness, about these men of the "very old régime" that made one want to weep that those who have the power so seldom use it for the good of others, and those who have the passion for their fellows are so often lacking in the force to do.

Our last visit that day was to the arch-villain of them all, Biletsky, chief of the czar's secret police. We fortified ourselves for this interview with quantities of black bread, sausage, and cheese, and many glasses of steaming tea, provided by the soldiers from their own meager store. My comrades had hearty appetites, and as I sat there making sandwiches for them, I tried to be stepmotherly in the portions. There was always the probability that the men who were sharing with us might have to go hungry to pay for their generosity, and a Russian would share his last crumb and lie beautifully and bravely about the reserve in the cupboard.

Biletsky has many sins written large against his name. Few men within the length and breadth of All the Russias have been responsible for more broken hopes, more crushed lives, more human wrecks, than the master detective. He was a big fellow, with iron-gray hair and beard, and a pair of sharp, brown eyes, quick-shifting and penetrating. He was able, shrewd, and as hard as his reputation implied. A group of sailors and soldiers peered curiously at him from the doorway.

He was glad to talk, grateful, I think, for a chance. He welcomed the Bolshevik régime. Possibly it was because he believed with most of the men of the old order that the quickest way to restore the monarchy was to give the radicals a loose line and help them to create all the disorder possible. Perhaps it was because he thought new names on the prison roster, new hates in the revolutionary heart, would detract attention from the old. Perhaps it was only because he believed any change might hold the possibility of greater leniency for himself. Perhaps it was, as he said, because the Bolsheviki had given him newspapers, and put him once more in touch with the world from which he had been long isolated.

I asked him about Lenine and Trotzky. He glanced toward the soldiers in the hall and raised his voice.

"No, they are not German agents," he said. "I have watched them for many years, and I know every move they have made. They have always believed and preached as they do now."

I, too, glanced toward the door, and, suspecting him of trying to talk to a larger audience than the four of us gathered there, put another question.

"Kerensky? Yes, Kerensky would take German money," he said.

An incredulous "What!" escaped me. Biletsky gave me a sharp, quick glance from under his heavy-lidded eyes, then sought to back up his statement by trying to prove that Kerensky was one of those who believed in the defeat of Russia in the world war because they felt that only a defeated Russia could have a successful Revolution.

I think he realized that his premise was not strong enough to carry his conclusion, and cleverly switched the subject.

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It was dark when we left the prison. As I passed one of the cells in which the cadets were incarcerated, I peered through the peep-hole in the door, and saw a group of boys with a pack of cards spread out on the mattress before them. The city was saving electric light, and the current had not yet been turned on for the night. A stub of candle lighted their faces, and revealed them intent upon their game. If they were in danger, they had forgotten it.

As we passed the barracks where the fortress garrison was housed, the strains of a merry Cossack dance came through the window. By the candle-light within I saw a crowd of soldiers sitting with their *ballalakas* upon their laps.

I turned to Daddy R.

"Are you sure we saw everything?" I asked him. "Surely there must be worse places than that in the prison. Think of some of those that we have over in America."

I touched a spring that unloosed a flood of protest. Daddy R. would not permit me to rob St. Peter and St. Paul of one little scrap of the gruesome atmosphere of frightfulness that has clung to its name throughout the dark ages of Russia. I argued back, producing specific details to sustain my point. He interrupted me impatiently.

"Why make comparisons between prisons?" he said.

The little old revolutionist was right. The hopes that lie slain in St. Peter and St. Paul would have been killed just the same whether the cells were six feet or sixteen.

We came away, agreed upon one thing: whatever might come of chaos and disorder in this new régime, the St. Peter and St. Paul of to-day would never be a match for that St. Peter and St. Paul of the old days where violence and cruelty was an organized and deliberate policy.

The writing of our report was an operation which required much time and many arguments. It was a thoroughly Russian proceeding despite the fact that half the committee was American. I am afraid it was not sufficiently partizan to satisfy any one, but perhaps it brought a few crumbs of comfort to the mothers who were victims of Russian imaginations.

The following night Mrs. Tereshchenko, mother of the imprisoned minister, came with her daughter to my little blue room. She was eager for first-hand news of her son, and I gave her all I had. She was an adoring mother and a beautiful and courageous woman. I realized anew that Revolution is not an easy way to bring about social justice.

After the War

By S. FOSTER DAMON

Some years hereafter, when the world 's at rest,
They 'll take me riding as a special treat.
Coughing from the old bullet through my chest,
I shall recall every familiar street;
Then, warmed by the spring sun, maybe I 'll start
To tell again the exploits of my sword,
Or else how many times I lost my heart;
Until I notice that they all are bored,
And thinking each one to himself that I
Am getting older every day. Maybe
They 'll realize that they 'll all grow old, and sigh
Unheard, half for themselves and half for me.
Then I 'll fall silent, too, and we shall ride
Without a word over the country-side.

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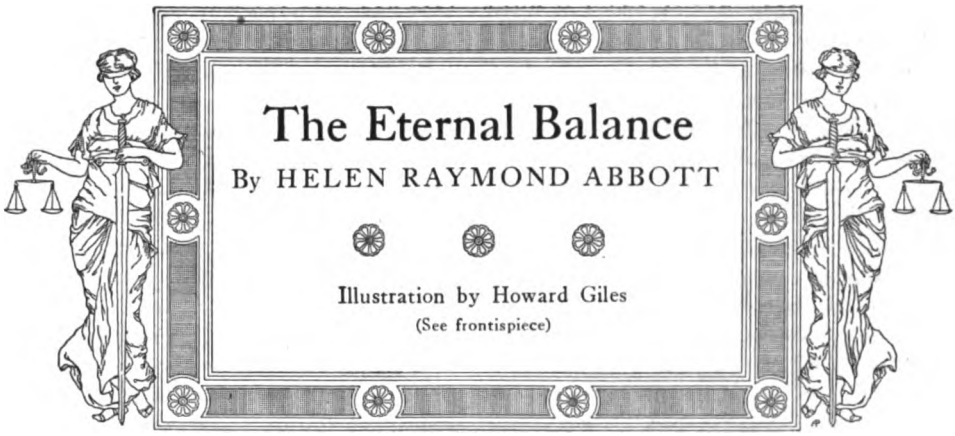

The Eternal Balance

By HELEN RAYMOND ABBOTT

Illustration by Howard Giles

(See frontispiece)

THE morning sun, in bright unconsciousness of matters sinister, smiled through a wide window into the bare little room of St. Francis Hospital where two men in white caps and surgeon's aprons stood looking rather blankly at each other. After a second the taller, who was the first assistant in the West Surgical, stepped to the window. It overlooked a court where two nurses were playing tennis. He stood idly thus for perhaps a minute, swinging his mask in one hand and tapping with the other upon the sill. When he turned again toward the second assistant it was plain that he had looked from the window without seeing either court or players.

"*What* was the matter, Prescott?" he asked bluntly. The question seemed forced from him.

"Don't ask me. Doctor Crawford knows what he 's about."

The man by the window lifted his head a trifle arrogantly.

"I 'm not criticizing your idol, my friend. I should n't dare do that in St. Francis, but at the Mayo Clinic we were at least allowed to think for ourselves."

The face of the other man settled into lines of obstinacy.

"Doctor Crawford knows what he is about," he repeated.

The brisk entrance of a nurse put an end to any further discussion of the subject. Even at the Mayo Clinic they did not "think" before nurses.

Her face was framed in a tightly bound white cloth, her uniform was covered by a surgeon's apron, and in her hands was a packet of towels and sponges.

She glanced curiously at the two men, who seemed unpleasantly aware of her presence, then she opened the door of the autoclave, and fed the pile of towels into the huge mouth of the shining cylinder.

When, empty-handed, she made a brisk right-about-face, Riggs was washing up at the farthest bowl, and Prescott, stubborn and disturbed as before, was moodily observing the tennis game.

The nurse paused at the door, pretending to be busy with the fastenings of her apron.

"He would have died, anyway," she flashed defensively in the general direction of Riggs. "He was an alcoholic and a bad case, too."

Just then the door of the wash-room diagonally across the corridor opened noiselessly, and with equal noiselessness the nurse slipped away under the very eye of the great Dr. Crawford.

The doctor stood for the space of a slow-drawn breath in the open doorway facing the corridor; but it was evident that he had heard nothing, that he was, in fact, deep in his own reflections. He was a tall, dark-skinned man whose large, black eyes were doubly emphasized by the gray hair which grew full over his temples. Dr. Crawford gave to even a casual observer an inconsistent impression of a

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man with ragged nerves and unlimited powers of endurance.

After his brief pause in the doorway, almost as if he had finished a certain train of thought and returned to himself again, he turned, and carefully closed the door of the wash-room. At that moment, around the corner from the west corridor, was suddenly wheeled into view a table on which lay a long, white-covered object. The two orderlies pushing it were interested in a conversation of their own. Something jarred the table without warning, and the shock of the impact dislodged from under the sheet a short, thick arm with a hairy hand, which dangled aimlessly for a few seconds, brushing the surgeon almost imperceptibly as he looked with quick sternness at the apologetic orderlies and then passed on his way downstairs.

Dr. Crawford was unusually nervous and abrupt as he made his rounds that morning. Something was troubling him, that was clear. The joy of having operated successfully upon the youth in ward three and the frail old lady in private wing number four was a negligible thing compared with the triumph which had come so near in the last case of the morning. If only the man had not been an alcoholic! Perhaps another time, without an over-stimulation of the nerves leading to the adrenals,—the man had needed so much quieting,—he caught himself half formulating the wish that the "next time" for that type of operation might come soon. He knew vaguely that a great desire was getting hold of him, a kind of hunger to see the thing through, so to speak, clear from all the complications which even the most skilled surgeon is unable to avoid. If he could only manufacture a case for himself! War had made lives ridiculously cheap; yet no patriot dared complain of that, for was not the guerdon worth the slaughter? Why should surgery be forbidden even the suggestion of human sacrifice when thousands might be saved at the price of one? There were a good many cases where the patient was bound to die, anyway; perhaps that had been the way with the man on the table that morning, although Crawford remembered a little uncomfortably that at one time it had looked as if he would have pulled through had it not been for a last, quick motion of the scalpel in the surgeon's eager hand.

Well, it was over, and the desire which was beginning to harass him must be shaken off at least until another chance came naturally to his hand. He would not make the chance. On that he was determined. He emphasized his determination to himself with a defiant finality designed to insure peace of mind. Only Crawford knew how firm a control he needed lately. He scorned the idea of nerves, but he knew that the strain of the winter was telling on him, for demons of unrest possessed him at times. He was glad that he had no wife to greet him upon his arrival home with the inevitable, "How did things go to-day, dear?" Perhaps it was as well that Alice had decided upon Curleston, who was "in wool," and had now a magnificent fortune. She would have been the solicitous type of woman who would have insisted on knowing his troubles in order that she might heal them. She would have wanted full information in regard to to-day, for instance; and she would probably have pronounced him as entirely in the wrong for experimenting upon that last case, notwithstanding that the man was an alcoholic and had no chance. Alice would not have understood professional adventurousness, although she pretended to admire daring in every one.

Now, Simpkins, while not perhaps as companionable as a wife, was admirable in his way. Simpkins never expressed curiosity, although he often looked preternaturally concerned. Simpkins never became over-attentive. He was orderly, respectful, knew good wine, and never nagged. Most certainly Simpkins was a treasure.

As the day drew near an end Crawford looked forward with increasing pleasure to Simpkins and the restful privacy of the big house up the river. For once the defer-

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ential respect paid him by every one in St. Francis palled upon him, although he had a childish appetite for the approval of others, and generally enjoyed the eminence of his position in the hospital quite as much as he enjoyed Simpkins and a quiet dinner and his old manuscripts. He never openly showed his appreciation of anything, for that matter, assuming a nervously detached manner to cover an inordinate shyness. He knew that people were never quite sure that he was listening when they spoke to him, and he took pleasure in encouraging this notion; but he always remembered to show them later that he had not only listened, but had kept in mind to the smallest detail whatever they had given him of importance.

To-night as he stepped into his limousine at the private entrance to St. Francis he was aware of being unusually tired. He could hardly focus his attention upon the crowds, which generally gave him much to think about. The home-going throng was merely an irritation to him; pleasure-seekers, crossing his pathway, teased him into a fury of impatience. He let the thought cross his mind just once that perhaps this was the first stage of the nervous breakdown which Dr. Savage had prophesied for him. The confounded pessimist! That was just the way to invite trouble for a man. If he exerted a little will power, things would appear the same as ever. Moreover, he would not have Savage looking at him as he had looked that very morning. Thank Heaven! Simpkins did n't bother about his nerves.

From this he began to wonder what Simpkins was going to give him for dinner. It was going to be a stormy night, from the look of the sky over the river and the turbulent sunset. There would be uninterrupted hours of leisure, enough to suit even Savage, time for a good dinner, and afterward a careful survey of the new manuscript he had unearthed the week before. Some day some one would be poring over his papers as he was poring over these. If the chance came, and he adventured successfully, there would be something worth reading in those manuscripts. He drew one hand a little wearily over his forehead. How thin his hair was getting on the top! Fifty years old, and nothing to give the world.

At all events, something, if only a beginning, had been accomplished to-day. Perhaps it was worth being tired for. Only the next case could decide.

It was a relief to see Simpkins, solid and respectable, in the great gloomy doorway of the brownstone house. He pushed past him, however, quite as if he were of no consequence, and placed his bag heavily on the old mahogany table at the far end of the hall. Simpkins closed the door softly and hovered about in the shadows of the dim room, waiting for orders.

"Hullo, Simpkins," said Crawford, gruffly, after he had rid himself of his bag and newspaper. He knew that he might easily be more agreeable to Simpkins, but this evening he could not seem to summon any geniality. He liked Simpkins, and Simpkins knew it.

The hall was unusually gloomy he thought as he stood a moment trying to find a note which he was sure he had put into his coat-pocket. In reality the whole house was gloomy, being ill lighted, murky of ceiling, with long, narrow windows which never seemed to give a view of anything but blind alleys and roofs, although Crawford knew vaguely of kitchen gardens, green trees, and a flash of river here and there. The furniture was heavy and in some cases costly, but it meant nothing to Crawford, who had bought the whole thing "as was" from old Mr. Waterbury the month after he found that Alice had decided upon Curleston. He had lived in the gloom and murk for twenty-five years now, and, on the whole, the house suited him as well as any other. He knew that from a sanitary point of view it was in good condition, for Simpkins was as neat about house-cleaning as any old woman. The shadowy "apartness" of the house never troubled Crawford, seeing that he was quite that way himself.

Once he had overheard Mrs. Higgins, the cook, telling Simpkins with touching fervor that it was a "sin and shame, him

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with such wonderful speakin' eyes and that white hair, so distinguished like, to be alone so, with nobody to leave it all to."

But as Crawford was not worrying about leaving either his hair or his eyes, and as it never occurred to him that he was enviably rich, the remark had made no impression.

To-night the house appeared positively oppressive. He explained away his feeling of distaste for it by recalling the fact that he was very tired, and that fatigue causes discontent more quickly than anything else. He tried to dress with unusual care before going down to dinner, for he was scrupulously careful of his personal appearance, especially when he knew that he was weary enough to become neglectful.

He entered the dining-room promptly upon the stroke of seven, and received an approving glance from Simpkins. The glance seemed to thaw him out of his gruffness and encourage conversation.

"A hard day, Simpkins," he said as he began on his canapés.

"I 'm sorry, sir." Again Crawford felt the eyes of his man upon him, and he knew that they were sympathetic and a trifle appraising, too.

"I lost a curious case," the doctor ventured so suddenly that his confession was a surprise to himself. The case must have been on his mind more than he had realized.

"I 'm very sorry for that, sir. It makes it hard."

What Simpkins said was all right, just vague enough to be exactly acceptable as coming from man to master; but as Simpkins came a little nearer with these words, the doctor felt a shiver of annoyance pass through him. He realized that Simpkins had been to his medicine-chest, a most extraordinary thing for the man to do. So extraordinary was it that Crawford did not like to mention it; yet there was the evidence, and it would quickly spoil his dinner. Strange that Simpkins should not understand the importance of not tampering with medicine, even to get a sleeping-draft. Moreover, he must be aware of the odor upon his breath. Yet Simpkins was never ill, never complained of sleeplessness. It was Crawford's own forlorn pursuit of sleep night after night which had sometimes brought him with raggedly rebellious nerves to the very door behind which Simpkins was snoring, his dignity laid aside. Why should Simpkins take a sleeping-draft? The room was filled with it now, a pungent smell like that of a decaying potato, with something, too, of the tang of over-ripe bananas.

The doctor leaned back in his chair; he had conceived a violent distaste for anchovy canapés. Simpkins came quietly over and removed his plate. The motion of the man and the familiar little act of service seemed to loosen Crawford's tongue.

"Have you been sleeping well lately, Simpkins?" The doctor's tone was even.

"Certainly, sir; thank you, sir." The man looked surprised. Then he appeared to have a thought. "But if there was anything I could do at night for you, sir, I should—"

The doctor interrupted him irritably. A sudden aromatic draft of the pungent stuff had nearly stifled him.

"You have been at my medicine-chest, Simpkins."

Simpkins became more erect.

"No, sir," he said reproachfully.

The odor seemed to gather force and strength and surge toward the doctor in waves as he sat there looking at Simpkins. He believed his man,—he was obliged to, and he also believed in his own sense of smell,—but the irreconcilable fact between the two completely silenced him. It was incredible that Simpkins should not notice the odor that encompassed them both, the odor of paraldehyde.

"Do you smell anything peculiar in this room, Simpkins?" asked the doctor, carelessly.

The man sniffed obediently, although Crawford felt that the sniff was purely a matter of form. The answer was serenely, but deferentially, negative, and the doctor took his cue at once.

"Probably all my imagination. As to

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the other matter, Simpkins, I beg your pardon."

Simpkins bowed gravely, and came over with some soup. But Crawford was too baffled to eat. If Simpkins did not notice the odor, it clearly was not there, and if it was not there, why was he, Crawford, smelling it? It was not a drug common to gentlemen's dining-rooms when even the patients in a ward complained if it had been used on a case. Crawford was distinctly annoyed, too, that he should trust Simpkins and doubt himself. It was a reversal of all normal thought processes. Moreover, if there really was paraldehyde in the dining-room, then there was paraldehyde in the sitting-room, paraldehyde all over the house.

Yet even while he mused over it, trying meanwhile to persuade Simpkins that he was putting the idea far from him, he was aware of a receding of the objectionable thing. It was slipping away even while the doctor pushed a tentative spoon into Mrs. Higgins's incomparable Julienne soup. It was fading delicately, so imperceptible in its passing that even the most acute nostril would be at a loss to state the moment of its final evaporation.

Crawford drew a deep breath, and felt that he was now privileged to enjoy his dinner. The soup was delicious; so were the cool, crisp salad and the well-browned roast. Crawford lifted his glass of wine to his lips in a kind of triumphant satisfaction with himself and his own condition, all the more appreciated after the experience just over. As he held the glass to his lips he heard the chink of ice across the table. He turned to Simpkins instantly, and a straight line of disapproval brought his deep eyes closer together. But Simpkins was standing respectfully at one side, with a clean napkin folded across one correctly curved arm. The doctor met Simpkins's answering look of inquiry with a rather self-conscious smile, and drained his glass. As he set it down he noticed that his hand was trembling. Crawford had always been very particular about his hands; they were exceedingly white in contrast to his dark face, and they were big and sympathetic. Now all at once his right one seemed to have shrunk a little, and the skin looked curiously tight about the fingers. The whole hand had a stiff, unresponsive appearance that gave Crawford a very bad minute or two. He told himself that again his imagination was tricking him; but at that moment he realized that from then on he must make more or less allowance for the "nerves" which he had always scorned.

He was glad to escape finally from the dining-room and from Simpkins and get into the library, where his precious manuscripts offered him a diversion. The library was wholly like itself. Crawford discovered this by sniffing apprehensively when he knew that Simpkins was not noticing. He was intending to sit in the library, anyway, whether it was free from paraldehyde or not, but he was glad to find that he was not to be put to the test.

Crawford had suddenly had a thought which was equally disturbing and comforting: perhaps the drug had been used that morning in one of his cases. He might easily have been unaware of it, protected by his mask and preoccupied by the operation at hand. If it had not been used, there was no explanation for the phenomenon. If it had, then perhaps he had been subconsciously aware of it, and the impression received was now registering itself upon his brain. As for the chink of ice, probably it was a melting piece that slipped a little in the carafe. It was nonsense to be upset. Now, about that last manuscript. A real find it would be, if it proved an original.

Then, without warning, while Crawford was taking out his shining leather portfolios, it came again. This time, however, it was only a whiff, over before it was hardly recognizable; merely a reminder, as it were, that while he was about to dismiss it from his mind it refused to be dismissed. Simpkins, having lighted the fire, had withdrawn, and the doctor was quite alone with the unpleasant thing. He put his lips tight together, and went on opening his portfolios, drawing the great carved chair a little nearer to the table.

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The fire spurted into brilliance and then died down, abominable behavior for one of Simpkins's well-trained fires. The doctor reflected that the night was gusty and the chimney drew poorly. However, he felt a childlike gratitude when Simpkins appeared to tend the fire. He had not rung for him, but his appearance brought a comforting sense of companionship. The man was so real, so substantial, and so matter of fact that it seemed as if even the odor of paraldehyde would consider it best to disappear if it were not a recognized properly introduced odor.

But after Simpkins's last exit an uncanny stillness settled upon the room. The man had done his duty, the fire was burning with intense brilliancy, and several calm hours of undisturbed leisure lay before Crawford.

He became keenly aware of a certain isolation which he had never experienced before. The dim corners of the library began to make him nervous, and almost unconsciously he drew nearer the arc of yellow light which flooded the library table. A very strange and unaccountable thing, he reflected irritably, that the house should suddenly turn elfish, and for no apparent reason. It might be as well to light the little incandescent bulbs in the corners of the room. There was no particular need for more light, but it certainly would make the place a trifle gayer, and there was still a long time to while away before the house would be shut for the night. The doctor had made up his mind by now that the house should not be closed before its regular time, nor should he ring for Simpkins, no matter what happened. Yet the very conclusion of his thought proved that he really did expect something to happen.

He recklessly switched on the lights of each group of bulbs; then, with a well-defined sense of triumph at having baffled any power objecting to publicity, the doctor turned once more to his manuscripts.

But Pasteur could not control his attention. It wandered so frequently that his irritability increased. It was disgraceful that a man should be thus harassed in his own house, for the paraldehyde was back, quite as insistent as if it had never gone. Now, even a second-year medical student knows that paraldehyde does n't jump around like that. It was almost impossible to believe in the supernatural despite a convincing book which Crawford had foolishly allowed himself to read the week before. But it was easier to believe that than to doubt his own sense of smell. If it should perchance be a gentle reminder from the alcoholic, then Crawford resignedly hoped that the gentleman would soon see fit to withdraw, for he was making himself far more obnoxious than the ordinary ghosts with which the doctor's scientific friend had busied himself in the book just read.

Up to this time, despite his occasional restlessness, the doctor had refused to look at the thing too seriously. Spirit demonstrations did not interest him, and he evaded the issue by not trying to think it out; but at the moment when the strange and pungent smell came back Dr. Crawford was as near actual fear as he had ever been. He was sitting with his left arm resting upon the table and his right loosely hanging over the arm of his chair when he was unmistakably brushed along the right side, and at the same time there flashed into his brain a picture that had been photographed there, but had made no impression at the time—the picture of a dangling arm and a thick and hairy hand as it had dangled from beneath the sheet when he had hit the thing accidentally in the corridor that morning.

The doctor tried to draw a deep breath, but his throat seemed constricted at the top. He tried to lift his arm and hand into a more comfortable position, but he was bound to passivity as in a nightmare. And while he sat there, feeling choked and impotent, the touch came again. The doctor closed his eyes. It was the alcoholic who had died that morning, and he had chosen this time to make his hideous call. The rain was beating upon the windows and the room, warm and light, should have been the essence of

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comfort to a tired man; but Crawford knew that he was sitting in his chair as stiff and terror-stricken as the victim of a murder rather than—well, rather than the murderer, if it must be said. He hoped that Simpkins would not come in at this minute. It would be a pity to alarm him, and yet Crawford knew that there was no possibility of his getting back his own self-control until the visitor departed. It seemed hours that he sat there, his right hand dangling over the chair-arm, the powerful, inexplicable presence all about him, choking him with its nauseous smell, and then he heard Simpkins speaking, though he had not seen him enter.

"The room is very warm, sir, and I thought it best to waken you, sir, as it 's after twelve."

Crawford looked up at once. At the expression on Simpkins's whiskered countenance he laughed outright, and then he followed the laugh by a groan as he drew his half-paralyzed arm into a more natural position. It was a dream, after all. Well, thank the Lord for dreams, then! A reality like the dream would send a man insane. He rose, and passed one hand across his thinning white hair. He felt a bit unsteady on his feet and tired beyond all belief.

"Air out the room now, Simpkins," he said carelessly. "I 'm going to bed."

"Yes, sir. I 'll give it a good airing."

"And the dining-room, too." Crawford leaned against the edge of the table as he put away his portfolio.

Simpkins busied himself with parting the red portières and opening the long windows.

"And the dining-room, too," the doctor repeated sharply.

"Yes, sir." Simpkins's tone was almost soothing. A rainy wind was beginning to sweep through the room, helping to dissipate his languor. He began to rejoice now that he never was given the benefit of any of Simpkins's internal comments. He walked quite erectly as he left the library to go to bed, but he switched on all the up-stairs lights before he ascended the front stairs.

When morning came, and the doctor was again on his way to the hospital, he treated the experience of the previous night with a lightness which almost convinced himself. He remembered how tired he had been and how excited, too, over the case which had promised him much and had proved so grievous a disappointment. The case occupied his thoughts more than the manifestations of the evening, and yet he was restless; more than once he caught himself looking at his right hand almost anxiously. When he was once again in the hospital, he made it a point to send for the records of the alcoholic's case. Yes, he quickly discovered as he ran through them, paraldehyde had been given, but he refused to ponder upon the thing at the time. In the morning, especially before he had operated, Crawford had his mind well under control. He did not dodge the fact, however, that there would come a time when the information he had just obtained would take on more significance than he was allowing it at the present busy, cool-headed moment. The house surgeon was speaking.

"A new patient, sir. Very much the same type as this one you hold the records of."

Another case like yesterday's, another chance so soon! Crawford felt himself stand still straighter under the new spur to action. His eyes brightened, and he thrust behind him an unpleasant warning, which seemed to come from his memories of the previous night.

"Very well," he said curtly.

The man was examined, he was operated on while the morning sun was still high, and he died at noon. That he died from the effects of a few unexplained twists of the great surgeon's bougie was clear to only two people, Crawford himself and Riggs, the first assistant. Crawford did not allow himself to dwell on the circumstance. He worked with a kind of strained eagerness all day, but as the hours wore on he was aware of a fagged brain and a hotly aching head. He grew suddenly impatient at his inability to stand fatigue. He had always been like cast-

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iron, he had boasted to his friends. Yet somehow lately, when his brain was not entirely numbed, it seemed to be on fire. Morning was his best time. He shrank from the kindly, appraising eyes of the men in the hospital. He was afraid to hear them saying to one another that he was breaking down. Let him meet with some great success, and he would be himself again. It was the monotony of life that was killing him.

The important thing is that when he was ready to return home that night he did not want to go. He would have preferred going to the club, calling upon Seward, although Seward was wretchedly stupid in the evening, anything rather than returning to that grim and threatening house.

But Crawford had a streak of stubbornness in his nature that made him unwilling to be driven from his rightful place by any illogical visitor, however pungent he might be. If there waited for him a touch on the arm, although he might have dreamed that part, he reminded himself, or a chink in a glass or the aroma of an obnoxious drug, then he would not disappoint the thing. There would be less objection to these manifestations, however, if he deserved them. But it was certainly unfair that his hours of leisure should be turned into a spiritual debauch for an alcoholic who had died as much through his own dissipations as through the fault of his surgeon, a man who was known far and wide as a philanthropist, a doctor who had saved many a life hardly worth the saving, to say nothing of the utter indifference which he had always shown to remuneration from the poor. It was in an injured frame of mind that the doctor entered the house.

Everything was as usual. Simpkins appeared to have forgotten the eccentricities of the previous night and had planned an unusually good dinner. Crawford wished that he had brought a friend along to share it with him. He frequently wished this when he was particularly comfortable, and it was never any less a gratification to him to wish for the friend when he reflected that there was no one on earth whom he knew well enough to invite to any such informal affair.

To-night he ate well and drank wisely, trying not to keep a suspicious nostril wrinkled for the expected arrival. Nothing occurred to disturb his peace of mind. He spent a quiet and profitable evening with Sir James Paget and went to his room at his regular hour.

He had ceased to be on the watch now. His mind was occupied instead with his second failure to find out the thing which was growing more tantalizingly desirable every day. He was near to the goal he had set himself; nobody had ever yet come nearer, and the realization of the goal would put him on a par with the greatest surgeons in the world. One more chance, perhaps, and if it was successful, this time, then, there would be another great discovery to record. "One more chance," he repeated aloud, as he often did a phrase when he was alone, but as the words left his lips he felt his eyes grow wide with horror, and the flesh beneath his immaculate dinner-suit began to crawl and shiver. Crawford stood facing his study table across the room from the bed. On the table was a case of instruments, and over the instruments, depending with no apparent beginning, swinging clear in the air just above the table, was a short, thick arm with a hairy hand, with the index finger slightly pointing. Crawford passed one hand over his forehead, and when he took it away his fingers were wet. He tried to laugh a little, it was so clever of the thing to dangle there as a warning at the psychological minute when he was contemplating another operation. The alcoholic had a sense of dramatic value. Again Crawford laughed, this time a little louder, and took a step toward the table, his right hand slightly outstretched. He felt that he was ready to do battle with it; but he gave the impression of a man who is warding off rather than inviting an enemy.

And then Simpkins appeared. It was remarkable, Crawford reflected, how little time he had to himself these days. Simp-

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kins was always appearing. Now, if he had been given a chance to show the alcoholic that he would not be trifled with! But what beastly, nameless, disintegrated thing like this would not retire before Simpkins's grave self-assurance? Crawford turned to his man with what he considered a careless smile. He slept that night in a room across the hall, and he took a sleeping-draft before he went to bed.

For perhaps a month he continued to come home faithfully every night, and the thing, with its stubby forefinger often absurdly indicative of what it wished to suggest to Crawford, continued to haunt his waking hours and to menace his sleep. Sometimes the odor was there, sometimes it was not. There was apparently no method or arrangement in the demonstrations which the alcoholic was capable of. But in the weeks of the early spring it made the matter of further surgical adventuring quite clear to the doctor: it invaded the hospital, though not in the morning. Somehow Crawford was not surprised to find that his mornings were still as free as ever. He knew that the presence came only when he was mentally fagged and physically exhausted. It was beginning to take on shape, dimension, color. Sometimes the arm was not there at all, but a shrinking, cowering, unhappy sort of presence that made Crawford almost sorry for it, had he not been so sorry for himself. He felt that the thing was the essence of cowardice, and that when it finally took him under its command he, too, would be merely a sapped, devitalized coward, with a hand too unsteady for the knife and a brain that not even its master could trust. The question was, When would the struggle be over? The doctor refused to let his nerves get the better of him, and he watched carefully to see that his hands did not tremble when he lifted a fork or a cup. Moreover, many minor successes came his way in cases where he had always been sure of his ground, and these helped to brace him until he found that they did not appease the alcoholic. As a result, the doctor did some thinking not so much along medical lines as along others more staid and old-fashioned, and he decided that he would not operate on one particular type of case again lest he forget the value of life in the lust for discovery. Then straightway the thing departed. Crawford did not dare to believe that it was really gone. He still looked for it, especially at dinner, where it had been wont to quell his appetite with the gentle aroma of paraldehyde. By this time Crawford was getting gaunt, and his skin had a yellow look which troubled the doctors at St. Francis. Everybody was recommending a change for him.

But the change did not become necessary, for he was breaking his own bonds and liberating himself. He did this most effectively by a decision which sent a case into the East Surgical for Ferral to operate upon. Crawford knew the kind of case it might prove and he deliberately avoided it.

"We have n't had one like this for quite a while," he remarked casually as he gave his orders for the man's removal.

"No, sir," answered Riggs, for it happened to be Riggs this time, and in the assistant's cold eyes Crawford knew that the memory of his last two failures lingered accusingly. He had not thought how it would appear, this refusal to take a case clearly his, but he did not allow Riggs's suspicion to trouble him.

The day proved to be a specially pleasant one. Crawford had never felt more comfortably aware of his own success in the eyes of his colleagues. There was to be a congress of surgeons the following week in Chicago, and he had been chosen to read a paper on "The Morbific Influence on Certain Centers of the Cerebro-Spinal and Sympathetic Nervous System." The morning "News" had contained a flattering account of his work and a highly imaginative character sketch. As nobody really knew anything about Crawford except his hospital work, the sketch was as satisfactory as any. That night he took home a visiting surgeon, Dr. Baker, the well-known orthopædist.

Simpkins was pleasurably excited, and

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Mrs. Higgins did herself more than justice on the dinner. Crawford kept wondering if it was too much to hope that the alcoholic would remain decently away from the presence of his betters; his only concern was that he might be unable to act naturally during any manifestation.

But the moment that he entered the house he felt a distinct relief. It was heart-warming, the sense of security which infolded him. He did not need Simpkins's smoothly satisfied face to reassure him. Everything was as it used to be.

Crawford proved himself an unusually charming host that evening and he knew that he was making a better impression on his brother surgeon than he had ever made before. There is nothing like relief from a strain to set a man up, he told himself.

But after dinner, in the library, when the two men talked, Crawford found himself wishing that he, like Baker, had done some superlatively great thing. He found himself regretting the chance let slip that morning, and he wondered half in disgust if he had acted according to the dictates of his conscience or merely through fear of the thing that might meet him at home. It had been pacified, there was no doubt of that. Weeks went by without, to put it flippantly, even the smell of the ghost.

But as Crawford's mental condition improved, his ambition grew stronger, and especially after his attendance at the congress he found himself more and more discontented with the career which he had carved out for himself. It is inspiring to try a thing for the first time, with held breath and set teeth; but when the achievement becomes almost mechanical, something is gone out of the tonic of it.

It was late in June when temptation assailed him again. This time the case was a woman. Crawford ran hastily through the records—family history, physical diagnosis, present illness. There seemed little chance for recovery.

Then he gave his curt directions, all the curter because Riggs was looking at him peculiarly, and the operation began.

From that moment until the breaking of the sepsis, when everything was done, Crawford was totally unaware of any person but himself in the room. The long-waited chance was his again. And the adventure to which the surgeon set his hand proved the one thing of all others which gave this woman her life. Crawford knew it as he worked, but he had not known it when he began.

At the end of three hours he stood erect and threw down his knife.

"Sew up the incision," he said.

Then he noticed that Riggs was looking at him. The first assistant came forward, his face working with emotion.

"Will you let me tell you, sir—" Then he began again, "Dr. Crawford, that 's the greatest thing I ever saw."

Crawford's numbed brain responded vaguely to the words, but he knew that Riggs approved of him at last. He was aware then, too, that he was being judged entirely on what he had accomplished, regardless of motive. He knew that he had done a wonderful thing, but something had robbed him of triumph.

Down-stairs somebody brought him the drink which he ordered, and somebody else assured him that he would not be disturbed in the rest-room. He told them that he was going to write, but he explained nothing further.

For four hours he wrote on till his head swam with fatigue and his hand refused to hold the pen. Then almost in a trance of weariness he went slowly down to his car and bade Gustave drive him home. He must have been nearly unconscious during the drive, for he had no notion of time or place till he saw Simpkins standing in the gloom of the open doorway.

He tried to tell Simpkins about it then. He felt that if he could confess before the great door should shut him in and the world out, perhaps Simpkins would be a kind of barricade against what might be waiting for him within. As he talked on he was surprised at his own volubility.

"I 'm very glad, sir," said Simpkins, deferentially, but his kind, old eyes were fixed upon his master in dismay, and as he helped Crawford into the hall he pushed the bell for Mrs. Higgins.

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"I must have left all my papers at the hospital. You will have to tell Gustave to fetch them, Simpkins. They are in the study on the right of the sun-parlor."

"Very good, sir."

"I can't think how I came to leave them. What, Simpkins, up-stairs? Nonsense, man! I 'm not sick."

"No, sir; only your dinner will taste better served up here, sir, as it were."

Crawford had an idiotic impulse to pat the whiskered old cheek close to his own.

"You 're a good sort, Simpkins. On second thought, the papers had better not be brought. Gustave might lose them. Telephone to have them taken to the superintendent. They are a detailed account of something I 've just worked out."

"All right, sir. I 'll do it at once, sir."

Crawford was alone while Simpkins went down-stairs, but although he rolled his eyes expectantly about the room, and dilated his nostrils ever so little in anticipation of the alcoholic, there was nothing to break the quiet in the room. He was looking better when Simpkins reported his errand done. But Simpkins brought another message, too. He served it with the dinner, and it had a strangely opposite effect from the one intended.

"The man, sir, whose wife you saved has been trying to get you on the 'phone. He wished to tell you how deeply he is in your debt for saving his wife this morning."

Crawford laid down his piece of toast and sat up straighter against the pillows.

"Saving his wife?" he repeated.

"Yes, sir. They all say, sir, that you did a wonderful thing to-day."

Crawford smiled faintly, but his lips were past control. Simpkins turned away and busied himself with the folding-table till Crawford could speak again.

When the tray had been removed, the doctor had an unreasonable desire to keep Simpkins with him. He had fooled St. Francis, so to speak, but he knew that he could not fool the alcoholic. He would be back. Already the faint, yet distinguishable, odor was creeping around him. For the first time since the night he had originally noticed it the thing enraged without frightening him. He had been free from it for such a blessed period, ever since the day he had refused to operate and had turned the case over to Ferral. And now when he had saved a life and spent himself to the limit, giving something new to the world, to think that the thing should come back!

Crawford had a childish feeling that he deserved only rest and ease and praise for what he had accomplished. He could hear Simpkins coming softly up the stairs and he had a good mind to ask his opinion about the whole matter. Simpkins would be quite unbiased. But it was hard to put the ideas into words, so Crawford lay still and let the old man adjust his reading-lamp and lay out the books he wished to see. There were several things to be looked up in regard to the notes he had made at the hospital. He did not encourage Simpkins in giving him advice, for he knew that the advice would be to go to bed. He must be considered quite used up to have been given dinner in his room without so much as a "by your leave."

The odor was still faint. Perhaps it would not get any stronger. Crawford brightened at the thought. But even as this thought crossed his mind he became aware of the presence of the thing. It had hardly waited till Simpkins's back was turned. It brushed his right side, along the yellow down quilt, and it brushed his cheek, too, a disgusting familiarity which it had not tried before. This was too much. Crawford hated to be touched. He thought of his unused sleeping-porch on the roof. The alcoholic might accompany him there, too, but at least paraldehyde is more endurable in the open air.

He crept quietly out of bed and up the broad stairs to the roof. The trap-door was open, and he left it so, emerging with a feeling of inexpressible relief into the sweet spring air. He knew, however, as soon as he started to walk toward his hammock, that he was not alone on the roof. The alcoholic was there, pungently insistent. There seemed to be others, too,

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crowding, crowding, till the doctor could hardly make his way to the sheltered corner where he knew there was an entrance to the screened part of the roof. He might have come straight up into the built-in portion save that Simpkins would have heard him if he had used the continuation of the front stairway. Now it seemed almost impossible to walk anywhere save around in the little open space near the trap-door.

Crawford weighed the possibilities of the outcome carefully, feeling more alert than he had since early morning. He was not going to be driven hither and yon at the will of a man whose face he had never seen and who did not even belong on earth. Moreover, what right had he to bring his friends? Soon there would not be room enough for all the people who were crowding on, and the doctor did not intend to yield. The alcoholic, now, could step off the roof without any real harm, albeit the feat would prove impossible for Crawford, even were he a more obliging host.

Crawford could not see anybody at all, but he was none the less aware of the crowding, which became more and more embarrassing. The odor, too, was so pungent that even the sweet spring air could not long revive him. But the people who really seemed to want speech with him crowded closer and closer, and he fled backward from them, panting and crying out. The sound of his own voice, sobered him all at once, and he stood erect. There was one place he longed to reach—the sheltered corner where his hammock swung. He preferred to be shut in with them than exposed to such wild, free spaces in which he might fall, endlessly crashing through the green trees. The trees waved only on one side of the flat roof; the other was merely the extension of more roofs. The doctor had an inspiration. He would walk quite casually over to the next house, and then if the thing or its companions followed him, there would be perhaps an open skylight through which he might escape.

Through the waving of the trees he caught the motion of something else also waving. He watched it for a moment, fascinated, then stepped suddenly backward toward the chimney.

The waving which he had seen was the light lifting and falling of a woman's hair. He bent his head and tried to cover his eyes, but at his feet, protruding from the other side of the chimney, he detected in the spring darkness a short, thick arm and a hairy hand. He fled from the chimney, still backward.

Something crushed up against him till he could feel his heart beat against that other thing. He looked blindly about. He was in the very middle of the roof. Faces were enveloping rather than gazing at him. The smell of paraldehyde mingled with the odor of ether. Behind him there suddenly seemed to open a space. Whisperings were in his ear. They uttered no coherent sound, but he was aware of their meaning.

"Unfair," he choked out against their enveloping pressure—"unfair to hold up against him the lives he had not saved." As if recognizing that he did not yet see the reason for their being, they covered him and crowded him till he bent beneath them. Then he felt only darkness.

The telephone rang insistently in the doctor's study. St. Francis was trying to get the great Dr. Crawford before he retired for the night. His notes had been found. An eminent surgeon from the continent had just arrived and had made a great deal of to-day's case. But Simpkins did not try to answer the telephone after he had entered the doctor's room and found the bed half stripped and deserted. He rushed with pitiful futility from one room to another. When finally under the open trap-door at the foot of the stairs he found the great surgeon lying peacefully, he knelt by his side for a moment before he tried to call any one.

"Not such a terrible thing after all, sir," he said brokenly. "They would have had to know if it had lasted much longer, sir. And I could n't tell 'em, I could n't tell 'em."

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Letters of a V. A. D.

BY MIRIAM CLARK KANE

Hôpital Anglais, L——, France,
March 15, 1917.

AS I write the above address, I feel as important as if someone had given me the Legion of Honor, or as if I had just been married and were seeing Mrs. before my name for the first time. I arrived yesterday after numerous delays and disappointments, just in time for a late lunch, when I was given a cold and examining eye by all the other nurses; my Paris clothes taken in at a glance, my gaiters passed on and disapproved, and my hair considered frivolous. (They didn't say all this, but I felt it, nevertheless.) Then, after lunch, the *médecin-chef* asked me to "step this way," as one would invite a criminal to step in to be electrocuted, and I entered his office. He is a kindly, but severe, man, I take it; not young, rather handsome, but with a haggard eye, as with too much watchfulness, and the fear of God hanging over him like the sword of Damocles.

He was disposed to be pleasant, however, in a ponderous sort of way, and had nothing really disagreeable to say to me. They are going to put me in the convalescent ward to begin with, as I know nothing whatever, but am full of good intentions. There are sixty-two men there, in a huge *salle,* so there will be plenty of work, and I am the only probationer. The *médecin-chef,* Dr. Bayard-Fox (always say the two together, please) finished by patting my head in a figurative sense, and then trying to awe me into a sense of my own inferiority, awfully hard to do to a Yankee. He said:

"You must know, Miss, that most of our probationers are girls of good family; they have been brought up in wealth and luxury, and some few of them are really distinguished. We have in Ward C, Lady Frances Maynard, the daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Abercrombie, who has been with us for two years. We have also her friend, Miss Payning-Johnson, of whom you have undoubtedly heard, as she is the author of the "Echo of the Song." In fact, I may say that all our nurses are types of the well-bred English girl."

Here, having sufficiently impressed me, I was dismissed somewhat pompously, after being told to report for duty to Sister Graves in Ward D, the next day at 8 A. M.

The hospital is not prepossessing; that is, it is not beautiful to look upon. From the outside it resembles a huge Noah's Ark,

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with rows and rows of windows, and I positively expect the ends to open and wooden elephants and giraffes to pop out. Like a tender behind the Noah's Ark, is a building of only one story, but rather large, and connected to the main building, by way of cable, by a covered passageway, open at the sides. This one story building is Ward D, my ward; and behind that is another smaller house, containing the nurses' dining-room and the kitchen.

I was introduced to the *"chalet"* after lunch. That is where all the probationers sleep, while the trained nurses have another little house near by. It looked very desolate and gray, shut off from the road behind by a high wall, about a block away from the hospital, and I was part put to it to arrange sleeping-quarters for myself.

I am in a small room with three other girls, and we are separated from one another by screens, which blow down when there is a high wind, which whistles through the cracks of the windows and doors. I 've a tiny bed, with a hole worn in the middle of it, into which I curled myself warmly last night, with a beautiful blue flannel hot-water bag, bought in L— in the afternoon. Also I was warned to provide myself with candles and candlestick, as there are only a few lamps, and they are for the élite, the oldest inhabitants, or "senior pros." I met more of the nurses at tea-time, and they *did* look so nice, white, and starched, and so delightfully English, and not nearly so hostile as the first lot. One of them had a charmingly sympathetic face, and although one could n't call her really beautiful, her fine, heavy-lidded eyes gave her the sort of distinction that must come from fineness of soul, and her long, clear-cut nose was most intelligent and aristocratic-looking. She talked in a strange, high-pitched voice, like an excited peacock. A stout little nurse, with curly hair and a pretty complexion, sat next to me and jumped upon me when I had my mouth full of bread and jam, asking me if I could sing.

"No," said I, somewhat surprised.

"Can you play the piano, then, or act? Or recite?" she asked.

"Well," I replied modestly, "I play a little."

"I always said this new 'pro' would be an addition to the hospital," said she to the others, and they proceeded to discuss plans for an Easter concert to be given for the *blessés,* if there was n't too much work at the time.

The next morning I was introduced to D Ward and Sister Graves. It is an enormous room, with a stone floor and endless rows of iron beds covered with bright-red blankets, which blankets, it appears, are sister's joy and delight and one of her few compensations in life for being a trained nurse. I hate red, as you know.

Another more experienced "pro," who is shortly to go home to England, is being kept here for a few days to show me what to do. It does not seem very difficult, but the instruments for the dressings are rather complicated, and I shall never know which to choose for sterilization when she leaves. There are quantities of astonishing little ice-tongs and bodkins and quaintly attenuated scissors—quite bewildering.

The ward is full, but nearly all the men are up, so after the dressing of those in bed is done—we wheel the dressing-cart to each bed in turn—the "walking-cases" begin, and they are all done on one bed at the end of the *salle,* near the ward kitchen. I, of course, am not yet initiated into the dark secrets of doing the dressings; so I am kept busy scrubbing while they are going on, being occasionally called off to hold a critical leg or bandage a finger. After the dressings, I did the bowls, the instruments, and the macintoshes, and polished the sterilizer and the handle of the big front door, and had just barely finished when the lunch-gong sounded. A blissful sound!

Among other *faux pas* I made was that of calling "Sister Graves" "Miss." The other "Pro" nudged me and whispered excitedly through my veil to a willing ear. The English trained nurses are all called "Sisters," it seems, and it has nothing whatever to do with their being nuns, which they are not, of course. One can

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always spot a sister, because she wears a bright-red belt, while plain hospital folk, like myself, wear white. Then there is an exalted grade between the two that calls itself "staff nurse," and which wears, by way of ensign, a navy-blue belt. A staff nurse is a lieutenant to a sister's captain. You *would* laugh if you could hear sister's crisp professional tones say, "Nurse." They dignify us by our surnames, instead of calling, "Here, Kitty, Kitty!" or "Come, Fido!"

I hope so much to last out the month of trial and make good. I am dead tired, but think I shall like it. At any rate, one could never regret having tried—and that 's something.

Hôpital Anglais, L——, France.

Thanks awfully for your three letters, which just arrived and comforted me exceedingly. One of them was torpedoed, and I inclose the envelop. It was entirely unglued when I got it, and no doubt the fishes had already censored it, for it was a splotchy mass of ink inside, like a Futurist picture. Also, *"Accident de Mer"* was written outside.

How I do wish you could feel the cold here! I could write a book entitled "Freezing in France," a chapter for each day in the week. My fingers are so stiff that I can hardly write; and my erstwhile lily-white hands are purple and mottled from the icy air and much dabbling in dish-water. Every day it snows a little, bleak little flurries out of the north, whirling around and searching into every nook and corner of the hospital, by the winds of March, lifting our capes and feeling under our light clothes with bitter, pitiless fingers. Whoever called this "Sunny France," anyway?

Ward D goes well, and how dear these *Poilus* are! Do you, perchance, know what *"poilu"* means? Its dictionary sense is "hairy, shaggy," for until recently the French soldiers were forbidden to shave. Hence the slang. Now I wonder about the priests. The priests fight, but do they shave or do they not? Are they true *Poilus?*

But to continue with our own *Poilus* in D, who are my special charges. I feel very responsible, with sixty-two children, even if they *are* only convalescents. First of all, there is a poor little chap with both feet gone, frozen in the trenches. He is nearly well now, but is waiting to go to La Maison Blanche at Neuilly-sur-Marne to get his artificial legs. Yesterday afternoon I was busy in the ward kitchen, all alone, when I suddenly heard a voice at my feet, behind me. I was startled and jumped, and there was poor little No. 124. He had crawled in on his hands and knees, like a kitten, to talk to me. I nearly cried when I saw him, for it was the first time I had fully realized how pathetic he was. And like a child, he laughed delightedly at my momentary fright. He is like a child, too, though twenty-three years of age, or perhaps more like a dumb animal, that looks and looks at you, and wonders why things have come to pass, but does not question or reason about them. He has no idea what has really happened to him, nor why, except what people tell him. He can neither read nor write, although he sometimes pretends he can. He has been a farm hand, brought up by the state, or, rather, by a "patron," to whom the state hired him out, and for whom he worked for his keeps. He does n't even enjoy a game of checkers, or *jeu de dames,* which the other men adore, because they beat him at it, and that hurts his pride. And yet he is a handsome little chap, what there is left of him, and as plucky and proud and reserved as an oyster. And, like an oyster, he does not know what he is going to do to-morrow; and has a greater capacity for suffering.

Then there is a *bordelais,* a husky chap with a swashbuckler stride, swarthy, rich-colored, and gallant, a true son of the South. But his beauty is marred, for his right eye is gone, and he gives us rare imitations of himself attacking the Germans, working himself up to a tremendous pitch of fury and excitement to slaughter armies single-handed. Then suddenly, at the climax of his bravado, he drops his arms limply at his sides and says:

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"*Eh bien,* but what 's the use? I 've lost my patriotism with my right eye." And he mimics himself, aiming a mythical gun at an imaginary *Boche* with his empty eye-socket. And we don't know whether to laugh or cry, because he is so witty, yet pathetic; so helpless, yet so grim.

In Hospital, March 18, 1917.

Chilblains permitting, I will scribble you some more of hospital life, and knowing you to be Francophile, which is to say, human at the present moment, when all the world is admiring the nation and the army, I will tell you about this little corner of *la douce* France, which is not wholly unsympathetic even at this miserable epoch, what with the war and the piercing cold. Nearly April, too!

You notice that my address is L———, a town on the upper reaches of the Loire, if you have looked at your map, well above the beautiful château country that surrounds Tours and Orleans. The river here is a shallow, wide stream, and the town upon its banks, which is as thoroughly provincial as any place could possibly be, has stood here for many hundreds of years. There is a Norman church that was ancient when Jeanne d'Arc rode down to see Charles VII at Bourges in the fifteenth century. This church seems to me very cold and barn-like inside, but I don't pretend to be a connoisseur, and the exterior is fine in a chaste and stately way. There is a cathedral—there always is—and a ducal palace, with a lovely façade, unexpected windows, pointed gables, and charming little turrets, like the ladies with quaint peaked bonnets in old tapestries. Here, in his time, dwelt the famous Duc de L——, and from the broad terrace in front of his château, he, too, overlooked the Loire and the fertile plain beyond. But the loveliest antiquity of all is the Borte de Croux, one of the gates of the ancient feudal stronghold, with a bit of the jagged wall left standing beside it, with its *meurtrières* still intact—those long narrow slits through which in the good old days the bowmen shot at the advancing foe, or poured molten lead upon him, if the occasion demanded. One good-sized German shell, and the *porte* would be no more, despite its massive walls. But happily it has not that to fear just now, and a flag flies from the peak of its red-tiled roof; the lichens and moss soften its old sides, and dress the cold, gray stones into warmer greens and yellows; and it sits like a protesting hen on the pottery shop and the quaint Musée d'Antiquities at its feet; and the children and sheep pass through the arched gateway beneath it to the river and the fields beyond.

These things aside, and Félix Potin's, the Paris grocery, there is not much of interest. Every possible building has been turned into a hospital, so we are by no means alone. Fortunately, we are not in the town itself, but two kilometers back in the country, which will be beautiful when the spring arrives. By the way, do you think it will ever come? We continue to have a daily blizzard, and I, not being English, continue to freeze, and am able to warm only one small corner of myself at a time with my hot-water bag when I go to bed at night. Luckily, the hospital itself is heated a little, so the *blessés* do not suffer too much. But is it indeed possible that "somewhere the sun is shining?"

Two weeks ago to-morrow since I came! It seems like twenty years; seems as if I had always done it, although there is so much to learn. And how you would laugh if you could see me going after dirt! No patent cleaner ever chased the Demon Dust harder than your little daughter, and it is my vow to Heaven that this ward shall shine so long as I am in it. Selah.

The men are intensely amused at my fervor for cleanliness. "*Mais, Mademoiselle*" (or "Mees," or both together), "You work all the time; you are going to get tired," they protest, bless them! I wonder what they think we are here for if it is n't to work.

As a matter of fact, there is not much to do now, comparatively speaking, and we are told to rest as much as possible, to be ready for the spring rush when it comes.

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Think of it! That spring-time does not mean budding trees, love-making, and the earth abloom any more, nor even spring clothes and bargain-sales and house-cleaning; but battles and wounds and death. Men suffer the hardships and rigors of this dreadful winter to die, at five *sous* a day, in the spring-time, and will never see the summer, which must come at last.

In spare moments I am teaching English to two of the *blessés,* one a car-conductor from Lyons, who has a thick head,—he admits it himself,—but is so thrilled at the idea of learning that I have n't the heart to stop teaching him, although I know it to be useless. My other pupil is an Alsatian, a *pâtissier* from Thann. He wants to come to America after the war, and asks me anxiously if we like French pastry over there, and I assure him earnestly that we do.

This last one calls himself Cruchet. It is not his real name, however, for he dare not give that, as he is nominally a deserter from the German Army, which fact he must carefully conceal by changing his name and arranging his papers. Otherwise, in case of capture, he would be shot. It is really extraordinary that he, and so many like him, should do this thing. But he hates the German rule; he spoke not a word of French before the war, and has learned the language of his fathers in fighting in the Army of the Republic.

March 26, 1917.

Three-weeks' vigil, and all 's well. What a life it is, to be sure, just one dish-pan after another! Still, as you say yourself, "things might be worse." Sunning myself in Jamaica, and swimming and dancing one winter; scrubbing windows in France the next. *Eh bien,* so it goes. I am honest enough to admit that this does n't beat Jamaica, although there is more in it than meets the eye, and it is living, with a capital L!

Perhaps you wonder what we do with ourselves in our off-duty times. There is n't even a moving-picture show in L—, except on Sunday evenings, and even if there were, we should be too tired to walk those two kilometers to get there. So aside from going to bed, which is my favorite amusement, we sing, and at the present moment are rehearsing for the *blessés* concert, which, work permitting, will take place just after Easter.

The *salon* (a courtesy title) in the chalet where the rehearsing takes place looks like a German atrocity. There is no carpet, and the dingy-brown paper is peeling off the wall. By way of furniture, there are four broken chairs, a dreadful piano, a table, and a sofa with the stuffing oozing out, which is, however, the prize seat. The scene is lighted by guttering candles or a doubtful oil-lamp, and the wind comes whirling in at the door, leading out into the garden, and down the chimney, where we have an atom of fire burning, the one bright spot.

Payning-Johnson, or "Johnny," the stout little nurse with the pretty hair and complexion, rehearses us, and it is to be the "World's Greatest Show." One of the trained nurses, a blonde with enormous eyes like poached eggs, rolls them about in true "Beautiful Belinda" style while singing "When I get back to my home in Tennessee." Her costume is "cow-girl," and she beckons over her shoulder to two husky cow-boys, who in real life are the able probationers from A Ward. Quite, *quite,* priceless, as they would say themselves! I told them that Tennessee was n't where cow-boys came from; but, after all, who cares?

I am accompanist in chief to Ward D. One of my men has a delightful voice, a real sentimental tenor, with violet eyes and long, black lashes. Clothed in pajamas, but with a rakish fatigue-cap over one ear, he balances himself on his crutches and sings "Mon blanc muguet," while I accompany him on the collection of keys and boards that calls itself a piano. He also sings one or two other chansons, but I like the *muguet* one the best, and so will the men, I think, for they firmly believe that the *muguet* (lily of the valley) brings good luck and happiness, and that is what they all want.

Do you remember the charming person,

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of whom I wrote you, who smoked all the time and had such handsome eyes? She is Lady Frances Maynard, and is a romantic character out of a story-book. At least she is one of my ideas of a heroine. Fancy, with her background, she is something of a socialist; has spent her summers in Germany, but finds the Germans "the world's greatest swine" for their actions since the war; has been brought up in a hothouse along with the orchids, and comes over here to scrub. She spent the first six months after her arrival darning socks in the linen-room, and if that is n't heroism, I 'd like to know what is.

April 1, 1917.

Poisson d'Avril! April Fool! For this is not a letter at all, but merely a reminder. And I myself am forcibly reminded that it is the day of whatever saint makes jokes, for there are fishes everywhere, cardboard carp and little tin minnows made by the men, which they attach to one another in unexpected places, with shrieks of laughter, all of which is the French way of giving you your first of April gold-brick. One would think that this were a huge kindergarten instead of a ward full of wounded soldiers.

A budget of transatlantic mail to-day, and how nice of you to work so hard for months getting up cases of surgical dressings for our friends, the Allies! And how they are needed! I wonder if there are any other women save only our Americans who would do this month after month, when we are not at war ourselves. It has not that religious fervor that some people put into missionary boxes, either.

The bell rings, and I must away.

April 5, 1917.

We have the news of the declaration of war to-day. Is n't President Wilson's message splendid!

I rejoice and mourn over it at one and the same time, and in solitude; for I am among strangers. The *blessés* greeted me with:

"Bonjour, Mees! You are an ally now," and some of them congratulated me as though I myself had declared war. But most of them don't know what has really happened; some of them can't read, and none of them can possibly realize what it will mean even to themselves. America is only a name to them.

But is n't it fine and dreadful, too? I look at these brave Frenchmen and say to myself, "What if they were Americans, our own boys!" But I know that it is right and necessary and quite time. And what would n't I give to be a man at the present moment!

An evacuation is ordered. All cases that can be moved are to go away, so to-morrow will see the last of Cruchet, the Alsatian; the *bordelais* with only one eye; my little car-conductor from Lyons, and many others. And how I shall miss them! Little No. 124, with both feet off, went to-day, and yesterday afternoon he was given permission to go out in his little carriage, in which he is wheeled like a baby by one of the other men, a poor devil with frozen feet who himself can hardly walk, but who is certainly saving his own soul by such kind acts as these.

At 5:30 No. 124 entered the ward in a state of the most idiotic inebriety, by way of celebrating his departure. He was laughing joyously like a half-witted thing, and having such a good time in his tiny baby-carriage that I did not have the heart to scold him. The priest pretended to be shocked, but he really felt as I did, so neither of us let on; and as it was his last day here, there was no way to keep him in to-morrow, which is the usual punishment for such conduct.

A month here yesterday. Time flies at a high rate of speed, and, contrary to all preconceived notions, I find I like these "homely household tasks"; they are positively soothing. And even if I did n't, I should stick to them, anyway, now. I adore the *Poilus,* as does every one who nurses them. Thank Heaven we have no officers! I 'd hate to mix business and social relations.

I am bandaging quite neatly, and feel too important for words. My professional

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pride over these bandages is really laughable, and prodigious. Shoulders are awkward as yet, but that aside, I am sure I could bandage anything, even a piano leg!

Snow nearly every day, and a bleak, dour, and gray landscape; the country is as flat as a chess-board. Taking a bath is a piece of heroism second to none, and Greenland's icy mountains are as warm as Ceylon's sunny isle compared with our chalet.

April 14, 1917.

What ho! I 've so much news to tell you that I don't know where to begin. We must make the most of our five-cent stamps these days, you know. Economy 's the word. Luckily, the *infirmères militaires,* like the soldiers, pay nothing for their postage in France.

First of all, the concert. It was an unqualified success. It took place in our ward, and there was an impromptu stage erected, the beds being arranged in rows in front of it, and the men brought down from the other wards on stretchers, while the convalescents sat in the rear. My little *blessé* did very well with his "Mon blanc muguet," although it broke his heart that he could not stand up before the audience without his crutches. He had a streak of natural pride about it, for which I don't blame him. "Johnny" sang; she has a lovely voice, among other talents, literary above all. The Tennessee number elicited shouts of appreciation and an encore from the audience, and Sister Browning, the blonde with the poached-egg eyes, has certainly missed her vocation in life, as she would have made a perfect movie heroine, while her two husky cavaliers, done up in "chaps" from a moth-eaten bear rug, sombreros, revolvers, drunken swagger, and all, drew forth screams of laughter from men who had n't smiled in months, and who quite forgot they were ill in seeing their dignified nurses perform such antics. There was a *séance* of hypnotism by some of the men; then some very French, but very funny, songs, ending with "Le Rêve Passé," with a ripping martial refrain in which every one joined.

The *médecin-chef* allowed extra *pinard* for the occasion, which was served instead of tea, with cakes, and which made the affair distinctly a party.

Last of all came a tableau representing France and England, with Miss "Tapioca," the fat Italian masseuse, dressed up in a gorgeous yellow-spangled ball-gown, installed on a throne as a sort of queen. Behind her was the benevolent Church-of-England clergyman who acts as orderly here, his white whiskers twitching with patriotic fervor, for he was no less a personage than the English Channel, and was clothed in flowing garments to convey the impression of water, while he carried a painted sail-boat in his hand, typifying the English fleet (O Shades of Nelson). At each side of them were six nurses, in our best nighties, and our hair down, to the enlightenment of the *blessés.* I nearly froze. We had French and British flags draped over us, French on one side of the English Channel, and British on the other. The whole was called the *entente cordiale,* and was intensely applauded. Miss "Tapioca" was, I take it, the *entente cordiale* in person, which, along with the English Channel, unites the two countries. I cannot account for her otherwise. It ended in a burst of patriotism, with "La Marseillaise" and "God Save the King."

All in all, it was worth the trouble, and the appreciation of the men would have repaid any amount of pains. It cheered us all up enormously, although I will say that we are usually fairly gay, and that, I am sure, is why the men like it so much here.

How I wish you could see my be-yu-tiful American flag, which figured in the performance. It seemed really too bad that we did not have the Stars and Stripes for the new allies. I knew that such a thing would be impossible to obtain in L——. Nevertheless, I felt myself to be a diplomatic, or an undiplomatic, but, in any case, sole representative of my country, and I determined that we should have it at all cost. And we did!

Some one gave me some pieces of red and blue tissue-paper, from the linen room

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I got a square of an old white tablecloth, then begged glue and scissors from some one else; and the girl pharmacist helping me, we "organized" an American flag, thirteen stripes and forty-eight stars, the rhyme and reason of which I 've explained to many inquirers since, English as well as French. How I rejoiced over this *chef-d'œuvre!* I could hardly listen to the concert for looking admiringly at my beloved flag, for which I felt not only the enthusiasm of a patriot, but the adoration of a creator! At any rate, it was bigger and brighter than any of the others.

The cold continues; another snow-storm yesterday, and we ask ourselves if it is really this spring or next autumn. It seems as if God punished men for being at war when one remembers history and the dreadful winters when Napoleon fought and men and horses froze to death. Then there is the winter of 1870-71, which the grandfathers of our present *Poilus* remember well. And now comes this winter of 1916-17, the worst in France for more than thirty years, with snow even among the palms and orange-trees along the Mediterranean. To-day the sun is shining for the second time only since my arrival, so we begin to hope for better things.

I am reminded of the spring, too, by a bunch of lovely double violets and carnations that grace the rickety stand which serves me for dressing-table, wash-stand, and desk. One of the *blessés,* when out of uniform a florist at Toulouse, wrote to his wife at home, who sent him three enormous bouquets, which he presented with charming courtesy to sister, the other pro, and me.

You should see me pulling myself out of bed at 7 A.M. It is really six o'clock, as we are on summer time already. *O tempora! O mores!* That it should come to this!

April 20, 1917.

Now we have evacuated every thing in sight, after a second order from the authorities. So we are awaiting a train of *blessés.* There is all the time in the world to write letters, but nothing to say.

About sixty men went off yesterday, and some of them were very teary-eyed as they bade us good-by. They *have* enjoyed being here, even those who have suffered, for they are so well cared for, and every one jokes about everything. So the Demon *Cafard* is held in abeyance—*cafard* meaning blues, only much bluer, nearly black. In real French, not slang, it means cockroach!

I am now occupied scrubbing the white walls of the ward into a state of pristine spotlessness such as has never been seen before. Groups of pros from the other wards come in to admire it, which pleases me exceedingly, as they are a most skeptical lot, especially about any one new, with characteristic British conservatism. I notice, however, that they are equally skeptical about new Britishers, so that 's a comfort. And despite their temperamental coldness, they are really very unselfish in practical ways, and the men adore them.

Now that we are less busy for a day or two, we prepare for the next rush; and we expect an "intake" any day, some of the results of the present fighting in the Champagne, without doubt. Also we tea together and chat, and I am getting acquainted and like it, although I admit, now that it is over, to having felt frozen without and within at first. We carry our tea and bread and jam over from the hospital, begging them from Madame Jeanne, the housekeeper.

One of the best girls is Scotch, Marjorie Darrow, with an accent as broad as Harry Lauder's when she likes, which is delightful. She has been nursing steadily since 1914, so is rather an expert. Their family history is an up-to-date example of her race. Her elder sister has learned massage, which she is practising in the convalescent hospitals in England; another sister was a police-woman in Edinburgh, but is now working in St. Dunstan's for the blind; a fourth is forewoman in a munitions factory; the fifth and youngest remaining at home with the mother, where they occupy themselves with the

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poor of the country-side and run a little civilian hospital that they have founded near their estate. The only son was killed at Gallipoli.

Marjorie (or Darrow, as we are required to call each other by our last names, *sans* Miss), is as dry as tinder, and detests any demonstration of affection, but is as kind and tender-hearted as possible, and the men love her. They call her Mademoiselle Marguerite, and she receives charming letters from her old patients. She passes as very rigid and narrow-minded among the other girls; for, having a Puritan conscience and a high standard for herself, she is inclined to be critical of others. The thing she hates most in the world is kissing; but, happily, we are n't a "kissy" crowd; and she warms up tremendously when she finds that people like her, and tells us quaint Scotch tales that might have come from the pen of Barrie.

When will this cursed cold cease? I am convinced that it is the fault either of the Germans or of the French Government. Every thing is the fault of one or the other, according to any true Frenchman. It ought to be suppressed.

While on duty this afternoon in the ward, who should pop in but Van Deeter, a Paris acquaintance and a most delightful person. I was so glad to see him, a regular normal man, not wounded, nor yet a doctor or an orderly, that I nearly kissed him on the spot. And as I was on duty alone and most of the *blessés* fled, we had a long chat.

In case you don't remember him, I will explain. He is a thorough cosmopolite, with a Dutch name, French ancestry, a Gascogne manner, full of *blague* and flattery, and an American citizen withal! He swaggers about the world, and has the time of his life picking up friends on the way, like a true soldier of fortune. I am one of those friends, it appears.

Lately he has gone into the French aviation, and looks very smart in his black-and-red uniform. He drove an American ambulance at the front for a while, but about the first of last February, when the kaiser declared the extreme submarine warfare, Mr. Van Deeter's sister wished to sail to France to join him. In the circumstances it was impossible; so Van Deeter said to himself, "Do you think that I 'm going to have that man dictate to my sister whether she can go over or stay? *I guess not!*" And with that he enlisted in the French aviation as interpreter.

The aviation camp is near here, only forty kilometers away. A friend came along with him, a Mr. W——, an aviator and a Westerner, a quiet, determined-looking chap. Is n't it splendid that there are men like this who have gone into the fight before we declared war! Van Deeter tells me that his friend has been in the British Army since 1914. They insisted on photographing me with my home-made American flag.

April 26, 1917.

A tragedy has happened; my American flag has disappeared! I came into the ward this morning after a day off yesterday, and it was n't in its accustomed place. My fur was up, and my whiskers a-bristle; so I went to sister, a diluted, milk-and-waterish sort of creature, and asked her about it. She said we could n't keep it there without the flags of *all* the Allies. It has been there about three weeks already, I politely reminded her. She said that a French general might come in for inspection and object to it. I said that I had yet to see the Frenchman who did n't like the sight of the Stars and Stripes and what it stood for. But I saw that there was no use arguing; so the flag remains down, and my fur remains up, particularly as the hospital is supported by an American woman, and this same sister's salary comes from the United States. My wailings and complaints I spread broadcast throughout the length and breadth of the chalet, and the others heartily agreed with me. So, after all, she is only one person.

Our convoy has come; we have an influx from the Foreign Legion, including, among others, a Dane, an Italian, two

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Spaniards, a Swiss, and a Pole. Sister Susie spent Sunday scrubbing soldiers, a voluntary act on her part, as we take no new cases in D. The poor devils were rather badly wounded, but never too badly to rejoice over their recent victory. The German losses were terrific. "There will soon be no Germans left," said one to me as I bent over him, battling with the dirt.

They all looked so tired and dirty when they came in on their stretchers. The orderlies carry them in in processions, and some of them have been on the train twenty-four hours, despite the fact that we are not more than four hours from the Verdun sector in normal times. The nurses undress them, as they come in full uniform whenever possible. Then we bathe them, while an orderly gathers their belongings together into a sack, to be disinfected in the cellar, the men jealously guarding their precious things, letters from home, a watch, or money, if they have any, in their little bedside bags, sent out to us from England along with the surgical dressings. What a ticklish business it is, to be sure, avoiding the broken and wounded places. A pesky French clerk from the office comes in in the midst of the complications plants himself in a chair at the foot of the bed, with pen, ink, and reams of paper, and proceeds to question the unfortunate *blessé* as to his life history—Who he is, from where, and why; married, single, or leading a double life; whether wounded in the Champagne or in the right thigh; and so on. Meanwhile the *blessé,* nearly naked, shivers; the nurse curses under her breath, for she can't get on with anything else until that is finished, and she needs four hands, anyway, to get the work done. But the imperturbable office rat continues his *questionnaire* until he has extracted the last dark secret from the *blessé's* past, when he moves on to harry some one else. *Eh bien, c'est la guerre; il ne faut pas se plaindre.*

Since then I 've been to the operating-room twice, and have neither screamed nor fainted. I even feel the fascinations of nursing taking a hold upon me. Odd, is n't it? There *is* a charm about it; and *if* you like it, it is undoubtedly one of the things you like.

The Spaniard in A Ward helps the nurses, as they are short-handed, and he is not badly wounded. He goes dancing about the ward, an orange scarf wound alluringly about the waist of his pajamas, and his arms as full of bowls, plates, and pans as a New York waiter, singing merry, lilting tunes from Seville and Cordova. I wish he were in D; but they will never send him to the convalescent ward if they can help it. He 's too useful there.

May 4, between 12 and 2 A.M.
with interruptions.

My first night duty, and I celebrate it by writing letters. It is a great occasion, for here I am alone; it is midnight, and my thoughts run along to the accompaniment of a variety of snores from the deep, determined bass of a fat Frenchman from the Midi, to a timid whistle from the suburbs of Paris. A real Parisian would certainly never snore.

The last days have been hectic; four lots of wounded in as many days, and each one means a tremendous washing, scrubbing, and cutting away of bloody bandages. No more spare moments to give English lessons; and it is a relief to sit down, even if one has to stay up all night to do it. Victories are costly things; all the men have come from the Champagne. The last two "intakes" were mostly Senegalese, enormous negroes, as black as midnight and rather handsome in a Bakst and far-from-classic way. They have fine physiques.

They must think that white people have the worst possible manners, for their beds are constantly surrounded with an audience five deep of Frenchmen, including convalescents, orderlies, workmen from Heaven knows where, the hospital cook, and even some of the less-traveled English nurses, all of whom "rag" and question them until, like the proverbial ostrich, they tuck their heads under the bedclothes and refuse to listen or to answer further. Besides, this simple method saves embarrassment, and they don't much mind being looked at.

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How strange it must seem to these poor innocent savages (they speak but little French, and always converse among themselves in their own tongue), how un-understandable must be this mêlée of war, hospitals, trains, nurses, clothes, bandages, and queer food after their African "simple life."

The truly chic ones have their faces cut in artistic stripes rather like tatooing, in rays of the sun design, radiating from the corners of the mouth out over the cheeks. Several have ear-rings; others have their hair cut in a curious way, with little tufts upstanding like handles on the tops of their woolly heads. One of them is a priest, a priceless old thing, quite like the "witch doctors" of the South. The day he arrived, he asked for a razor, and proceeded to shave his entire head, leaving only two wee tassels of hair behind the ears, which he has decorated with red and white beads, which bob up and down. Then he took the wool, rolled it carefully into a little ball, got out of bed, against the doctor's orders, spread a large handkerchief on the floor, kneeled, spat on the ball of hair, did some prayers and incantations over it, produced some sand from somewhere, which he ran through his hands into the hanky, then gathered his belongings together and climbed back into bed again. He gets out of bed in the middle of the night now and then to repeat this performance. Among other quaint traits, he has the souvenir mania. When he wants anything, such as my scissors or wrist watch or the belt to my overcoat, he points at it, all his white teeth gleaming, and says, "Y' a bon! Souvenir?" He is not at all bashful about it, either; perhaps that is why he reminds me of our Southern darkeys; and, like them, he is n't in the least hurt at being refused, but comes bobbing up the next time, unabashed, with a new request.

Poor devils! I *do* pity them; lots of them have frozen feet. And although they are perfectly justified in having them this last month, still, I suspect them of being like Pedrito, the parrot, who shivers in the icy blasts of mid-July. There is an enthusiasm among some of the trained nurses to be photographed in the midst of this midnight frolic, an enthusiasm that I do not share.

Three of my patients have pretty names: Ya ya, Diata, and Marmadi. Under the fire of questions from the white men Marmadi admitted to five wives, for whom, he said, he had paid about fifteen francs apiece. Some men paid as high as sixty francs; but in his opinion no woman was worth that much. With his experience he ought to know! What of the European attitude if the war continues long enough?

I interrupt this letter to make my rounds every half-hour. All is well. But these same Senegalese have an insurmountable prejudice against bedclothes and bandages. One nurse did up a man's bandage seven times during a single night, and he undid them again as soon as her back was turned. Curiously enough, after running around with nothing on but a G string in Africa, they become most modest in Europe, and nothing on earth would induce any of them to get up, even for a moment in his night-shirt. They would stay in bed forever, if one did n't give them pajama trousers.

The Germans cannot be called cowards if they run at the sight of these gigantic black forms, with their shining teeth and eyeballs. They are chiefly employed now in doing the dirty work of the trenches, clearing away the debris and burying the dead.

One of the new *blessés* has a huge hole in his back and groans all night long. Why it did n't touch his spine is a mystery to the doctors.

The men who just left were so appreciative that some of them nearly cried. It is a real pleasure to do what one can for them. Most of our old *blessés* were evacuated, and one of the D men came to say good-by to me. He was a handsome, surly-looking brute who never spoke to anyone, but always lay on his bed and read. He was going home across the Mediterranean for his convalescence. I was quite surprised by his nice manners, although they are very polite as a rule.

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In thanking me for my "kindness," he asked me if I would accept some books as a sign of his appreciation. And what was my amazement when he handed me "Les Maximes" of La Rochefoucauld, "Les caractères" of La Bruyère, Pascal's "Pensées," and the "Imitation of Jesus Christ." He is an electrician at Tunis.

It is the most beautiful May night imaginable, bright moonlight and warm except for a midnight chill in the air. Spring has at last appeared upon the hungry earth, and it has been to loosen the heart-strings for the few days past. The country-side is heavenly; the hawthorn-hedges are snow-drifts of scented bloom, and the thousand fruit-trees have burst overnight into masses of perfume of cloudy pink. Yellow cowslips carpet the fields, and the trees are budding a warm and tender green under the gracious sunlight. I am glad to be on night duty, for I shall see a little of this lovely country when I *should* be sleeping.

A note from the aviator friends, and I should like so much to go over and see their camp one of these fine days if it is allowed. It is the largest aviation camp in France and probably in Europe, and should therefore be a sight worth seeing. There are fifty Americans, a quantity of Russians, and the rest a mélange of all nations, Spanish, Rumanian, Italian, Serb, etc., but the great majority are French, of course. Their aëroplanes often fly over the hospital in the early morning.

Dawn is breaking, so I must start the day's work. The nights are very short now; it is twilight until nine in the evening, and dawn again in a few hours.

I am enclosing a list of would-be godsons. Do be nice, and find them generous, kind-hearted *marraines,* who will send them fat packages of goodies and comforting letters. They are all from the invaded district, and separated from their families, —if they still have families. The first one on the list is n't the bravest, but he is the most unfortunate, for his wife was killed by the Germans five days after his mobilization in 1914; and his three children, the eldest only thirteen, were taken into Germany. He has had no word from them for eighteen months. The second *filleul* is a perfect brick; he has won the Croix de Guerre twice!

May 15, 1917.

One beauty of night-duty is being able to write letters in business hours instead of "wasting" the precious off-duty time. I hope to be put in a more interesting ward when my month here is up. Fancy me becoming really interested in nursing who before the war never could understand why any one would wish to become a doctor or study medicine! And if any one had told me a year ago that I should be doing this and *liking it,* I should have recommended him to consult an alienist! Besides, one must learn as much as possible to be of use when our own men come over. I go into a deep indigo funk when I think of them, my own dear friends going into this. But *how* I 'd like to take a pot-shot at the Germans myself!

I must tell you just what my present duties are. Dinner is at 7.15 P.M., finished by 8 o'clock, when the night nurses proceed to their respective wards, each one armed with a jug of milk and a large bowl of *tizane,*—a medicinal tea without which no Frenchman can possibly go to sleep. I arrange a tray full of cups of *tizane* and milk, serve them, give any medicines that are ordered, and make lemonade for the men who may be thirsty during the night. They have an unconquerable prejudice against plain water, although it is admittedly excellent for pushing under bridges. Next comes the problem of collecting my protégés, which is difficult as, being mostly convalescents, they are scattered all over the hospital. Just now I have only eleven, ill in bed. Most of the remaining fifty-one are on the terrace, a cindery stretch by the roadside, where there is a foot-ball game in progress which rivals any comic movie you have ever seen. The X-ray operator, a masseur, and a chauffeur, play with the *blessés,* a nurse or two joining in occasionally. And a motley crew they are, bandaged in every

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conceivable spot, their arms in slings, heads and shoulders done up, with canes or on crutches, hopping about and kicking or pushing the ball any how and every how; men with an arm gone shoving themselves into the mêlée, and one little man with frozen feet, limping painfully with a cane, manages to give a tremendous kick, now and then, sending the ball sky-high, after which effort, he skips along sidewise on one foot.

The evenings are long, and it is light until nine o'clock, so it is hard to collect the children, fascinated as they are by their beautiful new game. I have hit upon a fine expedient to get them to bed. I go out and play with them a few minutes, kicking the ball once or twice myself; then, when I 've a good chance, I grasp the elusive pig-skin firmly in both arms, so that no one can knock it out, and dashing into the hospital like lightning, lock it up for the night. After this the men come to bed like lambs, without a murmur. There is a line of them, like so many crows, along the railing, looking down at the performance and cheering like regular "fans."

When they come into the ward, there is a great cry of "pansements defaits, Mees!" ("Bandages undone, Mees"), and a busy half-hour is spent in rebinding shoulders and arms before every one is finally settled for the night at nine o'clock or shortly after. I remain in the ward until eleven, and then go to C Ward, where Lady Frances, who is on night duty, too, distributes our supper things, we cooking them ourselves over the lamps in the ward kitchens. From there I go to A Ward, where I remain to help, as the more serious cases are there, returning to D every half-hour to see that all is well, to give drinks, or do any hot dressings that may be ordered at two or four hour intervals. Oakley, the pro in A, and I have supper together, eggs, sardines, and coffee, as a rule. I shall never be able to look a sardine in the eye again as long as I live, and I crow at the sight of an egg. Sometimes we buy extra things, baby carrots or other vegetables from the farmers' wives about here, as otherwise we 'd have nothing fresh at all. There is a poor Breton boy in A who cries all night long, and I help Oakley with him when he needs attention. There is another man with a dreadful septic leg. He never sleeps for more than five consecutive minutes, and calls and calls all the time. He has wild eyes like a crazy man and hates everything and everybody. Although the nurses are always kind and gentle with him, he says they are brutal and are torturing him. He is delirious sometimes; they think he will lose his leg.

From midnight until four o'clock nothing much happens except to give pills or hypodermics, answer calls, take temperatures, or make fomentations, unless some one is unusually ill, as after an operation, for instance, when one may be running the whole night long, or in case of a convoy of wounded.

The morning's work begins at 4:30 or 5 o'clock, not later, as everything must be finished by eight, when the day nurses appear. It seems a shame to wake the poor men so early; but as they go to sleep at eight or nine o'clock, they are usually ready to wake up at the peep of dawn. From five to eight is a hectic rush of washing patients, making beds, rubbing backs, taking temperatures, giving breakfasts, and preparing cases for operation. I assist in the other wards, as my D men can, for the most part, do for themselves. Proceeding there at about 6:45 to help those who can't. In the other wards there are many men who can't be moved, and it requires two and sometimes three people to change the lower sheet of such an one on a Carrel drip, with his legs heavily weighted. It is a very delicate operation, and demands the utmost tact, and manœuvering to get him comfortably settled again. One of them is on a tin-tray, wadded with cotton and bandages. All the dressings must be examined and packed if there are any bloody or spoiled spots showing.

My own men are very lazy and hate to get up even at a quarter to seven, but breakfast is at seven, so it must be done. I 've a beautiful scheme now that works

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like magic. I begin by calling a particularly sleepy-headed little *Poilu* of nineteen or twenty, who *won't* wake up. I call him several times; still no answer. I tickle his feet or start to pull his mattress from under him. By that time the whole ward has at least one eye open, and several are up and cheering me on. There is a struggle in which Mr. Kiddy Poilu attempts to pull the bedclothes over his head and sleep on. But I continue, and in five minutes the entire ward, in various states of dishabille, is gathered around the scene of conflict, shouting and laughing and taking a more or less active part in the proceeding. The rough-house ends by the landing on the floor of Mr. Poilu and his mattress, after which I quietly withdraw, and get to work with the sicker men. Now it has become a regular part of the day's program, and I am convinced that they would all go on a strike or stay in bed indefinitely if the morning comedy was omitted.

I finish doing in my own ward what we did in the others, and everything is neat and shipshape, the ward dusted, plenty of hot water brought up from the kitchen, and the night report written when sister arrives at eight. After that I put on a fresh veil and apron and go to breakfast. It is n't considered "smart" to breakfast in the mussy apron you have worn all night.

It is nearly dawn; the first gray streaks are lighting the eastern sky.

". . . the Sun who scatters into flight
The stars before him from the Field of Night,—
Drives Night along with them from Heaven,—"

Before starting the day's work, I am going out on the terrace for a breath of air and to see the last star flicker and go out.

May 24, 1917.

A great event has happened; there were some American officers here in khaki, inspecting the buildings next to us with a view of using them as a supply depot for munitions. All L—— talks of nothing else, and the *jeunes filles* are planning to have American husbands, and with that in mind, have unearthed their French-English phrase-books and grammars, and are getting to work. I hope our men will be vaccinated against matrimony before they leave.

Another thrill. Yesterday,—to-day, I mean. I can't get used to going to bed and waking up on the same date,—to-day, then, a heavenly, sunshiny day, I was in bed asleep when some one came over from the hospital and wakened me with the message that I had a visitor. That is an event of national importance in this out-of-the-way spot, especially as it proved to be a man, and an aviator at that—Van Deeter's charming friend from A——, Mr. W——, who, as it was too windy to fly, had taken the first train over to L——, arriving at about one o'clock. Though desperately sleepy, I could n't resist the lure of an invitation to lunch in the town; so I hurriedly dressed, and we sallied forth, walking the two dusty miles, and arriving at the very un-Parisian Hôtel de Paris at two o'clock. It was delightful; even the long, dreary table-d'hôte luncheon, and I should certainly have gone to sleep over the white wine had not Mr. W—— talked so entertainingly and earnestly about flying and the beautiful bird-machines in which they soar over the hospital. The horizon-blue uniforms are so smart and becoming!

After lunch we had a walk back along the road by the white hawthorn-hedges and crumbly gray stone walls with purple lilacs peeping over the top. And en route we met several of my *blessés* hobbling along on their canes or basking on the grass in the warm sunshine. They doffed their caps politely and smiled significantly out of their eyes, as if to say, "Oh, see! Teacher 's got a beau!" No doubt they thought W—— was a Frenchman, for they seemed delighted to learn that he was an American soldier fighting for France.

As a result of this unheard of dissipation, I am yawning like a fish to-night.

It is gorgeous weather now, warm and balmy, and I should love to sleep outdoors myself. Not so the *blessés*, how-

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ever. They have a truly French horror of fresh air, and a crack of a door or window open means a draft to them, even if there is nothing open at the other end to make a draft. Our huge D Ward, with its sixty-two men, needs ventilation, as you can imagine, but they raise the most ungodly howl if every door and window is not shut tight. They are therefore carefully closed when they go to bed, and quietly opened by me when I think everyone is sleeping, which is the cause of much discussion and gesticulation, protest and complaint, in the morning. The favorite is,—"Mais ça me fait mal aux yeux, Mees." ("It makes my eyes hurt.") Others say it hurts their ears, and they have a thousand and one excellent arguments against this Anglo-Saxon tyranny. But we nurses are a stony-hearted lot, and heed not a word of it.

We now drink our tea and coffee unsweetened, as there is almost no sugar left in the hospital stores; only enough for the men, but none for the nurses.

Thank you so much for the gorgeous American flag. The matron has asked to borrow it for the impromptu chapel in the attic, where the French and British flags are.

(To be concluded)

The Bond

By LOUIS UNTERMEYER

The weeks go past, the months slip by,
The magic mood has lost its thrill;
And what, I wonder, is the tie
That holds me still.

My eyes, cleared of the glamour, see
You are not beautiful or wild;
Your soul is light, but scarcely free;
Childish, but not a child.

On the soft winds of life you float,
A butterfly, with lazy wings;
Too purposeless to heed or note
What the earth sings.

Impervious to every taunt,
You dream and drift; you will not set
Yourself to win the things you want.
You sink; and yet—

Yet I must make you glad, and long
For things you only half divine;
You are not great, you are not strong,
But you are mine.

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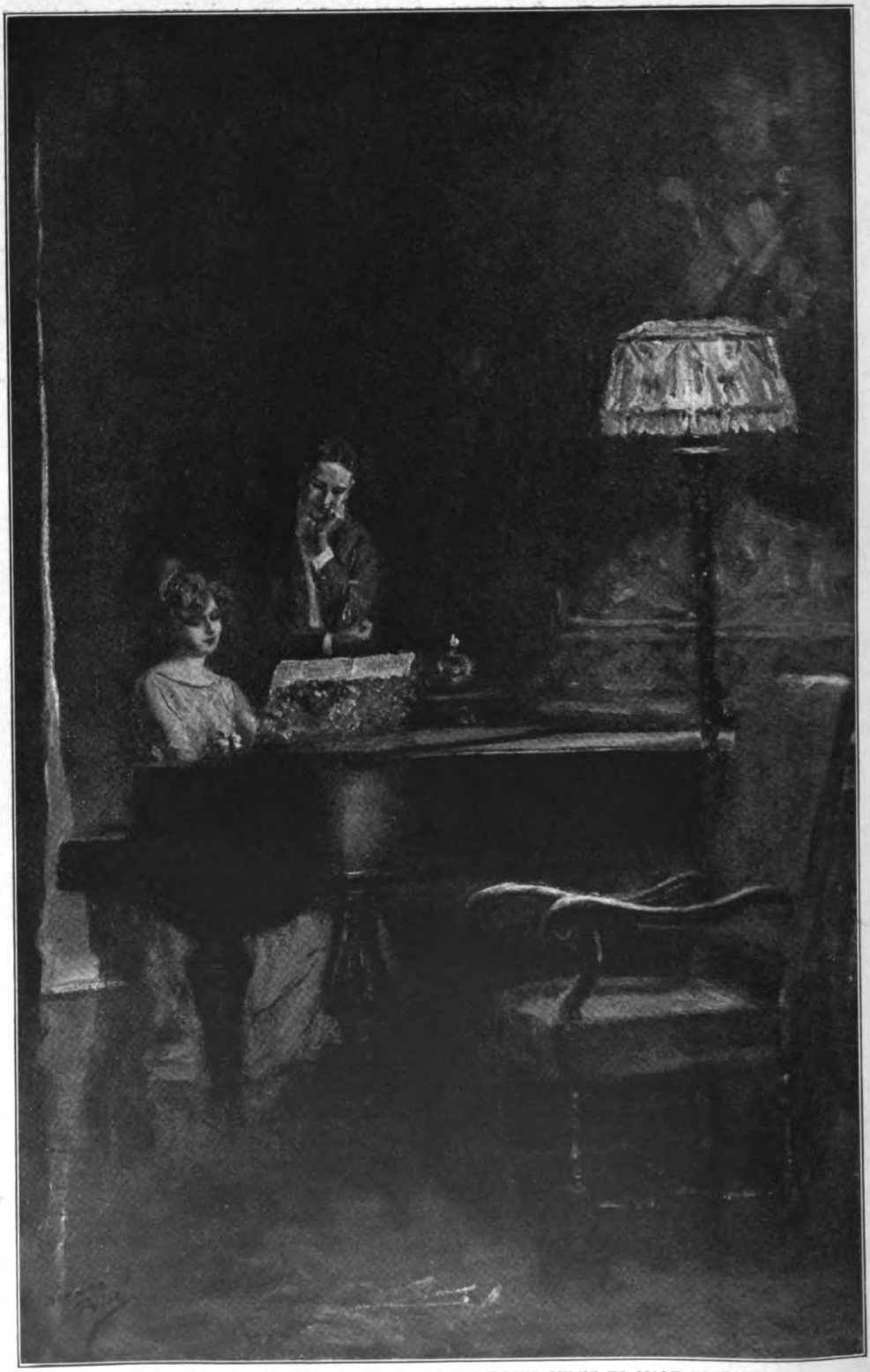

"MARCHBANKS MANIFESTED SIGNS OF PREFERRING MUSIC TO MALE SOCIETY"

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The Boomerang

By DAVID GRAY

Illustrations by Norman Price

CHAPTER XIX

ON his way back to the office after leaving Grace, Jerry allowed himself to indulge in certain self-congratulatory reflections. By a fortunate chance Grace had not read Budd's letter, and as a result of his visit the troubled course of their young loves seemed likely to have a prompt and happy ending. Of Grace's telephoning he was, of course, ignorant. He likewise began to take a brighter view of his own personal troubles.

Fortunately for all of us, hope is a counselor that, driven out the door, returns by the window. Already Jerry began to find reasons why the thing he dreaded most might not really happen. Granted that Virginia and Preston were actually engaged and that she had gone on to New York to meet his aunt, there was still a long distance between that and their getting married. Although Preston was doing well at the law, his income was not such as would permit him to marry a penniless girl immediately. Beyond that Jerry had a conviction that Preston did not yet know she was penniless. Preston had probably made his deductions from her manner of dress, her jewels, and her obvious accustomedness to luxury, as well as from the circumstance that she was Mrs. Woodbridge's guest. Virginia, with her simplicity and idealism, would probably have considered it degrading even to think about money at such a time, and while she must have told him that she was training to be a nurse, that need not have implied that it was from the necessity of making a living.

Jerry therefore figured that Preston had a severe shock waiting for him when the truth came out. Furthermore, something told him that a nature as fine as Virginia's would shrink from a nature like Preston's when she had time enough really to understand it. It was all as logical as two and two make four that, given time enough, the Preston De Witt menace would disappear in thin air. The trouble was, however, and Jerry realized it with dismay, that sober reason was an unstable foundation. When he most needed it, it was n't there. All his wise advice to Budd became meaningless words when that wave of passionate, unreasoning jealousy swept over him. If ever there was a case of "physician heal thyself," he was it. If only the serum had been a real thing, he would have taken a gallon of it; but it was n't. He must fight the battle unaided, as other men had to fight it. His scorn of himself was intense when he realized that he was in the same pitiable category as Budd; but scorn of oneself was not a remedy. All he could do was to work and wait and hope and tell himself that he was a fool. Of these, work was the most satisfactory. The thought that his efforts in Budd's behalf at last promised to be successful was distinctly comforting.

The first thing he did when he settled

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himself at his desk was to call up Budd. He would get hold of the boy and send him to Grace at once. The word that he received from Hartley was, of course, the same that Grace had received only a few minutes before. Confirming it, he noted that Budd's bag had disappeared. He uttered an exclamation of annoyance and pressed the bell.

"Bring Stone in if he 's out there," he said as Emile appeared.

"Bien, Monsieur," said the man. He laid two notes upon the desk and withdrew.

Jerry took one of the envelops and tore it open. It contained a line from Budd.

"I can't stand this town any longer," he wrote. "I 'm taking the 11:20. Will put up at the Harvard Club."

Jerry reached for a telegraph-blank.

"Take next train back," he wrote. "Call me up when you arrive." Then he took the other envelop and started as he saw that the handwriting was Virginia's.

At this moment Stone came in with his arm in a sling. Jerry nodded to him vacantly, and ran his eye over the contents. It read:

You have been so good to me that I hardly know how to say what I feel I ought to say. In spite of what I told you this morning I don't think I shall come back to the office. Please always remember that your goodness and patience with me have been the best things in my life. I wish that I could repay you. If you want me to get you in New York a really competent nurse for the office, I should be glad to try.

Always yours sincerely,

VIRGINIA XELVA.

He thrust the sheet of paper into his pocket and turned to the machinist.

"Well, Stone," he said, "how is the arm this morning?" There was a strange mist before his eyes, in which the room and the patient swam unsteadily. He gripped the arm of his chair till it began to clear.

"Better, Doctor," Stone answered. "I had a good night."

"We 'll have a look at it," said Jerry. He rose, and began unfastening the bandages. The arm was doing well. He changed the dressing and sent the man away.

After Stone came a woman with neuralgia, one of Mrs. Woodbridge's protégées, then a boy with a cold, then others. It was after twelve when Emile announced that the waiting-room was empty. Jerry lighted a cigarette that he immediately threw away, and, taking Virginia's note from his pocket, read it twice.

It was the kind of note a girl going away with the intention of getting married would be apt to write except for the phrase, "Your goodness and patience with me have been the best things in my life." If Virginia felt that way toward him, would she go off without telling him the truth? It hardly seemed likely, though, of course, Preston might have insisted on absolute secrecy for the present. Suddenly a new theory burst on him. It was wild, yet he grasped at it as the drowning man at the straw. Preston had found out about her having no money and had withdrawn. The girl, cruelly hurt, was leaving town for the same reason that Budd was leaving. But, then, how could this be made to square with what Mrs. Woodbridge had told Budd, or with the match-maker's smile with which she had come out of the den the night before? If Preston had confided the news of his engagement to Mrs. Woodbridge he could n't have backed out so abruptly, no matter what he had found out. He would have used a more delicate method. Jerry derived little comfort from the note. He was putting it back into his pocket when a step behind him made him start, and, turning, he saw his father.

"I hope you 're lunching at home," said the colonel, with a smile.

"I was expecting to," Jerry answered. "Why?"

"Bruce Gordon has just telephoned that he 's in town and will lunch with us. Of course he wants to talk hospital with you. You remember him, don't you?"

Jerry nodded.

"I have n't seen him since I was a kid. I used to be afraid of him."

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The colonel laughed.

"His bark is worse than his bite."

"They don't seem to think so in New York," said Jerry.

"A man who has made millions does n't have to have good manners," said the colonel. "Moreover, I suppose one can't make money without also making enemies; but he 's been my friend for fifty years, and I want him to be yours. Now, in discussing this hospital business," the colonel went on, "speak your mind and disagree with him if you think his ideas are wrong. He does n't get on with people who give way to him."

"I 'll do my best," said Jerry.

Marion was lunching with the Ludlows, and the three men sat down together. Contrary to his expectations, Jerry found himself drawn to the financier. It was possible that under the influence of his boyhood's associations he was more human and kindly than usual, but at all events Jerry liked him. He was a huge man, nearly six feet four. A little stoop of the shoulders and a tinge of gray in his hair indicated that he was no longer young, but the vigor of his voice and manner was unimpaired. As the meal progressed, the twinkle in his cold, piercing eyes kindled oftener. He seemed to be laying aside business cares and to be enjoying himself.

The meal progressed, and he made no mention of the hospital. Neither of the Sumners introduced the subject, and they went into the library for coffee. As Gordon lighted his cigar, he settled himself in his chair and turned to the colonel.

"We 're going to get down to business now," thought Jerry.

There was a silence during which the financier puffed vigorously at his cigar. Then with harsh abruptness he said:

"Addison, you remember my sister Amy?"

"Naturally."

Jerry saw an expression of amazement cross his father's face.

"I don't think I ever was quite fair to her," Gordon went on as if he were discussing the weather. "I wanted her to marry you. But she did n't want to marry you, and you did n't want to marry her, and I suppose you each had something to say about it."

"We were more like brother and sister," said the colonel.

"You were a better brother to her than I was," said Gordon. "But that can't be changed now. She went her way, and I went mine. I suppose I should have forgiven her, just as mother did, if she had n't died." He broke off, and his eyes met Colonel Sumner's. "That was a good while ago, Addison."

"It was," said the colonel.

"We 're pretty close to being through," Gordon went on. "How quick it all passes! Yesterday we were like this,"—he nodded toward Jerry,—"to-day we 're what we are—lonely old men—and to-morrow we quit. Do you ever stop to wonder what it 's all about?"

"The trouble with you, Bruce," said the colonel, "is that you ought to have married."

"So I ought to have bought steel at eight and a half, but I did n't. You can't play the game by thinking what you ought to have done, Addison. I have n't a son, and thinking about it won't give me one; so I don't think about it."

"Still," said the colonel, consolingly, "there are other compensating things."

"Perhaps," said the financier. "But you 've had all the best of it, Addison; you were the lucky one. Don't forget that. If I had my life to live over, I suppose I 'd live it just as I have and regret at the end of it that I had n't stayed in Elmford and married, like you; and that is all you can say about it."

"Still, it must give you a great deal of satisfaction," said the colonel, "to do all that you are able to do for other people. Think of this hospital you 're giving. Think of the thousands it will help."

Gordon made no answer. He struck another match and relighted his cigar.

"Jerry," he said shortly, "do you know a young man in Grant's office named De Witt?"

"I know him," said Jerry.

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"Bright fellow, is n't he?"

"Every one says so."

"I wish you 'd get him on the telephone for me. I want to speak to him."

"Of course," said Jerry, and rose.

"I think I might as well tell you," Gordon went on to the colonel, "that having no family of my own, I 'm on the way to acquiring one."

The colonel gazed at him, open-mouthed.

"You mean you 're going to get married?"

"No," said Gordon, laughing; "not so bad as that. I 'm contemplating a form of adoption."

"Not Preston De Witt?" exclaimed the colonel.

"I don't know. It might come to that. No one ever knows." He smiled grimly.

Jerry stopped on his way to the door, his eyes riveted on the financier.

"Just what do you mean?" the colonel demanded.

"It seems that Amy had a child," Gordon answered. "She died soon after it was born. Now the father is dead, and the child has turned up, and I 'm fool enough at the age of sixty-two to embark upon the career of uncle—that is, if it decides to accept me. Apparently it 's in some doubt about it."

"Have you seen it?"

"That 's what I 'm here for."

"Is Amy's child in Elmford?"

"That 's what Grant tells me. There seems to be no reason to doubt it. It 's a young person by the name of Virginia Xelva."

"Virginia Xelva!" cried the colonel, aghast. "She 's here in this house—a nurse in Jerry's office!"

Gordon looked at him sharply. He was not in the habit of showing surprise.

"I thought she was stopping with Sarah Woodbridge."

"She is, but she 's with Jerry during office hours. To think of Amy's daughter being here and I not knowing it!"

Gordon turned to Jerry, who was standing dumbly in the doorway.

"May I see her?" he asked.

"She 's in New York," Jerry answered. "She went this morning on the eleven-twenty."

Gordon uttered an impatient ejaculation.

"I wired Grant's office this morning not to send her on. Get me De Witt at once!"

Jerry went out to the telephone. From the hall he heard the voices of the two men. Gordon was asking the colonel if he had seen her and what sort of girl she was, but the voices sounded thin and far away. His heart was beating like a trip-hammer. It was clear now why Mrs. Woodbridge had taken such a fancy to Virginia and why Preston had been making love to her. For a fortnight he had known that she was Bruce Gordon's niece. Under Grant's direction he had doubtless been investigating the case for Mr. Gordon and supplying the proofs of Virginia's identity. For a fortnight he had known that Virginia was a great heiress. The girl, touched and flattered by his attentions, had been swept off her feet. Preston had her and would never let go his hold. As Jerry's last hope snapped, a blind rage swept him. He understood now how Budd had felt. If he could have clasped his fingers around Preston's throat he would have committed murder joyously. But Preston's throat not being in his clasp, he called Grant's office and told the clerk who answered that Mr. Gordon wished to speak with Mr. De Witt. He went back to the library, reported that De Witt was on the wire, and then, seizing his hat, went hurriedly out.

CHAPTER XX

As Jerry came out of the house depressed with the knowledge that Virginia was Bruce Gordon's niece and presumable heir and that Preston De Witt had been aware of these facts for a fortnight, he encountered the postman coming up the steps.

"Shall I put your mail in the box or will you take it?" the man asked.

"I 'll take it," Jerry answered. The

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little packet apparently consisted of bills and advertising circulars. He was about to thrust it into his pocket when his eye caught a familiar handwriting. It was on an envelop that bore the printed name of a New York hotel. Mechanically he tore it open and began to read:

DEAR OLD JERRY:

Here I am on what they call the Great White Way, getting my appetite back after the trip across "the pond." The pater and I had another little disagreement, and the result is that I 've been shipped out to your wild and woolly Occident. What I now have to propose is this, that we have a month in Wyoming together after elk and mountain sheep. You can't get out of it with a telegraphic no, for I 'm coming Thursday to your bucolic Elmford to debate the matter in person and carry you off. We all lamented your absence at the moor, but the birds were scarce and sport poor, so your virtue had the reward of not missing much. This ought to reach you Wednesday. That is to-morrow, and the next day I shall see you. You might wire me that you are home. So no more at present from

Yours faithfully,

MARCHY.

P. S. I saw Mildway just before sailing, and he sent a lot of messages which I have forgotten.

"By Jove!" Jerry muttered, "I 'll go to Wyoming!" He got into his car and drove to the telegraph-office, where he wired Marchbanks that he would meet him Thursday morning on the train leaving New York at ten. Then he headed over the bridge and made his way to the open country. He had no idea where he was going. He only wanted to get away from everything. Presently he was tearing over the hills in violation of all known speed laws.

In the meanwhile Budd and Virginia had been adventuring into the unknown, though separately.

By the time Budd reached the station that morning the train was already coming in. He dashed up to the ticket-window, got his ticket, and was starting for the train when he saw Virginia on the platform waiting to board the parlor-car. Having no idea of her intentions, he jumped at the conclusion that Jerry had discovered his departure and had hastily despatched her on his trail. Just how Jerry could have found out that he was not waiting till the next day in time to get Miss Xelva aboard the eleven-twenty he did not stop to think out. As a matter of fact, Budd was too agitated to think out anything. By this time existence had resolved itself into mere consciousness of torment. What he wanted he could never have. His was a blighted existence. All that he could expect was liberty to crawl away like a wounded beast, and wait forty or fifty years for death to bring release, and now even this modest privilege was about to be denied him.

He had been intending to crawl as far as the Grand Central Station in a parlor-car chair, but when he saw Virginia boarding the car, he drew back till she was out of sight, and then hurriedly made his way to one of the day-coaches. On reaching New York he managed to be the first person to leave the forward car, and bolted for Vanderbilt Avenue at a speed likely to make female pursuit fruitless. At Forty-fourth Street he turned west, and three minutes later was in a position of relative safety within the portals of his club. As he asked for a room the clerk handed him Jerry's telegram.

Budd's impulse was to tear the sheet of yellow paper into bits and let it go at that. Taking the first train back was unthinkable. He wanted no more advice or treatment. However, when he had gone to his room he decided that he owed something to Jerry, and finally called him up on the telephone. The call reached Jerry as he was attending to the last patient of the morning, just before his father had come in with the announcement that Bruce Gordon was coming to lunch.

"I just got your telegram," Budd began. "Why do you want me to take the next train back?"

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"Because I thought you might like to marry a certain lady," Jerry answered.

"But don't you understand that 's all off?" Budd stammered.

"Look here," said Jerry, "I have n't time for foolishness. I 've just seen her, and my advice is to come back at once."

"But has she forgiven me for doing what I did last night?"

"She has."

"But in my letter I told her I was going away and would n't bother her any more."

"Can't you understand," said Jerry, with some exasperation, "that she wants to be bothered? She found that out as soon as she thought you were interested in some one else."

"Did you tell her I was n't?"

"I did, but I said you very well might be unless she married you in the course of the week."

"Then you think I really ought to come back?"

"If you don't, you ought to be locked up."

"But if I go to see her, how do you think I ought to begin?"

There was no answer. A click at the other end of the wire told him that Jerry had hung up. He considered calling him again, but thought better of it. Jerry evidently meant that he would have to work that out for himself.

Budd found the news he had just received hard to appreciate. After a certain point, a starving man feels no hunger. Budd was too numb for elation. However, he knew he must go back. He proceeded down to the office, consulted a time-table, and found that he could get a train at four-ten. Then he gave up his room and ordered himself some lunch. A little before four he called a taxi and started for the station. Feeling that he was now immune from pursuit, he bought a parlor-car seat, and with ten minutes to spare he sauntered over to the telegraph-office and sent a wire to Hartley asking him to have a car meet him at Elmford. He decided that on arriving he would go at once to Grace's. Then he bought the evening papers and went aboard the train. His seat was near the end. He glanced down the lines of passengers, saw no one that he knew, and sat down. The train started and was gathering headway when he glanced up and saw the porter with a hand-bag coming down the aisle, followed by Virginia. The next moment she dropped into the empty chair beside him.

"Why, Budd!" she exclaimed. "Is n't this funny?"

"Yes, it is," said Budd, without enthusiasm.

"I looked for you this morning on the eleven-twenty," she went on. "When did you come to New York?"

"How did you know I was coming?" he answered evasively.

"Dr. Sumner told me."

He glanced at her suspiciously, but her manner was frank. She seemed to have nothing to conceal.

"He did n't tell you to come along and kind of watch me?" he demanded.

She shook her head.

"Why, no," she answered. "Why should he? I thought everything was going very well with you."

"Well, it is now, but it had n't been."

"You mean you had another set-back?"

He nodded.

"Well, I 'm sure that it will all be all right," she said, smiling. "I had an idea that you had come to buy something at the jeweler's."

He colored.

"What have you been doing in New York?" he demanded.

"Just business," she answered. "And when I got here I found that I had come on for nothing and had to go right back."

"It had n't anything to do with me?"

"Nothing. It will be funny not to be getting up at six o'clock to-morrow morning and going through our training," she went on. "Do you think you 'll miss it?"

He shook his head.

"I think I shall," she said. "Your mother has asked me to stop on for a few days."

"Do you think you 'll miss your work at the doctor's?" he asked.

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It was Virginia's turn to be surprised at this question.

"How did you know that I 'd given it up?" she demanded.

"Why, I don't know," he stammered. "I just supposed naturally—"

She looked confused and opened her paper, and Budd did likewise.

Conversation languished after that. Budd read the front-page head-lines three times without any definite impression of the day's news till Virginia swung her chair around and left him to undisturbed thought. Her appearance had created new complications. He could hardly go off in his car and leave her standing on the platform to hunt for a taxi when she was staying in his house. Yet he grudged the time it would take. It would be late enough before he could reach Grace's if he went direct from the station. However, there was nothing else to do. This settled, he gave himself up to the embarrassing problem of meeting Grace. As her last words to him had expressed the desire of never seeing him again, he could hardly say he had just dropped in to see how her ankle was, neither could he mention the doctor's intervention. He knit his brows in perplexity, but by the time the train was drawing near Elmford he had invented an opening that seemed satisfactory.

Grace could be counted on to greet him with a chilly "How do you do?" After this he would begin: "I wanted to speak to you about last night, Grace. As I told you in my letter, I 'm sorry that I forgot myself and acted as no gentleman should."

There was nothing she could object to in this. Then he would go on more boldly: "I can't keep my promise not to bother you again. It means too much to me. Never since that afternoon when you let me know you cared for me have I ever thought of any one else. If I could only make you understand that everything I am, or hope to be, belongs to you, that all my happiness is just in doing for you and caring for you and loving you, I would die happy. I know I have bothered you and been jealous without any real reason, and I 'm sorry, for I want you always to have your own friends and that sort of thing; but I believe now that if you will only let things be as they were before I sha'n't be jealous and unreasonable any more. I have had my lesson, Grace, and I want now to care for you in the way you want me to. Will you give me another chance?"

At this, he pictured Grace softening and her wonderful smile breaking out. "I 'll try to forgive you, Budd, for last night," she would say. "You 've made me very unhappy, but—"

And then would come his opportunity to win her.

He was aroused by the train stopping at Elmford.

"I 've ordered the car to be here," he said to Virginia. "I 'll run you home, but we 'll have to hurry, for I 've some business to attend to afterward."

"But I can get a taxi," she urged.

He shook his head, insisted on taking her little bag, and led the way out. As he stepped down upon the platform he stopped short, and a thrill ran through him. He saw Mrs. Tyler getting off the car ahead. *Her* mother had been upon the same train. It was an omen. His impulse was to rush up to her, but he checked himself, realizing that it would consume precious moments. Just then Hunter, his mother's chauffeur, appeared and took the bags, and at the same moment he saw Mrs. Tyler's chauffeur making his way to Mrs. Tyler. She was being looked out for, so he turned sharply and, beckoning to Virginia, followed Hunter to the automobile.

Fifteen minutes later, having left Virginia at his mother's house, the car drew up in front of the Tylers'. He looked nervously at his watch. It was a quarter-past six. The question now was whether Grace would be home. He rang the bell. As the maid opened the door, he heard the rustle of a woman's dress and distinctly saw Grace cross the hall and enter the library. She wore a hat and had evidently just come in.

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"Please tell Miss Tyler that Mr. Woodbridge wishes to see her," he said tremulously.

The maid, who was new, gazed at him mildly and withdrew.

He began running over the discourse that he had prepared. "I wanted to speak to you about last night. As I told you in my letter—" he repeated. The lump in his throat was making articulation difficult. He saw the maid reappear in the hall and come toward him. He braced himself. In another moment he would be in the library face to face with all that made life worth living.

The maid reached him.

"Miss Tyler says she is sorry, but she has just come from the station, where she was meeting her mother, and begs to be excused."

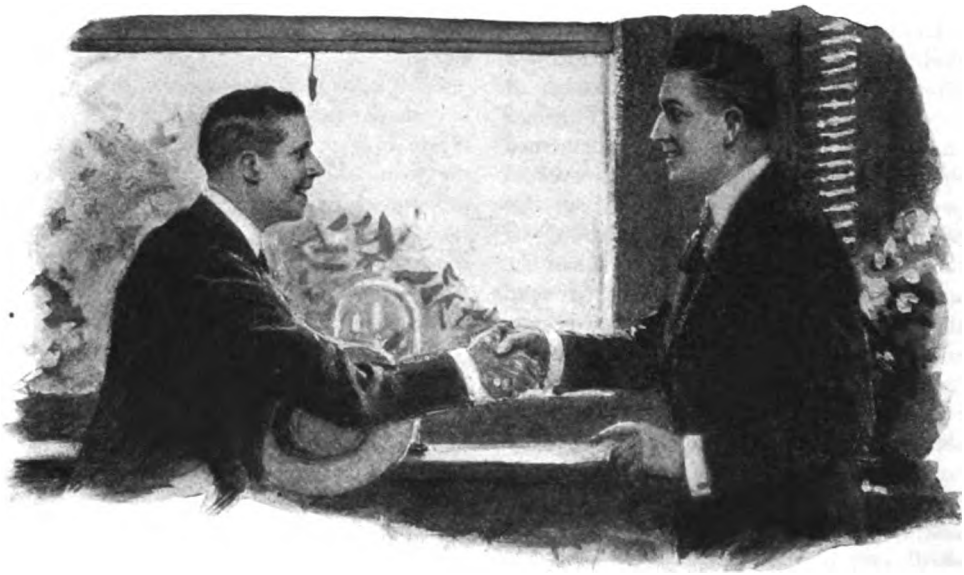
Unaware that she had uttered the mandates of life and death, the maid passed him and opened the door.

Mechanically he passed out, his hat still in his hand.

A "Hello, Budd!" sounded in his ears, and he saw Preston De Witt mounting the steps.

"Hello," he muttered, and went on to the waiting car. The chauffeur pressed the self-starter, but the engine failed to start. Budd saw the front door open and Preston go in.

"Something is the matter with the battery," the chauffeur announced after another effort. "I guess I 'll have to crank."



"CONDUCTING HIMSELF MUCH LIKE A ST. BERNARD PUPPY WITH A DOG BISCUIT"

Three minutes elapsed before he had the engine going. Preston still remained in the house. Then the car started, and they moved down the street. As they turned the corner two blocks beyond, Budd looked back, but saw no sign of Preston. Grace had received him. There was no doubt about it. Meeting her mother at the station was not a reason for sending him away. Suddenly it flashed upon him that Grace had seen him get off the train with Virginia and drive away with her. If Preston had not been there, he would have gone back and insisted upon an explanation. As it was, the only thing to do was to go home. If the doctor had really fixed things for him once again, he himself had thoroughly muddled them, he was obliged to confess.

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CHAPTER XXI

BUDD's supposition that Grace had seen him get off the train and drive away with Virginia was entirely correct. In an instant her suspicions as to Jerry's double-dealing were confirmed. Budd was a cad again, Jerry a deceiver; the whole world was against her. Not unnaturally, therefore, when Budd was announced she was outraged at the insolence of such a proceeding.

As the front door closed on him Grace came out of the library and started upstairs. Meanwhile the maid had admitted Preston. They met face to face. She was not sorry to see him. She knew that Budd must know he was there. If she still had the power to hurt, she was going to use it, and at all events Preston could cover her defeat.

"Come in," she said. "I was just going to take off my hat. Do you want some tea?"

"No tea," he answered. "I can stop only a minute. I came in to see you about our golf to-morrow." He followed her into the drawing-room and dropped into a chair.

"Don't tell me you 're going to chuck."

"I 'm afraid I 'll have to," he answered. "Honestly, I 'm simply loaded up with work. My desk looks as if an avalanche had buried it."

She laughed mockingly.

"You 've got to do better than that."

"It 's the honest fact," he protested. "Mr. Grant is away at Bar Harbor, Bruce Gordon is in town, and the whole office is upside down."

"Is Bruce Gordon a client?"

He nodded.

"For all that," she said, "I 've never known you to let business interfere with golf. I guess the stories that I hear must be true."

"What stories?"

"I feel very much hurt," she went on. "I thought that naturally I 'd be the first one you 'd tell about it, and now I find out that for two weeks you 've been busy and not a word."

"This town is some place for news," observed Preston, cautiously.

"I saw her last night," Grace continued. "I thought she was lovely."

"I don't see that you need to be told anything," he said grimly.

"Oh, my, we 've only begun!" cried Grace. "In the first place, I want to know how you met her? I never supposed that you were very intimate with the Woodbridges."

"Are you kiddin' ?"

"Not in the least. I want to know. I suppose you 'll say it was business."

"It was."

"So she 's a client, too?"

"In a way."

"But I thought she was a penniless, self-supporting nurse. People like that don't go to you."

Preston looked at her and laughed.

"Can you keep a secret?"

"I 'm a tomb, as you ought to know."

"Well, as they say in melodrama, she 's not what she appears to be. The fact is, she 's a long-lost orphan or, rather, the long-mislaid niece of a prosperous uncle."

"And the uncle?"

"The uncle happens to be Bruce Gordon."

Grace gasped. The significance of this announcement was the same to her as it had been to Jerry. She knew Preston too well to have any doubt as to his probable intentions toward Bruce Gordon's niece. The possibility that, after all, Jerry had told her the truth flashed upon her.

"But I never heard of such a thing!" she cried.

"One rarely does hear of such a thing," he said quietly.

"But how was she discovered?"

"Well, it seems that her mother married a Swiss rather against the wishes of the family, and died soon after the daughter was born. Two or three years later her father was killed in a railway accident, and the girl was brought up by his sister. The sister married recently, as women sometimes do, and the girl decided to seek her fortune and hunt up her grandmother. When she got to Elmford she found that

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Grandmother Gordon was a blessed memory. Apparently she had never heard of Uncle Bruce, and funds being low, she started in to support herself. She got a job in Sumner's office and, rumor has it, was installed by him at the Woodbridges' to revive Budd from a hitherto unsuspected attack of the pip."

They exchanged glances, and Preston went on:

"Mrs. Woodbridge, who had known her mother, was struck by the resemblance of the girl to her old friend, questioned her, and the story came out. Mr. Gordon was notified, proofs of identity were sent on, and to-day Miss Xelva went to New York to see him. After the manner of the great, he took it into his head to come to Elmford without letting us know about the change of plans; so they crossed on the road, and I 've had the pleasant job of explaining how it was all my fault. I 've telephoned her to take the first train back. So I hope that now all is well."

"Did Budd take her to New York?" Grace asked shortly.

"I don't think so. As far as I know, no one knew she was going. The ridiculous girl was not at all sure that she wanted to see or have anything to do with Uncle Bruce; so she kept the whole matter very quiet."

"But why?"

"You can search me. Mrs. Woodbridge tells me that she 's very much interested in her work as a nurse."

Grace shot him a sudden look.

"I see," she observed. "She 's the new type that wants to be free and self-supporting."

"Something like that," he assented.

"Well, is n't this wonderful!" said Grace, sweetly. "And besides being rich, she 's so delightful. Really, Preston, it makes me believe that these things are really arranged in heaven."

"I think that 's enough," he said shortly. "Of course I 've only known Miss Xelva in a business way, but I 've seen enough of her to make me realize that she 's a very fine person, and I don't want to be joshed about her."

"Joshed?" repeated Grace. "Don't think for a minute I 'm joshing. It 's all too wonderful. Why, it 's like a miracle. Just the right girl for you drops out of the skies, and you fall in love with her and she with you—wedding bells and curtain. It 's perfect. No wonder you can't play golf with me to-morrow."

"Suppose we change the subject," said Preston, firmly. "Speaking of other things, I met Budd as I came in. I hope you gave him a good time."

"Speaking of Budd," she answered calmly, "are n't you a little worried at having him in the same house with her?"

Preston laughed heartily, a circumstance which gave Grace a satisfaction of which the laugher was unaware.

"Yes, I 'm worried," he said, "but I 'm bearing up. You ought not to make me laugh that way," he added. "Poor little Budd! He is n't a bad fellow at that. You 've handed it to him pretty raw, Grace. Why don't you let him go away and get over it?"

Grace's eyes flashed dangerously, but she smiled.

"I 'm glad you like him."

"Of course I like him," he answered patronizingly. "Why should n't I?"

"Well, then, I 'll tell you something," she went on. "There 's more good in Budd's little finger than in your whole body. You 're clever and amusing, but you 're cold-blooded as a fish. Heaven help the woman that marries you!"

"But why the anger?" he asked, with an astonished look. "What have I done? Wrath makes you very beautiful, but even that should n't be allowed to blind your judgment. The fish, my dear, is a model husband, clean, never in the way, never jealous. To be called a fish is a compliment. It 's almost a pity you did n't decide to marry me," he added gaily. "You would have grown to prize my funny charms."

She looked at him scornfully. How could a girl, able to choose between such a man and a brave, clean, simple-hearted boy like Budd, hesitate? With a sense of alarm it occurred to her that Virginia

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might also have arrived at a similar conclusion.

"I suppose it *is* a pity," she observed, repressing the comment that was on her tongue. "However, life is full of just such tragedies."

He sighed ironically and rose.

"I must be going. Perhaps we can get some golf next week. I 'll telephone if I can get a free afternoon."

"It would be nice," she said icily and bade him good night.

When he had gone, Grace stood in the empty room, rigid, her breath coming fast. Suddenly, like a sleep-walker, she turned with measured steps and went up-stairs. She closed the door of her room behind her and took the telephone-receiver from the hook. The number she called answered.

"Hartley," she said, "I want to speak to Mr. Budd." She waited tensely. A voice came over the wire.

"Is that you, Budd?" she asked in low, tremulous tones.

The voice, equally tremulous, assured her that it was. "Budd dear," she went on, "I was sorry not to see you just now. Can you come in after dinner?"

A stammered question was asked.

"Yes, of course I shall be alone. You will come?"

As the answer reached her she laughed nervously.

"You dear!" she murmured. "At eight."

She replaced the receiver and sat gazing with unseeing eyes through the window that commanded the old garden. The dusk fell and deepened, and still she sat till her mother's maid knocked and asked her what she would wear for dinner.

CHAPTER XXII

When Jerry turned his car toward the open country he was in much the same situation as the gentleman of the song, who with no definite idea of a terminus was "on his way." As his speed ranged from thirty to sixty miles an hour in defiance of both law and public [illegible] was likely to arrive somewhere, if only in a jail or a hospital. The fact was that he was obeying a blind impulse to get away from Elmford, much as Budd had obeyed a similar impulse earlier in the day. And it was a sudden recognition of this analogy that restored to him a measure of reasonableness.

"Think of me giving the kid advice!" he muttered. "Some nerve, eh?" He laughed despite himself. When a man can laugh he has taken the first step toward getting his troubles in hand.

He eased down to forty as a maximum, and continued over a lonely stretch of hill country, communing with himself upon the futility of human wisdom in general and his own in particular. As he climbed a long grade, a sudden report, followed by an ominous bumping, caused him to pull up by the side of the road, and he got out to confront the broken tire. A prolonged period of exercise with a leaky pump stiffened his philosophy more than the new tire. If Virginia was lost to him, she was lost. Life had to go on, and the sooner he picked up the dropped stitches the sooner his individual piece of knitting would be in order. That was all there was to it. He got the tube inflated to the point where it would carry him to the next garage, put his tools away, and wiped his hands. Before starting the car again, he re-read Marchbanks's letter.

There was something in the fateful opportuneness of Marchy's arrival and the Wyoming project that cheered him. The universe had not overlooked him entirely. Engaged in such reflections, the possibility of running down to New York and bringing Marchbanks back to Elmford suddenly occurred to him. He looked at his watch, ran on to the next village, and, making inquiries as to his whereabouts, found that he was within twelve miles of Bridgeport. He had his tire blown up, filled his gasolene-tank, and set out. A little before five he drew up before a hotel in Manhattan. Five minutes later, with the assistance of a page, he discovered the illustrious Marchbanks, solitary, partaking of tea and muffins in the palm garden.

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Except in Latin countries, where men kiss one another, and in novels, the ceremony of greeting between long-parted friends is apt to be disappointing. Marchbanks set down his tea-cup with deliberation.

"Well, I 'll be blessed!" he observed.

"Cut out this muffin business," said Jerry, "and get a bag packed. We 'll get to Elmford for dinner. I 've got a car outside."

"Does it mean Wyoming?"

Jerry nodded, and with a regretful glance at the abandoned tea-table Marchbanks rose and followed his captor. Fifteen minutes later they were off. As they got clear of the city and sped northward, Marchbanks began a laconic recital of his adventures since the night of their parting in Lucerne.

"A simple, sordid tale," he concluded. "And now it 's your turn. As I understand it, you 've become a decent, industrious country doctor."

"All of that," said Jerry.

"And still single?"

Jerry nodded.

Marchbanks yawned.

"It was a great pity you did n't stop and marry the girl with the wounded aunt. She was really a nice girl. Mildway saw her again the next day. He was for looking up the consul and getting presented to her people. I would n't have it, though. Seemed disloyal to you. You ought to go back this winter and finish it up."

"Perhaps I will," said Jerry.

"I 'm serious about it," observed Marchbanks, ducking down behind the wind-shield to light a cigarette. "I 've changed a lot about that sort of thing—take it seriously now. Believe a man ought to marry and settle down."

"Did this occur to you on the steamer?" asked Jerry, significantly.

Marchbanks grinned.

"Well, I would n't say that; only as a general principle I 'm for it."

"As a general principle it 's rot," said Jerry, savagely.

"God bless me!" said Marchbanks, looking at him in surprise. "I did n't know you were a woman-hater. Is this the result of medicine or life in Elmford?"

"It 's common sense," said Jerry. Then changing the subject with some abruptness, he demanded, "What are you going to shoot with, an American 30-30 or a Lee-Metford?"

"I don't know," Marchbanks answered vaguely. "I 've got a lot of stuff in my kit. I 'll get you to pick me out the right thing. But, I say, why do you announce it 's common sense?"

"What else is it?"

Marchbanks gazed at him doubtfully and made no rejoinder. A moment later he tossed his cigarette away, put up the collar of his overcoat, and withdrew into his own thoughts.

The dusk had begun to fall. Jerry bent forward, turned on the head-lights, and, pressing his foot on the accelerator, watched the speed climb up till the indicator hung trembling close to fifty. The miles sped by. Village after village was passed and left behind. The tires held up, the engine ran like clockwork, and at half-past seven the two motorists drew up before the lighted windows of the old Sumner mansion.

"We 're here," said Jerry, shortly. "While I think of it, you need n't mention Wyoming till I tip you off. I have n't broken it to the governor."

Marchbanks nodded.

"Perhaps I ought to explain a little more about this expedition. Of course the shooting is to be the main thing, but you won't mind if we run down for a bit to a place called Cheyenne?"

"I think I should mind a good deal," said Jerry. "Why Cheyenne?"

"Well," said Marchbanks, with an evident effort, "you see, that girl you spoke about my meetin' on the ship lives out there."

Jerry stopped with the latch-key in the keyhole and stared at him.

"Her people were very decent," Marchbanks went on. "Asked me to look 'em up if I was ever passing through."

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"SHE STOOD HER GROUND, AND IT CLOSED ABOUT HER"

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"You poor mutt!" said Jerry, hopelessly. "So that 's how it is?"

"Well, something like that," said Marchbanks. "Don't think I 'm backing out about the shootin'. But why can't we do both?"

"Marchy," said Jerry, soberly, "you never can do both. Cut it out. You 're making the great mistake of your life. Let 's switch to New Brunswick and have a go at moose."

"You 're not going to go back on me?" Marchbanks cried in alarm.

"I 'm going to take you shooting," Jerry answered, "and nothing else. When you know what I know, you 'll bless me to the end of time." With that he opened the door and ushered in his guest.

The unexpected arrival of the Hon. Marchbanks produced an atmosphere of festivity at dinner, and Jerry was grateful, although he was in anything but a festive state of mind himself. Marion appeared in a new gown, and Marchbanks entertained the company with hitherto unrelated chapters of Jerry's adventures abroad. He and Marion seemed to hit it off from the start, a circumstance that kept the conversational ball rolling without assistance from Jerry. As a consequence he was able to occupy himself with his own thoughts without being noticeably distrait. One thing that perplexed him was the apparent disappearance of Bruce Gordon. He had expected to find him dining with his father.

Jerry surmised that Virginia had been directed to return to Elmford, and he was anxious to know the result of her meeting with her uncle; but as Colonel Sumner made no mention of the matter, he could only wait. After dinner the three men withdrew to the library to smoke. Marion went to the drawing-room and began playing the piano. Almost immediately Marchbanks manifested signs of preferring music to male society disappeared. Shortly afterward there issued from the drawing-room evidence of ragtime duets.

"He plays very well," the colonel observed benignly, unfolding his newspaper. "A nice boy."

"Don't judge him by his box-beating," Jerry answered. "He 's a better fellow than that. All he needs is work, and from what he tells me I fancy he 's going to get it."

"I don't suppose work hurts any of us," said the colonel, with a smile. He glanced over his glasses with a look of pride at his son.

Jerry made no answer. He realized that to announce that he was leaving his newly established practice for a month's shooting was not going to be easy.

"Bruce Gordon was very much pleased at the way you have taken hold," the colonel went on. "By the way, you disappeared very suddenly after lunch. He wanted to talk to you about the hospital. You see, he had to stop over to see Virginia."

"She 's come back?"

"Yes. He telephoned the office in New York. He 's at Caroline Woodbridge's, dining with her. She must be rather a remarkable girl," the colonel continued. "From what he told me it seems that it was n't so much a question of whether he would accept the responsibilities of uncle as whether she would accept the emoluments of niece. Apparently she had more than half a mind to go on supporting herself with what she called her 'work.' I think Bruce was actually as nervous about making a good impression on her as a fellow who 's going to propose." The colonel laughed, and began to read his paper.

Jerry rose, crossed the room, came back, and dropped into his chair again. What if the girl really did take it into her head to refuse to accept anything from her uncle? He knew she was quite capable of doing it if it seemed the right thing for her to do. If such a thing actually happened and she roused Bruce Gordon's anger, was it not more than likely that Preston would hold off? At least the probabilities would be that an immediate marriage would be out of the question. The idea seemed absurd, yet he could not help a wild hope rising again.

He began turning over in his mind a

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way of finding out the result of the meeting at the Woodbridges'. Doubtless by now it was all settled. Mrs. Woodbridge would know, but he could not very well ring her up and ask her.

He seized the other evening paper and forced himself to read it for ten minutes. Then he tossed it aside, rose, and got himself a fresh cigar. As he was biting off the end he heard an automobile drive up, and stop with a creaking of brakes. It might be Gordon returning to tell of his failure. He stood breathless, struck a match, then cursed himself for a fool. The thing he was hoping for was unthinkable, and yet— The front door-bell sounded faintly from the depths of the house. In all probability it was some friends of Marion's running in. He dropped into his arm-chair and puffed at the partly ignited tobacco. He heard the door open and then a heavy tread in the hall. The next moment the huge form of Bruce Gordon filled the doorway.

Colonel Sumner leaped to his feet.

"Well! well!" he cried, "everything all right? Sit down and tell us about it."

"I 'm catching the nine-thirty to town," said Gordon, refusing a chair. "I thought I 'd look in and say good-night."

"Don't tell me you 've been rejected?" the colonel cried, laughing.

The big man smiled grimly.

"That 's a fine girl, Addison, but obstinate as—"

"As you are," suggested the colonel.

Gordon tried to scowl, but ended in a gruff chuckle.

"I tell you I 've had some battle, Addison. If any one should tell you that child has n't a mind of her own, don't believe it. I would n't want her on a hostile board of directors."

"But what was the matter? Her work?"

"That was part of it. Principally though, she seems to have an unalterable objection to leaving Elmford. I 'll be hanged if in the end I did n't have to compromise on letting her spend half her time here. As she 's only lived here a month, I don't understand it, unless—"

"Unless what?" demanded the colonel.

"Oh, nothing," the financier answered. "We 've got it patched up. I want you, though, to keep an eye on her when she 's here."

"Why did n't you bring her to this house, bag and baggage?" the colonel demanded.

"You can settle that with her and Caroline," was the answer.

"We 'll go down and get her this minute. I 'll order the car."

"You won't have much luck to-night," said Gordon, with a wry face. "She 's got a young man camping in the parlor. I suspect her interest in Elmford might be accounted for by investigations in that direction. However, it 's none of my business. Good-by. I want you to come and see me the first of next week, young man," he added, with a menacing gesture at Jerry. Then he was gone.

The rag-time, which had died down with the ringing of the door-bell, started up again.

"Well! well!" said the colonel, benevolently, "is n't that splendid? Who do you suppose he meant by the young man camping in the parlor?"

"I don't know," answered Jerry and picked up the newspaper again. The drowning man's straw had gone under, as, of course, he knew it would.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE counsel that the night brought to Jerry decided him to pack his kit and start west with scant explanation or ceremony. The hospital could wait. There were plenty of young doctors in Elmford who would take charge of his practice for a consideration. To his father he would plead a long-standing engagement with Marchbanks for a big-game expedition. The colonel had taken a liking to Marchbanks and would be likely to accede to the view that hospitality demanded sacrifices.

The breakfast-table gaiety of Marion and the guest appeared to Jerry unseemly, but he bore it with fortitude till March-

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banks began on a third helping of marmalade. At this point he rose and lighted a cigarette.

"I think I 'll leave you children," he said. "And when you can tear yourself from this scene of gluttony," he added to the colonel, "I 'd like to speak to you for a minute. I 'll be in the library."

As he passed through the hall, Emile appeared in the doorway leading to the offices.

"Could you see Mr. Woodbridge?" he asked. "He say he was sorry to come before office hour, but he was very anxious to see you."

Jerry hesitated and then turned sharply.

"I 'll see him," he answered. "Bring him into my office."

As he seated himself at his desk there was a clatter in the hall, and Budd, beaming and conducting himself much like a St. Bernard puppy with a dog biscuit, burst in.

"It 's all right!" he shouted and, seizing Jerry by the hand, began to pump it up and down.

"I presume this demonstration indicates that you are open to congratulations," observed Jerry.

"It surely does," said Budd. "I came back just as you advised me to, and last night—"

"She proposed to you."

"Well, I 'll be hanged! How did you know that?"

Jerry laughed.

"That must be a secret, because, while ladies very often do it, they don't like to have it talked about."

"Of course she did n't really ask me to marry her," said Budd.

"Of course not," said Jerry. "And, after all, the only thing that matters is that it 's done. Well, my son," he went on, "I wish you luck, lots of it and for always."

"We both of us feel as if we owed it all to you," the boy said shyly. "You 're the only person outside the family we 've told."

"Stuff!" said Jerry.

"But it 's the fact. If it was n't for that serum that went after the jealousy bugs and the good advice you gave me I guess I 'd have been in the discard by now. You 're a wonderful man, Doctor."

"Now, look here—" Jerry began. For a moment he considered disclosing the nature of the serum and the general futility of human reason as applied to Budd's complaint.

"But there is n't any doubt about it," Budd interrupted. "It 's all due to you. You don't realize what it is to have helped a fellow out of the muss I was in. You see, very few men understand that sort of thing the way you do."

Jerry sat back helplessly in his chair. What could he say?

"I 'm glad you 're happy," he mumbled. "She 's a fine girl."

"The best," assented Budd. He glanced at his watch and grinned. "I 'm late," he added. "She 's expecting me at ten, and I 've got to hustle down to the florist's first. This being really engaged is some responsibility." He turned to go, but suddenly stopped. The door had swung open, and standing in the doorway was Virginia. She looked inquiringly from one to the other.

"Am I interrupting?" she asked.

"Budd has just been telling me he 's engaged," said Jerry, with an effort to be casual.

Virginia uttered an exclamation of delight.

Budd grinned.

"Of course I want you to know, Virgie," he said doubtfully, "but I really ought not to be talking to you. You see, she does n't want me to. She thinks you and I were in love with each other. That is what made her cry the other night."

"But surely you 've told her!" said Virginia, somewhat anxiously.

"Of course I have, and she says she believes me, but just the same she does n't want me to see much of you."

A peal of mirthless laughter burst from Jerry.

"Is n't it the helping hand that always gets burned?" he shouted. "Of course you know it was Miss Xelva that pulled your

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chestnuts out of the fire," he went on to Budd. "This is a nice way to thank her for it."

"But what can I do?" Budd asked, helplessly turning to Virginia. "You wait till you 're actually engaged and you 'll understand all right."

Jerry's quick eye noted a deepening of the girl's color.

"Budd, I can only congratulate you and wish you every happiness, and," she added, "avoid contaminating you."

He took her offered hand, shook it gingerly, and bounded out.

When they were alone, she stood a moment in silence. Their eyes met, and then shifted their gaze.

"Well, that 's settled," said Jerry, grimly. "Our first case and, I suppose, our last."

"It was very wonderful the way you treated it," she said soberly. "I confess I did n't believe you were right at the beginning, but it turned out just as you said it would. You have a very extraordinary understanding of that sort of thing."

"I 'm a damned fool!" said Jerry, vehemently.

She looked at him in surprise, but a surprise that might not have carried conviction to a disinterested observer.

"I don't think I understand," she said meekly. "I feel as if I ought to apologize for questioning what you told me the night of the dance."

"You mean about love being a game?"

She nodded.

"I 've been thinking a great deal about it."

"You 'd better forget it," said Jerry, savagely. "It 's all infernal rot."

"Why, Dr. Sumner!" the girl exclaimed.

"What I told you is all stuff and nonsense," he repeated.

"But I don't understand what has changed your opinions so quickly," she said, dropping her eyes.

"Listen to me, Virginia," he began. "This love business is a serious proposition. One can't afford to play at it. I have n't any right to lecture you or to volunteer any advice, but I want to warn you not to make any mistake about what I 've just told you."

She glanced at him from under her lashes, and a faint smile flashed in her eyes.

"Of course you 're probably right," she said vaguely, "but I must n't take your time talking about such inconsequential things. I ran in this morning to get some books I 'd left and to tell you something. I wanted you to be the first to know outside of Mrs. Woodbridge."

"Well?" he said desperately. He gripped the arms of the chair. It occurred to him that if he were facing a firing-squad, his emotions would be similar to those he was undergoing.

"Well," she began, "it 's a great surprise. It seems that my mother's brother is Mr. Bruce Gordon. He 's been very kind, and wants me to live with him in New York."

"I know about that," he said casually. "Go on."

She gazed at him, this time in an amazement that was unquestionably genuine.

"But that 's all," she answered. "I feel that I ought to spend part of the year with him; at the same time I want to go on with my work in Elmford." She studied his face in the silence that followed. "What did you expect me to tell you?" she demanded.

"Nothing."

"Yes, you did," she said quickly. "What is it?"

He met her look frankly.

"Do you want me to be honest?"

"Of course I do."

"Then I 'll tell you. It 's only this: I want to be the first to be told when—when there is something to be told about you and Preston."

"About me and Mr. De Witt!" she cried incredulously.

"Yes."

"But, you silly man!" she burst out, "there never could be anything of that kind! You don't suppose I could take Mr. De Witt seriously?"

He stared at her, his mouth open, his

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mind incapable of comprehending what his ears told him. Then he rose slowly like a man recovering from a blow on the head.

"Virginia," he said huskily, "you have n't been playing this love game with me?"

"I consider that a most improper question," she answered, with mock defiance. Her eyes were shining. A mysterious radiance seemed to emanate from her and clothe her like an aureole.

"What do you mean by coming here?" he demanded.

"Have n't I a right to come to a doctor's office?" she retorted. "How do you know but what I came to get a serum treatment?" She stood before him, smiling tremulously, her eyes half closed and misty.

"Virginia, you miserable deceiver," he cried, "you know that I love you! You 've known it right along!"

She made no denial. Her mocking smile had gone. She met his look with eyes grave and tender. He went forward with outstretched arm. She stood her ground, and it closed about her.

Ten minutes later they were sitting side by side upon the sofa. The first wave of passion that had held them speechless was passing. He found his voice again.

"And there never was any Preston De Witt?" he asked.

"Never," she answered; "only you."

"God bless you!" he muttered.

"You believe me, I suppose, like Grace, but you don't want me to talk to him?" she said, laughing.

"Rub it in. I deserve it," he answered. He stopped as he heard a voice from the passage that led to the house calling, "O Jerry!"

"It 's Marchbanks," he explained, "an old friend of mine. He 's just blown in from England." Then he answered the hail.

A moment later Marchbanks burst in, took one look at Virginia, and stood rooted, amazement written on his countenance.

"Miss Xelva," said Jerry, "let me present my friend Mr. Marchbanks."

Marchbanks bowed low.

"This is a pleasure long deferred," he said calmly. "If I could have managed it, I should have been presented that day we were fellow-travelers on the Lucerne train. Jerry, you miserable fox," he added, "how have you stage-managed this situation?"

Jerry and Virginia gazed dumfounded, first at Marchbanks, then at each other.

"Were you the girl who put her hand out and took my toothache pills?" Jerry demanded.

Virginia nodded. Without speaking, she dropped back upon the sofa again, her eyes fixed on him.

"God bless me!" cried Marchbanks, with crude, but well-meant, strategy, "I 've forgotten my cigarette case!" He darted back to the house.

"It 's so strange," Virginia murmured. "That day I first came to the office I knew your voice. I thought—I thought," she went on haltingly, "it must have been that I 'd known it in some other life."

"Perhaps that, too, is so," said Jerry, soberly. "It would be no stranger. It would be much less strange, in fact. It would account for so much that no one understands." He bent and kissed her.

Naturally there was no Wyoming expedition. Marchbanks bore the blow with a suspicious resignation, and announced that he was so charmed with Elmford that he contemplated getting a job in the plow works, which he did. Budd and Grace were married in November, and at the Yale-Harvard game at New Haven were reported en route for Europe. About the same time Preston De Witt accepted a junior partnership in New York, where his urbane talents had a larger sphere of opportunity. As for Jerry and Virginia, they were quietly married at Bruce Gordon's, and shortly afterward installed themselves in the old house at Elmford, much to the joy of that good man and indulgent parent, the colonel.

THE END

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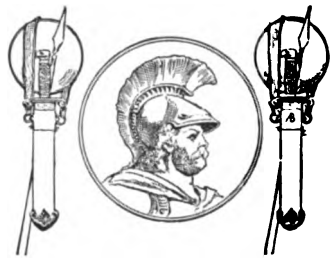

Latin America and the War

By FREDERICK BLISS LUQUIENS

SINCE April of last year, when the United States declared war on Germany, those of us who are interested in Latin America have been hoping that its twenty republics would follow our example. At present writing it is hard to be enthusiastic over the results. Three countries, it is true, have declared war, Cuba, Panama, and Brazil, and the latter is one of the most important nations of Latin America. Of the other seventeen, moreover, ten have severed relations with Berlin. But our satisfaction on these points is greatly tempered by the fact that Argentina, Chile, and Mexico have not even gone so far as to sever relations—Argentina, perhaps the most important of the Latin American republics; Chile and Mexico, no less important than Brazil. In other words, of the four Latin American countries of most consequence, three are as yet neutral.

The implication that the action, or even the attitude of the Latin American republics in this war, is of moment to us may astonish the readers of this article. We North Americans, as a rule, have a tendency to underestimate "the other Americans." That point of view, however, is due to our general ignorance of Latin America, or, rather, of a great part of Latin America. The trouble is that we know too much about those nations which are our nearest neighbors and too little about those which lie farther south. We think that all Latin American republics are like Mexico, where law and order are chiefly conspicuous by their absence; or like some of the Central American countries, whose chief products are earthquakes and the hook-worm; or like Haiti, where the first duty of the vice-president is to murder the president. Such things may be true enough of some of the countries which encircle the Caribbean, but they are *not* true of most of the countries of South America, and especially are they not true of the so-called A B C nations, Argentina, Brazil, and Chile. Those three large countries—Brazil is larger than the United States, if we leave Alaska out of the reckoning—are real countries, with real cities, real governments, and real armies and navies, and what they do in regard to this war is of great importance to us.

Our ignorance of geography, however, accounts only in part for our giving so little thought to Latin America in the war. We would not be so indifferent to her possible assistance if we clearly understood what form that assistance would take. It is not likely that it would take the form of which one thinks first. It is not probable that any of the Latin American countries would send many soldiers or war-ships to Europe, partly because their armies and navies are not large, and partly because our own country will be able to supply all the men and all the dreadnoughts that are needed. But all the Latin American republics, each in the measure of its importance, could help us

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by merely declaring war, without sending a single regiment to the trenches or a single torpedo-boat to the danger zone; for their entrance into the war would mean that where now there is friction between us and them, there would then be coöperation.

It is easier to realize how much these words mean, when used in regard to our present relations with Latin America, if we call to mind the friction which existed between ourselves and the Entente two years ago and the coöperation which exists now. Until we declared war we made England and France a great deal of trouble. We could not help it, for we had to live up to our neutrality. We could not help bothering them with innumerable objections to such things as blacklists and the censorship of transatlantic mails. We could not prevent a multitude of German agents, whom we suspected all the while, from spreading all sorts of dangerous propaganda not only throughout our own country, but from our country into others. Above all, we could not help nullifying in great measure the Allied attempt to blockade Germany, for we had to insist on our right as a neutral to export food and even war materials to such other neutrals as Holland and Sweden, whence a great part of those exports reached Germany.

After April 6 of last year, however, our attitude changed completely and fundamentally. We began opening mail-bags and publishing blacklists ourselves; we began dealing with pro-Germans and unpatriotic pacifists as they should be dealt with; we stopped sending to Germany, through European neutrals, materials for her munition factories and food for her soldiers. In a word, we substituted coöperation for friction.

And *now* it is ourselves who want coöperation instead of friction—coöperation from Latin America. The Latin American nations may be as much in sympathy with us as we, two years ago, were in sympathy with England, France, and Italy, but they cannot help making us trouble. They cannot control the German agents who are striking at us from within their borders. They cannot prevent their wireless stations from connecting the kaiser with his spies in Washington. For a long time they, like ourselves, provisioned Germany through the European neutrals, and now they are worrying us with objections to our successful efforts to make them stop. At the present moment a few Germanized exporters of Argentina and Chile are trying to send the surplus wheat of those countries to Mexico rather than to the Allies; if we refuse to provide coal for their ships, we shall doubtless be accused of interfering with neutral trade. In short, as long as the Latin American governments are neutral, they cannot help objecting to everything that is, or even seems to be, an infringement of their rights. There is friction everywhere. War would mean coöperation. They themselves, if they were at war with Germany, would take from our shoulders the burden of standing guard over the whole hemisphere. We could leave to them the task of cleaning their own houses of German pests, and of using their shipping for the common good. The war would be won more easily, if not, indeed, more quickly.

In order to understand the present attitude of the Latin American countries, it must be borne in mind that since the beginning of the great conflict they have been affected—every one of them—by four factors of prime importance. The first is a deep and traditional love for France. In general Latin Americans, like the rest of the world, are somewhat contemptuous of foreigners. They call them "gringos," which has the same uncomplimentary connotation as "Dago" or "Canuck" or "heathen Chinee" with us. But they call the French "gringos *lindos*," or "*nice* gringos." This affection is of long standing. For more than a hundred years Latin Americans have looked to France, rather than to Spain or Portugal, for guidance in all things pertaining to the spirit. All educated Latin Americans can speak French. If you visit their book-

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stores, you will find on the shelves more French than Spanish or Portuguese books. They prefer French music and French painting. Their newspapers are made up in the French style. Their laws are patterned after the French codes. They build their cities to look like Paris. When they go abroad, they do not go to London or New York, and least of all, thank Heaven! to Berlin. They make straight for Paris. France is the adopted motherland of every Latin American of any culture at all.

The second thing which is true of all the Latin American countries is this: ever since the sinking of the *Lusitania* public opinion in every one of them has been outspoken in its disapproval of German "frightfulness." Latin American newspapers speak of the violation of Belgium, the murder of Miss Cavell, the bombing of defenseless towns, with no less horror and contempt than our own press. Latin Americans are human beings, and they are making no attempt to conceal the fact.

The effect of these two pro-Ally factors is counterbalanced, however, by two others, both of which are likewise common to all the Latin American republics. The first is the German propaganda. This propaganda, which we in this country know all too well in many forms, is present throughout Latin America in the same forms and in many others besides. It had existed for a long time before the war. Latin American universities were full of German professors, and Latin American armies were full of German officers. Chilean soldiers had even learned to "goose-step" in a style absurdly *echtdeutsch*. In matters of trade German exporters had been ingratiating themselves by granting abnormally low prices and long credits. Since the beginning of the war the efforts of German agents have been intensified and multiplied. Some sixteen hundred German or Germanized business houses began buying our exports and then showing the Latin Americans how much Germany loved them by underselling us in their markets.

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The last common factor is very
for us to understand, for there is notl
similar in the United States. I refer
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France is Latin America's counselor
all things immaterial. It is very possibl
in other words, that the first cause of th
pro-Germanism of the Latin America
clergy is to be found in the Napoleonic
invasion of Spain more than a hundred
years ago. In any case, it is certain that
the lowest classes in Latin America, who
feel no love for France, because they have
no artistic impulses, and who do not
abhor anything except starvation, have
been easily pro-Germanized by their cleri
ical advisers.

For nearly three years after the begin
ning of the war these four factors held
every country of Latin America in a state
of indecision. In each of them the ba

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ance was even—love for France and abhorrence of frightfulness in one scale, the German propaganda and the influence of the church in the other. Last year, however, the balance was definitely broken in three countries, and wavered in others. Let us see what additional factors in each instance have been thrown into one or the other scale.

Cuba and Panama declared war because we did. Since 1898 and 1903, when those republics came into being under our auspices, they have been Americanized to such an extent that they have even adopted our two most national, and very un-Latin American, characteristics, baseball and chewing-gum. Although there is as much German propaganda and church influence in Cuba and in Panama as in any other Latin American country, our influence, thrown into the pro-Ally scale along with love for France and condemnation of ruthlessness, brought it down with a bang. Both countries declared war the day after we did, April 7 of last year.

There were several reasons for Brazil's decision, which came a few months later. In the first place, Brazilians are perhaps the most truly democratic people of Latin America, and so the least likely to admire the principles of Prussianism. As a Brazilian writer has said: "Between servility and anarchy, we should have to choose anarchy. In other words, the charms of 'organization' do not allure us." In the second place, Brazil, of all the Latin American republics, has been living in special fear of Germany, for it has long been evident that the Hohenzollerns will begin their fight for a place in the Latin American sun by entering her Southern provinces, where a colony of over two hundred thousand Germans, who have never allowed themselves to be Brazilianized to the slightest extent, are waiting to receive the Vaterland with open arms.

Thirdly, the example of Portugal, the mother-country, was not without weight. But above all, perhaps, her decision was influenced by our own. It is not that we exert on Brazil a political or even a cultural influence, as we do in Cuba and Panama. In Brazil our ascendency is purely commercial. She sells to us more of her products than to any other country in the world, and she buys more from us than from any other. She feels that her financial future is bound up with ours. This, as well as the other pro-Ally factors which I have mentioned, brought Brazil to a declaration of war on October 26 of last year.

As has been said, none of the seventeen other Latin American countries has declared war. Ten of them have gone so far as to sever relations with Berlin, and it would be easy to show in each case what was thrown into the pro-Ally scale, heavy enough to make the balance waver, not heavy enough to outweigh completely and definitively the pro-German propaganda and the church. Uruguay, for instance, severed relations because of the example and influence of Brazil; the Central American countries, because of our influence and example. I have already pointed out, however, that these ten countries are small. We may, therefore, set them aside without further comment. For the same reason we may also pass over four of the seven countries which are still neutral. There remain the three largest countries after Brazil—Argentina, Chile, and Mexico.

In Argentina, as in all the Latin American countries, the scales were evenly weighted during the first three years of the war. Anti-ruthlessness and love for France, both of which sentiments are especially keen in Argentina, were counterbalancing the preachments of the clergy and the flattering promises of the German Government in regard to preferential treatment after the war. As to this latter factor, Germany was of course doing her utmost in Argentina, for she realizes the importance of the country as a future commercial ally. She was promising that after the war Argentina should be linked with Europe by more express- and cargo-steamers than ever before, that rebates and other facilities would be afforded to the exportation of all of Argentina's products;

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in short, that Argentina should be admitted to her famous *Zollverein* system. No wonder, then, that the balance was even.

But suddenly, in September of 1917, the astounding telegrams of Count von Luxburg, the German Minister to Argentina, were spread before the world. This worthy representative of the kaiser had been sending cable after cable—in secret code, of course—to Berlin, filled with things which he did not expect or want the people of Argentina to hear. Some one—probably some one connected with our own Secret Service—intercepted the messages and deciphered them, and their contents were published by Mr. Lansing. The Argentinians learned that Count von Luxburg had been telling his Government that they were a lot of Indians with a thin veneer; that they could be handled to good effect if flattering promises were ladled out to them; that it might be well for the Government to stop sinking the Argentinian boats for a while, but that, if it were deemed best to sink them, they had better be *"spurlos versenkt."*

The natural result of these revelations, for Argentina is a proud nation, was an outburst of anti-German sentiment. The offices of the German-controlled newspapers in Buenos Aires were wrecked by mobs. So were German business houses and the German Club. Only strenuous efforts by the police saved the German legation. The Argentinian Congress voted overwhelmingly for an immediate severance of diplomatic relations. But at this moment, when the balance was certainly turning in favor of the Allies, a most surprising thing happened. The President of Argentina, Hipólito Irigoyen, set himself obstinately against public opinion and the vote of Congress, and refused to sever relations. It was as if, when he saw the pro-Ally scale so heavily weighted, he threw *himself* into the German scale; and there he has sat ever since, holding the balance even.

Why he will not do what the country wants is a mystery. He himself will not tell. President Irigoyen seems to be a very peculiar man. Taciturnity is his most striking quality. His official reticence began when he was inaugurated two years ago. On that occasion his predecessor made a long and eloquent speech, after the Latin manner, welcoming him to the presidency; but Irigoyen, instead of replying in kind, merely said "Thanks," and sat down. He has not grown more communicative during the last two years. He takes no one into his confidence, not even his cabinet. An Argentinian cartoon pictures him as directing his janitor to remove the useless telephones connecting his office with the various departments of his administration. "Take them all out," he says. "All I need for giving orders is a megaphone."

It is futile to try to explain the attitude of such a man. Perhaps he is a pro-German, though it cannot be proved. Perhaps he is only a pacifist, though no one really knows. The only thing we *know* is that Argentina wants to join us, but her president is unwilling. There is no doubt about her wanting to join us. The pro-Ally mass meetings are attended by thousands. There are in Buenos Aires all kinds of charitable organizations for the purpose of raising money for the Allied soldiers, whereas it is only with great difficulty that German sympathizers can maintain even their Red Cross. When our naval squadron visited Buenos Aires a few months ago, our men were received with tremendous enthusiasm; but a Mexican commission which recently visited the same city to propose the formation of a league of neutral nations was treated so coldly that they departed in no amiable frame of mind. Even the president, obstinate and strong-willed as he is, would not have been able to hold the country in leash had it not been for a succession of very serious labor troubles, undoubtedly instigated by German agents, which have made it impossible to attend to anything except their settlement. And so the balance is still even in Argentina.

In Chile it has never even wavered. On the one hand, the great majority of educated Chileans, with their love for France and all that is French, are pro-

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Ally. All of the best newspapers are pro-Ally. The "Mercurio," for example, the leading daily of the country, has said editorially that "if the Government does not sever diplomatic relations with Germany, it will mean the breaking of all the bonds which unite Chile with civilized nations." But, on the other hand, the omnipresent German propaganda has sunk its fangs deep in the hearts, or, rather, the pockets, of some Chilean business men, and the priests have Germanized the unthinking masses. The balance is perfect.

As for Mexico, that, as always, is an unpleasant subject. Mexico may be neutral in name; in fact it is pro-German to an extreme. The land of Montezuma is not an important country in the same sense as the progressive A B C nations. It is important to the United States in somewhat the same way that a hospital for contagious diseases would become important to you if it should move next door to your house. Mexico has long been infested with all sorts of social germs, from peaceful graft to murderous revolutionism, and now it has the Teutonic bacillus. If proof were needed, it would be sufficient to call to mind the proposal of President Carranza, made in February of last year, that all the countries of this hemisphere should be what pro-Germans call "genuine neutrals"; in other words, should stop exporting anything to any of the belligerents; in still other words, which Don Venustiano did not quite dare to use, should stop exporting petroleum for the English navy.

It is easy to explain the pro-Germanism of Mexico. It is not because the Mexicans have no love for France. Many Mexicans, moreover, have expressed absolute disapproval of the wanton murder of women and children by the Huns. But into the pro-German scale, along with propaganda and church influence, has been thrown a factor which outweighs all else—an intense hatred of the United States, especially among the masses. The cry, "Mueran los Yanquis!" ("Death to the Yankees!") is as common in Mexico as "Gott strafe England!" in Germany. There is no hope of Mexico ever being anything else but pro-German, not, at least, until this war is over, and we are able to undertake the long and laborious task of proving to Mexicans that we are not, as they think, their natural enemies.

I have tried in this article to outline what has been happening in Latin America since the fateful first week in August, 1914. It is clear, as I said at the outset, that the results up to now are none too satisfactory. A moment's consideration, however, will show that there is good reason for optimism as to the future.

Everything depends on Argentina, for Argentina is the leader of the Spanish American nations. As long as she holds back, there will be no further change in the present alinement. As I have shown, however, public opinion in Argentina has been, since the Luxburg disclosures, like a mass of tinder, which the tiniest spark will kindle to a great fire. Sooner or later the spark will fall. Another boat sunk, another despatch deciphered, and there will be a conflagration which will consume everything that stands in its way, the German propagandists, the Germanized priests, and icy Irigoyen himself. And then, when Argentina has declared war, her example will be the deciding weight in the scales of all but one of her sister republics. Except for Mexico, the entire hemisphere will be at war with Germany.

Out of Prussian militarism has come already much that is good. It has made the real France known to the world; it has welded Anglo-Saxons together in a spirit of true comradeship; and now, by all indications, it is about to make a reality of Pan-Americanism.

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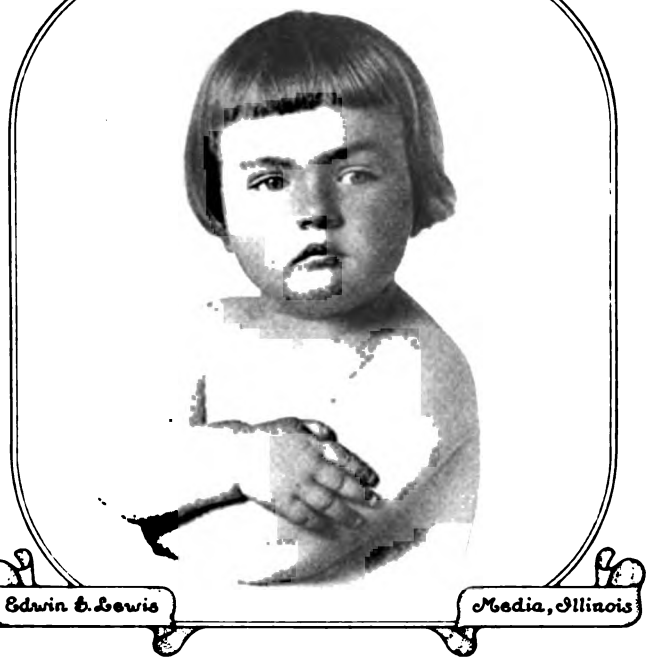

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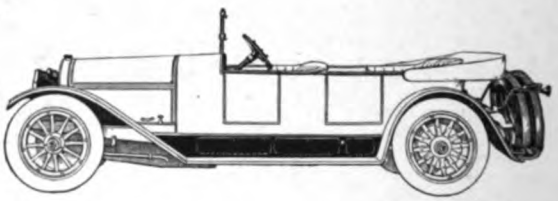

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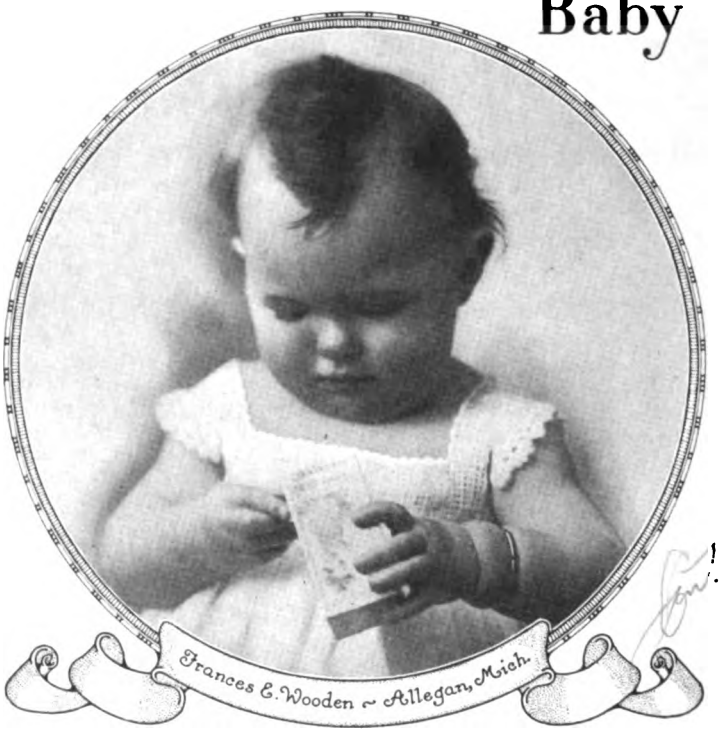

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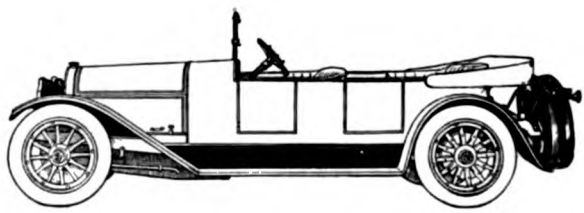

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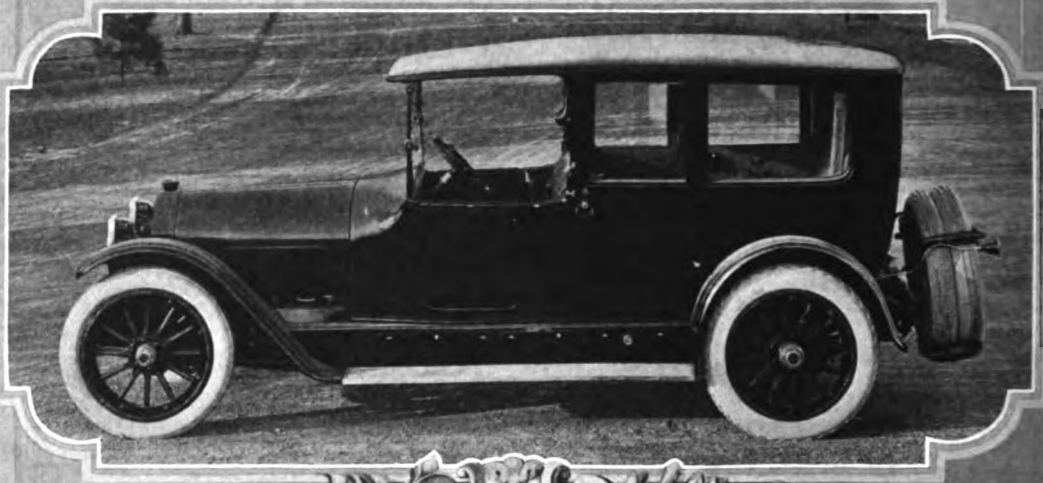

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